# BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

## MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

WITH A PORTRAIT, FROM A DRAWING BY E. U. EDDIS, ESQ.

This celebrated essayist, orator, poet, and historian, is the eldest son of the late Zachary Macaulay, the early and veteran labourer for the abolition of Nègro slavery. Thomas Babington Macaulay was born in 1800. He received his early education at home under a private tutor, and then read for some years under the guidance of the Rev. Mr. Preston at Shelford, near Cambridge.

In 1818 he entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he acquired high distinction as a classical scholar; and where he established a still higher reputation among his contemporaries for his oratory in their debating societies, for his ample acquirements in modern history and literature, and for the general brilliancy of his conversational powers. He gained one of the Craven University Scholarships in 1822, and won a Fellowship of Trinity in 1824.

His earliest speech in public was delivered in that year. It was on a subject, on which he may be said to have had an hereditary right to shine. He first came forward as a supporter of one of the resolutions moved at an Anti-Slavery meeting in London. It is remarkable that this was the first and almost the last public speech which he ever made out of Parliament, except those delivered by him on the hustings.

Some passages of this his first public address have been preserved in the memories of those who heard it, and one passage may be cited as peculiarly characteristic of the style of imagery by which both his oratory and his writings have ever been distinguished. After a fervent description of the misery and degradation of the West Indian slaves at the time when he was speaking, he addressed himself to the future, and "He anticipated the day when the Negro, then crouching beneath the lash, should walk with brow erect from the field which was his freehold, to the house which was his castle."

Many of the earliest productions of Mr. Macaulay's pen appeared in "Charles Knight's Quarterly." There are several historical ballads written in youth by the future author of the "Lays of Ancient Rome," which earned a more enduring celebrity than is generally accorded to the poetry of magazines and reviews. Two of these, "The Armada," and "The Battle of Ivry," have been republished by the author together with "The Lays of Ancient Rome," in the later editions of that work. They well deserve the honour. The description in "The Armada" of the transmission by the beacon fires throughout England of the news of the approach of the Spanish fleet, is full of the martial spirit of Æschylus; and may stand comparison with its prototype, the celebrated passage in "The Agamemnon," that paints the chain of fire-signals

from Mount Ida to Argos, which announced to Clytemnestra the fall of Troy. The prowess of the chivalrous Henri Quatre is glowingly placed before us in the ballad on the Battle of Ivry. Probably the study of Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, which appeared about the time when he was at Cambridge, may have done much towards leading Macaulay to compose these much admired stanzas. Not that he is a mere imitator of the Spanish martial romances. He adds elements that are all his own. He has a power of grouping and concentrating images, and of portraying masses, and the movements of masses, which cannot be found in the Spanish Romanceros, who deal chiefly with the passions, and the deeds of individuals.

The foundation of Mr. Macaulay's fame as a prose writer was laid by his essay on Milton, which appeared in the "Edinburgh Review" in 1825: and was followed by other contributions to that periodical during the succeeding twenty-two years. When, in 1843, Mr. Macaulay published a collection of these papers, he spoke in the preface to it, of the criticism on Milton, as "written when the author was fresh from college, and containing scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approved," and as "overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament." Authors are seldom good judges of their own works; and we totally except to Mr. Macaulay's condemnation of this long celebrated essay. Had it been so faulty as he now represents it to be, it never would have pleased the taste of one so classically correct as Jeffrey, or have been admitted into the pages of the Edinburgh while under the management of that great critic. We will take Jeffrey's judgment in preference to Macaulay's, when Macaulay himself is in question, and unhesitatingly profess our belief that the paper on Milton stands deservedly first in the volumes of critical and historical essays with which Mr. Macaulay has enriched our literature.

This collection of essays is so well known, both in England and in Anglo-America, that any detailed comment on it would be superfluous. Perhaps the single paper in which most originality and vigour of thought are displayed, is that on Machiavelli. The author's marvellous power of bringing gorgeous groups of imagery together, and of concentrating the striking points of long historic annals into a single page, are most remarkably shown in the essays on Clive and Warren Hastings, which ought to be read together, as forming one magnificent picture of the leading characters and decisive scenes in Anglo-Indian history, during its most eventful period. The description of the trial of Warren Hastings surpasses any other scene of the kind, with which we are acquainted in either ancient or modern literature; and nothing can be more artistic than the solemn pathos of the conclusion, where, after the mind has been excited by the fierce vicissitudes of the strife of statesmen, we are dismissed with a majestic allusion to "that temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, the great Abbey, which has, during so many ages, afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the great Hall."

Mr. Macaulay has, himself, borne no mean part among "the chiefs of the eloquent war." He entered Parliament in 1831, as member for Calne, under the auspices of Lord Lansdowne; and rapidly signalized himself in the debates that accompanied the introduction of the first Reform Bill. We will quote a portion of his first speech, in which the

reader will observe the same characteristics which have marked his writings.

"We talk of the wisdom of our ancestors—and in one respect, at least, they were wiser than we. They legislated for their own times. They looked at the England which was before them. They did not think it necessary to give twice as many members to York as they gave to London, because York had been the capital of England in the time of Constantius Chlorus. And they would have been amazed indeed, if they had foreseen, that a city of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants would be left without representatives in the nineteenth century, merely because it stood on ground which, in the thirteenth century, had been occupied by a few huts. They framed a representative system, which was not, indeed, without defects and irregularities, but which was well adapted to the state of England in their time. But a great revolution took place. The character of the old corporations changed; new forms of property came into existence,—new portions of society rose into importance. There were in our rural districts rich cultivators who were not freeholders. There were in our capital rich traders, who were not liverymen. Towns shrank into villages. Villages swelled into cities larger than the London of the Plantagenets. Unhappily, while the natural growth of society went on, the artificial polity continued unchanged. The ancient form of representation remained, and precisely because the form remained, the spirit departed. Then came that pressure almost to bursting—the new wine in the old bottles—the new people under the old institutions. It is now time for us to pay a decent, a rational, a manly reverence to our ancestors,—not by superstitiously adhering to what they, under other circumstances, did,—but by doing what they, in our circumstances, would have done. All history is full of revolutions, produced by causes similar to those which are now operating in England. A portion of the community, which had been of no account, expands and becomes strong. It demands a place in the system, suited, not to its former weakness, but to its present power. If this is granted, all is well. If this is refused, then comes the struggle between the young energy of one class, and the ancient privileges of another. Such was the struggle between the plebeians and the patricians of Rome! Such was the struggle of the Italian allies for admission to the full rights of Roman citizens. Such was the struggle of our North American colonists against the mother country. Such was the struggle which the *Tiers Etat* of France maintained against the aristocracy of birth. Such was the struggle which the catholics of Ireland maintained against the aristocracy of creed. Such is the struggle which the free people of colour in Jamaica are now maintaining against the aristocracy of skin. Such, finally, is the struggle which the middle classes in England are maintaining against the aristocracy of mere locality; against the aristocracy, the principle of which is, to invest one hundred drunken pot-wallopers in one place, or the owner of a ruined hovel in another, with powers which are withheld from cities renowned to the furthest ends of the earth, for the marvels of their wealth, and of their industry."

---

"My hon. friend, the member for the University of Oxford, tells us, that if we pass this law England will soon be a republic. The reformed House of Commons will, according to him, before it has sat ten years,

depose the king, and expel the lords from their house. Sir, if my hon. friend could prove this, he would have succeeded in bringing an argument for democracy, infinitely stronger than any that is to be found in the works of Paine. His proposition is, in fact, this,—that our monarchical and aristocratical institutions have no hold on the public mind of England; that those institutions are regarded with aversion by a decided majority of the middle class. This, sir, I say, is plainly deducible from his proposition; for he tells us that the representatives of the middle class will inevitably abolish royalty and nobility within ten years; and there is surely no reason to think that the representatives of the middle class will be more inclined to a democratic revolution than their constituents. Now, sir, if I were convinced that the great body of the middle class in England look with aversion on monarchy and aristocracy, I should be forced, much against my will, to come to this conclusion, that monarchical and aristocratical institutions are unsuited to this country. Monarchy and aristocracy, valuable and useful as I think them, are still valuable and useful as means, and not as ends. The end of government is the happiness of the people; and I do not conceive that, in a country like this, the happiness of the people can be promoted by a form of government in which the middle classes place no confidence, and which exists only because the middle have no organ by which to make their sentiments known."

He was equally conspicuous by the fearlessness and brilliancy of his oratory in support of the second Reform Bill, in the next session. Perhaps his sense of the perilous excitement of that crisis can best be expressed by quoting a passage from one of his essays, where he is evidently referring to the reform agitation of 1831-32.

"There are terrible conjunctures when the discontents of a nation, not light and capricious discontents, but discontents that have been steadily increasing during a long series of years have attained their full maturity. The discerning few predict the approach of these conjunctures, but predict in vain. To the many the evil season comes as a total eclipse of the sun at noon comes to a people of savages. Society, which but a short time before was in a state of perfect repose, is on a sudden agitated with the most fearful convulsions, and seems to be on the verge of dissolution; and the rulers who, till the mischief was beyond the reach of all ordinary remedies, had never bestowed one thought on its existence, stand bewildered and panic-stricken, without hope or resource, in the midst of the confusion. One such conjuncture this generation has seen. God grant that we may never see another!"

When the Reform Bill was carried, Mr. Macaulay shared in the full harvest of popularity which, for a time, was enjoyed by the Whigs. He was chosen by the populous and important town of Leeds to be one of its representatives in the parliament of 1833, but, fortunately for him, he was now withdrawn for a time from the great arena of English politics, in consequence of his accepting an important appointment in India.

By the act which renewed the East India Company's charter in 1833, a commission was appointed to inquire into and amend the laws of that country, and Mr. Macaulay was placed at its head. His career in India was honourably marked by earnest and enlightened industry; and in particular he deserves high credit for the independence and courage which he displayed respecting one of the reforms which he introduced.

We allude to the celebrated XIth Article of the Legislative Council, which placed all the subjects of the British crown in India on a footing of equality in the eye of the law, without respect to their being of European or of Asiatic birth. The exasperated Anglo-Indians called this the Black Act; and loud and long were the protests and complaints transmitted to England against this levelling of the dominant race with the native population in the administration of justice. Mr. Macaulay was unmoved by either clamour or obloquy. And he replied to the attacks of his numerous foes by a state paper, which is justly regarded as one of the ablest of the many able documents which have appeared from Indian officials.

We have said that Mr. Macaulay's Indian appointment was a fortunate event for him; and we meant to style it so, not merely on account of its lucrative character, but because it saved Mr. Macaulay from sharing in the decline and fall of Whig popularity, which took place during the five years that followed the passing of the Reform Bill. Mr. Macaulay only returned from India in time to participate in some of the final struggles of Lord Melbourne's Ministry. In 1839 he joined the cabinet as secretary at war, and made several vigorous oratorical charges against the powerful enemy that was pressing hard on the retreating Whigs. In particular, his speech on the 29th of January, 1840, in the debate on the vote of want of confidence in the Ministry, was marked with all his fire; and the passage of it in which he reminded his then adversary, Sir James Graham, of their former joint triumphs during the reform struggle, is one of the finest that he ever uttered. After the accession of Sir Robert Peel to office, Mr. Macaulay was one of the most effective speakers on the opposition side of the House; but he did not suffer party spirit to lead him into blind and indiscriminating animosity against the victorious rivals of his Whig friends; and his conduct on one memorable occasion during this period is deserving of the highest honour. We allude to his speech in favour of the increased grant to Maynooth, when proposed by the Peel ministry in 1845. Of course we are passing no opinion of our own as to the policy or impolicy of Maynooth endowments. We merely say that Mr. Macaulay, being conscientiously convinced that such an endowment was proper, acted most honourably in supporting it; though he knew that the people of Edinburgh (which city he then represented in the House) were fanatically opposed to it, though it was brought forward by the men who had bitterly reviled Mr. Macaulay's own party for favouring the Irish Catholics, and though there was a tempting opportunity for revenge, by combining with the ultra-Protestants headed by Sir Robert Inglis in the house, so as to leave the ministry in a minority.

Mr. Macaulay took little part in the Corn-Law debates. He had spoken in 1842, on Mr. Villiers' motion in favour of the principle of Free Trade, but against any sudden withdrawal of the protection, which the agricultural interest had so long enjoyed. He refused to countenance the agitation of the Anti-Corn-Law League; and probably this increased the disfavour which his Maynooth speech had already procured for him with his Edinburgh constituents.

He lost his election in 1846; an event which, however much we may admire him as a statesman, we can hardly regret, inasmuch as it obtained for him the leisure requisite for the composition of his Opus Magnum, his History of England.

Before, however, we speak of this we must remind our readers of the glorious "Lays of Ancient Rome," which Mr. Macaulay gave the world in 1842, while still keenly bent on his parliamentary career. This book interested the scholar by the magnificent illustration which it gave of the intrinsic probability of Niebuhr's theory as to the origin of the current early history of Rome. It gratified and served the historian by its admirable introductory comments; and by its interspersed epitomes of some of the most stirring crises in the fortunes of the great Republic. But, above all, it has delighted hundreds of thousands, who were neither scholars nor historians, by the glowing spirit of true poetry which animates it in every line.

These "Lays" show in meridian fulness the powers of Objectivity, of which the early ballads of Mr. Macaulay gave promise. The rush of heady combat,—the mustering, the march, the chivalrous aspects, the picturesque garbs, and the bold gestures and words, and bolder deeds of warriors are brought with Homeric expressiveness before us. The descriptions of scenery also, are beautifully given. But Mr. Macaulay shows little Subjective power. He is comparatively weak, when he introduces single characters expressing their passions and feelings in the present tense and first person. This is particularly apparent in the Third Lay, which tells of Virginius,

"Who wrote his daughter's honour in her blood,"

to adopt the noble line in which Mr. Warren, in his "Lily and Bee," sums up that far-famed legend.

Mr. Macaulay's retirement from Parliament secured for him those two years of lettered ease, without which, as he rightly considered, no man can do justice to himself or the public as a writer of history.* The first fruits of that leisure were the first two volumes of his "History of England," which appeared in the autumn of 1848. We trust that many more are destined to follow. It would be unwarrantable in us to criticise the portion we possess, with such scant space at our command as the conclusion of this memoir can afford. The public of England and America have pronounced a verdict of enthusiastic approbation, to which individual critics could add little weight, and from which (even if we were so minded) we could detract still less. If we were to express a wish as to any change in the fashion of the work, it would be that passages of repose should be more frequently introduced. A history ought not to be a continuous excitement.

Upon Mr. Macaulay's features, as represented in the accompanying portrait

"The seal of Middle Age
Hath scarce been set,"

and we hope that a long career of active glory is still before him. But even if he were doomed to rest upon his present intellectual achievements, his name would rank among the highest of the nineteenth century. His works are read and admired wherever the Anglo-Saxon race has spread over the Old World and the New, and their fame will last as long as the language of that race endures.

* See his advice to Sir James Stephens, cited in the preface to that gentleman's "Lecture on French History."

# CORRESPONDENCE OF THE COUNT DE MIRABEAU WITH THE COUNT DE LA MARCK.

"The influence which the Queen is said to have exercised in directing the King's choice of his Ministers is altogether imaginary; I have it in my power to prove, that this charge also was quite without foundation, except in one instance, which I have before mentioned, when she exerted herself on behalf of the Marquis de Ségur. Far from desiring to mix herself up in state affairs, she manifested a strong distaste to anything like important business; in this respect, perhaps, she only exhibits what is natural to the character of a woman's mind. I have not the slightest hesitation, therefore, in declaring, that all that has been said on this subject is utterly false, as well as concerning the part which the Abbé de Vermont is stated to have taken with regard to the relations of France with Austria; besides, in the cases which I have already enumerated, and which were of little importance.

"I here take the opportunity of mentioning some facts in support of my opinion, and shall begin with one which first suggests itself to my memory, though it occurred after others which I shall subsequently relate. When M. Necker was dismissed from office the first time, I happened to be at Brussels, as well as the Emperor Joseph; I saw him almost every day, and he seemed to take pleasure in conversing with me about France and the Queen; it was from him that I heard of M. Necker's dismissal, for he had just received the news in a letter from his sister. He spoke in the warmest terms of this Minister, and of the talents with which he considered him endowed, and seriously blamed the King for dismissing him. He remarked, 'that the Queen was also very much vexed at this step; *she wrote to me*,' he added, '*to assure me that she had nothing to do with this change of Ministry.*' But I must proceed to mention some other facts.

"At the death of Louis the Fifteenth, the Court of Vienna was very anxious that the Duc de Choiseul should be placed at the head of the new King's Ministry. He had ever shown himself the most zealous upholder of the Treaty of 1756, that is to say, of the close alliance between France and Austria. The most explicit and urgent instructions were therefore dispatched to the Count de Mercy on the subject, and he readily found an instrument for his purpose, in the Abbé de Vermont, who was devoted to M. de Choiseul; for, as I have previously observed, he was partly indebted to him for the post he had obtained at Vienna. The Choiseul party, which was exceedingly numerous, did not either remain inactive; its members lost no opportunity in endeavouring to interest the Queen in M. de Choiseul's nomination to the Ministry. They even went so far as to say that it was to them she owed the successful issue of the negotiation for her marriage, as if the Archduchess was not at that period, the most fitting match for the Dauphin, and as if there had been a better choice left for him! But M. de Choiseul, and his party, were not very scrupulous about the means they employed; they sought only to turn everything they could to their own advantage.

"After the death of his grandfather, Louis the Sixteenth consulted Mesdames his Aunts, upon the person whom he should place at the head of the Ministry, and it was in consequence of their advice that he fixed upon M. de Maurepas, though he was at first undecided whether he should select him or M. de Machault.

"The young Queen was pleased at the respect which the King had shown for Mesdames' advice. At a later period, however, when she found herself surrounded by those who strove to get M. de Choiseul created minister, she began to share their desire that he might be elected. There is little doubt but that she spoke to the King on the subject, but she discovered immediately on broaching it, that Louis the Sixteenth entertained the most decided aversion to M. de Choiseul, which may be accounted for by the great dislike which his father, the grand-dauphin, even till his death, experienced towards this minister. But this I know for certain, as I learnt it from the Count de Mercy, that a few months after the death of Louis the Fifteenth, the Queen expressed herself very clearly with regard to the reception with which her petition in M. de Choiseul's favour had met, and declared that she had resolved never to speak to the king again on the subject.

"M. de Maurepas, who did not desire to have M. de Choiseul associated with himself in the Ministry, was accused at the time of strengthening the King's dislike to him. But however the case stood, M. de Maurepas was getting very old, so that the Choiseul party did not give up its ultimate aim, and only awaited the death of the minister to renew all its former intrigues. When this event happened, however, all manœuvres were useless, for the Queen resolutely refused to move in the matter, and the Abbé de Vermont, who was well acquainted with her sentiments, warned M. de Mercy that it would be impossible to make her alter her determination. The ambassador, accordingly, placed this view of the case before the Court of Vienna, and induced it to relinquish all hopes of M. de Choiseul being raised to the Ministry. Meanwhile, another ambitious and intriguing person was working silently, yet actively, in order that he might one day, by the influence of the Court of Vienna, and through the medium of the Abbé de Vermont, be placed at the head of the Ministry, this was M. de Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse. He humoured and managed the Abbé with great judgment; it was by his (the Abbé's) means that he had broached the subject to the Count de Mercy, and that he had succeeded in persuading him that were he once minister he would firmly uphold the Treaty of 1756. The ambassador did not omit to inform the Court of Vienna of this circumstance, who, from that time, seriously entertained the project of raising M. de Brienne to the Ministry, through the influence of the Queen. But as long as M. de Maurepas lived they kept their scheme secret; the great age of the minister gave birth to the same feelings in the minds of its authors, as in those of the Choiseul camp. They resolved to wait patiently; they contented themselves with enumerating to the Queen the various merits of the Archbishop; they represented him to her as a man endowed with great intelligence, with a strong and comprehensive mind, and as likely one day to make a first-rate minister.

"The Count de Mercy sometimes spoke to her on this subject, and he found himself warmly seconded by the Abbé de Vermont, who, being deluded by his attachment to the Archbishop, really considered him the

greatest man in France. The Queen, whose mental vision was somewhat blinded by these subtle insinuations, began at length to form a high opinion of M. de Brienne.

"On the death of M. de Maurepas, these intrigues, and M. de Mercy's support, caused the Archbishop to entertain great hopes of success, but this time they were soon overthrown; the king bestowed his confidence at once on M. de Vergennes, a man who was a perfect stranger to those persons who habitually surrounded the Queen. As soon as Marie Antoinette became acquainted with the king's choice, she not only gave up all thoughts of endeavouring to change his resolution, but she also immediately relinquished the idea of further exerting her influence in M. de Brienne's cause, in whose favour it must be confessed she had previously spoken to the King on several occasions. Even the answer which the King made her on this point I can positively state; he replied as follows, 'that it would not do to make an Archbishop or a Bishop, Minister, for, as soon as they had attained this position, they would be eagerly looking forward to the Cardinal's hat, and when once this dignity had been bestowed on them, they would put forth pretensions to precedence and importance in council, which would inevitably lead to their being created prime Minister; and for this very reason he would not have M. de Brienne in the Ministry, as he did not intend to have a prime Minister.'

"When this reply came to M. de Mercy's and the Abbe de Vermont's ears, it vexed them exceedingly, but they did not attempt to challenge it. They still, every now and then, used fresh exertions, but they could never succeed in inducing the Queen to speak to the King on the subject, though she still maintained her good opinion of M. de Brienne. He, in fact, at a later period, did attain his end, but owing to circumstances which had nothing whatever to do with the Queen, and which I shall here relate.

"In 1787 M. de Calonne, then Minister of Finance, had persuaded the King to convoke an assembly of the Notables. This measure had been concocted with the greatest secrecy between the King, the Count de Vergennes, M. de Calonne, and the keeper of the seals, M. de Miroménil. The Queen was not even informed of it by the king, till a few days after the letters of convocation were issued, which is yet another proof of how little she mixed herself up in political questions, and that at this time the King certainly did not consult her with regard to state affairs, for which I again declare she had very little taste. If at a later period she interfered in them, it was rather, as I shall afterwards show, as the King's confidant, and in circumstances so serious that she was only too well justified in mixing herself up in them.

"The Notables were scarcely assembled when the frivolity, the thoughtlessness, and the inconsistency of M. de Calonne's proceedings, and above all, the death of M. de Vergennes, placed the King in the most embarrassing situation. He found himself compelled, on account of the general feeling of animosity which was displayed towards M. de Calonne, to dismiss him; but being deprived of the able advice of M. de Vergennes, he scarcely knew to whom to apply to assist him in his choice of a successor to M. de Calonne.

"And now intrigue went forward with greater activity than ever. One party was eager that M. Necker should be Minister of Finance, and another the Archbishop of Toulouse. Meanwhile, till a fitting person

could be fixed upon, the post was given to M. de Fourqueux, and M. de Lamoignon was made keeper of the seals.

"In all these proceedings, however, the Queen took no share. But the rival parties of MM. de Brienne and Necker were still on the stage, and employed themselves in negociating with each other. Madame la Marechale de Beauvau, a great friend of Necker's, was the most active person in endeavouring to bring about a reconciliation between the two aspirants. She held also close relations with the Archbishop, therefore she persuaded him to unite his exertions to those of M. Necker's friends, with the view of their both being raised to the ministry.

"As Louis the Sixteenth's dislike to M. Necker was well known, it was agreed that the Archbishop should be first elected Minister, and when he was once installed in this position, that M. Necker should be chosen to the like office.

"While these intrigues were going forward, the Archbishop, who did not hesitate to make promises which cost him little, in order that he might obtain the power which he desired, bound himself that M. Necker should be placed at the head of the financial department three months after he (M. de Brienne) had been created Minister.

"These two parties completely beset the King, who at last began to be deceived by these reiterated addresses in their favour, and who at length thought that the election of M. de Brienne was generally desired by the public. He determined to fix upon him therefore, and it was only after he had come to this decision that he spoke to the Queen on the subject. She answered, '*I have always heard M. de Brienne mentioned as a man of distinguished merit; and I confess it gives me pleasure to learn that he is about to form part of the Ministry.*' The Archbishop was elected head of the *conseil des finances*, which was left vacant by the death of the Count de Vergennes, but far from keeping the promise which he had given to M. Necker, he did all he could to injure him in the King's opinion. M. de Villedeuil consequently took M. de Fourqueux's place as superintendent of the financial department, and M. Necker's hopes, therefore, were, for the present, overthrown.

"Everybody is well acquainted with the manner in which M. de Brienne conducted himself during the short time he remained in the ministry. His utter incapacity rendered it absolutely impossible for the King to retain him in office, so that Louis the Sixteenth found himself once more plunged into fresh difficulties and uncertainty as to the person who should fill his place. On all sides he was again told that public opinion was universally in favour of M. Necker. The poor King, therefore, only imagined that he was yielding to the general wish in endeavouring to overcome his personal dislike to M. Necker and in electing him. He fancied that M. Necker might be disinclined to accept the office, on account of his being aware of the King's antipathy to him, and when he remembered the discussions they had together at the time he was first in office: the King, however took the best means to remove any unpleasant feeling. He sent to the Count de Mercy and begged him to come to the Queen. On his arriving, the King explained to him the awkward position in which he was placed, and asked him to act as mediator between himself (the King) and M. Necker. M. de Mercy, who thoroughly understood M. Necker's character, hastened to remove all doubts from the King's mind, but he refused at first to un-

dertake the mission that was confided to him. The King, however, insisted on his executing it, consequently he was obliged to accede to his request. Accordingly he set out for Saint Ouen in order to sound M. Necker. His conjectures were quite correct; he met with few obstacles, and after a few vague remarks as to the state of public affairs, and the necessity of the King's not opposing his views, M. Necker accepted the office, and did not attempt to disguise the satisfaction he felt at the cause of M. de Mercy's visit.

"The circumstances which I have just related are known only to a few persons, but I can vouch for the truth of all I have stated, and I trust that in mentioning these facts I shall have completely vindicated the Queen from the reproach of having meddled with the internal politics of the country, as I have previously endeavoured to do with regard to foreign affairs. What the Queen eagerly strove for, and felt pleasure in obtaining, was some place or other for those persons whom she liked, or who sought her protection; but her wishes were chiefly confined to the object of procuring some post in diplomacy, or in a regiment, or some few advantages at court for her friends. If the Minister to whom she applied on such occasions assured her that in bestowing the place on her *protégé* he should be guilty of injustice to somebody else who possessed more merit and more claims to it, she never pursued the matter. If errors of this kind were committed, it is not the Queen who ought to be blamed, for she only imagined she was doing a good action in soliciting a position for her friend; but those servile ministers who were only too eager to please the Queen, who did not refuse to grant her desire, and did not represent the true state of the case to her, to which she would certainly have listened. Under what rule, however, has not favouritism triumphed over merit? When a King or Queen has not bestowed protection and favours on an object who has little deserved them, has not a minister perhaps, or his wife, or mistress, or even an agent, or some one in a still lower degree?

"On looking back to the time of which I am speaking, and in reflecting what the position of a Queen of France was at that period, ought she not to be viewed with impartial indulgence, when she is known to have solicited offices for her friends, or for those whom she deemed worthy of the favours they asked for themselves? But in fact, the coryphées of the Polignac society, often found that the Queen refused their demands, consequently they coaxed and flattered M. le Count d'Artois, much more than herself, because he lent himself much more willingly, to assist them in their plans.

"I cannot resist mentioning another fact, which will serve to prove that the King knew how to set limits to the influence which the Queen was supposed to exercise, on occasions when it was necessary to elect somebody to an important post.

"The place of *grand maître de poste et relais* had been left vacant ever since Louis the Fifteenth had deprived the Duke de Choiseul of it, at the time of this Minister's disgrace and exile. M. d'Ogny, a magistrate of great integrity and worth, fulfilled the duties of it, but he was invested with a subordinate rank. This post, which was very lucrative, was also one of great importance, as it concerned the opening of letters, this being one of its duties. In fact, it has been declared that this opening of letters served to feed the King's curiosity, with regard to private matters in families, and that it furnished him with a kind of

chronicle of scandal. But, I am quite certain, that when Louis the Sixteenth came to the throne, that this particular portion of the police's surveillance was abolished, except as far as the interests of the kingdom and of public tranquillity were concerned; yet this still left the place one of great confidential importance. When the family of the Polignacs had reached the height of the King's and Queen's favour, the Duchess de Polignac entreated the Queen to procure the *grande maîtrise de postes* for her husband. Marie Antoinette made several attempts to interest the King in the Duke de Polignac's favour, but did not succeed in gaining her point; still she was continually importuned by the Duchess, and therefore she was ever seeking to change the King's determination. At length Louis the Sixteenth had the weakness to yield, and promised that the place should be bestowed on the Duke de Polignac; nevertheless, he did not fulfil his word, till several weeks afterwards, and then, unable to resist any longer the frequent solicitations which were made to him on the subject, he suddenly created the Duke de Polignac *grand maître des relais de France*, but did not invest him with that portion of the office which concerned the letters which arrived by post. The Polignacs, who were very disappointed and discontented at the division of the duties of this position, urged the Queen to speak again to the King on this head, in order that everything might go on as it did during the time of the Duke de Choiseul, but in this instance Louis the Sixteenth would not allow his resolution to be shaken. He observed to the Queen, that the business of opening letters was too important to be confided to anybody who lived in the great world, that this particular duty ought to be left in the hands of that person, who had already proved himself to possess sufficient tact and discretion, to avoid all the embarrassments of so delicate an office. The Queen, who was thoroughly convinced of the justice of the King's remarks, declared to the discontented Polignacs, that she would not permit the subject to be further discussed.

"M. and Madame de Polignac were not always careful to assemble about them those persons whom the Queen liked to meet, and she was often pained when she noticed this circumstance. The Count de Mercy, who was well aware of this peculiarity in the society of the Polignacs, joined it as seldom as possible, and only visited them occasionally, to prevent his absence from being too much remarked.

"The Count de Fersen, influenced by the Queen, declined to frequent their circle, though they had made all kinds of advances to induce him to do so. At length, four years before the revolution, that is to say, in 1785, things had come to such a point, that the Queen, previously to visiting Madame de Polignac, always sent one of her valets de chambre to inquire the names of those persons whom she should find in her society, and very frequently on learning them, she gave up the idea of joining it. She had taken a profound dislike to M. de Calonne, and had begun to entertain the same feeling towards M. de Vaudreuil, whose imperious and exacting disposition had extremely displeased her. M. de Calonne, however, took great pains to get into her good graces, he seemed to guess her least wish, and to know beforehand what she was going to ask. It was this superfluity of attention on his part, I think, which disgusted the Queen with him, at any rate she seemed scarcely to endure it with patience. He was very anxious to be of some importance in the Polignac society, in order that he might obtain the Queen's

favour and support. Consequently he had formed an intimacy with the Duke de Vaudreuil, and lent a willing ear to this man's incessant demands for money, so that when M. de Calonne left the ministry, bills of 800,000 francs, which Vandreuil owed him, were found in his possession. Upon one occasion, the Queen ventured to express to Madame de Polignac the dislike she felt for many persons whom she found in her society. Madame de Polignac, who was quite submissive to those who ruled her, did not hesitate, in spite of her habitual easiness and sweet temper, to say to the queen, *I do not think, because your majesty does me the honour to visit my salon, that you have a right to exclude my friends from it.* The queen herself related this circumstance to me, in 1790, and she remarked, *I do not lay blame to Madame de Polignac for this answer, for she is in the main, a good creature, and loves me, but the people who surround her completely manage her.*

"As the Queen discovered that no advantage was likely to accrue to her from joining the society of Madame de Polignac, she gradually withdrew from her salon, and soon fell into the habit of going frequently and unceremoniously to Madame la Countess d'Ossun, who was her lady in waiting, and whose apartments were close to those of her Majesty. Marie Antoinette would take dinner with her, accompanied by four or five other persons; she would get up little concerts, at which she would sing herself, in short, she seemed to be much more at ease, and was much more full of gaiety than she ever appeared to be at Madame de Polignac's.

"Madame la Countess d'Ossun was neither very striking nor gifted with fascinating manners, nor was she remarkably intelligent; but the want of these endowments was amply compensated for, by a good heart and sweet disposition, and she was a most estimable woman. She was devoted, heart and soul, to the Queen, and was the last person in the world to mix herself up in intrigue of any kind; she did not strive to gain the queen's favour, she was only anxious that the Queen should be amused when in her society, and that she should be pleased with her. Her fortune was exceedingly small, and would not, without serious embarrassment, permit her to receive the Queen often at dinner, nor to give soirées in her honor, upon which occasions there was always a ball or concert, so she frankly explained this circumstance to her Majesty, and begged that expenses of this kind might be defrayed from the King's funds. Marie Antoinette preferred offering to give entertainments, in order that she might not lose anything by these royal visits. Many people in Madame d'Ossun's place, would have taken advantage of such a proposal, and would have asked more than was necessary to cover the expense of the Queen's visit, but she did not act in this manner, and only begged that she might receive six thousand livres monthly, which was a very moderate request, for the Queen was frequently in the habit of going to her when she felt her conscience easy about the cost to which she was putting her lady in waiting; the result was, that Madame d'Ossun spent much more than she received.

"The preference which the Queen showed to Madame d'Ossun, was naturally displeasing to the Polignac society; it placed the latter, too, in a peculiarly delicate position, for she was connected with them by marriage; her brother, the Duke de Guiche, afterwards Duke de Gramont, had married the daughter of the Duchess de Polignac, and it was in consequence of this match, that he had the survivorship of the company

of the *gardes du corps* conferred on him, which at this time was under the command of the Duke de Villeroy. Madame d'Ossun conducted herself with great propriety in this awkward dilemma; she was particularly careful to avoid saying anything which might be likely to injure the Polignacs in the Queen's opinion; she was very reserved on this point, and only excited herself to please the Queen, without harming anybody else, and without, be it said to her honour, taking advantage of the queen's partiality to her in order to obtain favours for herself, her family, or her friends.

"How very different was the conduct of the Polignacs! they seemed to find pleasure in giving vent to the most angry feelings against the Queen. Some of these might be natural, but there are others which can scarcely be understood, namely, that they should have carried their ill-temper to such a pitch, as to spread the most atrocious reports about her. They spoke maliciously of the Queen's delight in dancing *Ecossaises* with young Lord Strathavon, at the little balls which were given at Madame d'Ossun's. A frequenter of the Polignac salon, who ought on the contrary to have been moved by profound respect and gratitude to the Queen, wrote some very slanderous verses against her; these verses, which were founded on a most infamous falsehood, were destined to be circulated in Paris.

"It is painful to remark, that the unfortunate Marie Antoinette met with some very dangerous enemies, among those who ought to have been her most faithful, devoted, and grateful followers. They were the more dangerous, because it was they who caused the vile calumny to be propagated, which alighted so cruelly upon this poor Princess's head at the outbreak of the French revolution. From these wicked and false reports, which were spread by the court in 1785 and 1788, the revolutionary tribunal found pretexts for the accusations they brought against Marie Antoinette in 1793."

These observations of the Count de la Marck, with regard to the Queen, give us, I think, a very truthful and precise idea of the character of this princess, and of the life she led before the French revolution.

The author of these sketches possesses, at least the merit of being thoroughly informed, as to all that he relates, of having known most of the persons whom he brings on the stage, and of having judged them with impartiality and without bitter feeling, for it must be remarked, that he had no reason to view them otherwise. His position at court raised him above those petty and absorbing jealousies, above those rivalries, which at this period were continually creating disputes, for court favours or influence.

---

## NEW ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS.*

Mr. Bartlett, who has followed, with a pencil and pen equally graphic, the track of the Israelites in the desert, and traced the topography of Jerusalem with reference to the solemn events which invest that ruined city with the most sacred associations, has now followed the footsteps of Jesus and his Apostles through the scenes hallowed by their presence.

It was a happy thought that suggested the pictorial record of these pilgrimages, and Mr. Bartlett, combining the eye and hand of the artist, the experience of a traveller, and the fervour of religious feeling, is peculiarly well qualified to render his labours attractive. His narrative is lively and agreeable; without any display of topographic lore, or parade of Scriptural knowledge, he supplies sufficient information, and recalls with due reverence the incidents which make memorable the places he visited.

Besides Palestine and Syria, the traveller visits Athens and Corinth, Smyrna and Cyprus, Constantinople and Jerusalem, Nain, Nazareth, and the Lake of Tiberias, and then makes the voyage in which St. Paul suffered shipwreck; terminating his course at Rome.

These countries have been so frequently visited and described by travellers of all sorts, from the sentimental Lamartine to the sarcastic Thackeray, by classic explorers and Cockney tourists, that the Pyramids, the Holy Land, and the Golden Horn, Greece, Rome and Jerusalem have become familiar in the ideas of readers, and nothing short of a personal visit to these renowned places can produce new impressions of them. What travellers have failed to describe, our artists, from Allom and Bartlett, to Louis Haghe, and David Roberts, have delineated with surpassing skill and rare fidelity. Nevertheless, Mr. Bartlett, though going over the ground trodden by so many travellers, and among scenes depicted by great artists, does not fail to please both the eye and the mind by his easy, unaffected, and vivacious style of writing, and his graceful and finished pictures. In visiting the several spots hallowed by the Saviour's presence, from Nazareth and Bethlehem to the Garden of Gethsemane, and the "Via Dolorosa" of Jerusalem, Mr. Bartlett never suffers his religious feelings to cloud his judgment; and the common incidents of travel, agreeably relieve the gravity of sacred topics.

As exemplifying his mode of dealing with his subject, we may instance, that he gives a view of the spot well known as Mars's Hill, where Paul preached at Athens, and not only describes, but delineates, the scene that rose before the eyes of the Apostle—the Acropolis towering above, and the Parthenon rising in the background of the view. And in viewing the Lake of Tiberias, he notes the sudden rising of the waves in a storm, such as that in which Christ calmed the fears of his disciples, and the fury of the elements.

There is sunny splendour and serene beauty in Mr. Bartlett's vignette views, that, together with their miniature size and highly wrought effect, render them highly attractive, without loss of local character. The engravings are exquisitely finished, with a delicate brilliancy and softness never degenerating into monotony; and the little

* Footsteps of our Lord and his Apostles, in Syria, Greece, and Italy; a Succession of Visits to the Scenes of New Testament Narrative. By W. H. Bartlett, author of "Walks about Jerusalem," "The Nile-Boat," &c.

wood-cuts are admirable for freedom of style, breadth of effect, and the crisp touch with which crumbling ruins are indicated.

The superb volume of Parables of our Lord,* has been got up with such cost, and in such a sumptuous style, that, as an ornament for the drawing-room table, it challenges admiration. The exterior alone is a work of art; the red morocco cover being richly embossed with appropriate devices, and bordered (like the altar tombs) with an inscription in Old English letter, that is of itself ornamental. The text is engraved in the same character, and printed in bright red, with initials in blue and black; and the designs, twelve in number, engraved in the line manner, by the first English and French engravers, each occupy nearly an entire page.

Mr. Franklin has evidently studied his subjects with care, and the compositions are as elaborate as some of the cartoons that were exhibited in Westminster Hall by English artists; he has likewise given an architectonic character to some subjects, while others he has treated in a picturesque style. The pervading tone of religious sentiment renders the designs generally impressive, and occasionally elevating; though, on closer inspection, it may be perceived that the inventive power of the artist is not adequate to express his ideas with the requisite degree of power and pathos. His figures are too conventional; we seem to have seen them all before in pictures of Scripture subjects; nor do the character and expression of the heads redeem the forms and draperies from an imputation of want of originality.

In one respect Mr. Franklin departs from customary usage; that is in introducing Christ himself as an actor in the scene of the parable. Thus the Saviour is successively represented as the King calling his servants to account for their talents; as the Lord of the vineyard, and the good Samaritan. The Bridegroom in the parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, and the good Shepherd, are both so typical of the Saviour, that the introduction of the person of Jesus is here appropriate; not so, we think, in the other instances. The Last Judgment and the Crucifixion are both introduced; and though it is less surprising that Mr. Franklin should fall short of the grandeur and sublimity of subjects which have baffled the genius and daring of the greatest masters, it is not the less to be regretted that he should have needlessly essayed such mighty themes.

In removing his subjects from the ground of patriarchal life, by the introduction of the Saviour personally, the artist has created a difficulty that did not exist; and rendered the grand style essential to the treatment of all the designs. The two parables of Dives and Lazarus and the Prodigal Son, neither of which admits of the introduction of Christ, have been more successfully rendered; for in simple narrative delineation, Mr. Franklin's power is adequate to a dignified picturesqueness. Yet in these, as in all the designs, there is an appearance of effort and labour, and an absence of creative talent and spontaneous feeling, which prevent the designs from satisfying either critical judgment or the imagination of a reader of Scripture.

In subjects of this class, treated as they are here, nothing short of the highest excellence will suffice; but even in the grouping and drawing of his figures Mr. Franklin is not always felicitous; and as compositions, the effects of light and dark are even less happy than the arrangement of lines.

* Parables of our Lord, illustrated by John Franklin.

## THE TWELVE BLACK STATUES.

I HAD been without employment for an unusual period. My patience was exhausted with making useless applications, and I began to despair. One evening, I remained till late at a coffee-house in the Strand, to which I had been accustomed to repair: the rain pouring down in torrents without, kept me a prisoner. Listlessly I beguiled the weary hours, by conning the different journals and periodicals. Again I put down, and again I resumed the perusal of the newspaper. It was while carelessly surveying the well-known supplemental sheet of the " Times," that, for the first time, an announcement attracted my notice, that seemed to hold out at least a chance of occupation. I read as follows,—

"WANTED.—One hundred Supernumeraries, for the New Grand Historical Legendary, and Romantic Spectacle, about to be produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Apply personally, and immediately, to Corporal D. K., at 301, Drury Lane."

As I ruminated over this announcement, it seemed to feed with renewed oil the light of hope that dimly burnt within my breast; and I determined to wait upon the non-commissioned officer, whose initials were so expressive of his superannuation. Next morning saw me hurrying in the direction of Drury Lane, in search of the corporal. I duly found D. K. at the given address. He proved to be a seedy, but soldierly looking man, with a stooping gait, a war-medal on his breast, and a face indented with marks of care, and the small-pox. He received me favorably.

" I can't tell, at present," he said, " what you'll have to do, unless you 're up to the ballet business."

" What's that, may I ask ? " was my inexperienced inquiry.

" *Darncing.* Howsomever, I 'll put ye down for a ballet super, and chance it. The pay 's sixpence a night better."

I acquainted the considerate corporal that I had danced a quadrille or so.

" Well," he replied. " But p'raps you'll have to do a red-cross knight, and carry a banner. It 's the easiest part of it ; 'cos no notice is taken of *you*, only of the banner. The *step* you 'll soon learn at rehearsal."

I expressed my willingness to give every attention to the duties that might devolve on me.

" The 'ghost walks' on Saturday at twelve. I pays my own men, and in coorse deducts my *centums* from the salaries."

I gratefully assented to the proposed terms.

"Be at the theatre at ten to-morrow morning."

This injunction was conveyed with a bucolic sigh, and the corporal observed,—

" Ah ! if you 'd only 'listed, you 'd have made a capital super, and perhaps have got into the utility business at Drury, with a pound a week at least."

" 'Listed, sir ! "

" Been a soldier. Cavalry men suit best for the stage, 'cos of the broad-sword combats."

The objection raised somewhat dashed my hopes, but the corporal

seemed willing to waive it, and I left him with a perfectly good understanding.

I attended at the rehearsal next morning. The corporal stood at the stage-door, ready to marshal his squad of supernumeraries, and conduct them to the scene of their duties. We were taken through various dark passages, and arriving on the veritable boards of "Old Drury," found the place equally enveloped in gloom. The stage was peopled with many shadowy forms, that were busily flitting about. As my eyes became accustomed to the pervading gloom, I could gradually distinguish objects better. A portly little man, the manager, stood centrally at the foot of the stage, and was occupied in drilling a concourse of persons of both sexes, differently positioned over the stage. Occasionally he turned, and looking down upon a dark abyss, which was the locality of the orchestra, bawled aloud certain technical injunctions to some lively but discordant instruments, in human shape, therein assembled. Active and energetic shades, whose shabby exteriors, not even the gloom of their Hades could hide, were constantly darting to the side of the manager, and immediately vanishing at the wings, after the manner of King Richard's staff on the conventional Bosworth Field of the stage.

While curiously observing the arrangements of the *mise en scène*, I was aroused to a sense of personal responsibility, by a stentorian voice, exclaiming at my ear,—

"All the supers in the saloon. Corps de ballet for the scarf figure; Mr. Payne, and all the Gnomes."

A rush of those who had been standing near me now took place, and the corporal, observing my bewilderment, unceremoniously attacked me by the scruff of the neck, and almost dragged me across the stage to a hole in the wall on the prompt side, and behind the prompter's box. Into this hole I was compelled to enter, and, followed by the corporal, ascended a dark staircase, leading, as I discovered—*via* the dress-circle of the theatre —to the saloon. On arriving at the latter *locale*, a fantastic scene presented itself. Some dozen or two of young girls, in dingy apparel, each waving a bright-coloured muslin scarf, were ranged, *vis-à-vis*, while, down the centre, pirouetted and gallopaded a chief *danseuse*, more slovenly, more theatrically, and more dingily-attired, than the rest. She wore a short nankeen skirt, displaying whity-brown integuments, technically termed "fleshings," and looking excessively dusty. The fair dancer's head-dress consisted of a coronal of dirty-white lilies; her arms were bare, and she deftly waved a cerulean-coloured scarf, twisting it into a variety of mathematical forms. Her face was pale as marble; it looked as if it had been chalked, like the soles of her feet.

"Gents to the right face!" roared the corporal, who gave other directions, and we supers obeyed by performing an evolution resembling the favourite school-boy amusement of "follow-my-leader." Obeying the general movement, I found myself in quadrille position with (not a pretty, but) a *putty*-faced lady for a partner. Before I could collect myself, I was drawn into a vortex of evolutions, in the course of which, every now and then, I perceived my fair partner affectionately hanging over me, with her scarf arched above my head, and her voice—angrily, I thought—beseeching me to bend down on one knee, in which position I had to cover the depressed end of her scarf with my kisses.

We continued to practise these Terpsichorean movements so long a

time, that I became heartily tired of my knighthood, and even my gallantry was oozing away; for, assuredly, both were sorely tried, while the caps of my knees were getting excessively tender with so much kneeling. Relief at last arrived, however, in the person of an obese herald from the stage, calling out—

"All the ladies and gentlemen of the *ballet*—on the stage!"

To my great delight, my Amazonian "ladye love" at once abandoned me, and flew, with her Diana-like sisterhood, back, from whence they came. I was alone for the moment, but thought it expedient to follow in the direction taken by the last two or three lingering knights that were departing from the field of chivalry. Once more I reached the Alsatia of the stage, and was immediately drafted, with eleven others, out of a large body of supernumeraries, and introduced by my *Nemesis*, the corporal, to "The Chief of the Gnomes." This demoniac authority was pleased to accept me as a suitable recruit. Twelve sable statues being required to form a human, but mute, columnar *tableau* in the vestibule of the Gnome-king's palace, we statues were directly brought on to the scene. Twelve black pedestals were ranged in readiness for our occupation. We caryatides had to mount these boxes, and to stand on the tops of them in statuesque form, supporting, with the raised arm over the bent shoulders, a bronze censer, emitting blue flames. With difficulty I mounted the rickety pediment, or rather im-pediment. An accident, of an undignified nature, thus early in my theatrical experience, attended my exertions. In mounting the trunk allotted to myself, a strain upon my pantaloons took place, ensuing in a breakage of my apparel, unfortunately at the very seat of honour. Glad was I when the rehearsal was over, and I was released from the purgatory I had got myself into.

A subsequent rehearsal introduced me to fresh troubles. I had to lead a forlorn hope of Saracens up a steep and almost perpendicular mountain, constructed of strong deal boards, covered with a layer of damp sawdust. Having forced the stronghold of the enemy (whoever he was) at the top of the acclivity, it was next my duty to descend and throw the protection of my shield over Miss Poole, as a princess, under process of disenchantment. It was a situation of some danger, for I had to strike a position over the princess in a *mêlée* of Ducrow's horse, which *mêlée* occurred half-way up the mountain. The insensate Ducrow (peace to his *manes*) passed me on his caracolling steed, and, as the animal pranced and reared over my devoted head, the expletive-loving equestrian pelted me with a full measure of his customary oaths and curses, by way of expressing his ire at my not giving his horse more room for the display of his mettle.

The eventful evening fixed for the first performance of the spectacle at last arrived. The duty that devolved on me was, as may have been collected from the foregoing, onerous. It is needless, however, to detail all the circumstances attendant on my situation; suffice it that the house was crowded, and the scenic effects to be produced very important.

All was activity and energy behind the curtain, uproar and confusion before it. The curtain rose, and the uproar subsided, and was hushed. The first scene elicited admiration; and scene after scene succeeded, with satisfactory results. The scarf-dance, of which I was a figure or cypher, was introduced, and successfully,—it obtained an encore. In

the following act, the "Ebon Vestibule of the Gnome King's Palace," opened upon the audience with a tremendous effect. Two motley jesters, of the staunch Saxon wit, "fooled the auditory to the top of their bent," while we, the caryatides, were discovered standing on our pedestals, supporting our censers. Mine was the position of third statue on the prompt side. I felt my confidence oozing out, not only at my fingers' ends, but also at my toes. A magnificent retinue occupied the stage, passing us in procession. Then came the Enchanted Prince (Ducrow) on his flying steed; the rider flourishing a flaming sword, and gesticulating like mad! Much valuable time was, I recollect, wasted by the delays incident to a first night. No thought appeared to be taken of us statues; of course, nobody ever dreamt that *we* had any feelings. For my own part the time completely beat me. The perspiration fairly ran down my sable face,—an intense irritation visited various parts of my body, flying especially to the calves of my legs. Despite the occasion, despite the dishonour attending failure, I felt it inevitable that I must give audible—practical—expression to my misery. AND I DID! Lowering my dexter hand, I administered a vigorous scratch to that portion of my anatomy so indispensably requiring the application of friction. The action, however sudden, was as suddenly observed. A shout of laughter proceeded from the thronged pit; its effect was, to cause the object of it to lose all presence of mind. I could no longer suppress my agitation,—an audible groan escaped me; the laughter became uproarious and furious, depriving me momentarily of reason. May Thespis forgive the unheroic deed!—in a paroxysm of frenzy, I precipitated myself from the pillar, intent on instantly flying the scene of my discomfiture; but alas! in endeavouring to effect a precipitate retreat, I incontinently stumbled against the pedestal of a brother statue, thus throwing this unfortunate caryatide also from his equilibrium, and causing him, as suddenly as myself, to vacate his post in a most undignified manner. The double catastrophe produced an indescribable sensation. Explosions of hisses and laughter greeted us, volley after volley. We were assailed with curses, not loud but deep, from the wings of the stage. In the midst of the commotion the scene was closed, and the stage filled with irate officials and curious inquirers. While the confusion was at it height, I prudently escaped. There was brief time to peel off my black skin, and once more attired in my customary apparel, I hurried from the theatre,—nor did I return to resume the parts, either as a Drury Lane knight or statue.

---

## THE SHOE.

THERE 's a great ball to night at the castle;
There are knocks at the door all the day;
Every knock at the door brings a parcel,
Every parcel contains something gay.
My dress gives no room for complaining,
Flowers, trimmings, and gloves, all quite new;
And the one only thing now remaining,
Is to look for a pretty shaped shoe.

With great trouble, I make a selection,
For I must have a well-fitting pair:
At length, some appear quite perfection—
Their beauty will make the world stare!
My toilet thus fixed; to begin it,
I go very early, 'tis true;
But I wait for the very last minute,
To put on my beautiful shoe.

My dress I discover no faults in—
At eleven we start from the house;
And half-an-hour after, we 're waltzing,
In time, to the sweet airs of Strauss.
But that proverb, so frequently quoted,
Of the cup and the lip, proved quite true;
And the dancing, on which I so doted,
Was spoiled by my horrible shoe.

How could I have guessed, while admiring
Its beautiful form in the glass,
That the pleasure I 'd been so desiring,
Would be quite ruined by it; alas!
But no sooner had I begun twirling,
Than my shoe took to doing so too;
And while in the gay dance, still whirling,
Off danced my detestable shoe;

In *l'Eté,* while I in a *chassé,*
My *vis-à-vis* hastened to meet,
I felt, on a sudden, quite *glacée,*
By something cold touching my feet.

A dreadful suspicion came o'er me!—
I looked on the ground,—full in view
Of the crowds of spectators before me,
A yard or two off, lay my shoe!

This leads to a pause in my dancing;
To sit, sadly still, I'm reduced;
When I see our fair hostess advancing,
And I rise up to be introduced.
I return with a curtsey her greeting,
Then drew back,—when I found—fancy, do!
I had left at her feet, in retreating,
My hateful, my horrible shoe!

By these accidents fairly affrighted,
All hopes of a dance I renounced;
And I must own, I felt quite delighted,
When our carriage, at last, was announced.
But on mounting its step,—who can utter
My grief!—some one pushed—Lord knows who!
And I found my foot right in the gutter,
Deserted, of course, by my shoe!

Left barefoot—(there could be no wearing
A thing covered with mud, every inch);
I determined, next time, on preparing
A shoe that would serve at a *pinch.*
You may talk of the torture of squeezing,
What is that, pray, to being wet through?
Take my word, there is nothing more teazing,
Than to play hide and seek with your shoe!

M. A. B.

---

# NOTES ON NEW GRANADA.

BY AN ENGLISH RESIDENT.

The limited knowledge possessed in this country of many parts of Spanish America, which the Spaniards so jealously closed against Europeans, during their long and torpid dominion of three centuries, has often been a subject of surprise and regret. Of the state of New Granada, especially, which recently formed the principal section of the Republic of Colombia, but little information exists in England, and public attention has naturally been turned to it of late, owing to the growing interest of one of its provinces, Panama, on whose site is preparing one part of the realization of that magnificent scheme, which has so long been a cherished object of navigation and commerce, and which Philip the Second, in all his pride of power and extent of dominion, feared to undertake: the junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

It has therefore been considered, that some notice of that country, by an Englishman who long resided there, could not at this moment fail to be acceptable.

The general route for travellers into the Republic of New Granada, is the passage up the river Magdalena; through the ports of Santa Martha or Carthagena, principally the latter, for the only other route, that by Maracaibo, presents so many obstacles to the traveller, from the almost impassable state of the road, and an ill-supplied country, as to render the journey almost impracticable. The winds and sea are usually high, in running from Jamaica along the coast of Santa Martha, which consists of well-wooded mountains of moderate height.

The city of Carthagena is seen to great advantage from the sea; its massy fortifications, white houses, and numerous churches and steeples, contrasting strikingly with the verdure and foliage around, in the midst of which, the Popa, a precipitous and richly-wooded hill, five hundred feet high, is conspicuous behind the city to the east; a convent, now in ruins, formerly flourished there, as one of the richest in the country, receiving the vows and offerings of endangered mariners. The entrance by the Boca Grande, about three-quarters of a mile wide, still remains, thoroughly closed to large vessels, after more than a century since its stoppage.

One source of interest is almost entirely wanting in the New World: that which arises from historical recollection or associations.

Yet Carthagena, to an English mind at least, presents features of historical interest. He feels a respect for a fortified city, which resisted a force of twenty-five English sail of the line, accompanied by a large body of troops. The failure of the expedition was, indeed, mainly to be attributed to the discord unhappily existing between the two commanders by sea and land, yet the fortress must have been formidable, which could withstand such an attack. Carthagena was considered by the Spaniards as the bulwark of New Granada. In its fortifications enormous sums were expended, which absorbed for some years nearly the whole revenues of the Colony, and so large was the annual expenditure

required for their maintenance, and that of the garrisons, that an annual subsidy of 200,000 dollars (or 40,000*l.*) was furnished for that purpose from the treasury of the Havannah. The operation alone of closing Boca Grande, is officially reported to have cost about 300,000*l.*, and was complained of by the Viceroy Mendinueta, who governed between 1797 and 1803, as a constant drain on the revenue. The Viceroy Guirior also complained that the treasury was ruined by the expence of its fortifications and Guarda-costas, and one of his successors, Ezpeleta, says, that from 1779 to 1791, 454,000 dollars were paid for ordnance stores, exclusive of the guns, in Carthagena alone.*

A garrison of 9000 men is required to man the whole of the ramparts, the circumference of which may be estimated at two miles; but such a force has not been assembled in the city since its abandonment by the Spaniards, nor a quarter of it, since the siege by Murillo in 1815. Its cisterns to supply water during a siege are immense and enduring works; but neglect and ruin have now entirely prostrated the strength of Carthagena: its walls are considerably dilapidated in many places, though part of the funds derived from the English loans was employed to repair them. All its iron guns are so corroded with rust as to be entirely unserviceable, many of them are dismounted, and the only ones remaining fit for use are several fine French cannon, of bronze, and a few mortars of the same. The fort of San Felipe, between the city and the Popa, which Smollett described as so formidable under the name of San Lazaro, is also greatly dilapidated; there are very few guns mounted on it, in the Popa scarcely any, and those in unsafe condition. The Report of the Minister of War to the Congress of New Granada in 1837, represented the arsenal of Carthagena to be in so bad a state as to be utterly useless, there not being means in it of repairing the two gunboats stationed there. The approach by sea was, he said, in an equally bad state; the canal of Boca Chica was rapidly filling with sand, and the bar at the entrance was at times dangerous. The Report added that all the efforts of the government to remedy the increasing obstruction were useless, in consequence of the difficulties thrown in its way by the inferior officials, and that the port would soon become inaccessible unless Art should assist Nature in re-opening the entrance of Boca Grande. In a Bogotà gazette of that year, was an official enumeration of small sums expended by the executive to repair parts of the fortifications which were stated to be "totally ruined," and in the following year 60,000 dollars, were expended in patching them up.

This neglect of the fortifications of Carthagena was not always the consequence of distress or neglect alone, but resulted partly from the jealousy of the other provinces, whose inhabitants, after the departure of the Spaniards, complainlng that all the revenue of the Republic was expended there, refused to vote the necessary sums for repairs, and even expressed a desire to destroy the fortifications as burthensome and useless. An additional cause of weakness to Carthagena has arisen since the time of the Spaniards. Previously to that period, the garrison, however pressed by sea, was supplied regularly by land; whereas, in the attacks on the city during the civil war, the assailants have generally become masters of the approaches by land, and, by the help of a

* The reports of these Viceroys form part of a series, from 1760 to 1803, in the possession of the writer. Each viceroy was required to furnish a statistical report to his successor on the mines, finance, and commerce of the Colony.

small vessel or two, to blockade the entry by sea, have speedily starved it into surrender. The only close and protracted siege, since the Revolution, was that sustained by the patriots against Murillo in 1815, when the besieged were deprived of all external resources, even of the precarious one of fish from the bay. To such extremity were they reduced, that a cat sold for eight dollars, a dog for sixteen or twenty, and even rats were eaten; 300 individuals died of hunger in the streets in one day, and 6000, a third of the population, perished during the siege, which lasted 108 days.

This distress was occasioned by the zealous adherence to Murillo of the inhabitants of all the villages round Carthagena, who were ruined by civil dissensions, and longed for tranquillity. The endurance of the besieged was encouraged by the natural dread entertained of Murillo, which induced all within—including a vast proportion of useless mouths, who should have been expelled before the hour of danger—to prefer the chance of death by war or starvation to the certainty of it at his hands. The event proved them right in their calculation, for it is stated that the Spanish commander spared neither sex nor age, nor even the sick. After the capture of the city he butchered the lazarenos (lepers) whom he found in it; and a Colombian officer blew out his brains rather than surrender and fall into his hands. He wrote to one of his subordinate officers in Antioquia, instructing him not to keep prisoners but to shoot them, as they embarrassed the movements of the army; even a previous promise of safety afforded no security, as the Spanish officers proclaimed everywhere that no faith was to be kept with rebels. This cruelty was general and systematic among the Spaniards, including even some of those who had entered the Colombian service and left it to rejoin their countrymen. One Spanish medical officer employed in the Colombian army, and married to a native, destroyed himself in a fit of remorse, confessing that he had poisoned 400 Colombian sick soldiers in the hospital. The royal army by such proceedings encouraged their enemies to resist, and were not long in discovering the impolicy of their cruelty.*

The city of Carthagena is hardly less dilapidated and untenanted than its fortifications. In the time of the Spaniards it contained with its suburbs, 25,000 inhabitants; its population has been officially stated at 12,000 in 1824; it had about the same number in 1830, and about 11,000 in 1838,—less than it held two centuries ago, for Robertson states its population was 25,000, so far back as 1612. It has declined ever since the galeons ceased to frequent it in 1748, and foreign war and civil disturbances have completed its ruin. Its convents, built and maintained by the Spaniards, and now abolished by the congress, were seven in number: San Diego, which in 1838 was the prison; San Agustin, then made a college, but its church was too ruinous for use; San Domingo; San Francisco; San Juan de Dios; that of the Jesuits; and that of La Merced, converted into barracks; there was also the convent of Santa Teresa for nuns. All these had their churches, besides which there were those of La Trinidad and San Toribio, and a large and splendid cathedral. There are twenty-two churches in all; the architecture of the larger of these is principally remarkable for spaciousness, and the great height of their roofs. The cathedral contains a very rich pulpit, faced with white marble, and

* Restrepo, "Historia de Colombia."

adorned with bas reliefs, beautifully executed, which was said to be brought from Italy. There existed also under the Spaniards a very spacious and handsome college, since become a private house. There were, in 1838, two convents for sale in the city, but no purchasers were forthcoming. The houses of the city are almost all of brick, and those of the better classes are large and handsome, with thick walls which exclude the heat of the sun; awnings and lattices are used, for there is hardly a glass window in the city. In many of the better houses the windows of the ground-floor, towards the street, retain the strong iron gratings affixed by the Spaniards from motives of jealousy or defence: the floors are generally of fine smooth brick, some of marble. Almost all the houses have wooden balconies proportioned to their size, in which, or at the doors, the inhabitants sit in the evening, smoking cigars and chatting. A strong double outer door leads into a vestibule, called by the Arabic name *saguan*, whence a slight door in the middle of a wooden partition leads into a *patio*, or paved court-yard, round which are rooms that serve for magazines or offices, and in its centre is sometimes a tank, and more rarely a well. On the first floor, is a gallery all round the interior of the house, looking down on the *patio;* the side of this gallery, joining the front side of the house, is wider than the other three, and forms an open room, in which the family generally take their meals. The rooms are large, and have doors leading from one to the other, all round the house. On the roofs are terraces, which are resorted to in the mornings and evenings. The houses greatly resemble those of Syria and the warmest parts of the Levant; the first settlers who emigrated from the south of Spain having naturally followed the Moorish fashions prevailing there. The larger houses of all the cities throughout New Granada are built on the same pattern; except that, in the colder countries of the interior, the well or cistern stands in a second court behind, the first and principal one being filled with flower-beds. All means are adopted of admitting air; the upper rooms have no other ceiling than the shelving roof, which, being whitewashed, looks neat and cool, and excludes the swarms of rats, bats, and vermin which find a dwelling in the space between the ceiling and the roof. Most of the better houses are provided with baths, as no one dares bathe in the sea for fear of sharks. The furniture is scanty and simple, consisting generally of a few wooden tables and chairs, a mat, bed, two or three brass candlesticks, and a large jar, called a *tinaja*, for holding water, which is commonly placed in a thorough draught. The inferior houses are small, close, dirty, and full of smoke. Most of the streets are narrow, and darkened by the projection of the balconies, but a few are of a good width, straight, and regular; that of San Agustin, one of the widest, is twenty-four feet wide; the larger ones have a good stone or brick *trottoir* on each side, but no centre paving (that laid down by the Spaniards having been worn out by the traffic, and never repaired), so that it is filled alternately with dust and mud; a large proportion of the pavement consists of organic remains, principally madripore and conglomerate.

The busiest part of Carthagena is the Gate of Ximini (Gethsemane), opening to the east, outside of which is an extensive unpaved square, wherein is a large church, and streets, and buildings beyond it, forming the suburbs of Chambacú and Ximini, the former of which is sometimes unhealthy, owing to the presence of a large stagnant pool at its

extremity. This square, facing the sea, is a pleasant promenade at sunset for pedestrians; in it is held the market early on Sunday mornings. This market appears less considerable than would be looked for in a large city, and consists almost exclusively of tropical vegetables. Among the fruits are some very good figs; occasionally is seen a turtle, which, however, the native cookery renders little palatable. The better classes eat a fair proportion of animal food, chiefly pork, which is very good; poultry, fish and game, among which latter the tasteless red-legged partridge, which is very tame, and in many of the villages round Carthagena runs in and out of the houses like our barn-door fowls. One evening, on returning from his ride, the writer met some men driving two oxen to be slaughtered, and a foreign resident who was of the party said, that it was usual to beat the poor animals with thick sticks in the night to make the flesh tender, and to kill them at daylight. The great staple of food is the plantain, which, says Padra Gumillo in his work of "El Orinoco Ilustrado," serves for bread, meat, vinegar, sweetmeat and drink to the Indians, who make a strong beverage from its juice, mixed with warm water; it seemed to be esteemed by them as the palm-tree was by the Arabs, who boasted, as Gibbon records, that it could be applied to three hundred and sixty-five different uses; and the same Spanish author describes the palm tree as affording multifarious benefits to the Indians.

The market was crowded with black women—who show here the same passion for gaudy colours as in the West Indies—and naked children; for very few, even of the higher classes, put any clothing on their young children, and among the lower orders it is not uncommon to see boys of twelve or thirteen years old walking about quite naked. The women carried their children, as is usual in the East Indies, and in most hot countries, straddling across their hips.

Out of the Ximini gate lies the road that passes the Popa, over a small plain, about two miles long, which is the only ground near the city level and smooth enough for carriages; this is therefore the drive of the *beau monde*, who may be seen here every dry evening, enjoying the air in carriages, gigs, and *volantes*—two-wheeled Spanish carriages, old *calèches* with tops, like the hackney-carriages in Madrid, so faithfully represented in the old French edition of "Gil Blas," by the carriage conveying him and Scipio to their country-house at Lirias;—the driver is mounted on the horse. The carts used here are strong and clumsy, and drawn by oxen fastened to them by a heavy wooden yoke. On each side of the drive are country houses with small gardens in front, and cottages; some of the former are very gaudily painted with lively colours. Above these, to the left, or north, rises the fort of San Felipe.

The Popa, which is little more than a mile from the city, can only be visited on horse or on foot, as the plain is not passable for carriages the whole way, though there was, twenty years ago, a good carriage-road to ascend the hill itself. Large remains existed in 1830 of the ruined convent, and some neat detached cottages, built for the residence of a few families during the hot season; but a few years after, the road had dwindled into a narrow path choked with brushwood, a part of the convent had fallen, and its only inhabitant was a man stationed to announce to the city, by signals from a fly-post, the appearance of a ship in sight; not a wall was standing of the cottages, and the very slabs of the floors had been taken away.

Behind the Popa, which commands a fine view of the city and sea beyond it, is a lake, on the bank of which a young medical man had bought land, and was preparing to sow in it sea-island cotton seed, which he expected would be a good speculation. It could, at all events, hardly turn out a worse one than that of his profession in this city, where the natives pay only a quarter dollar, or shilling, a visit, and foreigners only half a dollar.

The pleasantest ride is that out of the San Domingo (northern) gate of Carthagena, to Boca Grande, but it is spoilt for pedestrians, owing to the custom of throwing out in heaps, near the gates and walls, all the dirt and offal of the city, which corrupt the atmosphere for some little distance. The road passes over a pretty green sward, on the neck of land that separates the outer sea from the inner harbour, shaded by low mango trees, to a fine hard beach, scattered with broken trees and roots thrown up from the sea, and with low rocks, whereon crawl numberless crawfish; Boca Grande is about a mile and a half from the walls; and near it is a small fishing hamlet of about twenty-five houses, inhabited exclusively by negroes. The enjoyment of this evening ride is debarred to the inhabitants by the military regulations which enjoin the shutting at sunset of all the gates except those of Ximini, which are left open till eight.

The climate of Carthagena, during the months of January and April, is very endurable, there being, then, few or no mosquitoes—the absence of which compensates for almost any other annoyance. In April, the sun is shaded at times by the clouds, which gather for the approach of the rainy season; but this rather increases the sultriness, for, though they moderate the heat of the sun, the heaviness of the atmosphere deadens the breeze. The summer is the dry season, from December to April,—the winter, the rainy one from May to November, in the middle of which, from July to October, fall the heaviest rains. In the summer, north-east breezes prevail, often blowing most boisterously, and cooling the air greatly. In the winter, the wind more generally blows from the south-west and south-east. In January, the range of Fahrenheit's thermometer is between 79 and 82 deg.; in April its lowest, at daylight, was 79 deg., and its highest, at noon, 86 deg. In the rainy season it ascends commonly to 92 deg. To English ideas it seems strange that the warmest season should be called winter; but the wettest and hottest weather is here considered the severest. The above may be considered the general temperature on the coasts of New Granada, which have not, like the interior of the country, the advantage of being cooled by high elevation and snow-covered mountains. The only exception in New Granada to this observation, is Santa Martha, where a mountain overhangs the sea, whose summit shows perpetual snow.

The most common diseases in Carthagena and its neighbourhood are intermittent fevers, from which the inhabitants suffer greatly in the rainy season. The health of the city is always greater in proportion to the dryness of the season. The yellow fever no longer ravages the coast, as formerly; this is, perhaps, to be attributed in great part, to the cessation, since the Revolution, of all intercourse with Mexico, where it still rages periodically; this view is rendered the more probable by Ulloa's statement, that it was unknown in Carthagena and its neighbourhood till 1729, before which date, there

was very little communication between New Granada and Mexico. Its last severe visitation at Carthagena, was in 1826, since which time it seems to have vanished, though it is still a subject of alarm to inexperienced travellers who meditate a visit to Colombia. Among the lower classes, elephantiasis is very common, and is aggravated by their uncleanly habits. In the bay is an island called Isla de Lazarinos (Leper Island) on which is a small village of about forty houses, all inhabited by lepers, and no one is allowed to land there without an authorization. The common people suffer, also, greatly, in Carthagena and its neighbourhood, from niguas (the jiggers of the West India Islands), which, when neglected, breed in the foot and leg, producing loathsome disease, and sometimes lameness. Padre Gumillo states that in 1720, some families from the Canary islands, died in Guayana only from niguas.

The population of Carthagena comprises persons of all castes and colours:—Whites, Negroes, Mulattoes, Mestizoes (offspring of Whites and Indians), Sambos, or offspring of Negroes and Indians and Pardos, which was the name given to the castes not accurately defined; but Negroes and Mulattoes of darker and lighter shade, form the great majority. Among the Mulattoes are seen, occasionally, some who possess great personal attractions, and a few of the white women have a large share of beauty, which, however, is in general very short-lived in these countries. The constitution of the Whites is naturally weaker than that of the dark classes, to whom heat is congenial. The gradual shades of colour are most carefully defined in countries of mixed white and black population,—each shade further removed by intermarriage from the negro original being thought superior to the one before it; the Quinteron, for instance, fifth grade from black, considers himself of higher caste than the Quarteron, or fourth, and the Quarteron than the Terceron, or third, till, in the sixth generation, all trace of black blood is supposed to be gone, and the whitewashed offspring takes his station among the Whites. So great is the preponderance of Negroes and Mulattoes in Carthagena; and so unfriendly a feeling prevails between them and the Whites, that it has frequently excited alarm among the latter, and in August, 1833, a conspiracy was detected in the city, fortunately in time to defeat it, of the black population to rise against the Whites. Detection, though it averts danger for the time, still leaves fear behind it, so that a certain degree of disquietude must always prevail among a part of the population.

Carthagena is the principal entering port of the commerce of New Granada, though it is a dangerous place for the deposit of goods, being, like the banks of the coast and Magdalene, infested by a small insect called the Comejen, which, in a short time, eats through wood and stuffs, and almost everything in short but metal. It is stated to be a small red moth, hardly visible. The trade of the port furnishes the principal occupation of the upper and middling classes, the latter of whom mostly, and some of the former, keep retail shops of provisions or mercery, and are employed in the Custom House, which is extensive, and in other public offices. The lower classes find work as porters, servants, and market attendants, but the greatest proportion are fishermen; any trade suits them, provided only its labour be very light and afford frequent intervals of recreation. These conditions are a *sine quâ non;* for though, in so exhausting a climate, the gasping European cannot wonder that

privation with rest should be preferred to competence with toil, it must yet be confessed that indolence in Carthagena and its neighbourhood, steeped as they are to the lips in poverty, passes all bounds of reason and duty. Except on festivals, the supreme pleasure of the natives is to sit at their doors or lie in their hammocks, with the eternal cigar in their mouths, which neither sex can live without in New Granada, at least among the lower classes; amongst the females of the higher, smoking is not so universal as it was. So indispensable is this custom that sentries on guard, to whom it is rigorously forbidden, contrive to enjoy it, and deceive their officers by keeping the lighted end in their mouths. At the last siege of Puerto Cabello, by the patriots in 1823, this practice cost some lives, for the Spaniards used at night to detect a group of officers smoking by the light of their cigars, and fire a volley in their direction, which was generally sure to carry death to some of the party. A Carthagena fisherman will catch on the Monday three or four large fish, keep one or two for himself, and with the purchase money of the rest buy a little salt to dress and cure his own with, a hundred plantains, and a few cigars; and having thus provisioned himself will be induced by no consideration to do any more work that week.

But on the occasion of church-festivals, or dances, they shake off their indolence, which will not yield to the dread and hardly to the pressure of want. Their taste for dancing is a passion, and on nights so hot that Europeans find the least exertion disagreeable, they are seen dancing most actively in the squares, and even in small rooms, and this they continue for three or four hours. The people of colour are remarkable for their vivacity, are of very quick temper, and inherit their share of Spanish pride. Owing to the excitement of the climate, the cheapness of intoxicating liquors (chicha, guarapo, sugar-cane brandy, and anise), and the remissness of the authorities in the execution of the laws, great disorders prevail in the littoral provinces, and the lower classes on the coast have a larger share of the demoralization arising from indolence than in the interior.

The dress of the lower classes is, for the men a cotton shirt and trousers, and straw hat, the feet being commonly bare in both sexes; for the women a gown of printed cotton and straw hat. The better orders of women dress with taste, in light gowns and mantillas, with neat shoes and stockings for their small feet, of which they are very proud; and the men in light jackets, which, on occasions of visits or ceremony, are exchanged for coats.

A theatre was opened at Carthagena in 1830, by a small company of actors on their way out of the country, assisted by a few amateurs of the city. It was formed of a private house unoccupied and dilapidated, and was disposed in the shape of a long horseshoe. It had a pit, on each side of which was a gallery on the same level, two tiers of boxes available, the price of admission to which was four reals or two shillings; these were divided only by rails at the sides and back, with a passage behind. There was no roof, which of course made it difficult to hear, and the stars shone on the actors and audience, so that the performances were limited to the fine season, and even then were at times prevented by a rainy evening. A low Spanish comedy was tolerably well acted, and gave great amusement. The performance began at half-past eight, and was concluded at midnight.

The only promenades of the inhabitants are the plain between the city

and Popa, and the esplanade, a large broad platform on the ramparts, where recruits were drilled and troops exercised by the Spaniards, and still are by their successors. But the great assemblies and festivities of this people are during the festivals and public ceremonies of the church, which command their undivided attention.

On Holy Thursday, all the better classes, *gente decente*, as they are called, of the city throng to the churches and visit each other, dressed in black and looking hot and wretched; in the evening all the churches have their altars brilliantly illuminated, and are dressed out in flowers, pictures, images, &c. All the people of the city walk from one church to another, the men who can afford it in black cloth coats, and the ladies in white dresses, mostly with black, but a few with white, lace mantillas, necklaces, earrings, and brooches. Carthagena is an unfavourable theatre for the church processions, for as it is too hot to display them when the sun shines, and it is dark immediately on its setting, they must move by torchlight, which, though it gives a brilliant effect in the focus, throws into the shade all the well-dressed ladies following without candles. The narrow streets afford no room for spectators, and they crowd tumultuously, unrestrained by any police, round the pretty children dressed as angels in red and blue embroidered velvet, with long rich trains draggling in the dust, and the bearers of the figures arrayed in white linen robes, and white caps with black girdles and fillets, on whom flowers are thrown from the balconies, so that all is irregularity and confusion. On Easter Eve, dressed up figures, with gunpowder in them, are burnt in the streets; it is usual to make one of these represent some unpopular public man of the day: sometimes the President of the Republic himself, a paper bearing his name being affixed to it. On the morning of Easter Sunday, immediately after midnight, the streets are filled with crowds loudly singing, accompanied by a military band.

Among the ceremonies to which the writer was invited on his first arrival at Carthagena, was a dinner given by General Montilla, the prefect of the department, which differed little as to abundance or ceremony from those in other towns of the Republic, except that it was enlivened by a military band. The host was an old officer of the Revolution, about forty-five, with most pleasing manners. An asthma, from which he suffered much, disabled him from living in the colder climates of the interior, and thus confined his services to the warmer regions of the coast, excluding him from Congress and offices of state. The party consisted of about thirty, including the civil and military authorities of the city, foreign consuls, officers of an English ship of war in the bay, and some of the principal English merchants. The dinner, which was abundant and elegant, and carved by the guests themselves, was divided into two courses, *platos de sal*, as they were called, and *platos de dulce*, or dessert; between these was a long quarantine, which is the least agreeable part of a South American party, being passed by the guests in smoking and conversing in other rooms, or in the corridors, while the dinner is changed for the dessert, as there is hardly ever space sufficient for laying out both at once. This interval is seldom less than three-quarters of an hour, and sometimes an hour and a half. The dessert is by far the most showy part of the banquet, being crowded with fruits, flowers, jellies, preserves, sweetmeats, &c., which the New Granada ladies make with great taste and skill, and on such occasions, contributions of dishes are sent from all friends in the

city and neighbourhood. At the dessert, toasts are given, and speeches made, in which the natives, profiting by the great copiousness and pliability of the Spanish language, show much tact and talent. Much wine was drunk, especially Champagne, the favourite beverage, but the guests, though excited, stopped short of intoxication, which is seldom seen among the better classes of New Granada.

A dinner given by a native gentleman in Bogotà was a much more elaborate performance; each of the two courses consisted of sixty dishes (the guests being forty-six in number), of which a large proportion might as well have been imitations of food, for the table was ten feet wide, and they were ranged down the centre, so as to be totally inaccessible, except by mounting on the table. Those dishes intended to be used were placed along the sides. This same gentleman afterwards gave a grand dinner, in honour of the Pope's internuncio, of which dinner he published an account, wherein it was stated that the guests were eighty in number, and the dishes fifteen hundred. The waste in such fêtes is enormous, as the servants indulge in riot and plunder uncontrolled. At a ball and dinner in Bogotà, given by subscription to about two hundred guests, of whom thirty only were at the dinner, the consumption of wine amounted to between thirty and forty demijohns, large wicker-covered bottles, containing about sixteen quarts bottles each.

The decline of Carthagena in wealth, commercial importance, and mercantile population, is shown by the enormous diminution in the rents of its houses, among other symptoms. Since the division of Colombia, completed in 1832, which restricted its trade to the supply of New Granada alone, the best houses in the city have been rented from 30 to 40 dollars a month.

In concluding the sketch of Carthagena, it may be well to add, that it is, in common with Chagres, a place of banishment for convicts, from the interior provinces of New Granada, who are sentenced to *presidio*, that is, alternate confinement and forced labour, in the works of the fortress. Among these criminals, the writer saw two men, who had murdered a priest, in the neighbourhood of Bogotà. These men had escaped capital punishment, owing to their victim having, through Christian over-scrupulousness, refused in his dying moments to designate his murderers, although he confessed he knew them. Through the deficiency of evidence, as to the murder, these undoubted assassins were only sentenced, on other testimony, to the punishment of *presidio*, for the robbery. A nephew of the unfortunate cura, whom the writer met at Carthagena, found on his arrival there, these two men at large, as clerks in a commercial house, frequenting the theatre, and living with their mistresses. He had complained to the governor of this abuse of justice, but said he had no hope of redress, as such practices were not uncommon, where the culprits had means of bribery at command.

On leaving Carthagena, begin the difficulties of the traveller who intends to visit the interior provinces. But this is a subject which our limits will not permit us to touch upon at present.

# THE CAPE AND THE KAFIRS;

OR,

## NOTES OF FIVE YEARS' RESIDENCE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

---

### CHAPTER XIV.

Popular Education.—History of the Cape System.—Its annual Cost.—Its peculiar Advantages in a mixed Population.—John Bull and the Boers.—A regular CapeRoad.—Causes of bad Roads.—A mountain Ride.—A grand and varied Panorama.—The Village of Somerset.—Cultivation of Tobacco.—The poet Pringle.—His Home.—The Scene of a romance.—An uninvited Guest.—Snakes in South Africa.—Antidote for their Bites.

Some of the colonies of England are "going-a-head" of the mother country in a matter of great importance—popular education. The system pursued at the Cape for several years, reflects the greatest credit on the colony; and has been eminently successful.

In every town and village of the least importance, is a good and substantial school-house, open free to all classes and all sects, where instruction is given in all the essentials of a simple and sound education, by gentlemen who have been selected as teachers with great judgment. They are principally graduates of the Scotch universities,—and are, without exception, men of considerable ability and high character, and who seem to have the interest of their charge thoroughly at heart.

The idea of the establishment of these schools, originated with Sir John Herschell, when the great astronomer was sojourning at Cape Town, to make his observations on the heavenly bodies in the southern hemisphere. He was ably seconded in his suggestions by Dr. Innes, then the principal of the South African College, and, by their joint exertions, the present system was elaborated. The local government most honourably voted the requisite funds to support the schools. Dr. Innes paid a visit to England, to select competent teachers,—and in a short period, a good, sound, and useful education was at the service of every child in the colony, whose parents chose to avail themselves of such an advantage, free from every kind of expense.

I must state that the broad principles of the Christian religion are taught in these schools, but with such praiseworthy and careful avoidance of all sectarian doctrines, that the children of Churchmen, Dissenters, and Roman Catholics,—and even one or two Mahometans,—attend them without the slightest complaint ever having been uttered by any one on religious grounds. This is the more remarkable, inasmuch as sectarian differences run very high at the Cape.

The teachers have salaries varying from 100*l.* to 200*l.*, besides a house. The instruction consists of reading, writing, history, mathematics, natural philosophy, and geography. Out of the regular school-hours the teachers take private pupils at a moderate rate, who wish to learn Latin and Greek, or French. Thus I have no hesitation in declaring that the rising generation at the Cape will be far beyond that of England in all the

essentials of a good education. Perfect ignorance will be almost unknown, and unheard of in the colony, And what does the reader suppose is the sum requisite to secure all these inestimable advantages to a rising state? I will tell him—2500*l.* per annum! or less than one-fourth of the amount of the "pensions,"* paid out of the revenue of the same colony to a set of persons who, in nine cases out of ten, have no claim whatever on its funds or its gratitude. But where in the wide world is "jobbery" extinct? Veritably, *not* in the land of the Hottentots.

The advantages of these schools are nowhere more perceptible than in the district of Graaf Reinet, where there is a mixed population of Dutch and English. The children of both races are being educated together, and in another generation, all traces of difference will have been obliterated. This is a "consummation devoutly to be wished," seeing that the English and Dutch have not, hitherto, *fused* as kindly as might be desired. John Bull is as pompous a fellow in South Africa as in England, and his intense appreciation of his own excellences, induces him to look upon the Boers as an inferior order of animals to himself. With a due allowance for the want of certain conventional advantages on the part of the Dutchman, Master John is decidedly mistaken,—but it is useless to tell him so.

When I bade farewell to the town of Graaf Reinet, and started for the neighbouring district of Somerset, I was agreeably surprised to find myself on a tolerably good road. I have before remarked on the rarity of such a thing in the Cape Colony. An English reader can form but little idea of a really bad road. Let him picture to himself a broad straggling pathway, with loose stones scattered all over it, of the size ordinarily used for paving the streets of London, interspersed occasionally with stumps of trees, deep holes, hard rock, and sudden descents of a foot or two at a step; and further, imagine the said road constantly ascending and descending mountains at an angle of 45 degrees,—now and then plunging precipitously into the bed of a river, which is sometimes a torrent, sometimes a swamp, where you are sure to stick fast, and sometimes has great rolling stones just below the surface of the water (as large as Sisyphus rolled unceasingly up-hill), over which your horse tumbles, and pitches you unceremoniously into a cold bath: let him further conceive such road clouded with whirlwinds of sand, which penetrate into the traveller's ears, eyes, nose, and mouth; or else so greasy with mud that neither man nor beast can progress steadily along it,—and then he will have formed a faint notion of a genuine and ordinary Cape road. The only two exceptions to this species of highway that I met with, were the Fort Beaufort Road, and that over the Bruges Mountains, from Graaf Reinet to Somerset.

It is, of course, ridiculous to expect anything approaching to good roads in a colony where labour is so scarce. The solitary good which New South Wales has derived from being a penal settlement is, that it has procured her an admirable set of roads. Road-making, indeed, is so dull, laborious, and unattractive an employment, that it seems to be peculiarly adapted to convict-labour. The government lately, on seeking to make convicts acceptable to the Cape colonists, did not forget to point out the advantages which would be conferred on the country in this point; but the bait did not take. The colonists were well aware that the worthy

* The Cape Pension List is 10,500*l.* a year; the whole revenue only 50,000*l.*

"ticket-of-leave" gentleman would "take to the road" in more senses than one; and they were not sufficiently alive to the advantages of that interesting Australian mode of life,—"bush-ranging,"—to wish for its establishment in their own country.

I know nothing more exhilarating and delightful than riding along a mountain-ridge, with a magnificent panorama stretching away below you on both sides. Such was my enjoyment on the Bruges heights. This mountain chain was formerly the boundary of the colony under the Dutch government, beyond which no colonist was allowed to trade with the native tribes. Since that time, in the earlier wars with the Kafirs, it has been the scene of many a bloody conflict between that people and the colonists. The Kafirs had not the slightest pretensions, in point of justice, to penetrate so far to the west; their own frontier lying some one hundred miles to the East. But they have always been encroaching on the land of the Hottentots both before and since its occupation by Europeans.

I had now within eye-range the plains of Graaf Reinet sprinkled with antelopes; the sharp, jagged tops of the Tanges Berg, or Toothed Mountain; the white-capped Snewbergen, where I had been half-frozen some time since; the broken Swart Ruggens, or black ridges—a dark tract of rocky country, with strata dislocated in a manner to puzzle the profoundest geologist; and the forest range of the Kaga, with its fertile slopes, and well-watered farms: so that my panorama was both varied and beautiful.

The village of Somerset—I beg its pardon for thus terming a "municipality,"—is insignificant enough, and contains only five hundred inhabitants. It was formerly a kind of storehouse for provisions for the troops on the frontier, but it is not sufficiently to the east for such purposes now. Very large quantities of grain, however, are raised in this district, which is tolerably well watered, and very fertile. Cattle and sheep also abound, and some of the finest flocks of the latter in the whole country belong to Mr. Hart, whose farm is near Somerset. It is also the residence of the Pringle family; Thomas Pringle being *the* poet, *par excellence*, of South Africa.

In this district, and on the very spot where the village of Somerset now stands, tobacco was first raised in the colony under the care of a Dr. Makrill. Like almost anything else it grew, and flourished admirably on a Cape soil, and is now raised in considerable quantities in various parts of the colony. It is called Boer's tobacco, to distinguish it from the various species of the imported weed. Here again, however, the want of proper energy so constantly observable in the colonists, whether Dutch or English, is displayed. Every man smokes—and immense numbers also chew—tobacco. The Hottentots of both sexes take heaps of snuff,—not, by the way, up their nostrils, but in their mouth!—and yet tobacco has to be imported to a considerable extent into a country which might not only grow enough for its own wants, but sufficient to supply half the world beside. Every one admits the fact; but the answer is, "want of labour," that eternal complaint of South Africa. There is much truth in it; but there is a considerable "want of energy" also. The colonists do not sufficiently bear in mind the good old French maxim "Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera."

The colony has produced only about 360,000 pounds of tobacco in the year; it might just as well produce a hundred-fold more. There is no

reason (save perhaps the "labour" one), why the exports of this article should not increase in the same ratio, as that of wool. A very small space of ground will grow a great deal of tobacco, as the reader will admit when he hears that the best authorities state, that *"a square yard of bed,* if made with care, will grow and support 50,000 plants of tobacco!"

But tobacco has put poetry out of my head. Let us return to Mr. Pringle. This gentleman, whose poetry has made known to the general reader, many a sweet scene of South Africa, came out in 1820 as the head of a party of settlers. He pitched his tent in Glen Lynden, and in 1834 (or fourteen years later), he wrote the following interesting sketch of his little band:—

"A few words in conclusion, about our settlement of Glen Lynden. Under the blessing of Providence, its prosperity has been steadily progressive. The friends whom I left there, though they have not escaped some occasional trials and disappointments, such as all men are exposed to in this uncertain world, have yet enjoyed a goodly share of health, competence, and peace. As regards the first of these blessings, one fact may suffice. Out of twenty-three souls who accompanied me to Glen Lynden fourteen years ago, there had not, up to the 24th of January last, occurred (so far as I know) a single death except one, namely, that of Mr. Peter Rennie, who was unfortunately killed by the bursting of a gun in 1825. My father, at the patriarchal age of eighty years, enjoys the mild sunset of life in the midst of his children and grand-children; the latter, of whom there is a large and rapidly increasing number, having been, with a few exceptions, all born in South Africa. The party have more than doubled their numbers by births alone, during the last twelve years. Several additional families of relatives, and old acquaintances, have also lately joined them.

"Without any pretensions to wealth, and with very little money among them, the Glen Lynden settlers (with some few exceptions) may be said to be in a thriving and, on the whole, very enviable condition. They have abundance of all that life requires for competence and for comfort; and they have few causes of anxiety about the future. Some of them, who have now acquired considerable flocks of merino sheep, have even a fair prospect of attaining by degrees to moderate wealth. They have excellent means of education for their children; they have a well selected subscription library, of about four hundred books; and what is still more important, they have now the public ordinances of religion duly and purely maintained amongst them."

And now, good reader, what think you of the poet's home? Is it not a realization of all the Arcadian simplicity which you had hitherto regarded as a mere dream?

But really I find myself quite on classic ground in this same district of Somerset. To the eastward of the village, on the banks of the Great Fish River, lies Zekoe Kraal; and here the romantic traveller, Le Vaillant, flirted with his lovely heroine, the exquisite Narina. Can you conceive anything more purely poetical than the gallant Frenchman courting the lovely nymph in Sea-cow Kraal? However, the name is here truly of no consequence, especially as I never heard of a hippopotamus being seen in the district during the last forty years; and therefore Le Vaillant's flirtations may have been quite free from the chance of an interruption by one of these river-hogs.

I would that all unwelcome visitors were as scarce at Somerset. But, alas! I found it otherwise. I was going quietly to bed one evening, wearied by a long day's hunting, when close to my feet, and by my bedside, some glittering substances caught my eye. I stooped to pick up; but, ere my hand had quite reached it, the truth flashed across me—it was a snake! Had I followed my first natural impulse, I should have sprung away, but not being able clearly to see in what position the reptile was lying, or which way his head was pointed, I controlled myself, and remained rooted breathless to the spot. Straining my eyes, but moving not an inch, I at length clearly distinguished a huge puff-adder, the most deadly snake in the colony, whose bite would have sent me to the other world in an hour or two. I watched him in silent horror: his head was from me, so much the worse; for this snake, unlike any other always rises and strikes back. He did not move, he was asleep. Not daring to shuffle my feet, lest he should awake and spring at me, I took a jump backwards, that would have done honour to a gymnastic master, and then darted outside the door of the room. With a thick stick, which I procured, I then returned and settled his worship.

Some parts of South Africa swarm with snakes; none are free from them. I have known three men killed by them in one harvest on a farm in Oliphant's Hock. There is an immense variety of them, the deadliest being the puff-adder, a thick and comparatively short snake. The bite of this snake will kill occasionally within an hour. One of my friends lost a favourite and valuable horse by its bite, in less than two hours after the attack. It is a sluggish reptile and therefore more dangerous; for, instead of rushing away, like its fellows, at the sound of approaching footsteps it half raises its head and hisses. Often have I come to a sudden pull up on foot and on horseback, on hearing their dreaded warning! There is also the cobra-capello, nearly as dangerous, several black snakes, and the boem-slang (or tree snake), less deadly, one of which I once shot seven feet long.

The Cape is also infested by scorpions, whose sting is little less virulent than a snake bite; and the spider called the tarantula, which is extremely dreaded.

Cutting out the wounded part, and a variety of violent remedies were formerly considered the only means of preserving life after the bite of any of these creatures. Of late years, however, a Mr. Croft has discovered a remedy which he prepares, and calls his "tincture of life." It is both swallowed and applied externally, and is eminently successful. I have known cases of persons being bitten by puff-adders, applying this remedy instantly, and suffering comparatively slight injury from the bite. I knew a case in which a man was bitten in the leg by the same species of snake. It was necessary to send an hour's journey, before the tincture could be procured. Of course the evil had much spread in the meantime; it was applied as soon as obtained, and the man recovered, but he was lamed for life through the injury done by the delay.

It is now considered a species of madness for a Cape farmer to be without "Croft's Tincture of Life."

## CHAPTER XV.

Symptoms of Kafir Disturbances.—A Warning.—Solitary Ride on the Frontier.—An Attack, and a narrow Escape.—Throwing off the Mask.—Deeds of Violence. Insolent Message of a Kafir Chief.—Absurdity of a distant Seat of Government.—Fatal Delays.—Gloomy Aspect of Affairs.—Kafir Preparations.—A Governor entrapped.—Raising Volunteer Troops.—Hopes and Fears.—Sentiments of different Parties.—Valiant "Griffins."—Proper Duties of Burgher Forces.—Misrepresentation of the Effects of the late War on the Colonists.

Using the privilege, which I have long ago claimed in this work, of making strides at will over time and space, I must now beg the reader to imagine me approaching Graham's Town, by a north-easterly route, alone on horseback. It is in the year 1846. The Kafirs have become very troublesome, and their daily depredations are more daring and more extensive, and oftener accompanied by violence. More than one unlucky farmer, too eager to recover his stolen cattle, has fallen a victim to the assassin; many a traveller has been waylaid and plundered: insolence begins to mark the bearing of the chiefs towards British emissaries; and all gives warning of an impending war.

It is rather foolhardy to venture out alone close to the Kafir border: but business presses, and my after-rider is left sick behind me. I am riding along a level ridge of land, but gradually approaching a "poort," or pass between two mountains, which is dark and gloomy looking. I glance suspiciously at every figure that appears on the horizon, and my right hand instinctively seeks one of the small pistols I carry in my shooting-coat pockets. They are tiny affairs, and it is imprudent to carry them; for after all, one is safer unarmed than armed at these times, less likely to be treated with violence by the black robbers.

A sturdy looking fellow on horseback is approaching me, it is a Dutch Boer.

"Good day; where are you going?" he asks.

"To Graham's Town," I reply.

"To Graham's Town! through the poort? you are mad; it is full of Kafirs!"

"So they say always."

"Nay, nay; but old Somerset has sent patrols to scour it, all day."

"Then it must be clean by this time."

"Not a bit of it; those black villains have only to be quiet, and who can find them?"

"Quite true,—but I *must* go on to Graham's Town."

"Well, good day, then; but you will be killed." And the worthy Dutchman made a gesture to intimate that he washed his hands of my blood.

Now, although I had affected the utmost *nonchalance* in conversation with Mynheer, I confess that I did not exactly feel it. A more dangerous-looking place than this abominable "poort" before me, I had never seen. I knew it well, and had passed it before in piping times of peace, and I had thought how comfortably and conveniently it would hold a few thousand Kafirs, unseen by an enemy, whom they could "pepper" in the narrow defile to their heart's content. The road, too, was all broken, and scattered with huge stones, so that galloping for the greater part of the distance was impossible. Moreover it wound up hill as I was then going.

At last I entered the poort. On each side of me rose precipitous mountains, covered three parts of the way up with dense, impenetrable looking bush, above which (and in some places between it) projected masses of grey rock. I could see but a few yards before me, as the road was so serpentine, and yet so precipitous. I stopped for a few moments, and listened intently; not a sound caught my ear, save the monotonous chirping of some common bird. I rode forward at a foot's pace, determining to be resigned to be robbed, should such be my destiny, and to hope to escape unscathed in limb.

There is a sudden crash in the bush on my right—some brown creature meets my eye for a moment, and dashes across my path—only a bush-buck, thank God!

Slowly my nag picks his way over the large loose stones in his road, and I find myself half-way through the poort. I stop and look round at the romantic scene. To my left lies a punch-bowl, formed by the surrounding mountains, a dark, black, gloomy jungle, across which a gleam of sunshine plays through a cleft in the mountains. The hills in some parts, are of grey, glittering, bare rock; but near me, and in most other parts, they are covered with the eternal evergreen of the dense bush.

Onwards, again. I had now passed about the three-fourths of the poort, and the road was better in surface and far less hilly. The bush continued as thick as ever. Less than half a mile a-head, I should be once more in the open country, and too near to Graham's Town to feel any alarm of robbery or violence. The comfortable sense of personal security began to creep upon me, the whole nervous system seemed to relax; I found myself laughing at the idle stories of the Dutchman, and even voting myself half a noodle for having determined to *submit* to robbery. My right hand again grasped the pistol in my pocket in mere pastime.

A sudden crash, a sudden start of my horse, and his bridle had been seized by a woolly-headed ruffian: my right hand had instinctively drawn out the pistol, clapped it to the head of the Kafir, snapped it off, down he went like a shot; my spurs were in my horse's sides, and the animal was bounding forth with fright and pain; while "whiz!" "whiz!" "whiz!" and three assagais had whirled past me so closely, that I had felt their wind, while the point of one had grazed the head-stall of my bridle.

How I galloped! it was for my life now, and my horse seemed to know it. What cared he for the huge stones that lay in his way? he cleared them all as he bounded forward at the top of his speed, and in a very few minutes, brought me safe and sound into the open table-land, with Graham's Town lying in a valley below us, and only a few miles distant.

I pulled up; and all that had passed but a few minutes since, seemed like a dream or a phantasy; it had been so sudden, so unexpected; so soon and so strangely terminated! Yet there was the discharged pistol, still in my right hand, and there was the grazed mark on my horse's headstall, bearing indubitable evidence to my half-doubting senses, that I had indeed had my "first brush with the Kafirs." I wonder whether they were the worthy subjects of my *quondam* host, Macomo.

I enjoyed hugely the comforts of mine inn that evening in Graham's Town. I have once or twice in my life ridden a race as a gentleman "jock," and I half blush to own that I have been guilty of a steeple-chase *once*, to say nothing of antelope-coursing in Africa, and stag-hunt-

ing in England; but decidedly the most exciting feat of horsemanship I ever performed, was jumping over the prostrate Kafir, and galloping along a break-neck road to save my skin.

Shortly after this little adventure of mine, all disguise seemed to be thrown aside by the Kafirs, and they plainly declared their utter contempt for the English Government.

A Kafir had been taken prisoner while in the act of stealing cattle; and, shortly after his capture, he was dispatched to Graham's Town for trial, handcuffed to a Hottentot culprit, and under the escort of a very small guard. On the road, a large body of Kafirs rushed out, severed the arm of the Hottentot at a blow, and made off again into the bush with their own countryman, the Hottentot's amputated arm dangling to his wrist, before the guard could recover from the panic into which they had been thrown.

The news of this daring act of violence filled all who heard it with indignation. The Lieutenant-Governor of the Eastern province sent to the chief into whose territory the offenders were tracked, to demand that they should be delivered up to justice. The reply of the chief was to the effect, that the governor had better come and fetch them, if he dared. Nobody now doubted that war was inevitable; but the absurdity of a governor six hundred miles from the natural seat of government, at once became apparent. The Lieutenant-Governor did not venture to take the responsibility of an immediate offensive movement on his own shoulders, but dispatched letters to Cape Town to obtain the Governor's authority and instructions in the matter, thus losing at least twelve days or a fortnight.

Had the Governor and the forces been in Graham's Town, or had a *responsible* and energetic man been Lieutenant-Governor, our troops might have marched within twelve hours on Pato's* kraal, and made the chief himself prisoner, ere he had time to escape, or to call other chiefs to his assistance. Such a *coup-de-main*, if followed by the wholesome example of hanging master Pato as a "particeps criminis," in the affair of the murder, would have struck such terror into the heart of all Kafirland, that I verily believe no war would have followed.

What was done? A fortnight was wasted; during which time, the Kafirs, well knowing that war was now inevitable, had time to arm and prepare for the contest, to assemble and interchange promises of mutual support, and to concoct that struggle which cost the colony some of her best blood, and England nearly two millions of treasure.

What has been the case, even in the war which is now raging? Sir Harry Smith pays a visit to the frontier, holds a meeting of Kafir chiefs, talks "big," (I can fancy my old friend Macomo laughing in his sleeve), and then goes back to Cape Town with the impression that it is "all right." No sooner is he gone, than all Kafirland is in a ferment. He jumps on board a steamer, and rushes headlong back into the Kafir country —and then—finds it rather difficult to get out again.

Does any one believe it possible that all this could have happened, had Sir Harry's seat of government been Graham's Town? had he been always with a few miles of the Kafir frontier, watching the rascals with his own eyes, and ready to pounce down on them at a moment's notice, instead of playing at soldiers on the Cape Town parade ground, and waiting for all his information concerning these cunning and restless people

* I think this was the chief.

to come to him second-hand, over six hundred miles of rough country? The Kafirs themselves see the absurdity of this system, and laugh at it, and profit by it; yet of course, being a giant abuse, it will *not* be remedied. But to return.

After the usual delay, the tocsin of war was sounded. The Kafirs were prepared. For ten years they had been robbing the colony of its herds and flocks, and thereby growing in wealth and prosperity. For ten years they had been learning to use fire-arms, and laying in stores of guns and gunpowder and bullets. For ten years they had been sending emissaries to lurk about the towns and provinces of the colony to learn its resources, to find out its weak points, its best hiding-places, the roads by which its supplies must be conveyed to their frontier, and the actual amount of men it could bring against them. Right well had they profited by those ten years. The only thing that seemed to be in our favour, was the probability that they would trust too much to their new weapons, and to their newly acquired horses, and deserting their old system of bush-fighting, come boldly into the plains and meet us in pitched battle. Then, indeed, the European discipline was safe to prevail over them.

But no. The Kafirs were not so vain as we hoped, while they were far too fond of their precious persons to attack us openly, unless in overwhelming numbers. They resolved to stick to the bush, and use their long guns from behind that shelter where an assagai might be more awkward to hurl.

One chance only remained. They might be bad shots,—rather a forlorn hope, this, in a savage, whose eye is so keen, and whose hand so steady. The Kafirs, though apt to shoot high, proved themselves in the main, excellent marksmen.

No man of any experience in the colony doubted that the coming struggle would be the direst, the fiercest, and the bloodiest that had ever yet been witnessed in South Africa between the white man and the black. All things bore a gloomy aspect on the side of the former. The troops in the colony were few; the governor old and feeble, and unacquainted with the Kafir character; the lieutenant-governor no better. Moreover, it was a war in which everything might be lost by us, and nothing, not even "glory" (the soldier's *ignis fatuus*) gained.

The word went forth for volunteers, and every man hastened to enrol himself a soldier. "Griffins" looked important and felt valorous (except when they did the night patrol duty), old ladies and gentlemen became dreadfully nervous, and fancied every tinkling sound the alarm-bell announcing "Kafirs!" Men who had property at stake, flocks on the frontier, and herds of beeves to make the savages' mouths water—these men, who had mostly fought in the former Kafir war, and knew its horrors and its dangers, looked grave; and though they trembled not like the old ladies and gentlemen aforesaid, neither did they strut like the valiant "griffins." The women—alas! what must have been their sensations! Read all that is most horrible in the treatment of the sex by barbarians in war; know that even so did the Kafirs act to all who fell into their foul clutches in the previous war; and then, imagine the horror of those who knew not how soon such a fate might again await them.

It was clear that the defence of the colony would now mainly depend on the volunteers, or burgher troops, as they are called; and of this no one should complain; but it was neither fair nor politic to expect them

to carry on an offensive warfare in Kafirland. It should be borne in mind that there are no idle men in a colony such as the Cape of Good Hope; every man lives by the sweat of his brow, and can ill afford a day's absence from his ordinary pursuits. No good government would ever depend upon such men to carry on a war, though they might safely reckon on them as a militia to protect their own towns and homesteads.

We often read, during the late Kafir war, and since its termination, of the large sums pocketed by the colonists from government contracts; and it has even been intimated that they like these wars, and look upon them as a source of profit. I can only say, that I know of very many men who were entirely ruined by the last war; I know that *all* the frontier farmers suffered the severest losses; I know that many were slain; and I know even one of the principal government contractors who was nearly in the gazette at the end of the war, though he was in prosperity at its commencement. If, therefore, the colonists like all this, their tastes are decidedly remarkable; and they should certainly be noted for ever in the page of history as an extraordinary race of men, who became attached to loss of property and loss of life, as eels are said to like being skinned, "from being used to it."

## CHAPTER XVI.

**Excitement in Port Elizabeth.—Rival Troops.—Infantry and Cavalry.—Drilling.—Safety of the Town.—Fortifications.—Retreat for Women and Children.—Delays of Government.—Patching up a hollow Peace.—The Author's Opinions of our Policy towards the Kafirs, &c.—Surf in Algoa Bay.—Violent gales.—Fearful Shipwrecks at Night.—Loss of Life.—Want of a floating Breakwater.**

THE little town of Port Elizabeth, though nearly one hundred and fifty miles removed from the border where the war seemed about to rage, was full of activity in preparing for the struggle. Out of its three thousand inhabitants, men, women and children, white, black, and tawny, three or four troops of volunteers (English and Dutch) were speedily raised. Some were on foot and some were mounted; all were armed with good double-barrelled guns; and now and then a stray cutlas (like the venerable "property" swords of a minor theatre) adorned the thigh of some aspiring hero, anxious to decapitate restless Kafirs.

Captains were chosen by the respective troops by ballot or by acclamation; and the captains in turn selected their lieutenant, serjeant, and corporal. *Esprit-de-corps* became strongly developed; "Ours!" was heard from the lips of many a valorous dealer in soap, as often as from those of the last joined ensign of a heavy marching regiment. The cavalry corps (!) felt vastly superior to the infantry ditto; while the latter congratulated themselves on being able to keep their "footing" on duty, which was more than the former could boast of regarding their seats. How was it to be expected that Mr. Chopkins, who had never been across a horse in his life till he came to South Africa, and since that event had only ambled about on a "trippler" warranted not to shy, should "stick on," when the said "trippler," exasperated and alarmed at the explosion of a gun between his ears, elevated his heels, rounded his back and made the saddle, where Mr. Chopkins should have been, an inclined plane of sixty or seventy degrees? Chopkins did his best, and bore his tumbles like a man; and what could valour ask more?

Seriously, however, I very much doubt whether the mounted gen-

tlemen could claim any superiority over the "infantry," except — the additional facility of running away.

The drilling was unique and entertaining, especially as it was under the superintendence of the captains, who were in blissful ignorance of the manual and platoon exercises, and who were therefore obliged to invent a system of manœuvres and tactics of their own, thereby displaying an originality of genius and a boldness of conception that would have done honour to a Napoleon, or which would, at all events, have puzzled the hero amazingly.

Firing at marks, which nobody could hit for the first fortnight, constituted a considerable portion of the exercise, and much gunpowder and lead were wasted in vain endeavours to bore holes in an imaginary Kafir.

Nevertheless, the people were in earnest, and most creditably came forward, armed and mounted at their own expense, to proffer their time and means in assisting to repel the threatened invasion. It must be confessed they were not overanxious to be marched away into Kafirland and chase the savages among their mountain fastnesses, to be shot at like soldiers, *minus* the shilling a-day, and without the chance of glory if they fell, or fought never so much like heroes. And I have before remarked on the injustice of expecting volunteer troops to carry on an aggressive warfare.

In one respect Port Elizabeth seemed to be the most favoured town in the eastern province. In case of the worst happening and the Kafirs becoming masters of the colony — an event which positively seemed probable to some—they had the shipping in Algoa Bay to retreat to. Considering, however, the three thousand inhabitants of the town, and the six or seven coasters that lay off it, I must confess that the place of refuge seemed a very forlorn hope indeed.

"Were there no fortifications?" asks the reader.

Certainly; there was Fort Frederick, perched up on the hill, with five or six grim-looking cannon peering over its walls; but, unfortunately, the cannon were scaly and the walls shaky; in addition to which untoward circumstances, the fort commanded any point but the town and its approaches!

There was a powder-magazine, by-the-by, with plenty of powder in it; but then it was stuck a long way out of the town for safety; and it would have been far more difficult to have fortified and defended the magazine than the town itself.

There were the commissariat buildings certainly, with a good-sized yard surrounded by a ten-feet wall, and they really might be fortified against any besieging means that Kafirs could employ. The only drawback was, that being situate just outside the town at the opposite end to where the Kafirs would approach, the town would be left entirely at the mercy of the savages. To this spot, however, it was resolved to convey all the women and children in case of serious danger; though one benevolent minded individual suggested that they should be huddled together in the church, the vaults being previously crammed with combustibles, in the Guy Fawkes style, and then blown up, "rather than fall into the hands of the savages." I am afraid that this gentleman was voted "a brute" by the ladies, and I hope he was not married.

Meantime the operations on the frontier were conducted in the most sluggish style. Fresh messages were sent to the Kafir chiefs; threats,

promises, and entreaties were lavished by our weak government, and the wily Kafirs pretended to meet them half way with alacrity. They were, in truth, only gaining time, waiting to concentrate their forces and provide for all chances; and yet, with the vile act of aggression I have mentioned still unavenged; to say nothing of the thousand acts of robbery before, and still perpetrated, the governor began to talk about "peace," "allaying public excitement," and a dozen such phrases; till positively the burgher forces were told that their services would not be required, and that there was every reason to believe that everything would soon be upon the former footing. I believe that not one man of sense throughout the colony placed faith in these hollow announcements. I am confident that no man who had the least experience of the Kafir character doubted that war, deadly, fierce, bloody and costly war, was in store for the Cape frontier.

No matter; the governor and his wise officials had decided that there was to be nothing of the kind, and "Peace" therefore became the word muttered by the colonist as he laid aside his arms, half fearing to relinquish them. "Peace!" became the cry yelled forth exultingly by the Kafir as he sharpened his assagai in his hut, and prepared for "war."

And now my "personal experiences" are drawing to a close, for it was shortly after this time that I quitted the colony. I watched the subsequent events with deep interest, both on account of the many dear friends I left behind me, and because I loved the colony itself, and felt that so fine a land ought not to be for ever exposed to the plunder and violence of a nation of irreclaimable barbarians, the most dishonest, faithless, bloodthirsty race in the land of Ham.

The history of the last Kafir war has, however, been written by abler pens than mine, and by personal actors in all its scenes. To them I refer the reader who may wish to trace the events subsequently to the time when I quitted the colony. It has not been my object to do more in sketching the commencement of the war than to show that it was not provoked by the colonists themselves, as has more than once been asserted by the ill-informed, though self-satisfied, portion of the English press. My opinions too, freely expressed on the subject of our relations with the Kafirs, our policy towards them, and the defects and blunders of the whole system may not have much weight with "the powers that be;" still, I believe them to be based on a true appreciation of the Kafir character and the wants of the colony, and I know them to be as honestly and sincerely felt, as they are unhesitatingly recorded. On one point I am very positive, the absolute necessity of fixing the seat of government of the colony in Graham's Town, or of erecting the Eastern Province into a separate and distinct colony, with an independent governor. The former would be the better and more feasible plan.

Before I close this chapter I will give the reader a sketch of one fearful scene — not the only one of the same kind — that I witnessed in Algoa Bay during my residence in Port Elizabeth.

There is at all times a great rolling surf in Algoa Bay; but when the wind blows violently from the south-east it is tremendous. The bay is completely open to this point, and it seems as if the whole Indian Ocean were being driven into it by the gale.

At these times the greatest anxiety is felt for the shipping at anchor off the town, and the probability of their being able to ride out the storm. Topmasts are struck, and every species of cable let go. The

lightest laden vessels fare best, because they have less strain on their anchors, and the holding-ground is decidedly good.

One of these gales had been blowing for three days, and constantly increasing in violence, till there seemed to be little chance of all the ships at anchor weathering it much longer. Signals had already been made by two of the ships, "Parted one anchor," when night began to set in dark, black, and stormy. Many were the evil forebodings among the inhabitants of the little town.

At about two o'clock in the morning the bell on the market-place was heard pealing loudly. I sprang from my bed, hurried on my clothes, and hastened down to the beach, well knowing what that alarm betokened. The port-captain had discovered with his night-glass two ships parted from their anchors, and drifting to the shore. Tar-barrels were immediately lighted, and by their blaze we could discover the doomed vessels slowly approaching destruction. I hastened to the jetty, a long wooden structure, formed at great expense, and projecting at that time a considerable distance into the bay.

As I stood watching intently the two drifting vessels I saw that they were foul of each other, and apparently coming right across the jetty itself, for in that direction the current set. At length one of them seemed to part from the other; and now by the blaze of the tar-barrels I could detect the sailors on board rushing about frantically to execute orders which were, alas! of little avail. They seemed to be alarmed at the prospect of striking against the jetty, over which the waves constantly broke, though it was twenty feet above the water.

The nearer vessel was now within a few yards of the jetty, and at the mercy of the breakers. One tremendous sweep of a wave, and she seemed to be lifted over the wooden structure. When down, she came crashing right through it, and parting the huge piles on which it rested as one would thrust aside the underwood that impeded his progress. She positively went through the structure, leaving the end of it isolated from the rest. Ten of the crew had sprung from the vessel's deck on to this severed piece of the jetty, and their shout of joy at their safety was audible for a moment above the roar of the elements. How short-lived was the triumph!

Scarcely had the poor fellows escaped on to this place of refuge when the second ship was hurled with the whole force of a tremendous breaker right against the very spot, and with one fell crash it disappeared into the boiling waters, and nothing was ever seen or heard again of those who had leapt to it for safety, till their bodies were washed ashore many hours later!

In a few minutes more both of these vessels were stranded on some rocks which jut out from a portion of the shore, and, within another hour, two more ships were there also. As daylight broke, it was a fearful sight to behold! Within hail of the shore, near enough for us to distinguish their features without the aid of a glass, were the crews of four vessels in momentary expectation of destruction, and we unable to help them! No boat could live in the surf that boiled and broke over the rocks between us and them. Some on shore were vainly trying to hurl a rope far enough to reach the wrecks; but it fell short each time by at least half the distance. The danger now was, that the ships would go to pieces — and one seemed about to do so every instant,— and then nothing but a miracle could save one creature on board them.

At length a small howitzer was brought down to the beach, charged with powder, and, with a piece of iron with a rope made fast to it and coiled up, the other end of the rope being attached to a post on shore The howitzer was pointed at the mast of one of the ships and fired. Hurrah! — the rope lay over the vessel, and in a few minutes more the crew were coming one by one, hand-over-hand, along it, and reached the shore in safety. The same plan was pursued with regard to the other vessels; and all were thus saved except three or four, who, in madness, had sprung into the surf and perished instantly.

Fourteen lives, however, were lost, and four fine vessels dashed to pieces in this fearful south-easter. The sum required for a floating breakwater in Algoa Bay would be large, no doubt, but small in comparison to the amount of evil constantly done to the shipping, and the number of lives so often sacrificed for want of it. But, in truth, "public works" of almost every description have been sadly neglected in this colony, which has never enjoyed the advantage of being a "pet" one.

## CHAPTER XVII.

**The Essentials of a Colonial Governor.—Effects of the present System of choosing one.—Feelings of the Colonists on the Subject.—Patronage.—Administration of Law. — Interpreters. — Civil Commissioners. — Magistrates.— Punishments.— Rarity of great Crimes.—Justification of the Colonists in resisting the Importation of Convicts.—Want of Labour of every Description.—Instances.—Objections to Emigration to the Cape answered.—Capabilities of the Country to support a large Population.—Unappropriated land in and beyond the Colony.—Farewell to the Cape, and Conclusion.**

What are the essentials of a colonial governor?

That he should have fought at Waterloo, be a major-general, know nothing of the colony he is sent to, and be too old to learn anything.

Should the reader be disposed to doubt that all, or any of these qualifications are necessary, I can simply reply, that they are apparently considered so by the English government in general, and the minister for the colonies in particular. In selecting generals to lead our armies in the field, we are not in the habit of turning to the list of decayed statesmen to fill the place; we are too disposed to think that men trained to arms and distinguished in many a hard-fought battle, will be found rather more competent. On the contrary, in choosing the representative of the highest civil authority in the state to preside over the councils of one of our colonies; to exercise the functions which are peculiarly within the province of statesmanship, we pass by all whose life has been spent in conducting the business of the state, all who have been trained to the senate, all who have been accustomed to deliberate on civil matters, and we select some old military martinet, who has fought like a tiger in his day, who hardly knows the geography of the colony he is to govern, is perfectly ignorant of the habits and requirements of its people, and is as little likely to conciliate the regard, as he is to command the respect, of the unhappy land which is to pay him five thousand pounds a year to mismanage it. If the force of absurdity can go much farther than this, I am at a loss to conceive what are its limits.

The only good appointment of a governor of the Cape Colony made during the last thirty years was that of Sir Henry Pottinger. In saying this I am not disparaging the brave soldiers who have from time to time

held the same post, one whit the more than I should be detracting from the legal ability of the Lord Chancellor by expressing a doubt of his medical knowledge. I concede to the Sir Georges, Sir Peregrines, Sir Harrys, and the rest of the K.C.B.s, with their medals, stars, and decorations, the characters of great generals and brave soldiers, but I cannot allow that they are even respectable statesmen, nor such as should ever have been entrusted with the important functions committed to their charge by an unwise government. I am firmly convinced that such appointments have greatly retarded the progress of the several colonies over which they have presided, and I know that it is so felt by the colonists themselves. They say most justly, that it is unfair to place their dearest interests in the hands of incompetent persons, merely as an act of favouritism or "jobbery"— there is no other word for it — on the part of the home government. Such want of principle tends deeply to estrange the affections of a colony from the mother country. It is unjust, unwise, impolitic.

On the occasion of the appointment of Sir Henry Pottinger — a statesman, and a man of approved talent — one of the most influential men in the colony wrote to me thus: — "We have received the news of this nomination with the greatest pleasure and the sincerest gratitude. It seems to us an earnest that the home government have at length our real interests at heart." Unfortunately, Sir Henry did not remain long in the colony, being removed to a more agreeable and more lucrative appointment.

The only thing that can be urged in favour of the present system is, that it saves the expense of the two separate appointments of a governor and a commander-in-chief. But why not let the senior staff officer in the colony take the latter office? The military operations in a colony do not require the exercise of first-rate generalship. Many of them never have the least taste of warfare. Even at the Cape, with its disturbed frontier, the commanding officer of the Cape Mounted Rifles (Colonel Somerset) has always proved himself the most efficient man to conduct the operations against the Kafirs: and naturally so; because from his long residence in the country he is better acquainted with their habits and style of warfare, and better known to, and more dreaded by, them, than any other soldier.

The truth is, that the governorship of a colony is looked upon by the ministry of the day as a convenient piece of patronage wherewith to reward any old general who may be considered to have "claims" on the government. The interests of the colony are the last thing considered. It would be well if for the future our ministers would forego such patronage; or, if they *must* bestow governorships on decayed veterans, let it be that of Carisbrooke Castle or the Tower of London, instead of New South Wales or the Cape of Good Hope. Till this is done, I very much doubt whether even the representative system will fully place the Cape Colony on a fair footing.

Dutch law prevails at the Cape; but the English Common Law is being so fast engrafted on it, that its primitive simplicity is fast disappearing. The Supreme Court is presided over by three judges, who sit in Cape Town. They also go the circuit twice a year, sitting and hearing both civil and criminal cases at the chief town of every district. Trial by jury prevails only in criminal matters, the judge pronouncing the verdict in all civil causes. Attorneys are allowed to plead in the

Circuit Court, but not in the Supreme Court, the privilege of addressing the latter being reserved to the bar. Sworn interpreters attend each Circuit Court to translate the English questions into Dutch for the Dutch and coloured witnesses, and their replies again into English, all proceedings being conducted in the latter tongue.

These interpreters generally perform their duty with much fidelity and ability, but the style of their language is occasionally very amusing. In a case where a Hottentot woman had been found guilty of the murder of her husband, the chief justice in the course of an impressive address to the culprit said, "Woman! where is thy husband! Alas! he is 'gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns.'" The worthy interpreter, in a sharp abrupt tone said literally (in Dutch), "Woman! where's your man? He's gone across the boundary, and he won't come back again!" Whereat the woman looked rather puzzled.

Each "district" of the colony, answering in some measure to "county" in England, is presided over by a civil commissioner, who is the chief magistrate, collector of the revenue, and representative of government within his own division. Their salaries vary from three hundred to five hundred pounds a year, with a house, and certain allowances.

In addition to these there are resident magistrates appointed to most towns of sufficient importance, not being the residences of civil commissioners. These same magistrates are not very hard-worked, their principal occupation being the sentencing of drunken Hottentots to various pains and penalties. The sentences generally include a little wholesome correction in the way of a few lashes. The coloured people, however, are not easily alarmed at such things—their skins do not appear to be half so sensitive as their stomachs. The simple words "rice-water" produce far more consternation than "three dozen lashes." This rice-water is given to certain very refractory criminals while in prison: it is found to be just sufficient to support life from day to day without satisfying the cravings of hunger; and as the Hottentots generally dispose of two pounds of meat *per diem*, with a proportionate quantity of bread, it may easily be imagined how they shudder at the idea of four or five days' rice-water.

Criminals sentenced to any lengthened imprisonment are either sent to Robben Island in the mouth of Table Bay, or worked in gangs on the roads and public works. It is a great credit to the colony that this class of offenders are few. Indeed, great crimes are rare at the Cape. During the five years I spent there, I believe there were not more than three executions for murder. Housebreaking is almost unknown, and robbery for the most part is confined to petty thefts. I felt safe at all times in leaving a few sovereigns or a handful of silver lying about in my bedroom; but a heap of coppers had attractions that were occasionally irresistible, and a halfpenny or two were likely to be abstracted to purchase a little snuff, or a *soupee* of "Cape smoke."

Under such circumstances it was most natural that the colonists should resist to the utmost the attempt to make their country a penal settlement. The mischief and demoralization which would be caused among the coloured classes, by the importation of hardened and experienced criminals, are beyond all power of exaggeration. It would be difficult to point out a land on the face of the globe likely to suffer so severely from such a cause as the Cape. The plea that they were to be ticket-of-leave men makes the case so much the worse. Were they worked in chains, and

under the constant *surveillance* of a guard, they would at least be able to perpetrate less mischief, and spread less contamination, than by mixing with their fellow (free) labourers. In spite of the indignation expressed freely by a certain portion of the English press, at the pertinacity with which the Cape Colonists resisted this vile attempt to turn South Africa into a den of thieves, every one with a common sense of justice, and a little experience of colonial society, will say that they acted well and nobly; and, making a fair allowance for excited feelings, with far more forbearance than could have been expected from men whose very security of life and property had been so iniquitously menaced.

Though the Cape thus justly scorns the aid (?) of convicts, she is bitterly in want of free labour of almost every description. To commence with domestic servants. Can anything be more annoying and disgusting to a good housewife than having to depend on a set of dirty, drunken Hottentots? And yet there are scarcely any other servants to be obtained, and even they must, at times, be *entreated* to come and serve you. When the rarity occurs of an emigrant ship arriving, there is a perfect rush to the beach to offer engagements to the new-comers. Twenty-five, thirty, or six-and-thirty pounds a year, are freely offered as housemaids' wages to any raw country girl fresh imported, who has probably never been in service before. After all it is generally a bad bargain; as these girls are constantly spoilt by the idle life they lead on the voyage, and the utter absence of restraint and proper supervision on board ship. "Jack" is a very good fellow in his way, but he is by no means "the young housemaid's best companion."

Farm servants are equally scarce. A shepherd will command from fifty to seventy pounds a year, a house to live in, and excellent rations for himself and family, however numerous. These men, too, when they have had a little education, may often become large sheep-owners themselves. Merchants and tradesmen residing in town, who have sheep-farms at a distance, are happy to place such persons in charge of their flocks, giving them a third of the annual increase for their remuneration, which in time starts them with a handsome flock.

Artizans of all kinds are sure to find employment. The lowest wages paid to journeymen are five shillings per diem. Sawyers, carpenters, bricklayers, and smiths, receive much more. Plumbers and glaziers are in great request. If you are unfortunate enough to smash a pane of glass, you may frequently wait a week or ten days before *the* solitary glazier can find time to come and mend it. When I resided in Port Elizabeth there was but one glazier (in a town of three thousand inhabitants), and if sent for he would probably reply with great composure and dignity.

"Mr. C—'s compliments, and some day next week he will see what he can do for you!" This respectable man of putty was strongly addicted to Cape smoke.

Labour occupies, in a colony, a position the very reverse of what it does at home. *Here* labour goes begging—in a colony the employers are the petitioners. Your tailor must be "solicited" to make you a coat, though the money for his labour be quite ready for him. Your boot-maker "can't attend to you just yet." The watchmaker keeps your watch three months, when he has only to fit a lunette glass to it.

It is a bad state of things. I have a great respect for the "rights of labour," and I think a day's work deserves a day's pay; but when the supply of work so far exceeds that of workmen, the employer is placed in

an unfair position, and a set of idle fellows, by working only now and then, make decent livelihoods—and bacchanalian glaziers, cricketing tailors, and horseracing watchmakers are prosperous men.

Two objections are raised to emigration to South Africa. The one is the disturbed state of its frontier—the other its inability to maintain a large population. I grant that the first is a valid objection to some extent; but it will be a disgrace to Great Britain if it is allowed to remain. The Kafir question *must* be settled; but, truly, some more energetic measures might have emanated from the combined wisdom of the House of Commons than the appointment of a couple of commissioners to go to the Cape, and "inquire into our relations with the native tribes." To inquire why it is that when we make absurd treaties with savages, they are broken as often as suits the convenience of the latter! why, when we trust thieves and liars, we are robbed and deceived! The government should have crowned the absurdity, by insisting that each member of the commission should be, what Sydney Smith termed "that favourite Whig animal—a barrister of five years' standing."

With regard to the second objection—the inability of South Africa to support an extensive population—I maintain that it is an erroneous one. There are about five millions of acres of government land in the colony unappropriated, and a very large proportion of them cultivable to any extent. These, with the thirty millions of acres in the possession of the settlers, would support a population at least fifty times as large as that which now occupies them.

But it is not within the limits of the colonial boundary alone that emigration and settlement should be confined. Beyond the Orange River are boundless plains of some of the most fertile land in the world, well watered, and superior in every respect to that within the colony. Immense tracts of it are utterly unpopulated, being considered by the bordering natives as too cold for them—yet a beautiful climate, as I can personally testify. Within one space of one hundred square miles, which I could point out on the map, there are but three or four "kraals." Yet the land is unusually fertile, intersected by rivers, and here and there interspersed with noble forests. Why should not such tracts be colonized? They could be purchased from the native chiefs (if, indeed, there are any to claim them) for a mere song: and if it be objected that they are so distantly removed from the sea-coast, I answer, that they are much nearer to it than many, if not most, of the back settlements of Australia.

I would much rather emigrate to the fertile plains beyond the Orange River, than to any Canterbury settlement, puffed and paraded by associations and high-sounding names.

---

Nearly five years after I first set foot, a cast-away, in South Africa, I stood watching the little brig at anchor, that was to carry me away from those hospitable shores. I will not deny that a certain "home-sickness" had taken possession of my heart—that I longed to revisit the land of my birth. The *amor patriæ* that had failed to make its voice heard when I was quitting England for years—or perchance, as it seemed, for ever—now spoke in seductive accents, leading my thoughts to the scenes of early associations. I suppose it is always thus: and no one can ever forget his country for ever.

"Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine captos
Ducit, et immemores non siuit esse sui."

And yet I was very sorrowful. I loved the land where I had dwelt so long, the freedom of its boundless plains and untrodden mountains, the excitement of its wild sports, the beauty of its climate, and above all, the warm-hearted, kind, single-minded, and hospitable people, who had made it their adopted country. To feel that I was about to lose all these caused me many a pang, and almost made me waver in the resolution I had taken to depart. It was too late, however, to retreat—all my arrangements, both in England and the colony, were complete—the die was cast.

"The Blue Peter is hoisted, sir. The skipper's gone on board," was the message delivered to me from a boatman.

Half an hour later, "farewells" to some of the dearest friends I had on earth had been uttered, and I found myself once more a ship's passenger, with a space of seven feet by four for my "state" room.

As if to prolong the saddening thoughts which crowded in my mind, the wind veered round, so that the captain determined not to sail till the moon rose, several hours later; and thus we lay in sight of the town, and of all that I regretted to part from.

"It's dry work, sir, is sorrow," said the worthy skipper, noticing my abstracted air. "Take a glass of grog now, and turn in—the first thing in the morning we're off, please God,"—which, after all, was only a free translation of Horace's.

"Nunc vino pellite curas—
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor!"

---

## THE DEWDROP.

*From the German of Rückert.*

Down from the heavens a dewdrop fell,
And soon had been lost in the ocean's swell,
But a mussel caught and shut it in—
"A pearl, a pearl, 'tis mine to win!
Thou shalt not tremble in the wave,
Be mine to shelter and to save!"

Oh, thou my bosom's sweet unrest,
The hidden treasure of my breast,
Gem of the world's tempestuous sea,
That crystal drop art thou to me!
Make, bounteous Heaven, this pearl of mine,
Worthy that purest pearl t' enshrine!

Eta.

## FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR!

Another year is gone and fled;
Another page turned down and read,
In Time's long book;
And to the next, with hope and dread,
Anxious we look.

Hope, ever victor in the mind;
We trust each year will prove more kind
Than those gone past:
Few pause, upon the path behind
One glance to cast.

Could we recall those bygone days,
How many a deed, how many a phrase,
We would retract;
And from our list of faults erase
Each careless act!

But ah! those lessons dearly bought,
By long and sad experience taught,
Are soon forgot:
By newer scenes, fresh pleasures caught,
We heed them not.

And like the Prince in Eastern tale,
Seeking to gain the enchanted vale,
Who, on his track,
Vainly heard threatening cry and wail,
Warning him back.

So, while within our hearts arise
Thoughts of the past, sad memories,
To bid us stay;
We follow, deaf to warning cries,
Our reckless way.

Oh! rather to the last year turn,
And practise, from its lessons stern
To change our fate:
To stay our footsteps we may learn
Ere yet too late.

The old year's faults resolved to shun;
With eager hearts prepared to run
Our new career;
We welcome in the year begun—
All hail, New Year!

M. A. B.

## AN OYSTER-BED IN DIFFICULTIES.

A GLORIOUS autumnal day had just died a golden death, amidst a flock of fleecy clouds in the far west, when darkness, which had crept stealthily like a wolf upon our heels, surprised us, as we knocked at a small door, of an odd sort of house, that appeared to be standing sentry to a neighbouring village, close to the Kentish coast. We had followed all sorts of paths and sheep-tracks across an ugly marshy district, leaped over ditches, or dykes, as the country folks called them, now and then attempting to make short cuts, which invariably proved long ones, in order to reach a glimmering light, that with *ignis fatuus* glare had lured us over the marsh to the solitary house above alluded to.

"Come in," said a voice, as loud and as deep as a report from a double-barrelled thunder-cloud, to our summons for admission. "Come in," and in we went.

There was an air of antiquity about the place, a tone that is imparted only by age, a something breathing of days long past, that gave an appearance of stability and comfort, that set us at our ease at once, and which, when brightened up by the cheerful blaze of a sea-coal fire, formed a happy contrast to the dreary morass, we had so recently crossed. In admirable keeping with the brown, smoke-dried walls of the room, sat three bronzed, weather-beaten old men. Two of these bronzed heads might have served as studies for Hercules and Winter; the one exhibiting a vigorous, and the other a frosty aspect, but in the appearance of the third, there were signs of age and decrepitude, rather more marked than the years he had passed, seemed to warrant. His face was hollow and grim; eyes deep-set, blank, and pale, and overthatched with a white, bushy brow; nose long, and sharp; and jaws skeletonized, and grizzled over from cheek to throat, like a polar bear. His skin had lost its once ruddy hue, and though still without an appearance of sickliness, yet the vicissitudes of his life, assisted by the sun and wind and age, had mellowed it into a fine Rembrandt tan, and furrowed and puckered and knotted him, like the bark of an old tree. The men were ranged round an old-fashioned oak table, and seen by the fitful and uncertain glare of the fire, they seemed to be carved out of the same material. They had, until the moment of our sudden entry, evidently been engaged in some hot dispute, for if we had judged of their numbers by the criterion of sound, we should have said that the whole local population had been collected within the place. A drinking cup was before each, and pipes and tobacco were placed upon the spacious table, and in the distance, looming hazily through the smoke, an inner apartment was discernible, of the close compact and systematic arrangement that denotes a tavern bar. After we had thus hastily scanned the scene before us, and arrived at the happy conviction that we had found an asylum in our hour of need, one of the bronzed heads, which we afterwards discovered to be the property of the landlord, then greeted us, by enquiring,—

Where we came from?

"Did we find our way across the marsh without a guide? and if so,—

"Didn't we consider it a mortal wonder we wosn't drown'd?"

We hastened to reply, that we were on a pedestrian tour,—that, guided by the light from the window, we had managed to avoid the catastrophe alluded to, and that moreover, our failing nature had been miraculously supported for the last mile or so, by a most sustaining smell of cooked oysters.

"Ah!" replied the host, "we've just had a stew,—and then his face arranged itself without any difficulty, into a warm, brown tinted smile, as he immediately added, "There's a score or two left."

"Of oysters?" we demanded.

"Of oysters," replied Boniface, looking inquisitively, as much as to say shall I introduce you to the "natives."

We nodded, and at once he commenced an attack upon them, with that peculiar adroitness of wrist, and sudden knowing jerk of the elbow, that proclaims the potent hand of a master.

It was evident that our presence had acted as a damper upon the heat of the argument, that had raged so furiously previous to our entrance. But it was plainly to be seen, by the outward and visible workings of the countenance of our host, that the subject was still disturbing his inner man. After a pause of a minute or so, only occasionally relieved by that peculiar *squelch* which proclaims the death of a "native," he broke the monotony by suddenly exclaiming,—

"Another bad 'un, shrivelled up to a bit of leather," said he, and he dashed the shells violently upon the floor, "that makes the sixth in the last dozen,—there," he continued, "say what you will, I'm more convinced on it than ever, we've never had an oyster in our 'beds' worth a rope yarn, since the passing of the Reform Bill," and he put on a definitive look, that added, and you have my authority for saying so.

"Humbug!" said the bronzed head, with the wintry aspect, picking up the broken thread of the argument with avidity. "Humbug!" said he, emphatically; "that's what you wos a preachin' about afore the gen'l'mn come in."

"Ah!" groaned Boniface, with the air of a man who has an argument and a delicate piece of cookery to attend to at the same time. "Your head's as muddl'd as the sun in a fog-bank. You don't know how to put things together, you don't,—you see," said he, placing under our nose a steaming dish of his stewed "natives," "you see when our oysters lost their nat'ral protectors, and our town lost its rights and privileges—"

"The privilege of dredging," we presumed.

"Sartinly," added Boniface approvingly, "and also the privilege, I may say, the blessed privilege of sending two members to represent the interests of the 'natives' in parliament."

"Do you mean the freemen, or the oysters," we demanded, in a tone of surprise.

"Well, I believe it never was c'rectly settled which had the preference," replied the host with an air of perplexity.

"Dear me!"

"Ah," rejoined the landlord solemnly, "they wos an oncommon blessin' to our borough, surely,—why you'd scercely b'lieve it p'raps, but in those good old times, they supported a mayor, two aldermen, lots of jurats, and a chamberlain, 'sides sending two real ordnance lords to

parliament, and giving us all sorts o' privileges conuected with fisheries, anchorage, salvage, ferries, and market tolls into the bargain."

"How came you to lose them?"

"Well, you see," replied Boniface, "them privileges, or whatever you call tbem, wos tbe cause of great trouble to the townsfolk,—sowed dissension,—there wos the corp'ration with their interests,—then there wos the freemen with theirs; every man had his own ends to gratify. You see," continued the host, half apologising, as though he was ashamed to admit that the apple of discord had been flung into such a paradise, as his oyster borough was formerly,—"you see, somehow, the loaves as well as the fishes found their way into the nets of the members of tbe corporation, and it needs no ghost to tell us, that iu time the breach widened,—we held secret meetings, raised an outcry against the old members,—and in this way,—a large body of dredgers and the corp'ration wos pulling and bawling at opposite ends of the rope."

Here the other bronzed heads sbook mysteriously, with tbe air of ill-used individuals.

"That wos the beginning of all our troubles," sighed tbe host.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, for the corp'ration met at the hall, and twisted up a bye-law among themselves, claiming all sorts of powers, rights, and 'molyments, and binding down anybody tbey liked, or rather didn't like, from dredging in the 'beds' at all."

"But we thought the sea was open to all parties."

"P'raps it is, p'raps it isn't," replied Boniface, mysteriously; "that 's neither here nor there," and as nobody seemed disposed to dispute the profundity of that remark, be followed it up by stating, that by some odd accident, not included in the doctrine of chances, "the names of the parties forbidden to dredge for oysters, and tbe names of tbe parties opposed to the government members, was exactly alike."

"Really! and what did the freemen do?"

"Do! declared open war against the corp'ration; they determined to have a member independent of any interest 'cept their own, and accordingly, tbey began to cast about for a man suited to their purpose. Well," continued the host, "all the world knows, that whether it 's a lot of gingham umbrellas,—the papal aggression,—or an unprotected oyster-bed, the case is all one, there 's always lots of idlers fond of fishing in troubled waters, who are only too happy to bring anybody's griefs before parliament, and so, the free and independent Blue dredgers (tbey had adopted this colour as a symbol of their party, or as expressive of tbe state of their minds) found a true son of Neptune, witb a full purse and warm heart, who was willing to espouse their cause, and lay their troubles before the collective wisdom of the nation. So you see the tables wos turned. The mayor no longer lorded it over us poor dredgers. He 'd struck his hardest at us, and we 'd warded it off. He counted heads now for tbe first time, and discovered that the Blues wos a match for his Buffs, and though he tried to starve us into submission, by forbidding us to dredge for our 'stint' of oysters 'cording to use and custom, yet there his blow fell short of the mark, for our new candidate sent us down from London, acres of good Witney blankets, and kept a couple of copper boilers on the simmer rigbt tbrough the winter, with good soup, for any free and independent Blue dredger to ladle as mucb as he liked.

"Well," resumed our host, as soon as he had surrounded himself in a perfect fog of smoke, "you may be sure there was a precious buzzin' round the cop'ration hive, when they found what the independent dredgers had brought about: but greater events wos a happening ou'side the town than within."

"Indeed!"

"Yes—true as the log; there wos a screw loose in the mayor's seat. It leaked out that the corporation,—the mighty corporation,—though, for the matter of that, they all sprung from the mud of our oyster-beds, —was to be attacked in their stronghold."

"Attacked! in what way?"

"Why, for making one-sided bye-laws, to be sure: and by a free and independent Blue," replied the host.

"Simple, thoughtless man," murmured we, "to ruin himself by opposing a powerful corporation!"

"Don't you b'lieve it," chuckled Boniface; "Dredger Dodds hadn't one shilling to chink against another. No, he never could a swum through such a sea of troubled water, as a regular built action at law, unless he'd been buoy'd up by some invisible floats. Howsomever, the action wos brought, and the corporation wos 'bliged to defend it, and the expense and trouble they wos put to, curdled their bile, and turned 'em as green and yaller as ring-tailed baboons. 'Sides which, they couldn't hide their spite,—so they fumed aud fretted and fizzed away, like so many dying squibs. Well, in coorse, all this fretting and fuming was soon hatched into fighting, and the Blues and the Buffs beat one another into as many colours as the rainbow."

"But who attended to the 'beds' during all this excitement?" we asked.

"Ah, that's it!" replied our host, with a sigh, "that's it!—why, anybody that liked,—for the dredgers wos too busy abusing one another. Well," he continued, after a moment's pause, "Time and a empty cart both travels fast, so, you see, the day at last came round when the cause of the Blue dredgers wos to be tried. It was known all over the world as the great Oyster Cause."

"And what was the result, eh?"

"Well, to ball off the yarn quick, it may be stated that, after four days' veering and hauling, cross-questioning and traversing, and tying the truth up into as many knots, as took the jury the fifth day to unravel, the independent Blues gained their cause, and sent the obnoxious bye-laws to the devil."

"How fortunate!" we exclaimed.

"P'raps it wos," replied Boniface, with deliberation. "It might a bin, if we hadn't raised such clouds of ill-will with the wind of our ostentation when we returned home."

"What, you didn't forget to triumph?"

"Forget to triumph! No. Lor a massy on us, I shall never forget that morning, when we manned our boats, and with colours flying and guns firing, we sailed for the 'Beds.' D'ye 'member, Culch," said he, addressing the bronze head with the wintry aspect, "how we wos togg'd out in as many styles as a Neptune's gang, in an outward-bound Ingeeman, crossing the line?"

"Right well, mate, right well," replied Culch.

"And what did you do at the 'beds?'" we inquired.

"Do!" exclaimed Boniface; "why first, like sensible, poor, hard-working fishermen, we dresses and trims our dredges with hundreds, ay, thousands of yards of blue sarsnet and Terry velvet, 'sides all sorts of streamers and pennants flying about in every direction."

"Well, what then?"

"Then we gave three British cheers, as wos fairly heard miles off, by the crest-fallen corporation crew; then we fired off a lot of guns; and then, when the frenzy was at its height, at a signal from Dredger Dodds, we flung our dredges with their thousands of yards of silk ribbons and streamers, ay, Terry velvet and all, into the sea; and then, I think," said he, "the screech the women gave was sharp enough to set a handsaw."

"But why fling the silks and velvets into the sea?"

"Why, indeed," he replied, with vexation, "cos we was mad with joy and excitement. Well, it's all over now, and we can talk peaceably about it; and though it may look spoony at the present time, yet it wos thought a mighty fine stroke of wisdom then. Well, we hauled our dredges in due time, the silks and ribbons all spoiled, in coorse, but we took our 'stint' of oysters in defiance of the corporation, proving that we had triumphed over their bye-laws. So far all had gone favourably with the Blues," continued the landlord, "and for a whole week after the trial, there wos no mistaking that something extraordinary was a foot in the boro'. Preparations of all sorts wos going on. Booths grew up like mushrooms,—'lection agents wos flirting with dredgers—exciseable lickers running in all directions, like sluices,—tea and grog meetings wos held, where the men wos coaxed with punch and baccey, and the women with souchong and silks,—'sides which, flaring handbills warned the freemen to act like men, 'cos the eyes of Europe wos on 'em."

"And had the corporation party been idle?"

"Idle, no! they'd brought up all the outvoters, and collected a mob of freemen quite equal to our'n! Well," continued our host, "each party felt sure o' winning; and on the morning of the 'lection day, the two ordnance lords mounted the hustings, linked arm in arm, and looking too high in the instep to wear another man's shoe. But, in coorse, they felt proud of their station, for they'd a whole board of ordnance to back 'em, and that wasn't no trifle, for it included guns of every calibre down to pistols, 'sides a flight of congreves into the bargain. On the other side of the hustings stood our new candidate, the admiral, a balancing himself on the neatest wooden leg in the world. You see, he'd left his other at Nav'rino, but it would a puzzled a reg'lar built doctor to have found it out, for he'd glued on a 'Blucher,' rigged his trousers down, well over all, and wore straps. Well, he didn't want supporters, you may be sure, for 'sides his own Blues, he'd a cargo of lawyers from London, and lots of 'lection agents and committee-men."

"Spirited contest," we presumed, "each devoted to his party."

"Never seed such devotion in my life," replied the host, "'specially when two large barrels of ale wos rolled into the town by the admiral's orders. Talk of fun, there never wos any like that which followed the staving-in of the heads of them barrels, and when every body wos invited to drink."

"And in the midst of this riot the election began?"

"Just so," replied Boniface. "Well," he continued, "we fought yard-arm and yard-arm for about two hours, neither party gaining much ground,—p'raps the government party took the lead slightly, until about two o'clock, and then the state of the pole showed in their favour considerably."

"But we thought the Blues numbered half the freemen," we added, surprised at the turn of affairs.

"So they did," replied the host; "and we knew if we wos true to ourselves, we must win; but the mystery wos soon cleared up, for a large party of the free and independent dredgers, exercised their freedom of opinion, by refusing to vote at all—wos as stubborn as a ship in irons,—made long-winded speeches about taking time to deliberate, and acting with satisfaction to their own consciences, and the public at large, and such like riff-raff."

"And had they so soon forgotten the Witney blankets?" we demanded.

"Yes," replied our host.

"What! and the warm soup too?"

"Yes."

"And the expense incurred in quashing the obnoxious bye-laws?" we indignantly demanded.

"Every stiver."

"What! and the thousands of yards of blue sarsnet ribbons and Terry velvet you so enthusiastically flung into the sea?"

"Ay, ay!" said Boniface, with as deep a sense of shame as his bronzed countenance was capable of expressing, "every yard of it. Yes," he said, "notwithstanding all these noble efforts in their cause, —they had their doubts."

"Doubts of what?"

"Why, of the fitness of the admiral to represent the interests of the oyster-beds in Parliament; nor wos it till they 'd had a private meeting with another 'lection agent, that they allow'd themselves to be convinced."

"He used weighty arguments, doubtless," said we.

"Very," responded the host, laughing, "for the interview was but short, and then they went to the booth, and plumped the old admiral to the top of the poll."

"This was another triumph over the corporation."

"Exactly. Well," resumed the landlord, "there was a lull after the breeze, but it was a treacherous one, for another storm was brewing,—shortly after it begun to be winded about, that there was to be an alteration in the franchise; and at last, as you may remember, the Reform Bill was reg'larly laid before Parliament, and in coorse we 'd another 'lection, and the Buffs and the Blues had another scene of rioting, drinking, and fighting."

"And your old friend with the Witney blankets—was he returned again?"

"Yes," replied the host, "he was returned again, aud then—" said he, suddenly stopping himself.

"Then what?"

"Then—the Reform act passed,—and the borough wos double-iron'd, and flung into limbo for misbehaviour."

"Put in schedule A," we presumed.

Boniface supposed it was.

"And the burgesses,—the free and independent Blues and patriotic Buffs, what became of them?"

"Lost their privileges, and took to drinkin', preachin', and smugglin', led a discontented jerky sort of life,—always talking about the rights they 'd been juggled out on; and so, in this way, one dropp'd off after another."

"And the oysters?" we remarked, beginning to have a glimpse of their miserable fate—"poor helpless things! how fared they?"

"Oh! left to theirselves, in coorse they all went wrong—there was nobody to make their 'beds.'"

"And do oysters really require to have their beds made for them?" we inquired.

"Sartinly," said Boniface, winking; "they 're very partic'lar on that point."

"You mean to say the water-bailiff's duty is to enforce certain laws and regulations, to protect the young brood oysters, and to prevent unlawful dredging?"

"You 've hit it," responded the host; "he acts as a sort of sea-chambermaid to 'em."

"And *tucks* them in."

"Sartinly," continued Boniface, laughing. "However, joking apart, the fish managed to plunge theirselves head over ears in debt, and what 's most surprising, they have never been able to *liquidate* theirselves since. So that at last, when we come to examine at leisure what we 'd been a doing in a hurry, we found, that though we 'd gain'd the law action,—fish'd when we liked—ruin'd the corporation,—yet it would have been as well, p'raps, if we 'd let it alone."

"Indeed! how so?"

"How so? why, hadn't we been robbing our own orchard,—burning the stakes out of each other's hedge? For, s'pose the corporation wos ruined, so wos we; so wos the borough, so wos the 'beds.' And now what's the consequence?—why, we can't keep strap and block together, no how at all. So you see," said he, in conclusion, "that Reform Bill was a bad job taken in bulk; for through it the freemen lost their franchise, the members lost their seat, the borough lost its privileges, and the plump 'natives' wos all swallowed up by the sly dogs of lawyers, who improved upon the old story, by bolting a whole 'bed' of oysters, leaving the shells to us poor dredgers, to amuse ourselves in making 'ducks and drakes' over our impoverished and neglected waters."

---

# UNSUCESSFUL GREAT MEN.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

*Τὸ μὲν γὰρ Πέρας ὡς ἂν ὁ δαίμων βουληθῇ πάντων γίγνεται· ἡ δὲ Προαίρεσις αὐτὴ τὴν τοῦ συμβούλου διάνοιαν δηλοῖ.*—DEMOSTHENES, *De Corona.*

Careat successibus opto
Quisquis ab eventu facta notanda putat.
OVID. *Heroid.*

---

## No. III—VERCINGETORIX.

At the foot of Mount Auxois, in the Côte-d'Or, between Semur and Dijon, a little village still bears the name of Alise, and preserves the memory of the great city Alisia, which once occupied the hill; and of the final struggle for independence, which the ancient Gauls, under their hero Vercingetorix, made in this spot against the veteran legions of Rome, and the irresistible genius of Cæsar.

History has justly hallowed the renown of Arminius, who rescued Germany from Roman bondage; but how few are there, even of those who lay claim to the rank of classical scholars, who are familiar with the name of the general and the statesman, who strove to liberate Gaul from the same doom. Yet, in military genius, in purity of purpose, in sustained energy, and in generous self-devotion, Vercingetorix may challenge comparison with any other of the ancient champions of liberty. That he was also one of its martyrs,—that he died for a land which he could not save,—was due to no deficiency of his own, either in intellect or courage. His country's fall and his own were caused partly by the fault of those whom he led: but principally by the transcendant ability of his great adversary,—by his having to encounter a Cæsar, and not a Varus.

Vercingetorix was the son of Celtillus, a chief of high birth and great wealth among the Arverni, the inhabitants of the country now called Auvergne. Celtillus had, at one time, succeeded in inducing all the Gauls to lay aside their jealousies and feuds with each other, and to unite in electing him as their president. His political enemies in his own state, spread a report that he intended to make himself an arbitrary king; and they caused him to be put to death. Vercingetorix, disgusted and disheartened at the ingratitude which his father met with, seems to have lived in retirement for some years, and to have taken no part in the political movements, which were occasioned by the presence of Cæsar and his legions in Gaul, and by the rapid progress which that commander made in reducing the native tribes to subjection to Rome.

The hereditary influence which the young Arvernian chief could exercise over his countrymen, was not unknown by Cæsar; and the ever vigilant Roman had caused strict watch to be kept over the conduct of Vercingetorix. He had endeavoured to win him over to the Roman interest by flattering titles, and held out to him as a lure, the promise of making him king over his countrymen. Vercingetorix calmly declined the gifts and avoided the friendship of the Romans; while, at the same time, by the retired life which he led, he gave them no pretext for cutting him off as one of their foes.

Cæsar had followed the usual Roman policy of mingled craft and violence. He had not openly assailed any of the Gallic states with the avowed purpose of despoiling and enslaving them; but by artfully taking part in their quarrels and in the internal factions of single cities, by pretending to protect the friends of Rome from the injustice of their fellow-citizens, and by claiming to be the protector of the Gauls generally from the invasions of the Germans, he had broken the power of many of their states, and had acquired a preponderating influence in others. It was always easy for him to find a pretext for acts of rapacity and severity, whenever the convenient moment seemed to have arrived for crushing the independence of each Gallic nation; and while he thus enslaved the Gauls in detail, he formed, during seven years of warfare in Gaul, in Germany, and in Britain, a veteran army of unparalleled bravery and discipline, of implicit confidence in their leader's skill, and unbounded devotion to his person.

During the last years of Cæsar's command in Gaul, the necessity of keeping up his political interest at Rome (which could only be done by lavishing enormous bribes among the leading orators and statesmen) had caused him to pillage and oppress the Gauls far more severely, and more undisguisedly, than had been the case when he first entered their country. Cities and shrines were plundered by him;* and whole populations were sold as slaves, to gain him the wealth which he required for maintaining his influence in Italy, and for carrying on the civil war, which he had long foreseen, and for which he early trained his army, and replenished his coffers at the expense of Gallic blood and gold. Tumults and risings of the oppressed natives grew more and more frequent, and were repressed with more and more ruthless severity. At last, in the year 52 B.C., the cruel devastation of the country of the Eburones by his legions, and the execution of Acco, one of the noblest chieftains of the Senones, by his orders, completed the wide-spread indignation of the Gauls, and excited them to attempt a general rising against the tyranny which had grown so grievous.

When this national spirit was roused, it was felt that a national leader was required, and men's minds naturally turned to the mountains of Auvergne, and the son of Celtillus. They reflected that if they had not sacrificed the father to party jealousy, Gaul would have been united under him against the attacks of Cæsar, and might have safely defied them. It might be yet open to them to redeem their baseness towards the sire, by generous confidence in the son; and Vercingetorix might, as the free chief of an united nation, recover the independence which Celtillus was not allowed to guard.

Vercingetorix himself shared in the national enthusiasm, and felt that any further inaction on his part would be treason to his native land. Like Philip Van Artevelde in after times, he must have been conscious that the career, on which he was about to enter, would be environed with perils, not only from the foreign foe, but from his own followers. His father's fate haunted him as an omen of his own. But also, like the mediæval chief of Ghent,† Vercingetorix forgave all, confided all, and devoted all to his country. Personally popular among a large circle of friends, surrounded at the first summons by a powerful body of the hereditary retainers of his house, gifted with remarkable powers of

* See Suetonius, Vit. Jul. Cæs. 54.
† See Taylor's Philip Van Artevelde..

eloquence, and all the advantages of youth, high birth, and outward accomplishments, ready and fertile in designs, and resolute in execution, he stept forward at once from obscurity into the principal part of the great drama of the Gallic War.

The winter of the year 52, B.C., seemed to have brought an eminently favourable opportunity for a successful rising against the Romans. After the campaign of that year, Cæsar had placed his ten legions in winter-quarters in the northern and eastern parts of Gaul; and he had himself crossed the Alps, on account of the political tumults caused by the death of Clodius in Rome, where the party opposed to him appeared to have gained the ascendancy. It was absolutely essential for him to appear on the southern side of the Alps, and to be near enough to the capital to watch the movements of his political foes, and inspirit and direct his own adherents.

All this was known by the Gauls, who hoped that a civil war would actually break out in Rome, and render it impossible for Cæsar to return to the province. At any rate they thought themselves sure of gaining the important advantage of separating him from his army. As his legions were in the parts of Gaul that were distant from the Alps and Narbonne and Provence, they thought that if the intermediate states revolted simultaneously, he would find it impossible to traverse them to join his troops: while, if, on the other hand, the legions were to move southward to seek their commander, the Gallic army would gain the inestimable advantage of attacking them on the march, and bringing them to action without Cæsar being present to command them. Lastly, as Cæsar himself relates, they resolved that it would be better for themselves to perish fighting, than to abandon their ancient military renown, and the freedom which their fathers had bequeathed them.

Such were the plans and resolutions which Vercingetorix and the other leading men of the greater part of the Gauls canvassed, at the end of the year 52, B.C. They met in forests and caverns, for the sake of avoiding the observation of the spies of Rome. A general rising was determined on, and the day fixed; and the chiefs of the Carnutes, a tribe inhabiting the territory of the modern Orleanois, volunteered to strike the first blow. At sunrise, on the appointed day, they massacred the Romans in their chief city Genabum (now Orleans), and messengers were forthwith dispatched far and wide throughout Gaul, to announce that the Carnutes were up, and to call on all patriots to rise and follow their example. The tidings were transmitted from man to man, over field, over mountain, over moor, with such rapidity, that the deed which was done at Genabum at dawn, was known one hundred and fifty miles off, at Gergovia, in the Auvergne, before sunset. At eventide, Vercingetorix, at the head of his retainers entered that important city, and summoned the inhabitants to pronounce against Rome. But the party that had slain his father was strong there, and met him with armed resistance. He was repulsed from the city, but the reverse was only temporary. He collected a numerous force near Gergovia, and soon made himself master of the town, the Romanizing faction being in turn expelled. Vercingetorix now sent his envoys in all directions through Gaul, exhorting the various states to keep their pledges, and act up to their resolutions. Those of nearly all western, and of great part of central Gaul, readily obeyed him, and by universal consent made him supreme commander of the league. Invested with this authority he forthwith required hostages of the several states,

appointed the contributions which each was to supply of men and military stores; and in particular, endeavoured to raise as numerous and as efficient a cavalry as possible. He established a fearfully severe system of military discipline among the levies which he thus drew together; and soon found himself at the head of a large and rapidly increasing army.

The Roman legions of Cæsar's main army were at this time cantoned in the modern territories of Champagne, Lorraine, and Picardy, having communications open with the powerful Gallic nation of the Ædui, who occupied the territory that now forms the Nivernois and part of Burgundy, and who were the most zealous adherents of the Romans. To the south-west of the Ædui, and to the north-west of the Arverni, were the important tribe of the Bituriges, who were overawed by the vicinity of the Ædui from joining Vercingetorix, though they were well affected to the national cause. Vercingetorix, therefore, marched with the greater part of his forces into their territory, and was readily welcomed among them. He took up a position there, both for the sake of protecting them, and because it enabled him to cross the line of march of any of the Roman legions in the north, that might endeavour to move southward. At the same time he detached one of his generals, named Luterius, to compel the states in the south to join him, and to assail, if possible, the Roman province of Narbonne, where the Romans had been long established, and where, consequently, no spontaneous feeling for the cause of Gallic independence could be expected.

While Vercingetorix was pursuing this prudent scheme of operations, and was organizing his insurrectionary levies on the banks of the Loire, he received the startling intelligence that Cæsar and a new Roman army were in Auvergne, and were spreading fire and desolation throughout the native state of the Gallic commander-in-chief. The Roman general, in truth, had not only hurried from the south of the Alps, on hearing of the risings in Gaul, but he had repelled Luterius from Narbonne, and, with a body of troops, principally horse, which he had partly brought with him from beyond the Alps, and partly levied in the Narbonese province, he had made his way over the Cevenne mountains into Auvergne, though it was still winter, and the snow lay six feet deep in the passes. Moved by the entreaties of his countrymen, who flocked around him, Vercingetorix broke up his encampment among the Bituriges, and marched southward to protect Auvergne. Cæsar, however, had no intention to encounter the Gallic main army with the slight force of recruits which he had with him. His object was to join his veteran legions in the north; and having drawn Vercingetorix away from the frontiers of the Ædui, Cæsar left his army of the south under Decimus Brutus, and hurried himself, with a small body-guard, to the neighbourhood of the modern city of Chatillon, where two of his legions were stationed. He there rapidly drew the rest together, and had thus a force of sixty thousand veteran troops concentrated under his own personal command.

Vercingetorix had failed in his first project of interposing between the Roman general and the Roman legions; but he now adopted a line of action which reduced Cæsar, by Cæsar's own confession,* to extreme difficulty.

Vercingetorix did not march into the north-east to attack the Romans, but he laid siege to a town of the Boii, a people under the protection of the Ædui, and, like the Ædui, adherents of Rome. The town, which

* De Bell. Gall., vii. 10.

Vercingetorix so assailed, was in the modern district of the Bourbonnois, and at a considerable distance from the region where Cæsar's military stores and provisions were collected. It was still mid winter; and it was evident that if the Romans were to leave their quarters and march southward they must be exposed to serious trouble and risk in bringing supplies with them; while, if they were to remain quiet, and leave the Boii to their fate, they would expose their inability to protect their allies; and Vercingetorix might fairly expect to see the Gallic states, which as yet continued to recognise the Roman authority, declare against the foreigners, and range themselves on his side. But his adversary also appreciated the moral effect of such an abandonment of the Boii. Leaving two legions to protect the depôt of his stores and baggage at Agendicum (Sens), the Roman commander moved southward, and in spite of sufferings and privations, which none but Roman soldiers could or would have endured, he forced Vercingetorix to raise the siege which he had formed, and took, himself, three of the patriotic cities by storm.

Though numerically superior to the Romans, Vercingetorix was well aware of the impolicy of encountering them in the open field. He knew the worthlessness of his own infantry in opposition to Cæsar's legionaries. In the vicious political system of the ancient Gauls, the commonalty were held of no account; and all power and wealth were monopolized by the priests and nobles. Hence the inferior Gauls, though personally brave, were ill-armed and ill-disciplined. Their principal weapon was a clumsy broadsword; in addition to which they carried bows and arrows, or javelins. Their only defensive armour was a feeble and narrow buckler. The nobility disdained to serve on foot. Each high-born Gaul rode to the battle-field equipped with helm, with breast-plate, with the broad belt, with sword and spear.

Vercingetorix had many thousands of these gallant cavaliers at his command; nor could Cæsar's horse cope with them. It was only by the capture of towns that the Romans could obtain supplies. Vercingetorix perceived clearly the way in which the enemy might be baffled and destroyed; and calling together a council of his chief followers, he told them that "It was necessary to resolve upon a new plan of war. Instead of giving battle to the Romans, they should bend their whole aim to intercept their convoys and foragers; that this might be easily effected; they themselves abounded in cavalry: and, as in the present season of the year there was no sustenance in the fields, the enemy must unavoidably disperse themselves into the distant villages for subsistence, and thereby give daily opportunities of destroying them: when life and liberty were at stake, private property ought to be little regarded; and therefore the best resolution they could take, was, at once to burn all their buildings and villages, throughout the territories of the Boii, and elsewhere, as far as the Romans could send detachments to collect supplies; that they themselves had no reason to apprehend scarcity, as they would be plentifully supplied by the neighbouring states; whereas, the enemy must be reduced to the necessity of either starving, or making distant and dangerous excursions from their camp. It equally answered the purpose of the Gauls, to kill the Romans, or to seize upon their stores; because, without these, it would be impossible for the enemy to carry on the war. Vercingetorix told them, moreover, that they ought to set fire to the towns, which were not strong enough to be perfectly secure against all danger. By this being done their towns would neither be

hiding-places for their own men to skulk in from military service, nor support the Romans by the supplies and plunder they might furnish. These things might seem grievous calamities, yet they ought to reflect that it was still more grievous to see their wives and children dragged into captivity, and be themselves put to the sword,—the unavoidable fate of the conquered."

The stern proposition was accepted, and was at first heroically executed. Twenty towns of the Bituriges were given to the flames, and throughout the whole neighbouring districts, the country gleamed with voluntary desolation. But when it was known that the Romans were marching against the wealthy and populous city of Avaricum (the modern Bourges), and it became necessary to put the self-sacrificing ordinance in force there, the hearts of the Gaulish chiefs failed them. They listened to the entreaties of the inhabitants, who implored them not to destroy a city that was almost the fairest in Gaul. The place was strong by nature, and well-fortified. The inhabitants pledged themselves to defend it to the utmost. It was proposed, in the council of war, to spare Avaricum from the general doom, and to garrison it against the Romans. Vercingetorix reluctantly yielded, against his better judgment; and Avaricum was manned with picked troops from the Gallic army. Cæsar soon appeared before its walls, and commenced the siege, while Vercingetorix took up a position at a little distance, whence his cavalry harassed the besiegers, intercepted their convoys, cut off stragglers and small detachments, and inflicted severe loss and suffering, with almost total impunity to themselves.

The besieged defended their walls bravely; but the disciplined courage and the engineering skill, and the patient industry of the Romans at last prevailed. The town was stormed with frightful carnage, neither sex nor age being spared. Out of forty thousand human beings who were in Avaricum, when the siege commenced, only eight hundred escaped; the rest perished beneath the Roman sword; and Cæsar gained a town, which not only abounded in provisions and stores of every description, but which served him as a secure basis for his subsequent operations.

Afflicted, but not disheartened at this calamity, Vercingetorix reminded his followers that the defence of Avaricum had been undertaken against his opinion, and exhorted them not to be cast down by a blow, which was caused, not by any superior valour of the enemy, but by their superior skill in carrying on sieges; an art with which the Gauls were little familiar. He assured them of the successful efforts which he was making to bring other Gallic states into their league; and he skilfully availed himself of the humbled condition in which he saw his troops, to persuade them thenceforth to fortify their camps; a military toil, for which the Gauls had always previously been too proud or too idle. So different were the men, whom Vercingetorix led, to those whom he had to encounter—the laborious legionaries of Rome, to whom the toils of the pioneer, the sapper, and the miner, were daily tasks; and who won Cæsar's victories for him, more even by their spades than by their swords.

Vercingetorix was preeminent in the quality, which is the peculiar attribute of genius, the power of swaying multitudes by the impulse of his single will, and inspiring them with his own enthusiasm. It is the quality which Malebranche has expressively called "the contagiousness of a great mind." At his exhortations the Gaulish soldiery resumed

their courage and their patriotic zeal; nor were the assertions which he made to them of his success in acquiring fresh members of the national league, deceptions or exaggerated boasts. Choosing his emissaries with marvellous discernment of character, and infusing into them his own persuasive eloquence, he had won over many more valuable adherents, and had even made the Ædui, those inveterate partisans of Rome, waver in their anti-national policy. The loss which the disaster at Avaricum had made in his ranks was soon repaired; and when Cæsar moved southwards to chastise the Arverni in their own territory with six of his legions from Avaricum (having sent Labienus with the other four, to put down the risings of the Gauls in the north), he found no signs of submission or despair. The passage of the Elaver was guarded against him, and when he had succeeded, by an able manœuvre, in crossing it, and advanced through Auvergne to its capital, Gergovia, he found Vercingetorix, with a numerous and efficient army, skilfully posted so as to cover the easiest approaches to the town; and with entrenchments formed round his camp, in which the Roman engineers recognised how well their own lessons had at last been learned.

Cæsar proceeded to besiege both the city and the Gaulish camp; but in the narrative which he himself has given us of the operations before Gergovia it is palpable that he has concealed much, and coloured much, in order to disguise the defeat which Vercingetorix undoubtedly gave him. According to his own version, the indiscreet zeal of some of his soldiers, in following too far an advantage which they had gained in an assault upon the enemy's camp, led to their being driven back, with the loss of forty-six centurions, and seven hundred rank and file. But it is clear from the statements of other writers, that his loss was far greater; and he was obliged to raise the siege, and retreat towards the territory of the Ædui.

There is no Celtic Livy of the Gallic war. No one has recorded the rapturous joy that must have pealed through Gergovia, when Vercingetorix entered it as its deliverer, and when the previously invincible Cæsar was seen retiring with his beaten legions from their expected prey. The glad intelligence soon afterwards arrived that the rich and powerful Ædui had renounced the Roman alliance, and were in arms for the independence of Gaul. This seemed to secure success. Cæsar had been principally dependent on the Ædui for his supplies; and the best part of his cavalry had been composed of their auxiliary squadrons. All these resources were now given to the already victorious patriots; and the speedy destruction of the invaders appeared inevitable.

The accession, however, of the Ædui to the national cause was not unattended by disadvantages. The chiefs of that wealthy and strong people thought themselves entitled to the principal command of the national armies; but the Arverni naturally refused to let their young hero be deposed from the dignity which he had filled so well. A general assembly of the warriors of all Gaul was then convened at Bibracte (the modern Autun); and of all the Gallic States only three neglected the summons. When the great national army was fully collected, the question whether the Æduan princes or Vercingetorix should have the supreme command, was left to the general suffrage of the soldiery. To a man they voted foı Vercingetorix. The Æduans submitted to the decision, and professed obedience to the commander-in-chief; but it was with reluctance and secret discontent. They repented at heart of having aban-

doned the Romans, who had always treated them as the first in rank among the Gallic States. And it is more than probable that the national cause must have suffered during the subsequent military operations through the disaffection and divisions which were thus introduced in the Gaulish army.

During these delays and deliberations of the Gauls, Cæsar gained time, which to him was invaluable, and had marched northwards, and reunited his legions with those of Labienus. He also employed the interval thus given him, for the purpose of calling new allies to his aid from the right bank of the Rhine. During his campaigns against the Germans, he had learned to appreciate the valour of that nation, far more enduring than the fiery but transient energy of the Gauls; and he had especially observed and experienced the excellence of the German cavalry. This was the arm in which he had always been weakest, and in which the defection of the Ædui had now left him almost helpless. Employing his treasures, and the influence of his name and renown among the adventurous warriors of the German tribes, he succeeded in bringing a large force of their best and bravest youth across the Rhine, to fight under his eagles against their old enemies, the Gauls. He does not specify the number of the German auxiliaries whom he thus obtained; probably he was unwilling to let it appear how much Rome was indebted to German valour for her victory. But they were evidently many thousands in number, and their superiority, as cavalry, to the Romans, is evident from the fact, that Cæsar not only made his officers give up their chargers, in order to mount the Germans as well as possible, but he compelled the Roman cavalry to take the slight and inferior horses which the Germans had brought with them, and give up their own superior and better trained steeds to the new allies, who were the fittest to use them. Besides the German cavalry, he also obtained a considerable force of German light infantry; of youths, who were trained to keep up with the horsemen in the march or in action, to fight in the intervals of the ranks and squadrons, and whose long javelins, whether hurled, or grasped as pikes, were used with serious effect against both riders and horses in the enemy's troops.

With this important accession to his army, Cæsar began his southward march towards Provence. He seems to have collected all his stores and treasures from his various depôts, and to have completely abandoned his hold on northern and central Gaul. His army was encumbered with an unusually large amount of baggage; and the difficulty was great of conducting it without serious loss, through a hostile territory, and in face of a numerous and spirited foe.

Vercingetorix thought that complete vengeance now was secured. He led his army near that of Cæsar, and though he still avoided bringing his infantry into close action with the Roman legionaries, he thought that the magnificent body of cavalry, which was under his command, gave him the means of crushing that of the enemy, and then seizing favourable opportunities for charging the legions while on the march. He watched till the Romans had reached some open ground near the sources of the Seine, and then called his captains of horse round him, and told them that the hour of victory was come. He urged them to ride in at once upon the long encumbered Roman line.

The Gallic cavaliers shouted eager concurrence with their general's address. In their excitement a solemn oath was proposed and taken, by

which each of them bound himself never to know the shelter of a roof, and never to look on parent, wife, or child, until he had twice ridden through the Roman ranks.

Thus inspirited and devoted, the nobles of Gaul rode forth in three large squadrons to the fight. Two were to assail the Romans in flank, the third was to charge the marching column in front. Cæsar also divided his cavalry into three divisions to meet the enemy. But Cæsar also arranged his legions so as both to protect the baggage, and to afford a shelter behind their brigades, whither any squadron of his horse, that was severely pressed, might retreat, and reorganize itself for a fresh charge. Vercingetorix could not trust his Gaulish infantry so near the foe, as to give any similar support to his horsemen. But his cavaliers charged desperately on each of the three points against which he had marshalled them; and the combat was long and desperate. At first the Gauls had the advantage. Cæsar was obliged to rally his squadrons, and lead them on in person: he himself was, at one time, nearly captured, and his sword was wrested from him during the close hand-to-hand fight, in which he was engaged. At last the obstinate valour of the German horsemen, aided by the skilful manœuvres of the supporting legions, prevailed, and the remains of the Gaulish cavalry fled in confusion to where their infantry was posted. This also caught the panic; and the whole Gaulish army was driven by the conquering Romans and Germans in ruinous flight to the walls of Alesia, where Vercingetorix at last succeeded in rallying his dispirited and disorganized host.

He might easily have made his own escape; for, some time elapsed before the Romans were able to occupy all the approaches to the city, and he actually, in this interval, sent away all his cavalry. But he was resolved to maintain the struggle for his country as long as a spark of hope survived. His infantry, though ill suited for manœuvres or battles, was excellent in the defence of fortified posts,; and, at the head of the eighty thousand foot soldiers, whom he had rallied at Alesia, he resolved to defend the city, and the fortified camp which he formed beneath its walls, against Cæsar, while a fresh army of his countrymen could be assembled, and brought to his assistance. The victorious defence of Gergovia was remembered, and a similar success was justly hoped for now.

Cæsar, however, instead of wasting the lives of his legionaries in assaults upon the Gaulish camp or city, formed the astonishing project of carrying fortified lines all round Alesia, and the hill on which it stood, and of reducing his enemy by blockade. As the speedy approach of a new army of Gauls to the relief of Vercingetorix was certain, the Roman general required also an outer line of contravallation to be formed. The patient discipline and the indomitable industry of his veterans accomplished this miracle of military engineering in five weeks. During these weeks the messengersof Vercingetorix were stirring up all Gaul to the rescue of her chosen chief; and at length Vercingetorix and his comrades saw from their ramparts an apparently innumerable and irresistible host of their fellow-countrymen marching down from the neighbouring mountains, and preparing to besiege the Roman besiegers.

A series of battles followed, in which Vercingetorix and the garrison of Alesia sallied desperately against the inner line of the Roman works, while the external line was assailed by the myriads of the outer Gaulish army. But nothing could drive the steady legionaries from their posts; and at the close of each day's engagement the Gauls recoiled with

diminished numbers and downcast hopes from either ambit of the blood-stained redoubts. At last Cæsar, by a skilful manœuvre, launched his German cavalry against the outer army of the Gauls, and the intended deliverers of Alesia fled in irretrievable disorder, never to rally again.

The doom of Alesia and its garrison was now inevitable. Their stores of provisions were almost utterly exhausted, and their own numbers increased the horror of their position. Vercingetorix alone was calm and undismayed. He thought that the lives of his countrymen might yet be saved by the sacrifice of his own. He reminded them that the war had not been undertaken for his private aggrandisement, but for the common interests of all; yet, inasmuch as the Romans represented it as a war made through his schemes only, and for his purposes only, he was willing to be given up to them either alive or dead, as an expiatory offering to their wrath. The other Gaulish commanders then sent to Cæsar to treat for the terms of capitulation. The answer was, that they must instantly give up their chief, and their arms, and surrender at discretion. Cæsar forthwith caused his tribunal to be set up in the space between his lines and the Gaulish camp, and took his seat there to receive the submission of the conquered, and to pronounce their fate.

Vercingetorix waited not for the Roman lictors to drag him to the proconsul's feet. The high-minded Celt arrayed himself for the last time in his choicest armour, mounted for the last time his favourite war-horse, and then galloped down to where sat the Roman general, surrounded by his vengeful troops. Vercingetorix did not halt at the instant; but, obeying the warrior-impulse that led him to taste once more the excitement of feeling his own good steed bound freely beneath him on his native soil, he wheeled at full speed round the tribunal, and then, suddenly curbing his horse right before Cæsar, he sprang on the ground, laid his helm, his spear, and his sword at the victor's feet, and, bending his knee, awaited in mute majesty his doom.

Even Cæsar was startled at the sudden apparition; and a thrill of admiration and pity ran through the ranks of the stern, bloody-handed soldiers of Rome, when they gazed on the stately person,* and martial demeanour of their foe, and thought from what dignity he had fallen. But Cæsar's emotion was only transient. After some harsh and ungenerous invectives against his brave enemy, he bade the lictors fetter him, and hale him away. For six years, while Cæsar completed the conquest of Gaul, and fought the campaigns of his civil wars, Vercingetorix languished in a Roman dungeon: and he was only taken thence to be led in triumph behind the Dictator's chariot-wheels, and to be then slaughtered in cold blood, while Cæsar, in the pride of his heart, was feasting high in the Capitol.

There is, however, a tribunal before which the decrees of Fortune are often reversed; and no one, who studies history in the right spirit, can fail in awarding the superior palm of true greatness to the victim over the oppressor, — to the captive Vercingetorix over the triumphant Julius.

* Dio Cassius, xl. p. 140.

## THE PAMPAS FIRED BY THE INDIANS.

The sun had yet scarce tinged the horizon with the first dawn of light when, with a body hot and unrefreshed from the myriads of vermin that had been preying on it, I issued from the door of the hacienda of San Jacinto, to enjoy the cool air of morning, and soothe my itching limbs with the clear pure water of a rivulet that coursed past the rear of my last night's resting-place.

All was yet still around,—none seemed to be stirring,—and as I glanced over the extensive plains that extended on one side as far as the eye could reach, I could only discern by the misty light a herd of wild horses, as they swept along through the tall wiry grass that arose above their shoulders. Buckling my pistol belt around me, I threw my short rifle carelessly across my back, where it hung by its own strap, and rapidly proceeded to descend the steep gully, at the bottom of which the stream, one of the many that descend from the Andes, ran bubbling and boiling, as it glanced over its rocky bed. Uneven and stony, with the footing concealed beneath thick matted grass and small stunted brushwood, I found my task anything but an easy one, and almost regretted that I had not gone round by the path used by the people of the hacienda. Yet, as I swung from rock to rock by aid of the rank herbage, I felt that the course I had chosen was most in consonance with that wild, reckless spirit that had conducted me over so many lands.

As I reached the bed of the gully, the sun showed itself above the horizon, and the misty haze that filled the deep valley was riven and dispersed in eddying vapour before the warm breath of day. The curtain risen, there lay before me a wide level space of the finest alluvial soil, over which, it would appear, the stream at times extended, when swollen with the melting snows of the Andes; but it was now confined to narrow limits in the centre, now and then extending into large water-holes, where the softer soil had been washed away, or a diverging bend of the stream had given more power to its waters.

The scene was calm happy nature illuminated by the glow of a tropical sunrise, for it was December, and the sun had almost attained the tropic of Capricorn. But my uncomfortable limbs twitching with the effects of numberless bites, would not permit me to enjoy, for any lengthened time, the beauties of nature; so, divesting myself of my apparel, I took my position on a flat rock in the stream, and plied my person with frequent showers of water that I cast over myself, by the aid of a large vessel I had brought from the hacienda.

At the spot where I stood, the stream nearly approached the opposite side of the gully to that on which the buildings were erected, and during a pause in my occupation, my attention was drawn to a rustling noise among the low brushwood that lined the face of the precipitous descent. They were times of danger and peril; vast numbers of Indians were known to be scattered over the pampas, and so daring had they become, by a large accession of numbers from the tribes of the lower Sanquel river, that they had even taken and plundered several villages along the foot of the mountains, in the direction of the route to Paraguay. Accus-

tomed to caution, therefore, the rustling sound was not passed unnoticed, but with a keen glance I scanned the direction whence the sound had proceeded; but nought told of the existence of any living thing, much less danger.

Again, therefore, I sought the comforts afforded by the cool water being thrown over my limbs, for I was afraid to trust myself into deep water, on account of the many venomous reptiles, that usually infest the South American streams. Suddenly a cry of alarm startled me; I slipped from the stone on which I stood, and fell at full length into deep water beside me. As I fell, I felt a sharp twinge on my left thigh, and by the colour of the water became aware that I was wounded. It was all the work of a moment, quick as thought; and when I turned my eyes to the spot whence I had first heard the rustling noise, there stood, in the very act of having discharged an arrow, and with bow yet elevated, an Indian warrior, with his war-lock ornamented with a few bright feathers, and his dark body entirely divested of clothing, with the exception of a deep fringed leathern belt, fastened round the loins, and descending mid thigh. Before he had time to draw another arrow from his quiver, and fit it to the bow, I sprang from the stream on the bank, seized my rifle, poised it, and fell on one knee close under a rock, which protected me from the aim of my enemy, and at the same time afforded full opportunity to try the effect of my rifle on his warlike form. But rapidly as he had appeared and attempted my life, he disappeared yet more quickly; he seemed to have sunk into the very rocks on which he had been standing; but my knowledge of the Indians made me well aware he had only concealed himself under the thick brushwood, which, although it would afford him shelter when in a crouching posture, yet would be no screen to him, if attempting to leave the spot. So, reserving my fire, I merely covered the spot with my rifle, where I knew him to be, calmly awaiting the first good opportunity to try my aim.

At the furthest I could not be sixty yards from my enemy; the cry I had heard, and which had saved my life, proceeded from one of the rancheros, who had arisen, disturbed by my leaving the building, and followed to the edge of the gully to demand some orders of me. Not wishing to risk his neck in the descent, and considering the path too far round, he had composedly stretched himself on the edge of the precipice to await my return, amusing himself in the meanwhile by observing my motions.

Whilst so doing, his eye had chanced to alight upon the Indian, who had been concealed previously, in the act of discharging the arrow. The alarm had disturbed his aim and saved my life, the wound being only a slight flesh one.

The shout of the ranchero had aroused all within the buildings of the hacienda, and the face of the precipice was now crowded with numbers hurrying down to my assistance as they best could; among the foremost were my own companions of travel.

Each moment rendered the position of the Indian more critical; for on the arrival in the flat of the many that were now rushing down its sides, he would be exposed to a fire from which he would have but little chance of escape.

With the instinct of his race, the warrior of the pampas seemed fully aware of his danger for, before any had reached half-way to where I lay, his dark body sprang from the cover that protected him, aud with

rapid bounds he sought to reach the summit of the gully. A fierce and prolonged yell told of his attempt, and several shots were fired, but ineffectually, on account of distance. I alone was within good shot; covered with the rifle, whose aim had been so often proved, I felt his life was in my hands; for a moment I hesitated,—but the nature of my position overpowered all thoughts of mercy,—the mouth of my piece poured forth its small sheet of flame, and before the sharp report had ceased to reverberate, the body of my enemy was tumbling, a lifeless mass, from rock to rock, forcing its way through the tangled matted grass and brushwood.

Congratulating friends, and startled tenants of the hacienda soon surrounded me, and the body of the Indian being dragged to the bank of the stream, two friendly Indians of the party pronounced it to be that of a powerful chief of one of the southern tribes, who were said to be committing the depredations in the villages under the Andes.

What brought the chief away from his tribe, and in the neighbourhood of the hacienda, remained unexplained, until some of the guides who had been dispatched at the first alarm, to bring in the few horses that remained unturned out the previous night, joined the party, and informed us that they had seen three other Indians issue from the gully, some short distance down, and, mounting horses that had been in charge of two companions, dash across the plain with a led horse, in the direction of the mountains.

This news caused no inconsiderable stir amongst the motley assemblage, and we returned to the hacienda to decide what course we were to adopt.

Ten days previous, with three companions, all Englishmen, three guides, and four rancheros as attendants, we left St. Jago with the intention of proceeding by land to Buenos Ayres. The reason of our employing the rancheros was, that they had a short time previous accompanied a Valparaiso merchant from St. Fé to St. Jago, and had been most useful to him on the route. Absent from their own country they were glad of an opportunity to return, and we secured them for a comparatively small recompense.

The guides were the usual adjuncts to all travellers, and indispensable in order to pilot us on our way, and catch horses for us, when those we rode were knocked up. The previous evening we had arrived at the hacienda of San Jacinto, after having two days before descended from the Andes, whence it was distant some ninety miles.

A kind of station-house was here for the guides, where they changed: those who had conducted us across the precipices and defiles of those eternal snow-clad mountains, giving place to others who were to conduct us to the settled districts of the Buenos Ayrean plains, where their services would be no longer required. It was also used as a place of refreshment where the usual Pampa fare was to be obtained, with some most execrable peach brandy, and a little bad wine.

Several other houses stood in the neighbourhood of the hacienda, inhabited by cross-bred herdsmen, almost as wild as the stock they were in charge of, and a few women their companions in the wilderness, and an odd child was also visible.

Several other travellers had arrived the same evening as ourselves, but none travelling in our direction, and no European. Having consulted and the majority being of opinion that the Indians who had alarmed us were

merely a scouting party at some distance from their tribe, it was resolved that all should proceed on their journey. Against this almost unanimous decision, one of our companions, a mercantile man from St. Jago, rebelled, and chose rather to return in company with the chief body of travellers, who were proceeding across the Andes, than face the danger of meeting the hostile Indians with our small force. Remonstrance to change his resolve was of no avail, so, as soon as fresh horses had been obtained, with my two companions and attendants I pursued my way, leaving all around the hacienda in anxious preparation to receive any attack that might be made on them by the Indians in revenge for the death of one of their chiefs.

Under the suggestion of the guides we refrained from at once striking across the plains the way our road lay, in order to deceive any who might follow, and descending into the bed of the gully by the path, followed its course some fifteen miles before we ascended to the level plains, and struck into the Pampas across which our journey was to be performed.

When once on level soil we urged our horses to their utmost speed, and when two hours before sunset we halted to refresh ourselves, it was considered that a space of at least sixty miles, divided us from the scene of the morning adventure. Around nought could be seen but the undulating bosom of the Pampas, as the tall wiry grass that covered its face, bent beneath a slight breeze that fanned our heated temples.

The guides soon cleared a large circular space for our night's resting-place of the parched grass, and a fire being kindled with dry cow and horse dung, a cup of coffee, with some dried beef and a few biscuits, revived our wearied frames.

In consequence of the circumstance of the morning all the horses were retained and made fast to pegs taken from the Spanish saddles of our guides, who carried them for such emergencies.

Our course had lain eastward all day, and the sun was fast sinking to the western horizon, whence we had come, when an exclamation from one of the rancheros, who had risen to see to the perfect security of the horses, drew our attention to a point whither he directed our view, by a motion of the arm. Long and intense was the gaze, but our European eyes could discover nothing, till a telescope was obtained from the travelling case of one of my friends, which soon satisfied us that a large body of horsemen were advancing rapidly along the very track we had come.

It was a moment of deep anxiety;—what was to be done? Were we to wait and take the chance of its being a friendly tribe of Indians, or travellers? We could not have a chance of escape on the jaded horses we had so hardly tasked during the day, so, from inevitable necessity, we determined, friend or foe, to await them where we were. Rapid were the preparations made to fight, in case they proved to be enemies. The horses were saddled, some spare arms furnished to the guides, and rifles and pistols being looked to, each man beside his horse, and drawn up in line, we awaited the result. Nearer and nearer they approached; the lower edge of the sun had dipped beneath the horizon and anxiously we prayed for darkness, when the guides pronounced the advancing party to be strange Indians. Still clear light remained, and onward yet they came. Their very number was appalling; sixty at least were in view, and as they bent forward over their horses, and urged them on, the wild gestures of their arms seemed to announce our doom, and to fore-

warn us that our bones would bleach on the wild Pampas of central America.

It was no time, however, for reflection. Their yells sounded in our ears, and they advanced in a dense body within two hundred paces of the position we had taken. Then came a halt, and out from the main body rode a single Indian. The savage strode his horse without saddle or any other appurtenance than a raw hide strap, formed into a bridle, with which he managed his steed. His arms consisted of a bow and arrows, slung across his back, with a long hunting-knife and heavy tomahawk suspended from his belt; his followers were mounted and armed like their chief, none possessing fire-arms.

Slowly he rode forward some hundred yards nearer than his people, till he paused in a position where the rifle of any of the party could have ended his days. But we were in no position to commence hostilities, so we wisely refrained from such a useless sacrifice of life. We still had a hope that the tribe in whose presence we were, formed no part of that whose chief fell in the morning; and, in order to ascertain the fact, one of the guides addressed the chief in a *patois* of the Indian tongue, but—although the attempt was renewed by the two others, it called forth no response. He still continued calmly gazing at us.

Suddenly, as if actuated by a passing thought, he wheeled his horse round, and joined his followers. Then, indeed, his voice was heard, clear and distinct, and, from his commanding gestures, it was apparent that he exercised supreme sway over the assembled warriors. At his word the crowd dissolved, and keeping without the range of our rifles, they formed a circle around us. It was no time for indecision; so, mounting our horses, we formed a double line, back to back, each man with his rifle or pistols ready. Then, indeed, imagination alone can depict the fierce war-cries that issued from all around us, the rush of horses, and the cloud of arrows that threatened annihilation to all. One of my English companions fell from his horse at the first discharge. We returned the fire with some effect, and, as a last hope, each for himself, dashed fearlessly on the line as they closed upon us.

Darkness was just setting in, so our hope was to escape singly, and make the best of our way back to the hacienda, if successful. The rush was fearful. The bright knives of two enemies, on whom I dashed, glared in my eyes; but fire-arms again proved their superiority: one fell, and the stroke of the other but wounded my horse. Maddened with the pain of the wound it had received, the noble horse I rode plunged forward, and, at a tremendous speed, swept me in a moment beyond reach of a few stray arrows aimed at me.

Still, yet still, I had a chance for my life. I thought of my companions, but darkness hid everything, beyond the space of a few yards, from my view. On, on I dashed, plunging the long spurs, with which my heels were armed, into the side of my willing steed. I could perceive, by the voices behind, that many were in pursuit, and after a mile or so had been passed over, I clearly discerned the voices gaining on me, and from an occasional stagger of my horse, ascertained, but too truly, that loss of blood was making him faint.

By this time it was completely dark, day having passed away with usual tropical rapidity, and my resolve was made. Throwing myself on my feet, I struck the noble brute that so far had saved me, and abandoned him to his own head. Relieved of my weight, I depended on

his keeping on some distance before he could be overtaken by my pursuers. At the same time, placing myself on my face, I trusted to being passed over undiscovered—concealed, as I was, by the long grass. A minute had but elapsed, when at least a score of horsemen rushed past, on either side of me, inflicting no injury, but evidently urging, in the pursuit, their comrades by voice and gesture.

When their voices could no longer be heard, I arose from my reclining posture, and struck off at an angle from the course they had gone. I toiled, with difficulty, through the long pampa-grass, encumbered as I was, and had not proceeded more than a couple of miles, when voices again drew near, and I had to conceal myself as before. Once more they passed, but at some distance; and I then concluded they had overtaken my horse, and discovered the escape of its rider. This nerved me to further exertion, as I felt satisfied the strictest search would be made, particularly as I was known to be an Englishman — and in those wild regions that name is almost universally connected with wealth —so that, for the sake of plunder alone, no exertion was likely to be spared to effect my capture.

Onward, therefore, I forced my way, pushing aside the rank dry herbage, and, attracted by a sudden bright glare, casting my eyes behind, the appalling fact was at once apparent, that the pampas had been fired by the Indians, for the purpose of destroying myself and any others that might have escaped the first onslaught.

To such a number of men as the attacking party consisted of, the firing of the long dry grass would offer but little danger; for, before so doing, it is the habit of the Indians to clear a large space of the herbage, and everything that would afford fuel for the flame. In the centre of this a safe retreat could be found until the fire had exhausted itself on all around, leaving nothing but the naked blackened plains. For a single individual there seemed no hope that I could clear by unaided exertions, any such space as would afford a hope of safety; so, in despair, still onward I recklessly rushed.

The night was still and calm; but there the fire was to be seen, extending with fearful rapidity, as the expansion of the air by heat, swept its sparks over the surrounding grass, dry as tinder.

All hope seemed fled. I was apparently doomed to die a fearful death by fire, when, by the aid of the light yielded by the vast blaze, yet distant some miles, I discerned the carcass of the gallant horse who had so lately borne me from amongst my enemies. Further it was useless to fly; the relentless element would soon overtake me; so I determined to make here one more effort for my life.

The animal was dead, and it required but one look to assure me that he bore many marks of tomahawk wounds, inflicted by the Indians in their first moment of disappointment. Beside the body, also, lay a heavy weapon of that kind, and on seeing it, my mode of proceeding, to effect my safety, was resolved on.

With a case-knife I always carried about me, I cut or tore away the herbage and grass for a short distance round the body; but my utmost exertion enabled me only to do this to the extent of a few feet, when the nearer approach of the fire warned me to other things. So small, indeed, was the space thus cleared, that I felt satisfied it would be impossible to exist, without other shelter, when the fire surrounded me. That protection the carcass offered; so, seizing the tomahawk, I rapidly ripped up

the body with that and my knife, and tore from the inner part the yet warm entrails.

The few minutes so occupied had brought the fire within a few hundred yards, and, as I crushed myself within the reeking carcass, and covered my exposed limbs with masses of the disgusting offal, I could scarce turn my fascinated sight from the appalling scene.

As far as the eye could extend, on either side, nought was to be distinguished but one bright mass of flame—some twenty-feet high,—above which hung, in dense clouds, dark black smoke; while, yet higher still, light white vapour floated and rose into the heavens. Around, all was as bright as day, and the long wiry grass could be even discerned bending before the fearful element, as it advanced to annihilate. No breeze swept over the plains; but yet the fire roared and raged, as if hurled along before the breath of a hurricane. The fleeting instants of suspense that elapsed before the fire reached the spot where I lay, looked almost like long hours. My fate hung in the balance, and uncertainty was worse than death. Years have since passed away, but when lying on my calm and quiet bed, I yet start with alarm: the shadows of the past flit over my memory, and I fancy myself yet awaiting the moment that would enclose me in that fearful flaming sea. The agony of suspense was passed; fire was around, beside, within me, as I swallowed the hot furnace breath of the atmosphere. Oh, God! my very vitals were dried up, and my brain seemed ready to burst, as my swollen blood-vessels distended to the utmost. Oh, thus to perish!—in the spring of life: friends, home, early days, for an instant crossed my mind. Oh! but to die by fire!—frightful, fearful!—"Oh, great God, save me!"

The struggle seemed over; although the fire could not reach my body, covered as it was, yet the intense heat seemed to destroy life, and for a time rendered me insensible. When consciousness returned the fire was little more than visible on the horizon, and the cold and clammy flesh and entrails pressed upon my burning, parched limbs. A violent thirst actuated me, and in order to allay it, I was reduced to the necessity of cutting a large mass of flesh from the buttock, and sucking the blood and moisture therefrom; till then I could scarce breathe; the heated air I had swallowed so parched and dried up my mouth and throat, that the thick skin peeled off when touched by my tongue.

Revived by my application, once more my thoughts reverted to my position, and the chance of escape. It was improbable that the Indians would make any search over the plains till daylight made such comparatively easy, and up to morning I calculated on safety.

Of the locality I knew but very little, merely what had been learned from the guides; but of one thing I felt satisfied, that I should be sure to be captured if I attempted to return in the direction of San Jacinto. The guides had stated that for some distance to the southward, many deep gullies, with streams in their beds, ran out for a great distance in the Pampas, many of them in a straight line from the Andes, at the foot of which they commenced. This determined me to strike off in a southerly direction, guided by the stars, and endeavour to reach one of these before daylight would leave any stray Indian to discover me with little difficulty on the blackened, naked plains, where not even a rock for concealment existed.

But when I attempted to walk, I found I could do so with great exertion only; yet it was the last chance, so, abandoning my rifle and all

other things of any weight, except my pistols, and a small junk of horse-flesh, I tottered along as I best could. Hour after hour I struggled on; morning came, yet nothing was to be seen but one black scorched surface as far as the eye could reach. Not a living thing was in sight, not even the hum of an insect enlivened the atmosphere; all was drear and desolate. Anxiously, from time to time, I glanced around the horizon, but friend and enemy seemed alike absent.

The sun had risen into the heavens, three hours had elapsed since daylight, when my sight was cheered by the distant view of a few shrubs and verdure, which, on a nearer approach, I found to be growing along the far side of a steep, narrow gully, at the bottom of which, as usual, ran a stream. The fire had burned up all on one side, but the water had effectually stopped its progress to the other, so here at last was a good cover afforded me.

The wants of nature were first allayed—I drank long and heartily, and, careless of all reptiles, actually rolled myself, clothes and all, in the bed of the stream. Hunger I did not feel, thirst alone had afflicted me, and in the course of my night's journey I had sucked the piece of horse flesh till it was as dry as my scorched boots themselves.

No time was lost, when I had revived myself, in following up the course of the creek, now and again ascending to the edge of the plains, to ascertain if pursuers were in sight; but I travelled on, mile after mile, without seeing the glimpse of any living thing on the side whence I had a right to look for the Indians. All that side of the creek or gully bore evident marks of the late conflagration, which in no part extended to the side I was now on.

I was quite uncertain whither I was proceeding; I only felt satisfied that in some days I should reach the neighbourhood of the Andes, by pursuing the course I had taken, and there I hoped to find some village or hacienda.

As day declined, however, I felt the calls of nature, and hunger made powerful demands upon me; but I had nothing wherewith to satisfy it. Throughout the day there had not appeared either horses or wild cattle, from which it was to be inferred that they had been driven far from the banks of the creek by the appearance of the fire on one side; so that thus the small chance of being able to surprise and bring down a wild calf or buffalo, with my pistols, was taken away for the present.

Yet although at least thirty miles of ground was traversed from daylight to sunset, I partook of no nourishment but the cool water beside which I was travelling, and at night, overcome with fatigue, made my bed with some grass I had pulled, beneath an overhanging rock, without tasting food for twenty-four hours, notwithstanding my extreme fatigue during that period.

Long and soundly did I sleep, but the damp cold air of morning chilled me, and disturbed those slumbers an hour or so before daylight, when, in order to infuse warmth into my limbs, and make some progress on my way, I pursued my path along the bed of the creek, without waiting for the rays of the sun to direct my steps. Again for weary hours, under a burning sun, I struggled on, till about mid-day nature became exhausted from sheer want of food, and I sank, unable to proceed further, at the side of the stream.

Starvation stared me in the face, and threatened my existence, with the same certainty the fire had appeared to do such a short time before;

neither birds nor beasts showed themselves; roots there were none to be found, and again despair overshadowed my soul, when I observed a large water snake issue from the stream, and leisurely trail its dark body along towards the crevices of some rocks near at hand. It was the work of a moment to hurl a large stone at it, which broke its spine, and a stroke of a knife finished the matter. I then deprived the animal of its head, in which I was aware any poison it possessed was contained, and collecting a few pieces of dry cow-dung, of which plenty was scattered along the creek, a fire was soon kindled, and the body of the Pampa snake being broiled, afforded refreshment to the exhausted traveller, such as he never had obtained from the primest eels of fatherland: intense hunger made the food, disgusting at other times, more than palatable on that occasion.

Invigorated by this food, after a short rest I pushed forward, taking with me the remains of the snake, all of which I had cooked in order to prevent the necessity of kindling a fire, the smoke of which might attract the attention of the Indians, if in my vicinity. My caution still continued, and in most convenient spots where the ascent was easy, I still continued to seek the edge of the prairie, and carefully scan its surface. It was during one of these reconnoissances that I first caught sight of a scattered party of Indians, advancing at full speed along the plains, on the other side of the gully, close by its edge. Fortunately I was near to a buffalo track that had been formed by these animals to the water, and along this I crept on all fours, till I had gained some high thick grass, where I stretched myself in complete concealment.

Whether the Indians were a portion of the party who had attacked us I was not aware, but they seemed to take but a cursory view of the creek as they passed rapidly along; they did not at all descend to its bed; so I was in no danger of having my trail discovered. I could hear the tramp of the horses as they swept along over the blackened, parched ground; but I did not dare attempt to get a near view of them, lest their keen vision should detect my lurking-place. When they had some time passed, cautiously I arose, and scanned the horizon, to discover if any straggling child of the wilderness was yet in view; but it appeared the wearied traveller was alone in the scene.

My journey was renewed, but this time along the edge of the plain, as I feared lest the Indians might suddenly come up when I should not perceive their approach from the bed of the creek.

Another night, another day was passed, during which my only food was the remains of the snake I had grilled. The gully gradually increased in width, and a diverging branch of it, on the northern side, had intercepted the progress of the fire in that direction; so again, on both sides of the gully, nothing was to be discerned but the long waving grass of the plains, with, as I left the scene of the conflagration behind, occasional herds of wild cattle and horses, which frequently allowed a near approach before they fled.

On the fourth day I succeeded in surprising and shooting a young buffalo, which, with many others, was standing in the water of the stream, to endeavour to preserve themselves from the myriads of flies and musquitoes that filled the air, and inflicted their stings without cessation. Although brought down by the first shot, yet I saw considerable danger from the remainder of the herd, who charged me, and I only saved myself by taking refuge on the summit of some steep rocks, in the side of the

cliffs, which the enraged animals could not reach. A second shot dispersed the herd, and they fled up the side of the gully and across the plains till out of sight; whilst some thin steaks cut from the flank of the prize I had obtained, fully rewarded success. When broiled and washed down with pure clear water, they satisfied appetite, and strengthened my frame for further exertion.

Taking some beef with me, wrapped in a sleeve of my coat, which I here left behind, as the smell it exuded, in consequence of the near connection it had been in with the carcass of the dead horse, and the consequent extensive creation of maggots and insects in its crevices, from which it could not be freed by washing, rendered it a most disagreeable companion. My shirt and trousers, which, with a cap and boots, formed all the attire I had, were also infested with these vermin, so that I had absolutely a couple of times a day to strip myself, and wash them in the stream. But no sooner had they begun to dry, than vast numbers of flies again alighted on those parts that had been saturated with the blood, from which, with water alone, I had been unable to cleanse them. These creatures actually discharged live animalcule and fetid creeping things, that would have almost induced me to denude myself of all apparel, if the heat of the sun had not rendered that impossible.

Yet my spirits did not fail; although at times my weary limbs flagged, hope was mine, and that buoyancy of feeling, and presence of mind, which had conducted me through so many trying scenes, never forsook me on this occasion for a moment.

On the morning of the eighth day, I had reached a position close under one of the spurs of the Andes, and was following up a track that I had fallen across, and which I imagined might lead to some village, when my ears were saluted with the pleasing sound of mule bells.

Joyous, indeed, were then my thoughts, and when in a few minutes I joined a party of muleteers, conveying hides and tallow to the small town of San Julianna, my thanks were many and fervent to that Supreme Being who had preserved me through many dangers.

Having a few specie dollars about me, I procured every assistance from the party I had so providentially fallen in with, and afterwards journeyed on to the town whither they were bound. Here, having obtained what ready money I required on one of my St. Jago letters of credit, I procured assistance, and set forward to the hacienda, where all my troubles commenced.

On the way, at another hacienda, I fell in with two of the rancheros, both suffering from severe wounds received in our action with the Indians, but who nevertheless had escaped by the speed of their horses, and the neglect of all pursuit beyond a short distance, by the Indians, who seemed to have turned all their exertions towards securing the Europeans of the party. The other two rancheros, the guides, and my two companions, had not been heard of, and were supposed, as I myself had been, to have been killed in the attack, or to have perished in the flames.

A subsequent visit to the spot, and the calcined remains of seven bodies, satisfied me that my friends were no more; the Indians who had fallen seemed to have been removed, and all that now points out the scene of that bloody deed, is the raised mound that covers those of our party who there fell.

## ITALY IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

For a long series of years, the well or ill-doing of the various Italian States, has but little interested the generality of Englishmen; very few amongst us having any object or any motive for inquiring into their various forms of government, or to acquaint ourselves in any but a very general way of their past or present proceedings. Vague ideas we had that their petty governments were stern despotisms, and from the little we heard of them we concluded that they were a divided people, and had strong mutual jealousies and antipathies; but, until "Lorenzo the Magnificent," and a few such works, appeared, our knowledge was about as accurate of the man in the moon, as of the reigning houses in Italy, and of their peculiar claims to reign over its mountains and its plains.

We heard and read of the States of the Church, and it was very generally known that territories, and to some extent, were attached to the bishopric of Rome; but there are very few who even now know how those territories were acquired—whether by gift, or by purchase, or whether they were wrung from those who held them, by fraud or violence and bloodshed. The policy which made them the so-called property of the Church was little known, little cared for, and very little, therefore, inquired into.

Much valuable information upon this subject has been lately presented to us by Mr. Dennistoun, in his "Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino;" * a work so ably written, and embracing within it so many topics, that it will interest alike the statesman and the soldier, the artist and the scholar, the most rigid Romanist, and the no-church Dissenter; all will find abundant matter in its pages for contemplation, for edification and amusement. Necessarily, however, as it would seem, "bella, horrida bella," must form the main subject, and the larger portion of the history of Urbino as of the history of every other of the Italian States in mediæval times; and wars with all the worst accompaniments of wars, with horrors and atrocities, treacheries, and assassinations of a kind and in a number that could not probably be paralleled in the history of any other people on the earth. And softened down, as all the details are in these volumes, and abridged to the utmost that is possible, yet in the narrative of the Urbino contests with the two popes, Alexander VI. and Leo X., we have a history that is one of the most painful to read, from the baseness and the cruelty, the ingratitude, the bloodthirstiness, and the almost superhuman wickedness that it displays in the chief actors in those turbulent times. From the manner in which Mr. Dennistoun treats these matters, it is very evident he delights not in war, and sees no especial glory in the slaughter and oppression of the defenceless by the strong arm of military power; and as all the wars with which he had to do in connection with his main subject, had their origin in the very worst passions of the most sinful among men, and were begun and carried on and ended by means the most dishonourable, revolting, or contemptible, we have, in consequence, no glowing descriptions from his pen of the tented or the battle-field—of the shock of armies—of the

* Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino, illustrating the Arms and Arts and Literature of Italy, from 1440 to 1630. By James Dennistoun, of Dennistoun. 3 vols. Longman and Co. London.

strategies and tactics of the commanders—of the valour of the combatants. These combatants were in general actuated by motives too vile to allow of glory being attached to the victories they might win, and the cities they might storm; and the writer is not a man to give a false colouring to deeds which his pen at times refuses altogether to describe, and in many cases to do more than very generally allude to.

His delight is to detail the triumph of art and the progress of literature in Italy generally, and in Urbino especially, during the fifteenth and two following centuries; and much valuable information is, in consequence, afforded us upon these matters in these pages, and it is given to us in a manner that enhances its value from the clearness and elegance of the descriptions. There is one thing, however, we are almost inclined to regret in connection with these volumes, that their author should have erased so many of his own observations, and suppressed so many of his thoughts upon art and religious painting, in consequence of the unlooked-for appearance, in print, of Lord Lindsay's "History of Christian Art." As a keen and clever observer, and a close and clear reasoner upon the progress of art generally—upon its dawn, its midday glory and decline—we could not but have been gratified and taught something by the many notes he had made upon these subjects; especially as they formed originally the main subjects of his work, and were the first occasion of it.

That the dukes of Urbino were worthy of an able and impartial historian is very evident; and that they would have advanced the arts, and encouraged learning to the utmost, had they been unmolested, is unquestionable; but the envy of neighbours the machinations of enemies, the ingratitude of friends, and, far above all, the nepotism, and all-grasping covetousness of some of the popes, left them but little leisure for peaceful occupations, or, indeed, at times, for aught else, than to consider by what means they could preserve themselves from the oft-threatened destruction.

Among their enemies might be classed in the front rank, from their formidable power, from the virulence of their persecution, and from their murderous intentions, the Pope, Alexander VI., and his too celebrated son, Cæsar Borgia, who would undoubtedly have annihilated the whole family, root and branch, could they, by any artifice or force, have obtained possession of their persons. Nor, in subsequent years, did they find a less merciful, or a less persecuting adversary in Leo X., who, forgetful of all the kindness, and hospitality, and assistance, that the Medici family, in their long season of adversity, had received from the Urbina dukes, sent, without the least provocation or excuse, a hostile force into their territories, which drove them suddenly from their homes, and from all their possessions, and sent them wandererers into the world, houseless, penniless, and excommunicated.

This was all done in furtherance of the policy of the popes in those days, to provide large territorial possessions for their nephews and their sons; to make their houses ducal or princely; to raise them, in fact, to independent sovereignties, and to apportion the whole of Italy, from the Alps to Calabria, to their several dynasties. But to do this, it was necessary, in the first place, to dispossess, by the strong hand, the families who already had possession of the coveted possessions; and it was in the attempt to do this that the dogs of war, fierce and remorseless as wolves, the condottieri and their ruthless mercenaries, were let loose at various times upon the state of Urbino, to subjugate or devastate it.

## SIR CHARLES NAPIER AND THE UNHAPPY VALLEY.

The Ameers of Scinde were the first and the last victims of that unhappy policy which buried thousands of men, and millions of money, in the deep defiles of Afghanistan. On the injustice which Lord Auckland initiated, Lord Ellenborough set the seal of consummation. The one established the principle that the luckless Talpoor rulers were thenceforth to reign only by the sufferance of the British; the other decreed that sufferance to be at an end, and converted Lower Scinde into a British province. The Whig Governor-General required the use of the Ameers' country, and set aside existing treaties, that the Army of the Indus might parade through it on its way to Candahar. The Ameers' money was wanted too; and it was mercilessly extorted from them. He used the country as though it were his own for some years; and then his successor took it away from them. The Tory Governor-General occupied Scinde because it was convenient to withdraw from Afghanistan. There is an old story of a nobleman who had caned a dependent, and who next day saw the very man he had beaten chastising a poorer creature than himself. "Your Lordship and I know whom to beat," was the answer he received when he congratulated the fellow on his access of courage. "Your Lordship and I know whom to beat," might have been said to Lord Ellenborough by the conqueror of Scinde. The offence of the Ameers was their weakness. They were weak, and therefore they were chastised. Lord Ellenborough ordered a medal to be struck bearing the words "Pax Asiæ restituta;" and forthwith he began to make war upon the Ameers of Scinde.

Sir Charles Napier fought the battles of Meeanee and Dubba. Very well he fought them too. His troops nobly responded to the dashing gallantry of the "devil's brother," as the general was emphatically called by the natives of those parts; and the Ameers were beaten in the field. If the generosity of the victor had been equal to his gallantry, this would have been a pleasanter page of history. Sir Charles Napier insulted his fallen enemies; he struck them when they were down.

The Ameers of Scinde were sent prisoners to Calcutta. A stroke of Lord Ellenborough's pen converted their country into a British province; and the conqueror became the administrator. Sir Charles Napier, as the first governor of Scinde, entered upon his new duties with characteristic energy; he was not a man to go to sleep in the guard-room after the arms had been piled. He had a rough method of treatment for the conquered Scindians; but though they feared, they did not seem to hate him. They respected him because he was a soldier and a conqueror, and they understood his rugged ways. A more civilized ruler would, perhaps, have been less appreciated. Sir Charles Napier did not roar like a sucking dove, but spoke out in the true lion's voice; and we are far from saying that he did not speak wisely and well.

But the old proverb about making a silk purse out of a sow's ear seems, in this place, to have unusual force of application. It was not in the power of all the Napiers—and there is not, in spite of their eccentricities, a finer family in the world—to make anything out of Scinde but a most Unhappy Valley. Even the graphic pen of the author of the

"History of the Peninsular War" cannot cover its sandy deserts with verdure, or clothe its inhospitable rocks with the garments of plenteousness and repose.

There is, indeed, no more cutting commentary on the conquest of Scinde than that which Sir William Napier, in his recent work on its Administration,* has supplied in the shape of some rude lithographs which illustrate the achievements of his brother Charles. It must be an "Unhappy Valley," indeed, to abound in such spots as these. It is, as Lieutenant Burton emphatically describes it, "a glaring waste, with visible as well as palpable heat playing over its dirty yellow surface."† The natives themselves speak of it in still less flattering terms. It is said that they wonder why the Almighty, having made Scinde, should have committed such a work of supererogation as the creation of another place not mentionable to ears polite.

In such a Tartarus as this, it was only fitting that the *Shaitan-ka-bhai*, or Satan's brother, should rule supreme. The Scindians seem to have recognised the fitness of the association; and to have submitted to their new chief. "All Scinde," he said to them, "now belongs to my Queen, and we are henceforth fellow-subjects; but I am here to do justice, and if, after this voluntary submission, any of you rob or plunder, I will march into your country and destroy the offender and his tribe. Chiefs! you all know I won the battles when I had only 5,000 men; I have now 15,000; and 100,000 more will come at my call; you will believe, therefore, that this is not an empty threat; but let peace be between us. I give back to all their jagheers; and what they possessed under the Ameers." "Then," says Sir William Napier, "they all cried out, 'You are our King! What you say is true—let it be so! We are your slaves!'" This mode of treatment suited the new subjects, which Lord Ellenborough had bestowed upon Queen Victoria. And when the conqueror gave a party of the chiefs a specimen of British military discipline and skill, in the shape of a review of infantry and artillery, they were amazed at the steadiness and solidity of the one, and the admirable practice of the other; and cried out, "Oh, Padshah (great King), you are master of the world!" "Then," says Sir William Napier, "the General was satisfied that fear and content as to their future condition would keep them true, unless events very unfavourable to the British supremacy should arise to awaken other thoughts." This union of fear and content may sound ominously in English ears. But no one, who has lived in Eastern countries will see anything strange in the combination. In a newly conquered country, fear must always be the great element of quiescence. At first the terror which the conqueror inspires is of an active and absolute kind; but in time it comes rather to assume the character of a passive recognition of superior power, physical and moral; and content, sometimes not altogether unlike sullen indifference, comes to mingle largely with it.

That the personal character of Sir Charles Napier went some way to rivet the respect and awe of the fierce tribes of Scinde and Beloochistan is not to be denied. He was a man of unshaken nerves and unshrinking

* History of General Sir Charles Napier's Administration of Scinde, and Campaign in the Cutchee Hills, by Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Napier, K.C.B. Chapman and Hall, 1851.

† Scinde, or the Unhappy Valley, by Richard F. Burton, Lieut. Bombay Army. Bentley, 1851.

courage; and there was something real in his personality in war and peace, which his enemies well understood—he was not a mere name, an unseen director of the springs and wires; but a personal presence familiar to their eyes. There is something in such an anecdote as the following, told by Sir William Napier, which, although it might be matched in the personal history of many a lesser man, is not to be read without an admiring interest. "An Indian sword-player," says the historian, "declared at a great public festival that he could cleave a small lime laid on a man's palm without injury to the member, and the general extended his right hand for the trial. The sword-player awed by his rank was reluctant and cut the fruit horizontally. Being urged to fulfil his boast he examined the palm, and said it was not one to be experimented upon with safety, and refused to proceed. The General then extended his left hand, which was admitted to be suitable in form, yet the Indian still declined the trial, and when pressed twice waved his thin keen-edged blade as if to strike, and twice withheld the blow, declaring he was uncertain of success. Finally, he was forced to make trial, and the lime fell open clearly divided. The edge of the sword had just marked its passage over the skin without drawing a drop of blood." Many a private soldier, doubtless, would have willingly stood this test; but such an act of personal courage in a great general exalts him vastly in the eyes of the rude warriors of a barbarous country, and makes them regard him with superstitious awe and reverenee. It is readily appreciable even by the meanest understandings; whilst acts of the highest moral courage are often feebly comprehended if not wholly misunderstood.

On the whole, therefore, we are not unwilling to admit that Sir Charles Napier was very much the sort of man to govern with good effect this newly conquered tract of country. The measures which he adopted for the regeneration of Scinde were, in themselves, such as would probably have occurred to and been brought into operation by any civil administrator; but the *modus operandi* was peculiar to himself. It was peremptory and decisive. He would take no denial. Clearly and forcibly he made his determinations known, and it was of no use to resist his decrees. It was a word and a blow with him. His orders were disobeyed and the recusant chief was at once a prisoner. "In Scinde still," says Lieutenant Burton, "as in England whilome, if you do not occasionally shake the bit in the animal's mouth, and administer a severe twitch or two to remind him that he has a master, he is sorely apt to forget the fact, or to remember it with the intention of changing places with that master the first opportunity that presents itself."

The Scindians, indeed, according to this writer—one of the most agreeable of his class, whose volumes overflow with animal spirits, and are as fresh and racy as though they were devoted to the description of a Paradise, and not of an arid waste—want a deal of good government, not merely to keep them down in, but to keep them up to, their proper place. They have been miserably oppressed by their Beloochee masters; and it is the oft-repeated boast of Sir William Napier, that his brother strove incessantly to rescue the poorer classes of the population from the oppression of their feudal chiefs. He abolished slavery throughout Scinde; and he forcibly dispossessed them of the old-fashioned notion that men are privileged to kill their wives at discretion.

But whether he altogether fulfilled the magnificent boast of Sir William Napier's peroration, some historians perhaps may not be inclined to admit

without stint and qualification. "He had found Scinde," says the fraternal panegyrist, "groaning under tyranny; he left it a contented though subdued province of India, respected by surrounding nations and tribes, which he had taught to confide in English honour, and to tremble at English military prowess as the emanation of a deity.

"He found it poor and in slavery, he left it without a slave, relieved from wholesale robbery and wholesale murder, with an increasing population, an extended and extending agriculture, and abundance of food produced by the willing industry of independent labours. He left it also with an enlarged commerce, a reviving internal traffic, expanding towns, restored handicraftsmen, mitigated taxation, a great revenue, an economical administration, and a reformed social system; with an enlarged and improving public spirit, and a great road opened for future prosperity. He had, in fine, found a divided population, misery and servitude on the one hand, and on the other, a barbarous domination—crime and cruelty, tears and distress, everywhere prevailing. He left a united, regenerated people rejoicing in a rising civilization, the work of his beneficent genius." Some allowance must necessarily be made for the friendly impulses of the fraternal historian. But, on the whole, we are willing to admit that Sir Charles Napier's "Administration" of Scinde forms a much more creditable chapter of recent Indian history, than his "Conquest" of that unhappy place.

The volume in which the administrative achievements of Sir Charles Napier are chronicled, like everything else that emanates from the pen of the historian of the "Peninsular War," contains some forcible and graphic writing. But it is, unfortunately, disfigured by much bad feeling and bad taste. It is hard to say whether the text of Brother William, or the illustrative letters of Brother Charles, which are copiously quoted, overflow with the greater amount of bitterness against the Court of Directors of the East India Company, the Board of Control, (Lord Ripon), the Bombay Government, Major Outram, the Bombay Press,—all, in fact, who had the misfortune to differ in opinion from the conqueror of Scinde.

The book purports to be a history, but it bristles with the controversial asperities of a party pamphlet. We could have forgiven an outburst of indignation, however groundless we might consider the complaint; but when an historian is continually breaking out into personal invective, the offence is anything but a menial one; it is intolerable, indeed, and not to be forgiven. It is late in the day now to rip open old sores. We hoped that they had been cicatrized over for ever. But, let us see in what manner the Napiers still carry on the old war. The following is from one of the letters of Brother Charles,—

"To the genius of some Governors-General, and some military commanders, and to the constant bravery of the troops, belongs all the greatness; to the Courts of Direction, designated by Lord Wellesley, as the '*Ignominious tyrants of the East*,' all the meanness. Not that Directors have been personally less honourable than other gentlemen, but that they are always in a false position, as merchants ruling a vast and distant empire solely for *their private advantage*.

"No man ever seeks to be a Director from mere patriotism, or thirst for military glory, unaccompanied by pecuniary profit; and hence, when the Court does send out a Governor-General of great mind, which is not often or willingly done, it treats him as if he were unworthy to possess power

at all. This is natural. Their objects are not alike. His will be the welfare, the aggrandizement, the unity of a hundred and twenty millions of people committed to his charge; their's the obtaining all possible profit from the labour of the people. If the safety of their empire demands a war, the Directors object, not as it inflicts misery, *but, having personally a brief tenure of power, they dread loss of profit.* This feeling has always led them to quarrel with their best Governors-General. The merchant, uuable to distinguish wars from self-preservation and conquest, objects to both, as lessening immediate gain, and it must be admitted that in India, the former has always involved the latter. The mercantile spirit weakens, if it does not altogether exclude noble sentiments, and the Directors have always regarded their armies with a sinister look."

We confess that there is a great deal of this which we very imperfectly comprehend, and therefore, perhaps, we are hardly in a position fairly to criticise it. How the Directors of the East India Company govern India, "solely for their private advantage," we do not distinctly see, nor does it appear very clearly to us in what respect the position of a Governor-General, as distinguished from that of an East-India Director, is surrounded with such a halo of patriotism and disinterestedness. Apart from the patronage which both largely possess, the private profit of the East India Director amounts to the magnificent sum of £300 a year; that of the Governor-General to the wretched pittance of £25,000 per annum. Whether any man seeks to be a Governor-General "from mere patriotism," we do not know, but we never heard of one returning his salary to the public treasury; and we are certain that if any man should seek the high office from "thirst for military glory," he is the last person in the world who ought to be sent to India. Thirst for military glory is a very dangerous and reprehensible thing. We are glad to think it does not influence the Directors of the East India Company; and we earnestly hope it will never influence another Governor-General.

Again, we do not clearly perceive what Sir Charles Napier means, when he argues that the Director is more likely to be swayed by sordid motives, because he has "*personally a brief tenure of power.*" We always thought that the Directors of the East India Company have anything but a brief tenure of power. Virtually they are elected for life. If there be one objection more frequently than any other raised against the personal constitution of the East India Company, it is that the Directors remain individually too long in power. Nothing removes them from office but death, or loss of pecuniary qualification. A brief tenure of power is a characteristic of the rule of a Governor-General, not of an East India Director. There are Directors of the East India Company who have sate out half a score of Governors-General.

It hardly appears, therefore, that either the desire of "pecuniary profit," or the knowledge of his "brief tenure of power," is likely to be much more operative for evil in a Director than in a Governor-General. There is, too, another very important consideration, of which we must not lose sight, when we measure the comparative independence of external influences in the Director and the Governor-General. The Governor-General has his party to serve; the Director is of no party. Indeed, it appears to us, that none of the ordinary inducements to sacrifice the welfare of the people for the sake of sordid personal motives, whether of avarice or ambition, exist in the case of the Directors of the East India Company. Whether the treasury of India be empty or full, the Directors draw their magnificent

salaries, and give away writerships and cadetships. Indeed, if the Directors were swayed by mere personal motives, they seldom would "object to a war," for war increases the patronage, which is the real emolument of office. The more officers that are killed in battle, the more new commissions must be issued; or, in other words, the more cadetships there are to be given away by the Directors. On the score, therefore, of "personal profit," the tendencies of the East India House would be rather towards war-making. A deficiency of revenue, occasioned by exhausting wars and unprofitable conquest, however much it may affect the natives of India, has no effect upon the "personal profits" of the Directors. That they have always set their faces against exhausting wars and unprofitable conquests is true. It is the glory of the East India Company, that the development of the resources of the country, and the amelioration of the condition of the people, have always been their objects rather than the subjugation of native states, and the acquisition of new principalities.

As for the statement that the East India Company have always regarded their armies with a sinister look, it is simply ridiculous when we come to consider that the Company's army is the best-paid and best-pensioned army in the world. We have no doubt that many officers of the Queen's Service wish that her Majesty would look at the Royal Army in the same sinister way.

There is an immense deal, all in this same style of vituperation, in all parts of the volume. Poor Lord Ripon, for example, comes in for more than his fair share of Napierian bitterness. Sir William Napier is very indignant because the Board of Control did not fairly appreciate Sir Charles Napier's Hill Campaign, and somehow or other forgot to publish the administrator's despatches. "A day, an hour of the dangers and fatigues of that campaign would have rendered his memory less treacherous, his luxurious existence more noble; it would have furnished at *least one passage of his public life unmarked by public derision or public indignation*." This is not pleasant reading in a work calling itself a history; and there is, unhappily, only too much more of the same kind. But one more sample will suffice:—

"And now," writes Sir William Napier, "happened an event surprising to all parties but the man affected by it, an event which rendered Sir Charles Napier's after career one of incessant, thankless labour, without adequate freedom of action. Lord Ellenborough was suddenly recalled; not unexpectedly to himself, because he knew his government had aroused all *the fears and hatred of the jobbing Indian multitude, and all the fierce nepotism of the Directors;* but to reflecting men it did appear foul and strange, that he who repaired the terrible disaster of Caubul should be contemptuously recalled by those whose empire he had preserved; that England and India should be deprived of an able governor at a terrible crisis, which nearly proved fatal, to gratify *the spleen of men incapable of patriotism, and senseless in their anger*."

Controversy may take this view of the case; history never will. We do not find it set down in history that Lord Ellenborough repaired the terrible disaster of Caubul. The terrible disaster of Caubul was repaired by Generals Pollock and Nott, who took upon themselves the responsibility of advancing upon the capital of Afghanistan under a sort of implied permission from Lord Ellenborough, their construction of which, had the operations failed, would have recoiled terribly upon them. All

this is patent in published Blue Books. What Lord Ellenborough wrote to Generals Pollock and Nott has long been before the world. If the Indian Empire were preserved by the reoccupation of Caubul in 1842, it is not easy to perceive how a Governor-general, who was continually protesting against that movement, and recommending the withdrawal of the troops from their advanced positions, can claim credit for its preservation. Lord Ellenborough would have "repaired the terrible disaster of Caubul" by bringing every soldier in Afghanistan back to the British provinces.

What the "terrible crisis" was, which "nearly proved fatal," we do not very distinctly know. If Sir W. Napier alludes to the Sikh invasion, which occurred a year and a half after Lord Ellenborough's departure from India, it is not very perceptible that the safety of the empire was endangered by the substitution of the soldier-statesman Hardinge for the civilian whom the Company recalled. The sympathies of the Napiers are generally supposed to set in strongly towards military governors. It is hard to say what might have been the result of the Sikh invasion of 1845-46, if Sir Henry Hardinge had not been on the banks of the Sutlej.

We can never bring ourselves to believe that the safety of the Indian Empire was jeopardized by the substitution of a Hardinge for an Ellenborough. There is an indistinctness, however, about all this which seems to baffle criticism; but when soon afterwards we are told, on the authority of Sir Charles Napier, that "To expend millions in producing bloodshed is preferable in the eyes of the Court of Directors to saving India, and the prevention of bloodshed," we hardly know in what language, short of the Napierian Billingsgate itself, to designate the audacity of such a statement. It is sublimely opposed to the truth. An unwillingness to make war is one of the accusations which the Napiers themselves bring against the Court of Directors; and if there was ever a war of which they heartily disapproved, it was the very one to which allusion is here made—the War in Afghanistan. But the recklessness of such statements as these carries its own antidote with it. Sir William Napier's book will not injure the reputation of the East India Company; but it cannot fail to damage his own. On this account its publication is to be regretted. The reputation of the historian of the "Peninsular War" is dear to every friend of literature; and it is painful to see the owner of a great name pertinaciously writing it down.

---

# THE JEWISH HEROINE.

## A TRUE STORY.

The following well-authenticated story, it is believed, has never yet appeared in English. It is almost a literal translation of a work published in Spanish a few years since, and now rarely to be met with.*

---

In the latter part of the year 1834, there resided in Tangier, a Jew, Haim Hachuel, who employed himself, as well as his wife, Simla, in commercial pursuits. They had two children; the eldest, Ysajar, followed the trade of his father; the second was a daughter, Sol, who had just completed her seventeenth year, and whose rare and surpassing beauty was the admiration of all who saw her. Though Fortune lavished not her smiles on Haim Hachuel, he lacked not the means of living in comfort with his small family, by his own and Simla's unassisted efforts, the latter taking charge not only of the education of her daughter, but of the whole management of the domestic affairs, and even the common work of the house. The careful mother, however, provided that her daughter's employments should be limited as much as possible to household cares, so that the entire arrangement of them gradually devolved on the fair Sol, as she grew up.

In the earlier years of the young Jewess's life, she submitted passively enough to the restraint imposed upon her by her mother, and was almost always to be found busied in the toils suited to her sex, but as she advanced towards womanhood, the tastes and passions natural to her age began to develope themselves, and the lovely Sol, becoming conscious of the many charms with which Nature had endowed her, chafed at the rigour of her seclusion. Her mother, hitherto her chief and only friend, now deemed it prudent to assume towards the young maiden a severity of demeanour, which so exasperated her, that, not finding within her home those innocent recreations suitable to her age, and which her heart so greatly desired, she was tempted to seek abroad for sympathy and participation in her griefs.

Near the dwelling of Hachuel lived a Moorish woman, by name Tâhra Mesmudi. With this person the young Jewess formed an acquaintance, which soon grew into friendship. Her mother occasionally gave her permission to visit her; and on these occasions she would spend the time in relating domestic occurrences,—and at other times, eluding her mother's vigilant eye, she would slip out of the house to impart her sorrows to Tâhra, and receive her sympathy. Simla endeavoured on more than one occasion to check the growing intimacy of the young girl with their Mahometan neighbour; but, little able to foresee its deplorable results, and secure in her daughter's confidence, she was unwilling to deprive her altogether of this slight indulgence. In this state, therefore, things remained for awhile, Sol taking a reluctant part in the labours allotted to her by her mother, and but rarely appearing in the streets, though when she did so, her surpassing charms

* El Martirio de la Joven Hachuel, or la Heroina Hebrea. Por D. E. M. Romero, 1837.

gained her the homage of crowds of admirers, who thought themselves happy in obtaining even a passing sight of this prodigy of Nature's work, usually secluded from all eyes but those of the proud and happy authors of her existence. But, however the high spirit of the enchanting Sol rebelled against her fate, deeply and violently as she resented her bondage, no murmur ever escaped her lips, and her false neighbour was the only confident of her sorrow; and already (so various are the disguises of seeming friendship) even now did Tâhra meditate a project destined to be the ruin of the fair Jewess.

Amongst the Arabs, the conversion of an infidel (by which name they designate all those who do not conform to their creed), is esteemed an action in the highest degree meritorious. This conquest to their faith, therefore, they make wherever an opportunity is open to them, by the most indiscriminate and unscrupulous means, according to the teaching of the Alcôran, which allows the lawfulness of all means, and the most unbounded licence in their choice, for the attainment of a lawful object. Tâhra, the Moor, failed not, accordingly, in her intercourse with the youthful Sol, to extol, as it were incidentally, the excellence of her religion, the many advantages enjoined by its adherents, and the unbounded esteem awarded by the true believers to those who consented to embrace it. But the lovely and innocent-minded Jewess, quite unconscious of the malignant purpose of her neighbour, heeded none of her exhortations, but rather listened to them with a degree of compassion. Being herself certain of her faith, and feeling an enthusiastic interest in the law under which she was born, she regarded merely as an excess of religious sentiment, the zeal which prompted the Mahometan to persevere in these encomiums of her religious tenets.

The dawn gleamed forth one day amid a thousand clouds, which hung in thick masses below the sky, and covered it with an opaque and gloomy screen; the mournful twittering of the warbling birds bespoke anxiety and alarm; the hoarse rushing of the wind threatened destruction to the woods; the flowers of the fields began to droop; the sun withdrew his light from the world beneath, and all seemed to presage a day of grief and bitterness—save in the home where the fair Sol arose, like another Circe, from her couch, and sallied forth, seeming to temper by her enchanting presence the angry frowns of the elements without. In the house of Hachuel was a chamber, set apart for devotional purposes. Thither she directed her earliest steps, having previously (after the manner of the Hebrews,) cleansed her hands from all impurity. On quitting this oratory, she occupied herself in the various works of the house; but, as noon drew on, her mother, with her wonted asperity, reproved her for not having already completed her household task. Sol replied with a degree of warmth which aroused the anger of her mother, who angrily reproached and even threatened her with chastisement; when, in a fatal moment, the young girl, fearing lest she should be scourged, ran with precipitation to the house of the neighbour Tâhra for refuge. Throwing herself into the arms of her from whom she expected some alleviation of her sorrow, the beautiful Sol again and again lamented the hardness of her fate, and wished for deliverance from the state of oppression in which she felt herself overwhelmed, betraying by her tears and profound agitation the excitement of her feelings and the disorder of her imagination; while the crafty Mahometan, perceiving the confusion into which her mind was thrown by the mingled feelings of resentment and grief to

which she was giving way, listened with delight to her complaints, well knowing that the moment was now at hand when she might best execute her project.

"My daughter," said she, "thou art unhappy only because thou wilt be so. Thy mother enslaves thee, and thy passiveness meets only with hardships and abuse. Thy neighbours and acquaintance compassionate thee; all are scandalized at thy mother's treatment, and blame thee for not seeking a remedy for thy sorrows, when it is in thy power to do so. No moment more propitious than the present could offer itself to thee; I will be thy protector—I will be thy friend. To my care entrust thy salvation, and be comforted. Sweet Sol, dost thou not understand me?"

"I do not understand you, Tâhra," the sorrowful girl replied. "There can be no sufficient reason why I should withdraw myself from the control of my mother; yet, though it is true that she sometimes scolds me with reason, at other times her anger is kindled against me without any cause, or for the most trifling neglect. O! were she to treat me with more kindness, I should not be so unhappy!"

"Hope not, dear child," said the Mahometan, "that thy mother will treat thee better at any future time than now. She will sacrifice thee, on the contrary, to her caprice and fanaticism. Dost thou wish to be freed from her power this very day? Listen, then! Often hast thou heard of the excellence of our religion. Embrace the Moorish faith; cast off thy trammels, and be free!"

"Alas! Tâhra," replied the young maiden, "what a fearful, what a horrible proposition you make me! Never could I learn to be a true Mahometan. I listen to you, and hear you speak, as though I were in a dream. I long for repose; let me enjoy it for a while, I pray you."

Such was the conversation between the two friends. At its close, the youthful Jewess departed to seek the rest she so greatly needed, in a solitary apartment; and the Mahometan flew, with the speed of the wind, to execute her meditated project.

The Moorish Governor of Tangier, who exercises both civil and military power, was at this time Arbi Esid, a man of a stern and capricious character. To him Tâhra, the Moor, repaired, soliciting an audience. She told him that her home had afforded refuge to a young maiden of the Hebrews, who was fairer than the spring, and whom she had led by her arguments to the verge of Mahomedanism; but that should she remain beneath her roof, her resolutions would certainly be frustrated by her mother, since the contiguity of their abodes rendered communication so easy, that it would be impossible to carry out the work of conversion, or to annul the maternal influence. This audacious dissembler failed not to enlarge on the difficulty and importance of her conquest, and the governor, without further demur, commanded a soldier * to bring the unhappy Jewess into his presence. The thunderbolt that rends the airy region, travels not with more fatal celerity than did the mandate of the Moorish governor.

Sol was yet listening to the announcement of Tâhra Mesmudi, when, at one and the same moment, entered Simla, demanding her lost daughter, and the soldier bearing the order of Arbi Esid. Words are unequal to depict the scene that ensued. The innocent Sol, igno-

* The entire administration of justice in Tangier is entrusted to the military.

rant as she was of the whole plot, in vain endeavoured to ascertain the cause of this abrupt and alarming summons. Her mother, Simla, equally amazed, embraced her repeatedly, and sought by the most passionate efforts to detain her in her arms, from whence she was forced away by the soldier, impatient to fulfil his mission—and those hearts, never more destined to beat one against the other, were torn asunder and separated for ever. Tâhra alone, the fanatical and reckless Moor, understood this mystery, while she assumed the most profound ignorance, lest her participation in the act should be suspected; and in this moment of anguish, as in all ages of the world, force triumphed over right and justice. The soldier roughly disengaged the arms of the two unhappy Hebrews, which were entwined in each other, and held them apart by main strength: and the fair Sol pressed her coral lips on the wet cheek of her mother, Simla, and bade her a last farewell.

"Mother," she said, "calm your sorrow. I know not the views of the governor in thus summoning me before him, but conscience tells me I have no cause for fear. Trust, then, in my innocence, and think upon my love till I return to your arms, innocent and uninjured as I now leave them."

The impatient threats of the soldier allowed no more time for these filial protestations. The victim was carried off, and her mother, following with her eyes the retreating steps of her trembling daughter, wept, unconsoled, at the prospect of the bitter future.

When Arbi Esid was apprized of the arrival of the lovely prisoner, he ordered that she should be at once brought into his private hall of audience.* He was, on her entrance, so captivated by the sight of her, that feelings arose in his heart greatly at variance with the outward gravity of his demeanour.

"Enter," said he, "and divest yourself of all fear. I am he who, in the name of the Prophet, will protect your resolution, and promote your happiness. The great Allah has sent forth a ray from his transcendent light to win you to his religion, and to turn you from the errors of your own. This hour gives birth to your happiness."

The Hebrew maiden heard with amazement the words of the governor; and without removing her eyes from the ground, where they had remained fixed ever since her first entrance, she preserved the deepest silence.

"Answerest thou not, bewitching Sol?" continued Arbi Esid; "fair as the Houris of the Prophet's Paradise, canst thou refuse to embrace his faith? What then have I heard from thy friend and neighbour Tâhra.

"You have been deceived, sir," replied the Jewess; "never did I express such a wish; never did I yield to the entreaties and proposals of Tâhra Mesmudi. I was born a Hebrew, and a Hebrew I desire to die."

These words, uttered with inimitable sweetness and modesty, so far

* In the usual mode of administering justice in Tangier, the governor sits, with his secretaries, in the portico of his house, surrounded by the soldiers (who act as police, and are charged with the execution of the governor's mandates), armed with swords, and carrying staves in their hands; while those who are to be tried kneel in the street in front of the place occupied by the governor, to await judgement. In the present case, however, an exception was made to the general form, the governor receiving the young Jewess in his inner hall of audience.

from raising the anger of the governor, rendered him only the more anxious to convert her. He commanded that Tâhra, the Moor, should be brought into his presence, that she might ratify her deposition; and, before long, she arrived, perfidy and deceit depicted in her countenance. "Enter," said Arbi Esid, "and recapitulate, in the presence of the prisoner, the important deposition you urged upon me this morning." *

"Sir," replied the false witness, "this young Jewess, who took refuge in my house to escape the rigorous treatment of her mother, declared to me this morning her desire of embracing our religion; and it was by her consent I gave your excellency notice of this resolution, that you might extend your protection to her. This is what I affirmed, and this I now repeat. Does any one deny it?"

"Yes, my Tâhra!" exclaimed the lovely Sol, with vehemence. "I cannot accuse you of any treachery, yet the very words you bring against me show that you have misunderstood my meaning, and hence the mistake which has caused the imprudent step you have taken.

The affectionate words of Sol were contradicted by Tâhra with a degree of asperity and roughness that cruelly wounded the gentle heart of the enchanting Jewess.

"Hearest thou all this, stubborn girl?" said the Governor to her. "By the deposition of this Moor you are convicted of a crime that death itself could scarce atone for, were you even on the instant to retract, and embrace the truth."

The conference here closed. Tâhra departed, and the governor himself conducted the fair Sol to the apartments of his wife and daughter-in-law, on whom he urged his wish that she should be treated with the utmost kindness, and that no pains might be spared to win over her heart.

Here we must for a while leave the afflicted Sol, to contemplate the state in which her parents remained during her absence. Her hapless mother, as we have related, watched her with anxious eyes till she had entered the Governor's palace with the Moorish soldier; and, utterly unable to form a conjecture as to the cause of her sudden abduction, she hastened full of grief and consternation to find her husband Haim, to whom she gave a scarcely coherent relation of all that had occurred.

The astonished Hebrew broke forth into vehement exclamations; in this confusion of doubt and suspicion, Simla became the first object of his anger, and the frenzied disorder of his gestures threatened her with the most fatal consequences; a deadly fear seized upon his faculties, and agitated him well-nigh to insanity, and he sought a clue to the terrible mystery in vain. Accompanied by Simla, he hastened to the dwelling of the artful Tâhra, and put to her a thousand questions, to some of which she evasively replied, while in answering others she assumed a threatening and reckless tone, which disclosed to Haim, some portion of the truth. For an instant he remained silent, then, burning with the most violent rage, he grasped the hand of his wife, and rushed back to their desolate home in a state akin to that of the wounded prey of the hunter, seeking its forest lair. "You," exclaimed he, frantically, "you only are the cause of this misfortune!

* In the barbarous legislation of the Moors, the evidence of one witness alone affords grounds sufficient for passing sentence of death; and in cases relating to the Mahomedan religion this is most frequently carried out.

my daughter Sol, the daughter whose sight lightened my cares, and gave joy to my existence, God knows if ever again she will return to my arms; this Moor, this Tâhra Mesmudi, this treacherous and perverse infidel, has turned aside her heart, and she has thrown herself into the trammels of impiety; to gain a refuge from your rigour she has sought compassion in the tiger's breast."

"My daughter, my daughter!" cried the affrighted Simla, "let not mine eyes behold a ruin so great!" and she fell senseless into the arms of Haim Hachuel. Thus did these unhappy parents lament their loss, losing sight of their sorrow only in the vain hope of devising some plan for the salvation of their daughter.

The prisoner remained in the residence of the governor, surrounded by its female inhabitants, and the women of the highest rank residing in the place,—all vying with one another to dazzle the fair Jewess by showing her the riches and the splendour of the edifice.

"Far more," they said to her, "far more than this array of wealth and grandeur shall one day be the portion of thy loveliness and virtue. A gallant Moor, rich, powerful, and ardent for thy love, shall join his hand with thine, and a thousand slaves shall bow down at thy behest. All the precious things of Asia and Arabia shall be brought to delight thine eyes, the rarest birds of distant regions shall warble in unison the lays of thy fancy."

These and other persuasions clothed in the glowing language of their nation, did the Moorish women lavish on her for three days, during which time she remained in the palace. But the beautiful Jewess wept on, and thought only of her parents and brother.

"Never," said she, "will I exchange the humble *toca* of my brethren for the rich turban you offer: never will I abandon my God."

This decision Sol pronounced with such fervour and animation before the whole of the Moorish ladies, that, stung by her perseverance, they ran in anger to the Hall of Audience and apprised the governor of her refusal.

Arbi Esid immediately ordered her to be led into his presence, and reproving her for her haughtiness and obstinacy, he pointed out the peril in which she was involving herself, and repeated his determination of subduing her resolution. But the young Hebrew rejected his allurements, depreciated his gifts, and defied his power, even to death.

"I will load thee with chains," said the governor; "thou shalt be torn by wild beasts, and see no more the light of day; thou shalt lie, perishing with hunger, and lamenting the rigour of my anger and indignation, for thou hast provoked the wrath of the Prophet, and slighted his laws."

"I will submit tranquilly," replied Sol, "to the weight of your chains; I will allow my limbs to be torn asunder by wild beasts; I will renounce for ever the light of day; I will die of hunger; and when every torture you can command has been endured, I will scorn your anger and the wrath of the Prophet since they are unable to conquer even a weak woman, and do but show your impotence in the sight of Heaven, whose strength you boast, to gain one proselyte to your creed."

"Atrocious blasphemy!" exclaimed the enraged governor; "thus dost thou profane the most sacred names, thus dost thou reject all consideration? I will bury thee in dark dungeons, where thou shalt drink the cup of bitterness. Take this Hebrew," continued the governor, "to prison; let her suffer in the most loathsome dungeon—let her

there feel the effect of my displeasure." Then turning his back upon her, his eyes flashing with ire, he abandoned the victim, who was immediately conducted to the prison.

The Alcazaba is a castle situate on a little eminence at the extremity of the town, where prisoners are confined. Thither was the beautiful Jewess conducted, in the first instance, though the soldiers subsequently removed her to a place destined for the female prisoners only, where was a small cell, dirty and fetid, with one narrow window looking into the street. In this dungeon, where she was unable to stand erect, was the young Hebrew confined. During the three days that she had remained in the governor's palace, her parents had not failed to inform themselves of every thing that befel her—even to her removal to the Alcazaba, and subsequent confinement in this dungeon. It was night before Haim Hachuel and Simla his wife directed their anxious steps towards the prison. Haim's searching eye ran over the whole edifice at a glance, and soon discovered the beloved object of their attachment. There was the beautiful Sol, in truth, holding the iron bars that secured the small window, her snow-white hands shining amid the gloom, whiter than the pure linen on the dusky skin of the African. All around reigned the silence of the grave, save when at intervals it was interrupted by the sound of oppressed sighs, as of one who could scarce breathe.

"It is she!" said Simla, in great emotion: "let us draw near, and press her hands to our heart."

These last words reached the ears of the unhappy prisoner, and forgetful of the many watchful eyes and ears around her, she exclaimed in a sad and piercing voice—"Mother, O mother! come, and witness my repentance!"

Haim Hachuel and his wife flew instantly to the dismal grating of the dungeon. They grasped the hands of their unhappy daughter, and she also seizing those of her parents bathed them with her tears, so that for a moment neither could utter a word.

"Dear daughter," said they at length to her, "what do you propose to do? Are you resolved to embrace the law of Mahomet?"

"Never, my parents!" she answered, "I regard these sufferings as chastenings from Heaven for my sins; when I meditate upon them, methinks I hear a voice within me, saying, 'Thou thou didst fail in the duty of an obedient child, behold now, and suffer the consequence of thy transgression.'"

Scarcely had Sol concluded, when the clashing of iron bolts apprised her parents that some one was approaching this abode of bitterness. Quickly, therefore, did they disengage their hands, and, promising to return the following evening, plunged in the deepest grief they reluctantly quitted the place, lest they should be discovered, and deprived of what was now their only consolation. They were not mistaken; the person that opened the door of the cell proved to be the woman in charge of the prison, who came to acquaint the beautiful Sol of the governor's order, that she should be cut off from all intercourse with her friends, and treated with yet greater severity and harshness.

Unmoved, she listened to this cruel mandate of the tyrannical governor, and, raising her eyes to heaven, only uttered these words, "I revere, O Lord, thy heavenly decrees!" The Mahometan departed in some emotion, and the young Jewess, kneeling, addressed herself to loftier contemplations.

Haim Hachuel and his wife spent a night of most torturing suspense. On their return from the Mazmorra, they told everything to their son, Ysajar; who, going immediately to the prison, with some difficulty gained over the gaoler, a Moorish woman, by offering her gifts,—and at length succeeded in obtaining her good offices for his unfortunate sister, and permission to communicate with her through the narrow grating of her cell, under cover of the night. Having obtained this by a heavy golden bribe, he hastened to report what he had done to his parents. Scarcely less than the pain that agitated the prostrate Sol, in her loathsome dungeon, was the heart-rending emotion endured by her unhappy parents; all were anxious for the morning, and longed for dawn to dispel the gloom of this terrible night. Never did the glorious sun describe his orbit so slowly as on that weary day—never did human hearts so long for its termination—hours seemed like years—the day like an endless century; at length, for all things below must end, the day closed and the night set in, when the afflicted parents and brother a second time repaired to receive the consolation of gazing on the pallid countenance of the imprisoned Sol.

Who shall describe these afflicting interviews? tears, sighs, broken words, every emotion of love and pity succeeded each other in quick succession; but the night vanished as rapidly as the day had wearily withdrawn, and the moment of separation arrived—the Mahometan prison-keeper admonishing them to depart. They did so, torn with emotions that none but those who have loved, none but those who have suffered, none but those who are parents, can comprehend, and this night, and the day that followed, were spent in grief and agony. Haim Hachuel sought by various means to discover the intentions of the governor, but learnt only that the mere recollection of the Hebrew captive sufficed to excite him to fury, and to call forth resolutions of the most barbarous character. The agonized father, well nigh heart-broken at such information, harassed his imagination to find a way to save his child.

The governor, Arbi Asid, forgot not for a moment the Jewish captive; for each day information was brought to him respecting the state of apparent dejection in which she was; and, at the expiration of the third day of her imprisonment, he sent to inquire whether she would now consent to embrace the Law of the Prophet? The bearer of this message was one of his secretaries, who, on entering the dungeon, was astonished at the beauty of the maiden he beheld. He put to her several inquiries respecting her condition, which were answered with amiability and modesty: but upon his telling her that he was secretary to the governor, Arbi Esid, and that he had come, in his name, to know whether she had yet decided to become a Mahometan, the prisoner's countenance and attitude suddenly changed and assumed an expression of imposing dignity, as she addressed him in these terms:—

"Tell the governor, on my part, that if he be not already content with all I have suffered, let him invent new torments, which the Hebrew Sol will accept as Heaven's chastening for her sins; but become a Mahomedan—never!" So, turning away from him, she knelt, and addressed herself to prayer.

Pale as death, fearing the anger of the governor, and his self-love wounded at the failure of his embassy, the secretary left the dungeon, and returned with all speed to the palace. The governor, on becoming

acquainted with the determination of the youthful Jewess, raved with the ferocity of a tiger, and commanded that she should be loaded with chains. And so greatly did the satellites of his despotism delight in the works of cruelty, that not much time elapsed ere the savage mandate was put into execution. The beautiful Sol was taken from her dungeon, and placed in a cold, humid, subterranean cell—without air, and darker than the night; on her white and chiselled throat was clasped a ring of iron, to which were linked four chains that bound her hands and feet; the weight of the heavy metal prevented her standing erect; the damp ground was her only couch, and the only rest for her tortured limbs. Sad, and full of anguish, was the solitude that now awaited this angel of virtue; but nothing could discourage, nothing could daunt her.

The young Hebrew occupied herself in thoughts full of courage, and reflections full of moral fortitude; whilst her parents, who had been duly apprized of her removal to the subterranean cell, spent their time in lamenting the sad change, and in seeking out persons whose influence might soften the obdurate heart of the governor. In this search did Haim Hachuel renew his diligence, every day that the unfortunate maiden continued to groan beneath her chains, till at length his paternal lamentations reached the compassionate ears of Don Jose Rico, vice-consul of Spain, at that time, in Tangier. The voice of complaining humanity never failed to touch the feeling heart of this good man; nor could he rest till his benevolent work was begun. He respectfully, therefore, petitioned the governor to mitigate the sufferings of the young Jewess, or even, if possible, to liberate her altogether; public sympathy being, as he represented, already excited in her behalf to a powerful degree. These representations he urged with so much force and effect, that, had the matter rested in the hands of Arbi Esid alone, he would have set her at liberty at once. However, he replied with considerable courtesy, that the whole circumstances of the affair had been referred to the Emperor, of whose imperial commands he was in momentary expectation. This answer placed the matter in a less favourable light, in the eyes of Don Jose—obstructing, as it did, any means of bringing comfort to the helpless Sol, while she, still immured in the dungeon, looked forward to death as the only escape from her accumulating woes. Many days did not elapse, however, before the expected dispatches arrived from the emperor, bearing his orders that the captive Jewess should be conducted immediately to Fez.

This unexpected and unlooked-for result caused the utmost consternation among all acquainted with the circumstances. Both Moors and Hebrews evinced an almost equal desire to preserve the life of the beautiful Sol; but the fatal order admitted no delay, and there was no choice but to comply with it with the utmost promptitude. The governor, therefore, summoned Haim Hachuel, and after communicating to him the commands of the emperor, he informed him that his daughter must begin her journey to Fez on the following day, and required of him the necessary sum (amounting to forty dollars)* to

* It is the Moorish custom, that all those who are convicted as guilty, or their families, should pay all costs of the law-suit, and every other contingent expense. Thus, one condemned to suffer the penalty of one hundred bastinadoes, after he has received them, is compelled to pay the executioner the whole sum required for the work of inflicting them.

defray the expenses of the transit. This he demanded within two hours' time.

The Jew returned with several friends to his own home, and secretly arranged that one of them should follow his daughter at a distance, so as not to lose sight of her altogether. It was no easy matter to find one able and willing to undertake a mission of so much difficulty and danger, in defiance of the express commands of the governor; but at length a Jew, but little known in the town, was found to accept the charge, and having provided himself with money, he was sent on the way.

Whilst Haim and his son were busied in these preparations, the unhappy Simla lay on her bed in a state of utter prostration. When the tidings of her beloved Sol's intended departure reached her, she prepared to see her pass from a secure hiding-place, and thence to bid her farewell, as though she were to see her no more for ever. Not only, indeed, to the parents and brother of Sol were the hours of the night laden with tribulation and anguish, all their friends and neighbours shared their griefs. The unhappy victim alone, to whom the dreadful tidings were communicated at midnight, heard them with an unaltered countenance, though a deep sigh sufficiently proved her feelings in the terrible situation in which she was placed.

An hour before dawn was the time appointed for Sol's departure. At the moment fixed, a Moor, of a countenance most savage and repulsive, presented himself at the dungeon-gate, leading by their bridles two active mules. He was shortly followed by five soldiers, who were to form the escort, and when all were assembled, the muleteer, who was charged with the conduct of the affair, knocked at the door of the prison, and on its being opened, entered to bring the captive forth.

Meanwhile, her parents, her brother, and many of her friends, had concealed themselves at a certain distance, where they could remain undiscovered, to witness this sad scene, and compelled themselves to silence the groans and sighs by which their hearts were torn, so as to escape detection. The eyes of all were riveted on that spot where the victim was to emerge from the prison. Everything was distinctly visible in the clear morning air; and in a little time the object of their hopes came forth, and at sight of her, Simla fell fainting into the arms of her husband and son. Sol came forth with a slow and tremulous step, supported by the horrible muleteer, the pallor of her countenance contrasting with the ebony blackness of her bright and speaking eyes, whose glances fell searchingly around. Her hair, was gathered up beneath the humble white "toca," which formed the graceful covering of her head, and her dark blue dress accorded well with the interesting cast of her fair features, giving a grave and imposing character to her whole figure. Her delicate feet were bound with heavy fetters, which scarce permitted her to move; and her whole appearance was so pathetic and interesting, that it is scarcely possible for the pen to describe the scene. All passed in silence; and the echo of sighs was the only language of this fearful drama.

The muleteer threw some cords over his beast's trappings, the better to secure his victim. Meanwhile, the beautiful Jewess, turning—as though instinctively—towards the spot where her mourning parents stood, asked one of the soldiers who guarded her, to assist her to kneel. This being permitted, she folded her hands upon her breast,

and looking up to heaven, exclaimed, in broken accents:—"God of Abraham! Thou who knowest the innocence of my heart, receive the sacrifice which I have made in abandoning the spot where I was born. Console my parents and brother for my loss. Strengthen my spirit, and abandon not this, Thy unhappy creature, who always trusted in Thee—make her one day happy in the mansions of the just, with those blessed souls whom Thou electest for Thy greater glory and adoration."

After she had remained a few moments longer in silent devotion, the muleteer, being apprized that it was time to start, rudely tore her from her knees, and with a brutal and reckless violence, capable of revolting the hardest hearts, placed her on the saddle. Lashing her already fettered feet with a thick cord, he bound it also around her wrists, bruising her delicate flesh; and tying a rope in numerous coils round her body, he lashed it to the harness of the mule. The savage Moor having made all secure, tightened the lashings, and seemed to delight above measure in the excruciating torture he thus inflicted upon his patient victim. Not a word, not a complaint, escaped her; nor did her grave and composed demeanour forsake her for an instant, though she regarded her tormentor with a look of suffering patience, unspeakably affecting. The soldiers, who had looked on in silence during this scene, now shouldered their arms; the muleteer mounting the baggage mule, and leading, by his right hand, that which carried the youthful prisoner, from whom the soldiers never for an instant withdrew their eyes, soon set the animals in motion by the well-known touch of the spur, and the journey commenced—when, for the first time, a piercing cry escaped the lips of the fair Sol:—"Adieu! adieu!" exclaimed she; "adieu for ever, my native land!" And soon they entered on the road to Fez.

If the unconcerned spectators were moved even to tears on witnessing this scene, what were the feelings of the parents who were eye-witnesses of all that passed! Love, tenderness, and sorrow, every emotion that could agitate them, struggled for utterance within their breasts. Haim and Simla, and the young Ysajar, fell on their knees, and sent up to Heaven their hearts' supplications; they followed with their eyes the departing cavalcade, their gaze riveted like those of a spectre; no need was there now to enjoin them to keep silence, for their utterance was stifled on their lips; a red-hot iron seemed to weigh upon their breasts; they raised their eyes to the heavens, to that beautiful African sky, pure and transparent as an arch of azure crystal, and it seemed to them like a roof of lead, in which the bright sun appeared a rolling ball of blood-red hue; their hands, with a convulsive grasp, tore the hair from their heads, and rending their garments in despair, they fell senseless to the earth. Their relatives and friends conveyed them, still insensible, to their homes, and applied restoratives to recall animation. But, alas! to what a consciousness were they restored! to the keener and keener sense of that grief which must follow them to the latest hour of their existence!

The beautiful Sol, meanwhile, travelled on, in the manner already described, silently enduring the separation from her native soil. About three miles of the journey were completed, when there encountered them, as though by accident, a man, who joined himself to the travellers. This was the Jew already mentioned, who being almost a stranger to

the Moors, had engaged himself to the friends of Sol not to lose sight of her during her journey. He entered into conversation with the soldiers, and feigning ignorance of the circumstances of the case, soon obtained from them an account both of their destination, and of the recent occurrences at Tangier.

The sagacious Hebrew, having thus gained the confidence of the escort, addressed a few words to the prisoner, giving her to understand that she ought to embrace the law of the Prophet, and become a Mahometan, as he himself had done. The beautiful Sol heard him with much tranquillity, but without giving any answer; but at a moment when the escort were off their guard, he succeeded in attracting her attention by signs, and in making known to her that he was there for her protection. The poor victim comprehended his meaning, and they were thus more than once enabled to communicate by stealth.

The journey to Fez occupied six days, the nights being spent at the different halting-places. All who saw the prisoner on the road, and were made acquainted with the particulars of her situation, earnestly exhorted, and even implored her to become a proselyte to their faith; she heard them with quiet diffidence, and replied modestly to all the arguments directed to her, that she would rather sacrifice her life than change her religion. So much courageous perseverance was the admiration of all who conversed with her, and her situation excited the greatest interest and sympathy wherever she passed.

The friendly Jew, who still associated himself with the escort, and protested that he was on his road to Fez for the purposes of commerce, obtained permission to speak with and exhort the prisoner, when, in the Hebrew tongue, of which the Moors were ignorant, he took occasion to tell the young Jewess the object of his commission; he communicated to her the prohibition of the Governor of Tangier to her parents to leave the city, and the trust reposed in him; for the better fulfilment of which he had assumed the language and disguise under which he appeared. Sol replied in the same manner by requesting him to be the bearer of a message to her parents, assuring them that she had not for a single instant forgotten them, and that the thoughts of their sufferings were more cruel to her than any that she herself experienced.

I would not unnecessarily dwell upon this melancholy history by a minute description of the various trials and sufferings endured by the youthful Sol upon the road; they can but too readily be inferred from the previous recital. At length, however, the day arrived on which the travellers reached Fez, the residence of the Emperor of Morocco. One of the soldiers of the escort was sent forward to give notice of their approach to the Emperor, who issued immediate orders that his son should go out upon the road, attended by a splendid retinue, to meet the young captive. Accordingly about evening, the Imperial Prince, escorted by more than three hundred of his court, went out on horseback, displaying, as they went, their skill in the feats of horsemanship by which the Moors do honour to the person they are escorting, and meeting the young prisoner on the road, he conducted her to his palace.

---

## LITERARY NOVELTIES FOR THE WINTER SEASON.

To the critic who is not accommodated with nerves of iron, or whose sensibilities have not been entirely blunted by a long use of the literary dissecting instrument, it is no very pleasing task to sit down to the review of a dozen or more of novels. Amongst so many, that a handsome proportion shall be worthy of unqualified approbation is, of course, what no reviewer who has ever been brought to spectacles, can reasonably anticipate; and, although many a young (and, indeed, many a veteran) author, with the weakness of a scared wayfarer, who mistakes a serviceable finger-post on a common for a gallows on a heath, is apt to imagine that your innocent and much-enduring critic is a ruthless and anonymous monster, who

> "Hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey,"

and is never so happy as when he is making a meal of his victim; yet the truth is, the pleasure the said critic derives from bestowing just and honest praise, however great and satisfactory it may be, by no means counterbalances the pain he feels when he is compelled to withhold it, or to inflict censure.

The order in which the works we have to notice stand upon our table has been prescribed by the merest chance, and we shall take them up accordingly, and give the reader as brief an abstract of our opinion of them as possible.

If we do not see, on the title-page of "The Fair Carew; or, Husbands and Wives," the name of some former work which might kindle a pleasant train of memory, and cause us to be prepossessed in favour of a younger sister, we are not, on the other hand, invited to peruse a preface, in which faults of inexperience, youth, &c., are pleaded, and indulgence is, with due modesty, bespoken. It is hard to believe that this is a first essay; for it is really a very superior novel, by which "for" we do not mean to insinuate that first essays are not sometimes instinct with genius, but, that they are as often full of spasmodic effort, and incorrect or exaggerated drawing,—and in "The Fair Carew" there is nothing of the kind. This work we take to be the production of a gentleman who is blest with an abundance of leisure, or who has, at all events, devoted a considerable portion of time to the construction of an extremely interesting plot, and to the elaboration of an unusual number of characters. The whole of the Luttrel family—some six or seven in number; their "cousin John," and his wife, Mrs. Carew, the parents of the heroine; the "fair Carew" herself,—a charming specimen of feminine grace and loveliness; Mr. and Mrs. Woolaston, Captain Romilly, and Mrs. Hamilton—all are finished with the nicest and most discriminating skill, and all do their part towards the due effect of one of the pleasantest, most sensible, and best-written works of fiction we have lately had to report upon. It is true that Mr. Fothergill, Mrs. Marsham, and her daughter are bores, and that the two children of Mr. Francis Luttrel are a little more warped from nature than even their artificial education would force them to become; but these are foils which, whether introduced for the purpose or not, serve to set off the other characters. We

promise a treat to such of our readers as enter upon a perusal of "The Fair Carew."

Schiller in his "History of the Thirty Years' War," and in his immortal trilogy, "Wallenstein," has made the reader acquainted with the historical characters that figure in the romance of "The Pappenheimers," edited by Captain Ashton. If we ventured to distrust the author's strength of wing, when he flew at such game as Count Tilly, Pappenheim, Gustavus Adolphus, and Wallenstein, our fears have been completely and most agreeably set at rest, for the manner in which these characters have been conjured from the canvas of history, so as to become life, or like life, once more, is worthy of no common praise. And then, not less admirable are the talent and skill with which fiction has been blended with fact, so that both become, for the time, one reality, and, for the purposes of the story, indivisible, "as water is in water." Every advantage has been taken of the contrast between the characters of Tilly and Pappenheim—the former the consummate captain, the latter the brave and ruthless soldier—to give the most impressive effect to the scenes between them. The sisters, Anna and Hedwig, demanded a more delicate and artful distribution of light and shade, and the labour that has been bestowed upon the delineation of them, has resulted in entire success. "The Pappenheimers" is a romance full of stirring life. There is no tameness, no relaxation of vigour; but scene succeeds scene with unflagging activity, and ever-present spirit.

If we have read some historical romances which have pleased us more than Miss Crumpe's "Death Flag; or, The Irish Buccaneers," we have met with many much worse which have attained popularity. This is a story in which the Irish adherents of Charles Edward Stuart, *after* the battle of Culloden, prominently figure. With the issue of that combat, so disastrous to his hopes, anything like a general knowledge of the history of the young Pretender ceases; and our authoress has wisely taken advantage of that circumstance to interweave into her story many interesting particulars concerning the unfortunate prince, and to lay before us pictures of the social state of Ireland in 1748, which are exceedingly curious, and give a novelty of effect to her pages. There are some striking scenes in this romance, boldly conceived, although, in one or two instances, "writ large." We cannot recognise much good taste in thrusting into prominence such an infamous miscreant as Sullivan. His abduction of Miss O'Moore, with its horrible consequence, excites neither terror nor pity, but sheer, unmitigated pain. But for the unhappy devotion of space to this vulgar villain, we should have pronounced "The Death Flag" an excellent romance.

Every reader of fiction, who takes up a novel by the author of "Emilia Wyndham," will expect to find much vigorous writing, and to be introduced to many forcibly impressive scenes. His expectations, as to those particulars, will be fully realized in "Ravenscliffe," which, with regard to the amount of "intense," contained in it, may take rank with any of the lady's former productions.

Unhappily, whilst an abundance of strength is shown, it is strength that is worse than thrown away. The authoress does not heroically beat and vanquish the air,—she runs with mighty energy against a wall. Her great effort is, to cause us to feel respect for her principal character; and extraordinary pains are taken, which only precipitate the poor wretch into "a lower deep" of contempt.

Randal Langford, the hero (if so he must be called), a Cambridge student, has been horsewhipped in the broad walk of St. John's College by a wild young Irish gentleman. He is afterwards thwarted in love by his deadly enemy, and it is out of circumstances that arise from this that the story is composed.

The great mistake of the book begins with the first page. Randal Langford suffers himself to be horsewhipped—the whip snapping "into fifty pieces"—before "gownsmen of every condition and degree, from heads of colleges to sizars." He is represented as a man of undoubted courage, but whose principles forbid him to enter into a duel. Hence, then, the tame reception of brute discipline? Fudge! The author may insist, protest, swear by the nib of her popular pen, and bite the other end of it. No matter—this Langford is a coward, Men of courage may, and do, set their faces against duelling; but who ever heard of one whose principles put a veto upon the defence of his own person from so violent an outrage as is indicated by the fracture of a horsewhip (walking-stick?) into fifty pieces?

"It is nought, it is nought," therefore—this "Ravenscliffe," with all the talent and vigour it undoubtedly contains.

The author of "Emilia Wyndham," is a favourite of the public, and we suppose, conceives that, being so, she may take liberties with her readers. The conclusion, involving "a chain of circumstances *which I have not space to relate*," is perfectly contemptible.

We may dismiss "Clara Harrington, a Domestic Tale," in a very few words. The author is a man of sense and reflection, taste and judgment, and he has thought that his opinions on various subjects may haply meet a readier reception, imported in one of the fast-sailing craft that carry the flag of the fairy Fiction. We will not pursue the metaphor, but content ourselves with saying, that the author of "Clara Harrington" appears to be utterly incapable of writing a novel, if, first the invention of a story, and then the conduct of it, are supposed to constitute any part of the process. The plot would be accounted meagre were it unravelled in — we will not say how few pages; but when nine hundred are devoted to it, we are reminded of the man who discoursed of an insect at such length, that his listener marvelled whether he would ever come to an end, if it were his cue to speak of a lion. Yet there are many sensible pages in this work that might be profitably read.

The objection we have taken to "Clara Harrington," on the score of diffuseness, assuredly does not apply to "The Old Engagement, a Spinster's Story," by Miss Julia Day, which is as well-knit and compact a story in a small compass as we ever remember to have seen. This tale is a perfect gem in its way, the materials and the workmanship, to employ the chapmen's phrase, being worthy of each other. The events are so perfectly natural, the characters are drawn with such truth and vivacity, —and the whole is set before us with such beautiful, unlaboured grace of style, that we are rapidly, but insensibly, carried from the first page to the last, with a feeling at the end, we must acknowledge, of disappointment that we have not more. We

> "Think we have been slumbering here,
> While these shadows did appear,"

so entirely have we been absorbed in them, and so deftly did they play their parts whilst they were before our eyes. Who, having read of, or

rather seen, Dr. Grove and his wife, the gallant Rector, Miss Vaughan, the Colonel, and the story-weaving spinster, can ever forget them? Though the space be small in which they have to display themselves, they are painted with a minuteness and finish worthy of a literary velvet Brueghel. We wish Miss Julia Day every success on her onward course.

There are few readers who are not familiar with that awful episode in Dante's "Inferno," in which Count Ugolino tells of the incarceration of himself, his sons, and grandchildren in the (since so-called) Tower of Famine. The story has been heightened by the poet with all the severity of relentless genius; and no one, whose eye has ever passed over that text, can remember without a shudder the hellish employment by Ugolino, which his narrative suspended, and to which, on its conclusion, he returned with added pertinacity.

There are not many, however, who know (because they have not inquired, or have had no means of ascertaining) how it came to pass that the Archbishop Ruggieri should have resorted to so frightfully brutal a measure (*coup d'état* is the present phrase for illegal and irresponsible crimes) as that of starving to death his enemy and kindred in a prison, or the reason why the poet committed to the Count the congenial task of exercising so frightful a retaliation upon the ecclesiastic.

Dante has not touched upon that part of the subject; and if he had, we do not think his version could have been implicitly relied upon, because, although it is the custom of biographers to call him a patriot, it is only too certain to the dispassionate reader, that he was a most furious and bigoted Ghibelline,—in other words, a partisan of the deepest dye.

But it is well that the whole of this terrible story should be known. An act so atrocious as that of the Archbishop would create horror in any view of the case; but the question, which every man interested in the subject asks himself, is, "Was the Archbishop impelled to this act by what he conceived to be an imperious necessity, or was it an act of wanton wickedness only to be accounted for on the supposition that the man was mad?"

We are indebted to Madame Pisani for a full solution of this question. The research of this lady has enabled her to lay before us every reliable particular of the transactions in which the Count and the Archbishop were engaged, and in which they opposed each other, and her admirable talents have been employed in displaying them with the most picturesque effect in the romance of "The Convent and the Harem."

It is not often that a work so historically valuable is presented to the public in the outward garb of fiction. But let it not be supposed that this work is mainly a history. On the contrary, an intensely interesting story has been contrived, in which historical characters bear a part, and to the effect of which they contribute; and this without falsifying, or even straining, fact in the slightest degree. Ugolino and Ruggieri are very powerfully executed; and Genivra, Beatrice, and Bianca, altogether dissimilar characters, are managed with extraordinary skill and delicacy. We have had no such Italian romance as this since Manzoni's "Betrothed."

In the earlier portion of his yet brief career, there was much questioning whether Herman Melville was a man of genius or not. There was something so new in the author's style, and in the sentiments it clothed,

that sundry decision-loving critics hesitated not to pronounce him a charlatan, whilst the more cautious or sager veterans shook their heads with a world of meaning in the motion, or demurely suspended their opinion. It is ever thus when a man of original genius appears before the public. As it was with Byron, so was it with Kean. Accordingly, "Let us wait and see what Herman Melville will do next," remarked some, and others authoritatively cried out, "There is nothing more to be expected from him: his bolt is shot."

But his bolt was not shot, neither had he but one bolt, or if so, he knew how to recover it again. His genius is not the sole arrow of a foolish archer; it is more like the Australian boomerang, which, with whatever force it may be thrown, comes back to the hand of its possessor.

We always had faith in the genius of Herman Melville, or rather, we had eyes to see it. Who could not perceive the fine things (and how thickly studded they were!) in Omoo and Typhee, and Mardi—who except those mightily critical connoisseurs who, detecting faults at a glance, proposed to discover beauties by shutting one eye, that they might direct a keener glance with the other, and by a mistake—arising haply from over-eagerness—closed both.

The foregoing remarks have been suggested by a perusal of Melville's last work, "The Whale," which is certainly one of the most remarkable books that has appeared for many years past. It is, however, a performance of which no brief, and at the same time intelligible, description can be rendered. Who, in a few sentences can supply such a summary of the mental and physical qualities of Captain Ahab, as shall distinctly present to the mind's eye of the reader that extraordinary character? The one over-mastering passion of the man—his furious hatred of the white whale, Moby Dick,—through what scenes of grandeur and of beauty that monomania impels him; to what encounters it leads—what catastrophe it precipitates; who is to tell in a score or two of lines? There are descriptions in this book of almost unrivalled force, coloured and warmed as they are, by the light and heat of a most poetical imagination, and many passages might be cited of vigorous thought, of earnest and tender sentiment, and of glowing fancy, which would at once suffice to show—contest or dispute about the matter being out of the question—that Herman Melville is a man of the truest and most original genius.

We are indebted to the accomplished authoress of "Mildred Vernon," for another very clever and interesting novel, entitled "Falkenburg." We are told in the preface that the authoress has merely endeavoured to record events that she has witnessed, and to describe characters that she has known, so that, "invention is the last merit that must be sought for in these pages." But for this announcement we should assuredly have ascribed no ordinary amount of that quality to our lady writer; for a succession of more novel-like scenes, and a more general introduction to characters that wear the garb of fiction, we do not usually see and meet with in professed works of that class.

While we perfectly agree with the authoress, that the hero is not highly calculated to awaken the reader's sympathies, we cannot hold with her that the *dénouement* is at all at variance with preconceived ideas of poetical justice. We marvel that she should have taken so much trouble with a worthless fellow like Falkenburg, and sincerely hope that

the fate to which she has consigned him, is one of her matters of fact. *That* is poetical justice, at all events.

This character is drawn with great care and ability; but he is a very disagreeable coxcomb. Lilian is as well executed, and is his fitting partner. Lady Mary, Norberg, the young composer, and Helen Cameron are worthy of all praise. The authoress of Falkenburg may do much better things than this very good novel, if she will but give more labour to the construction of a story.

We have been very well pleased with "Florence Sackville; or, Self-dependence," by Mrs. Burbury, and, on turning to the dedication, after having read the work, we were rather surprised to see that this autobiography is the first production of the authoress. It does her much credit, and there is that kind as well as amount of merit in it, that leads us confidently to expect better things. We will venture to suggest to the authoress that, in the event of her meditating a second work, she will do well to confine herself to middle-class life—to eschew May Fair and Belgravia. That part of her present novel in which Florence appears as the poor country actress, is by far the best of the whole, and reminds us of similar disclosures in the autobiography of Mrs. Charke, the youngest daughter of Colley Cibber, written a hundred years ago.

There is no lack of plot and character in Florence Sackville. There has been a strong determination on the part of Mrs. Burbury to amuse and interest the reader, and she has succeeded. The story never flags, but rather increases in spirit as it proceeds.

We have not time, or to speak more correctly, we have not space, to do more than give a hearty welcome to the Christmas book of Mr. Wilkie Collins, entitled "Mr. Wray's Cash-box; or, The Mask and the Mystery." We certainly did not expect, from the author of "Antonina," so pretty and graceful a contribution to the season as this. We shall not do him, or *our* readers (soon to be his) the injustice of telling the secrets of Mr. Wray and his Cash-box—we leave them as a "mask and a mystery;" but we cannot forbear saying that the spirit of his godfather would seem to have descended upon him; for David Wilkie himself never set before us a more finished picture of familiar life.

---

## CHARADE.

SOME, in reply, my first will say,
While many others will say "Nay;"
My next, perhaps, you 'll think a quiz,
If I should tell you where it is;
My whole 's a place, we must allow,
To which e'en Britain's self must bow;
Which braver chiefs and armies boasts,
Than Wellington and all his hosts;
And fairer women,—and, in short,
Will give more comfort, joy, and sport.

M. A. B.

CARD^L. DE CHÂTILLON. ADMIRAL COLIGNI. D'ANDELOT.

DRAWN BY T WAGEMAN & ENGRAVED BY E RADCLYFFE

WITH THE PERMISSION OF THE RIGHT HON EARL AMHERST, FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE AT KNOWLE.

# UNSUCCESSFUL GREAT MEN.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

Τὸ μὲν γὰρ Πέρας ὡς ἂν ὁ δαίμων βουληθῇ πάντων γίγνεται· ἡ δὲ Προαίρεσις αὐτὴ τὴν τοῦ συμβούλου διάνοιαν δηλοῖ.—DEMOSTHENES, *De Corona.*

Careat successibus opto
Quisquis ab eventu facta notanda putat.
OVID. *Heroid.*

## COLIGNI.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

"The stern spirit of Coligni, ever the greatest after reverses, and unconquerable save by the darkest treachery."—HALLAM.

A STRIKING observation is made by M. Michelet, in his "Précis d'Histoire Moderne," on the coincidence between the great ethnological and the great theological divisions of modern Europe.* Generally speaking, we find that the nations of Slavonic race, such as the Russian and modern Greek, adhere to the Greek church; and that the populations in which the Germanic element predominates (as it does in our own, in the Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, and the nations of North Germany) have embraced the reformed doctrines; while the Roman Catholic faith has retained its ascendancy in the countries which are principally inhabited by descendants of the tribes that were fused together under Imperial Rome (for example, in Italy, Spain, France, and Southern Germany), and also in Celtic countries, such as Ireland, beyond the boundary of the empire of the ancient Cæsars.

This classification is not without exceptions. The Poles, for instance, are Slavonic in race, but Roman Catholic in creed; while Celtic Wales is preeminently Protestant. Still the classification is to a great extent correct, and it is eminently suggestive; and, in a treatise of different description to that of these biographical sketches, it might be worked out with interest and advantage.

There was, however, a time, when the doctrines of the Reformation seemed destined to achieve far ampler conquests over the dominion of Papal Rome than they have ultimately realized. France, in particular, at the commencement of the second half of the sixteenth century, appeared to be almost won over to Protestantism. The Huguenots (as the followers of the Reformed Faith in that country were termed) formed the most influential, if not the largest part of the population of many of the principal provinces, and of nearly all the provincial capitals; they were numerous in Paris; nor was there a single district or town in France, in which they had not obtained converts and power, before the war of 1562. Had Protestantism continued thus to advance, or even if it had but maintained the ground which it had won among the French, we cannot help believing that the same effects would have been produced on the constitutional position and career of that nation, which the success of the

* "L'Europe s'est trouvée, depuis la Réforme divisée d'une manière qui coincide avec la division des races. Les peuples de race Romaine sont restés Catholiques. Le Protestantisme domine chez ceux de la race Germanique, l'église Grecque chez les peuples Slaves."—Vol. ii. p. 162.

Reformation caused in other European states. The progress of civil liberty would have been simultaneous and coequal with enfranchisement from spiritual thraldom. No despotism, either royal or sacerdotal, could have been effected; and no revolutionary reactions, either of anarchy or of infidelity would have followed. France, after three centuries of religious freedom, would, both socially and politically, be in a condition far different to that, which we now contemplate with anxiety and regret.

The history of the Reformation in France is a mournful one; but it presents names to our notice which every good heart must delight to honour; and foremost of these is the name of Gaspard de Coligni, the statesman, the soldier, and the saint; who long was the stoutest champion of the Protestant cause, and finally became the most glorious of its many martyrs. Unlike his comrade Condé, he was proof against the vicious blandishments of the enemy's court, as well as against the terrors of their camps. Familiar with defeat, he never learned despair. Hallam has well compared his indomitable energy to the

"Atrocem animam Catonis;"

but the Huguenot chief, while fully equal to the ancient Roman in probity, in self-reliance, and in unflinching fortitude, was far superior to him in comprehensiveness of judgment, and in fertility of resources; and, moreover, the affectionate gentleness which marked the private life of Coligni, contrasts favourably with the stoic coarseness by which the character of Cato was deformed.

The father of Coligni was head of an ancient and noble house, and was the seigneur of Châtillon-sur-Loin. At his death, in 1522, he left three sons, then of tender years, all of whom became eminent in French history, and all of whom embraced the Protestant doctrines, though trained up in the Romish church. The elder brother, who is known as the Cardinal de Châtillon, was raised to that high ecclesiastical dignity by Clement VII., in 1533. Chiefly through the influence which his younger brother exerted over him, he became a convert to the tenets of the Reformers in his middle age, and took part in the early scenes of the civil wars. After the reverse which his party sustained at the battle of St. Denys, he fled to England, where he died in 1571. The younger brother, Dandelot, was the first of the three who became a Protestant. He was a skilful and gallant soldier; and signalized himself repeatedly by his enterprize, his inexhaustible resources, and undaunted spirit, as a commander of the Huguenot forces from the first outbreak of the religious wars until his death soon after the battle of Jarnac, in 1569. Gaspard, the great Coligni, or the Admiral (as he is often termed, from having held the titular office of Admiral of France), was the middle one of the three brothers, and was born at Châtillon-sur-Loin, on the 16th of February, 1517. He served with distinction in the later wars of Francis I. against Spain; and with his brother Dandelot received knighthood on the field of battle at Cerisoles. He was afterwards raised to the important post of colonel-general of the French infantry, and in 1552 was nominated by Henry II. Admiral of France. He was taken prisoner at St. Quentin by the Spaniards, and underwent a long captivity in Spain before he regained his liberty by payment of a heavy ransom.

During the long hours of solitude and compulsory inaction which he passed in his Spanish prison, he meditated deeply and earnestly on reli-

gious subjects; and after his return to France, the conversation of his brother Dandelot, who had already joined the Huguenots, confirmed the bias to the Protestant doctrines, which his own studies and deliberations had created. Coligni now resigned all his appointments and preferments, except the nominal rank of admiral, and retired to his estates, where he passed his time in fervent devotion, and in the enjoyment of the calm happiness of domestic life. But the cry of suffering which rose from his fellow-Protestants, against whom the pernicious influence of the Princes of Lorraine in the French court kindled the fires of persecution throughout France, soon drew him from his blameless and cherished repose. He at first sought to provide for them a refuge from oppression, by founding colonies of French Protestants in America; but his projects proved unsuccessful: and as the tyranny of the violent party among the French Catholics grew more and more alarming, Coligni deemed that both honour and conscience required him to stand openly forward in behalf of his co-religionists.

No class of men ever were more long-suffering, or showed more unwillingness to rise in arms against their domestic tyrants, than the much calumniated Huguenots of France. When we read the hideous edicts * that were promulgated against them, and which were not mere empty threats, but were carried into execution throughout the land with unrelenting and strenuous ferocity, we feel that if ever the right of self-defence can make an appeal to arms justifiable, it was so in their instance. Extermination or apostasy formed the only choice that their rulers offered them. Mackintosh, in his "History of the English Revolution of 1688," has truly termed the question of when subjects are justified in making war on their sovereign, "a tremendous problem." But the same admirable writer has bequeathed to us a full and luminous code of the rules and principles of immutable morality, by which this awful issue must be tried,† and no one who is familiar with these principles can hesitate in pronouncing that the war on the part of the French Huguenots was lawful and laudable before God and man.

Coligni is peculiarly free from the heavy imputation, which insurrectionary leaders incur, however great their provocation, who introduce the Appeal of Battle in civil controversy, and (to use the emphatic language of Milton) "let loose the sword of intestine war, soaking the land in her own gore," before every other possible mode of obtaining protection from further enormous wrong has been attempted, and attempted in vain. He was wholly unconnected with the enterprise (known in French history as the conspiracy of Amboise) by which some of the Protestant chiefs designed to withdraw the young king, Francis II., forcibly from the influence of the Guises, and which may be considered the first overt act of insurrection. Not that Condé is to be condemned for that effort, but the admiral's exceeding loyalty is proved by his having kept aloof from it. Coligni continued to seek security for his co-religionists by peaceable means, for two years after that unsuccessful enterprise, from the savage reprisals of the Court upon its authors. He seemed at one

* See in particular the Edict cited in Marsh's excellent "History of the Reformation in France," vol. i. p. 105.

† See the Eleventh Chapter of Mackintosh's work. That chapter is its author's masterpiece. It ought to be separately published; and become a manual of every historical student, and every practical politician.

time to be successful in his blameless exertions; and in the Assembly of Notables, held in January 1562, an edict was issued, called the "Edict of Pacification," giving a partial toleration of the Protestant creed, and suspending all penal proceedings on the ground of religion.

This was all that Coligni strove for. He said at the time to some of his adherents: "If we have our religion, what do we want more?" But those, who had made this concession, were treacherous as they were cruel, and the fair promise which France seemed to have acquired of tranquillity was destined to be soon destroyed.

Two powerful parties were arrayed against the Huguenots, one of which consisted of their avowed and implacable enemies. This was headed by the Guises, with whom the Constable Montmorenci, and the Marechal St. André had been induced to enter into league. These men breathed the very spirit of the Inquisition against Protestantism in any form; and were eager to play the part in France which Philip II. and his general, the Duke of Alva, were performing in the dominions of Spain. Less fanatically violent, but far more formidable, through its false show of moderation and favour, was the party of the Queen-mother, Catherine of Medicis. Catherine dreaded the power of the House of Guise; and was often glad to avail herself of the Protestant interest as a counterpoise against them. But though the jealousy which animated herself and her sons against the Princes of Lorraine was great, their hatred of the Huguenots was greater; and their occasional simulation of friendship enabled them to wreak it more malignantly and more completely.

They had sided with Coligni and Condé and the other Protestant chiefs in enacting the edict of pacification, and had thereby given a check to the power of the Duke of Guise and his confederates. But when their temporary purpose was served, the wise provisions of that edict were set at nought; the Protestants were again exposed to outrage and slaughter at the hands of their foes, nor could any redress be obtained from the royal tribunals. At length occurred the massacre of Vassi, where the armed followers of the Duke of Guise attacked a defenceless body of Protestants, while engaged in the services of their church, and slaughtered several hundreds of them under the eye of Guise, if not by his orders. Reeking from this carnage, the bands of the Lorraines entered Paris, where they were enthusiastically received by the fanatic populace, which was devoted to the Catholic cause.

Condé now left the capital, and summoned the Protestant nobility and gentry to rally round him in defence of their lives and their creed. Coligni long delayed joining him, and evinced a hesitation and a reluctance to embark in civil war, which emphatically attest the goodness, while they in no degree detract from the greatness of his character. His wife, who naturally thought that anxiety on her account aided in restraining him, exhorted him in words of more than Roman magnanimity to arm in defence of the thousand destined victims of Papist cruelty, who looked up to him for guidance and protection. Coligni urged on her and on the friends who thronged round him, the fearful risks of the enterprise, and his earnest desire to wait in patience for better times, and rest upon the public faith rather than justify persecution by having recourse to violence. Unconvinced and undaunted, the heroine renewed her intreaties to the lingering hero. She told him that such prudence was not wisdom towards God. D'Aubigné professes to

report this remarkable conversation from the lips of those who were present; and he states that she proceeded to urge on him these words :—

"God has bestowed on you the genius of a great captain — will you refuse the use of it to his children? You have confessed to the justice of their cause—is not the knightly sword you bear pledged to the defence of the oppressed? Sir, my heart bleeds for our slaughtered brethren—and their blood cries out to God and Heaven against you as the murderer of those whom you might have saved."

"Since," replied the Admiral, "the reasons which I have this evening alleged against an ineffectual resistance, have made so little impression upon your mind, lay your hand upon your heart and answer me this question. Could you, without murmuring against Providence and the husband to whom Heaven has united you, receive the news of a general defeat? Are you prepared to endure the opprobrium of your enemies—the reproaches of your friends—the treachery of partisans—the curses of the people—confiscation, flight, exile—the insolence of the English, the quarrels of the Germans — shame, nakedness, hunger — and, what is worse, to suffer all this in your children? Are you prepared to see your husband branded as a rebel and dragged to a scaffold; while your children, disgraced and ruined, are begging their bread at the hands of their enemies? I give you eight days to reflect upon it, and when you shall be well prepared for such reverses, I will be ready to set forward, and perish with you and our mutual friends."

"The eight days are already expired!" she cried. "Go, sir, where your duty calls you. Heaven will not give the victory to our enemies. In the name of God, I call upon you to resist no longer, but to save our brethren, or die in the attempt."

On the next morning Coligni was on horseback, with all his retainers round him: and, with a heavy heart but a clear conscience, he rode on his way to join Condé at Meaux, which was now, in the early spring of 1562, the headquarters of the insurgent Huguenots.

The high rank of the Prince of Condé, as well as his brilliant abilities and chivalrous courage, caused him to be acknowledged as chief of the Protestant party; but Coligni was looked on by friends and foes as the main pillar of their cause; and it was he that gave organization to the volunteers who flocked around himself and the Prince, first at Meaux, and afterwards in greater numbers at Orleans, when towards the end of March they succeeded in occupying that important city, and making it a centre of operations for the Huguenot confederacy. Like Cromwell in after times, Coligni relied on the religious enthusiasm as well as the natural bravery of his troops. He exercised them by preaching and prayer as well as by drilling and manœuvring. He inspired them with his own spirit of austere devotion to their cause; and the Huguenot army was in its first campaigns as conspicuous for good order and morality as for valour; though by degrees it became tainted with the tendency to marauding and to brutal violence, which has ever characterized the French even beyond the soldiery of other nations.*

* Coligni himself forsesaw from the beginning, that the national character of his countrymen was incompatible with the long continuance of the saintly discipline which he had introduced. One of his captains, La None, tells us, after describing the conduct of the Huguenot troops at the beginning of the war, "Many were astonished at this fine order; and I remember my brother, M. de Teligny and myself, discoursing with M. l'Admiral, applauded it much. "It is a fine thing," said he, "*moyennant qu'elle dure*, but I fear this people will soon be

The Roman Catholic party now sought support from Philip II. of Spain, from the Duke of Savoy, the Emperor and other foreign princes of their creed; and the Huguenots, to the deep regret of Coligni, were compelled to strengthen themselves by similar negotiations. The English Queen Elizabeth promised succours in men and money, on condition of Havre (which city, like most of the other strong places in Normandy, was devoted to the Protestant cause) being placed in her power as a security for repayment. The German Lutheran princes permitted a large auxiliary force of lansquenets and heavy-armed cavalry to be raised among their subjects in behalf of the French Potestants; and D'Andelot was dispatched into Germany to place himself at their head, and lead them across the Rhine; a difficult operation, which he accomplished with great skill, and joined his brothers and Condé at Pluviers, near Orleans, late in the year, and at a crisis when the fortunes of the Protestant party appeared reduced to a very low ebb, as in the interval which had elapsed since the commencement of the war, though there had been no engagement between the main armies, the Royalists had gained numerous advantages, and had captured many towns, both in the South and in Normandy, which had originally declared for the insurgents.

Coligni and Condé with their own troops and their German allies now (December 1562) marched upon Paris; but finding it hopeless to attempt the storm or siege of the capital, they led their army towards Normandy, desiring to form a junction with the English troops at Havre. The Royal forces, commanded nominally by the Constable Montmorenci and the Maréchal de St. André, but in which the Duke of Guise was also present, marched for some days on their flank, till the two armies came into collision on the 19th of December at Dreux, where the first battle of the civil wars was fought. In this action, after many vicissitudes of fortune, the Duke of Guise secured the victory for the Roman Catholics; and Condé was taken prisoner. Coligni led the remains of the Protestant army back to Orleans; whither the Duke de Guise, at the head of a largely recruited army, flushed by their recent victory, soon advanced, with the intention of crushing insurrection and Protestantism, by the capture and destruction of their stronghold.

Coligni's situation now seemed desperate. His German mercenaries in arrear of pay, threatened to desert him; the funds which he had been able to collect for the conduct of the war were exhausted; and he was utterly unable to encounter the numerous and well-appointed forces of Guise. In this emergency he formed the bold plan of leaving his brother, D'Andelot, with the bulk of the infantry to defend Orleans, while he himself led the cavalry and a few companies of foot again to Normandy, and again attempted to avail himself of the English supplies of money and troops. In spite of the mutinous murmurings of the German reisters, in spite of the attempts which the Roman Catholic commanders made to intercept him, Coligni executed his daring scheme. Havre was reached. The English subsidies were secured, and the rich and powerful city of Caen voluntarily placed itself in Coligni's power. Meanwhile Orleans had been well defended by D'Andelot; and the great chief of the Roman Catholics, the Duke of Guise, had died by the hand of an assassin. Some

tired of their virtue, *de jeune hermite, vieux diable.* I know the French infantry well, and if the proverb fail, *nous ferons la croix à la cheminée.*" We laughed then, but experience showed he was prophetic."

attempts were made to implicate Coligni in the guilt of this murder, but the Admiral indignantly denied the charge; nor is there any ground for believing him to have had the least cognizance of Poltrot's crime.

The death of Guise made a temporary pacification easy; and the edict of Amboise on the 19th of March, 1563, by which a narrow and restricted permission for the exercise of the Protestant religion was allowed, closed the first war.

This peace on the part of the Royalists was only a hollow and a treacherous truce. Fresh communications with Philip II. were opened; and an interview took place in 1564 at Bayonne, between Catherine, her son Charles IX., and the Duke of Alva, a most worthy representative of the gloomy bigot who filled the Spanish throne. There is every reason to believe that at that meeting the destruction of the Protestants by craft or by force was concerted. The treaty of Amboise was now openly and repeatedly violated by the fanatic party of the French Roman Catholics; and the Huguenots were again driven to take up arms in self-defence. Condé and Coligni advanced upon Paris, and fought on the 10th of November, 1567, the sanguinary battle of St. Denys against the royalist forces. The Huguenots were beaten, but Coligni rallied them, and marching towards the Meuse, effected a junction with fresh bands of German auxiliaries. The war now raged with redoubled horror in every district of France. Alarmed at the strength of the Huguenot army, Catherine tried and successfully exerted her powers of persuasion and deceit over Condé, and a second faithless peace, called the treaty of Longjumeau, was concluded; but when the Huguenot forces were disbanded, and their German auxiliaries dismissed, the royalists renewed the war.

In 1569, the indiscreet spirit of Condé brought the Protestants into action at Jarnac, under heavy disadvantages against the flower of the Catholic army. Condé was killed in the battle, and a large part of his forces routed with heavy slaughter; but Coligni was again the Ajax of the cause, covered the retreat, and reorganized the fugitives for fresh exertions. But the waves of calamity were not yet spent. The hostile armies met again at Montcontour, and the Protestants sustained the most complete and murderous overthrow, that had been dealt to them throughout the war. Coligni's brother, the gallant D'Andelot, was mortally wounded in this disastrous field; many of his staunchest friends had fallen; many abandoned him; and he found himself a fugitive, with only a few bands of mutineers around him, the wreck of the gallant army that he had lately led.

But it was in this depth of gloom that the true heroic lustre of his soul was seen. Fearless himself of what man could do unto him, he calmed the panic of his followers, and inspired them with his own energy. He who has innate strength to stand amid the storm, will soon find others flock around, and fortify him while they seek support for themselves. When it was known that Coligni's banner still was flying, the Protestants of France and Eastern Germany, who at first had been stunned by the report of Montcontour, thronged to him as to a strong tower in the midst of trouble. While the Royalists were exulting at the fancied annihilation of their foe, they suddenly learned that Coligni was approaching the capital, at the head of the largest army that the Huguenots had yet sent into the field. Again the device of a treacherous pacification was attempted, and again it prevailed. Coligni was warned

of the personal danger that he incurred, by trusting the faith of a Medici and a Guise ; but he replied that he would rather lay down his life, than see France continue the victim of the woes of civil war.

The treaty of St. Germains was signed on the 8th of August, 1570; and on the 24th of August, 1572, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew attested with what worse than Punic faith the crowned conspirators of the French Court had planned it. In the interval, the most detestable and elaborate hypocrisy was employed to lull the suspicions of the Huguenot chiefs, and to bring them defenceless into the power of their enemies. At last, in the summer of 1572, they were collected in Paris, under the pretence of being the honoured guests of the French king, at the nuptials of his sister with Henry of Navarre. An attempt was made on the life of Coligni by an assassin, in which the Admiral was severely wounded. The King and his courtiers affected the utmost indignation at this crime, and the warmest sympathy with the suffering veteran. But in the early dawn of the day appointed for the most un-Christian carnage that ever defiled the earth, a party of murderers, headed by the young Duke of Guise himself, broke open the doors of the house where Coligni lay, and Besme, one of the Duke's domestics, entered with a drawn sword, into the room where the Admiral was sitting in an arm-chair.

" Young man," said he, undisturbed, " you ought to respect my grey hairs ; but do as you please, you can only shorten my life a few days."

Besme thrust him through in many places, and then threw his body, still breathing, out of the window into the court, where it fell at the feet of the Duke of Guise. The minions of the Louvre, and the slaves of the Vatican and Escurial flocked around in hideous glee, to insult the lifeless form of him, before whom they had so long quailed and trembled. They gibbeted their own infamy in vainly seeking to dishonour the illustrious dead. His memory is at once the glory and the shame of France : and the very land of the St. Bartholomew is, to some extent, hallowed in Protestant eyes, by having been the birth-place of Coligni, and the scene of his heroic career.

I do not pause to describe the tardy homage which his countrymen afterwards paid to the name and relics of the fallen great. Those obsequies and panegyrics may be looked on as some small expiation for the national guilt of France ; but Coligni needed them not—'Ανδρῶν γὰρ ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος, καὶ οὐ στηλῶν μόνον ἐν τῇ οἰκείᾳ σημαίνει ἐπιγραφὴ, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐν τῇ μὴ προσηκούσῃ ἄγραφος μνήμη παρ' ἑκάστῳ τῆς γνώμης μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦ ἔργου ἐνδιαιτᾶται.*

* From the speech of Pericles over the Athenians who were killed in battle in the first year of the Peloponnesian War ; reported in the second book of Thucydides, section 43.

## ANECDOTE OF LORD BYRON.

The following trifling *jeux d'esprit,* in which Lord Byron bore a part are very little known, and, it is believed, were never before in print.

Two young officers of Artillery obtained leave of absence from the garrison of Malta, in the early part of the present century, to make a tour up the Mediterranean.

At Athens, they found the wall of a lodging-house scribbled over with names, and among the collection, those of Sligo, Hobhouse, and Byron, under which, in an oval ring, they wrote these lines:

"Fair Albion, smiling, sees her son depart,
To trace the birth and nursery of art;
Noble his object! glorious his aim!
He comes to Athens, and—he writes his name!"

Lord Byron was at Athens at the time, and a few days afterwards they found the following, side by side with the former lines, and in a similar ring.

### THE COUNTERPOISE.

"This modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
Rhymes on *our* names, yet wisely hides his own;
And yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
His name would bring more credit than his verse."

BYRON.

Under the two they then added,

"Admiring Athens, as in days of old,
In these degenerate days may still behold
Two rival bards contending for her cheers—
The name of one concealed, and one *a peer's!*"

## A GLANCE AT DONCASTER RACES AND RACING.

Fox hunting over every description of country, — coursing over wold, meadow, or pasture, — shooting on the moors, in the cover, or in the open,—and fishing in river or streamlet, have their inducements, attractions, and excitement; and each, suited to the habits or inclinations of its votaries, possesses its peculiar advantages and enjoyments. But, it is an undoubted fact, that the atmosphere of the race ground is noted for its purity; while the lapwing, in season, takes up its abode there, and the snipe makes its wide expanse its secure home. It is equally true that the Doncaster ground, — or Doncaster Moor, as it was formerly called, — taking all matters into the estimate, surpasses all others. The course, situated a mile from the town, is approached by a magnificent rank of giant elms, which throw their shade entirely over the broad footpath and part of what was once the Great North Road, now virtually transferred to the Great Northern Railway.

The ground is nearly oval, or rather egg-shaped; and the distance is so formed as not to be quite two miles round, in order that the starts for the larger number of stakes can be better witnessed by the spectators, who have thus preserved to them the opportunity of viewing the respective competitors previously to the struggle for victory. The course is perfectly level, except at the Hill,—above a mile from home,— the rise and descent of which is very considerable, and is especially felt in the St. Leger race, which is literally *run* from end to end at the top of the speed. The turf itself, beneath which is a stratum of sand and gravel, is effectually drained, and presents a surface resembling the finest Turkey carpet. The order in which the course is kept, is perfect. It is railed entirely round. At that portion of the ground which is occupied by the spectators on foot, near the respective stands, there are four lines of rails. That part contained between the two centre lines is the running course. The training course is in the inside of this ground. By this excellent arrangement, the pedestrians are protected on each side from being interfered with by carriages and horsemen; and hence the few accidents which occur during the most thronged meetings.

In order that the stranger may form a true conception of the formation of the ground, let him imagine himself standing on the running course, opposite the St. Leger starting-post, which is placed on the broad part of the ground, situated nearest the road leading to the town, and opposite the Yorkshire Deaf and Dumb Institution. Let him also imagine that he is traversing the same ground as the St. Leger horses bound over during the race. Proceeding onwards, where the course is of considerable width, he crosses the first gravel road. He then passes the mile-and-half post. He soon reaches the rise of the Hill, where there is a slight curve. It was at this point where the Marquis of Exeter's Red Gauntlet was forced against the distance-post, which was literally smashed into a thousand pieces; and where Epirus, in 1837, swerving from the track, fell head foremost, and threw his rider, Scott, who was severely injured. The stranger will find the hill steep in its

ascent. Pausing at the top, he will find placed before him a sight which cannot fail to rivet his attention. From this elevated position, he has a perfect view of the whole ground, and, indeed, far beyond.

Descending the hill, which he will find rather precipitous, and reaching the bottom, he approaches the Two-year-old starting-post, exactly one mile from home. The course turns at this point. But the post is placed out of the line of the course,—a little backwards,—so that rushing directly on the line, these young and delicate creatures commence a straight run at once. Proceeding onwards, the ground is remarkably beautiful. From the T.Y.C., the point just mentioned, as far as the Red House, there extends, in the outside of the ground, railed off from the course, a belt of plantings, consisting of oaks, larches, beeches, chestnuts, and other trees,—the work of the old corporation. These are not only extremely pleasant to the eye of the stranger, as he walks along, giving, as they do, a snugness and security to the scene, but their especial purpose is admirably served, namely, to give a foil to the splendid and varied colours worn by the riders during the exciting struggle for the St. Leger, as well as other races. Advancing onwards for a considerable space, another turn is approached. Opposite this position, where the plantation just mentioned terminates, stands the Red House, placed backwards on the right hand. Immediately in front of this erection, and off the line of the course, is placed the champagne-post. This is called the Champagne course. The turn at this point is also obviated by the post being placed backwards; and thus also a straight run is obtained. From this position to the winning-post, there is only another slight bend on approaching the four lines of white rails. Afterwards, the run is perfectly straight, perfectly level, and of a delightful width. Still proceeding forward and reaching within the distance, the stranger comes opposite the Grand Stand, with its spacious lawn immediately in front. He cannot fail to be struck with the elegant proportions and commodious extent of the building, with its beautiful rank of stone columns. These support the first tier, which is approached by the several large windows placed in front. Above this portion is the verandah, which runs along the front and at both ends of the edifice. It is supported by cast-metal columns and secured by palisades of the same material, the light and elegant appearance of which is the theme of universal admiration. The whole of the roof, which is covered with lead, rises from the front step by step, is occupied by gentlemen, and commands a view of the whole course, with the exception of the dip of the hill. To the right of the building is placed the noblemen's stand, of the same style of architecture. A little also to the right of this erection, but in the line of the white rails, and immediately opposite the winning-post is placed the stewards' stand, a circular building, where, up to the year 1842, the judge had his box fixed within a bow-window, which, although commanding a view of the course in both directions, has been deemed too high. The judge's box is now placed below this window, about a foot from the turf,—a position which enables the judge to come to a more correct decision, especially in races which are run remarkably close; thus leaving the room above for the accommodation of the stewards and their friends.

A race-course picture of this character is not so attractive as a production bearing the touches of Claude. There is no diversity of hill and valley,—no abbey ruins decorated with ivy,—no waterbrook, musical

with song, stealing through the green wood,—no snug cottage home,—no grey church tower, nor those many appliances which constitute the attractions of a splendid landscape. When, however, the acknowledged superiority of the ground for the purposes to which it is appropriated, with its buildings for the accommodation and security of the racing community, are associated with the beauty of the town itself, the stranger will have no difficulty in completing the picture. The whole town, indeed—the centre of a rich agricultural district—possesses an air of comfort and convenience which cannot be surpassed. The wide expanse of its streets,—the purity of its atmosphere,—the superior accommodation of its hotels and inns,—the elegance of its private lodgings,—the security by night, as well as by day, by the maintenance of an efficient police,—the superiority of its racing,—the excellent arrangements on the course,—the magnificence of its approaches,—these, with other matters, form a whole which cannot be surpassed in any other part of the kingdom, and certainly cannot be approached in any other country. And as the custom of horse-racing is peculiar to England, so it may be safely put down as characteristic of Englishmen; and the result is, a breed of horses superior to any other country on the face of the earth, because the two essential qualities of great fleetness and determined endurance, are most harmoniously combined, and the point of highest perfection is fully attained.

The landscape, however, to be seen to perfection, requires to be filled up with myriads of human beings, all apparently animated by the same impulse, and consequently in pursuit of the same object, giving to "the very age and body of the time its form and pressure." The breath of early dawn, on the great day of the St. Leger, seems fraught with some mighty event,—as if some great result, far out of the usual course of things, was about to be achieved. As the morning advances, cheered, perhaps, by the beams of a cloudless sun, the interest increases. The arrival of monster trains in almost fearful succession, from all the large towns of the country,—east, west, north, and south,—contribute their thousands after thousands. The railway platforms are crowded; the station grounds form a scene of peculiar interest and increasing excitement; and although it may puzzle the foreigner in beholding the picture in all its parts,—the lights as well as the shades,—the countless thousands thus assembled to witness the decision of a horse-race,—it may be fairly considered as part and parcel of the national character. The dense throng in the main streets, which seems to be continually augmented by other arrivals along the respective wide avenues leading to the town, chiefly from the rural districts,—the excitement within the betting-room,—the cool calculator here,—the desperate adventurer there,—the bustle in the respective inns and private residences,—are sufficiently indicative that the great hour of trial, of victory and defeat, is approaching with deeper interest. Rumour, with her thousand tongues, may speak of changes in the betting-scale—the favourite declining—an unexpected, unthought of competitor coming suddenly but prominently into the market—one still remaining steady—another gradually sliding out of consideration, and a third wholly extinguished; but, with the large mass of visitors, there is a perfect indifference as to which horse may win or which horse may lose. They are attracted to the scene by custom and habit, by the desire to witness a splendid spectacle with its social enjoyments, rather than to mix with the intricacies and perplexi-

ties of betting. The "ring is comparatively small; and although within its charmed circle, fatality may attend the discharge of the "seventh bullet,"—although it may be *now* the centre from which radiates a principle true or false, that exercises an undoubted influence over every impulse of racing,—the people of England, with their scientific skill, their manufacturing industry, and their commercial enterprise, are not, strictly speaking, a betting people.

The immense tide of human beings of all classes in society, attired in full holiday costume for the great racing festival, thus congregated from all parts of the kingdom, as well as from abroad, in countless vehicles as well as on foot, rolls onward in all its might to the race-ground—the great theatre of action—where there are ample room and verge enough, and where the picture, finished in all its parts, becomes more characteristic, more animated, and more exciting.

The prelude to the great drama of the day only increases the interest and deepens the anxiety. The sound of the bell, like the wave of the magician's wand, arrays everything in perfect order for the final *dénouement,*—the decision of an event which has engaged public attention for the preceding twelve months, and which has been rendered more mysterious by the statements published from time to time, by the jarring reports of private trials, and from private training-stables, and even by the uncertainty in placing reliance upon previous victories. The excitement becomes, if possible, more intense. Hurrying hither, and rushing thither, each spectator takes his place. The Grand Stand is filled to repletion, as are also the minor edifices; the lines of the white rails are crowded from ten to twenty deep; the roofs of carriages are thronged; every elevated position is occupied; every spot where the sole of the foot can be placed is rendered available; while the course itself, in the presence of tens of thousands, is perfectly clear for the desperate struggle.

Around the ring, in the centre of the lawn, a crowd of speculators eagerly press, with betting-books open, and pencil in hand. There is a clamour of many voices, which occasionally increases to a loud and indescribable roar; some confident of success—others anxious to make themselves safe—there the desperate venture—there the cool and the watchful—all displaying those emotions which the charmed circle alone can call forth in ever-varying manifestations of feeling and emotion. As favourite after favourite is brought forth, stripped, walked about, or mounted, every racing point is criticised, the condition particularly attended to, every improvement or otherwise correctly noted, and all those peculiarities which warrant success or render the contest doubtful, and which have, more or less, an immediate influence on the betting thermometer—now rising to blood heat with regard to one, or sinking to zero with respect to another. In the meanwhile, the process of weighing is completed. Soon each jockey is mounted; and the whole proceed in cautious succession to the course, before the gaze of all. Instantly, the words, "Hats off, gentlemen: hats off!" are heard from the summit of the Grand Stand, which presents one immense mass of human heads. The parade of the equine competitors is a most beautiful and imposing sight. All eyes are directed to the crowd of horses as they move slowly and cautiously along. Attention becomes mute and almost breathless, as though the fate of nations hung in the balance.

In order to complete the racing spectacle, let the stranger imagine that it is the memorable year of the dead heat between Charles the

Twelfth and Euclid; when, out of one hundred and seven subscribers, fourteen horses came to the post. The first that makes his appearance on the ground is Bloomsbury (S. Rogers), the winner of the Derby, evidently too fat—too bulky to maintain the required speed. Next comes the Purity colt (Colloway); then Dragsman (Macdonald) and Bolus (Hassletine). Then Charles the Twelfth (W. Scott), the observed of all, in splendid condition; and then Euclid (Conolly) in full bloom, with his muscular powers fully developed—a most dangerous rival. Then immediately follow the Provost (Templeman); Malvolio (T. Lye); Dolphin (J. Holmes); Hyllus (S. Day); The Lord Mayor (G. Nelson); The Corsair (J. Day); Fitzambo (J. Marson); and Easingwold (J. Cartwright). And thus stands the betting:—6 to 4 on Charles the Twelfth; 6 to 1 against Bloomsbury; 10 to 1 against Malvolio; 13 to 1 against Euclid; 25 to 1 against Hyllus; 30 to 1 against the Provost; 35 to 1 against Easingwold; 40 to 1 against the Lord Mayor; and 40 to 1 against Bolus. The whole body of horses move slowly and anxiously to the broad space opposite the St. Leger starting-post. The bright beams of a cloudless sun spread themselves over the whole scene, lighting up the colours worn by the respective jockeys, and increasing the splendour of the spectacle. The reins are carefully handled,—every rider, cautiously glancing from side to side, is ready—every horse in a favourable position. They reach the post. The starter, as anxious as the rest, drops his flag with the word, "Go!" Away they rush, amid exclamations far and wide, "They 're off!"—"A beautiful start!" "Here 's a race!" Now comes the tug of war. Charles takes the lead. Bloomsbury, Euclid, and Bolus, are close at hand. Dolphin and Malvolio, are immediately behind. Onwards they rush. They ascend the hill. Dragsman, Easingwold, and the Purity colt, are defeated. The latter pulls up and returns. They stream down the hill. They reach the T. Y. C. "Bloomsbury 's beat!" shouts a well-known voice; "he 's had enough!" He falls back into the rear along with Bolus. Charles increases his speed. He is several lengths a-head. "Scott makes too free with the horse," is anxiously shouted. "He 'll be caught!" vociferate many. Euclid mends his pace gradually. The Dolphin, Malvolio, and the Provost, do the same. These three are head to head. Charles still rushes onward. They reach the Red House bend. The Dolphin declines. Malvolio takes his place. "Euclid's coming up!" exclaims one. "Euclid wins!" shouts another. They reach the end of the white rails. The favourite 's in danger. Euclid goes most beautifully, as resolute as possible. The stride of Charles is tremendous. "The blood of Emilius and Wisker will do it!" says a famous breeder. They reach the distance; and the gallant Euclid fairly couples his formidable competitor. Now comes the slashing work. The spurs are applied: the whips are elevated—stroke succeeds to stroke. The two are head to head. "Euclid — Euclid!"—"Charles—Charles!"—"Euclid wins!" roar ten thousand voices. They are opposite the Grand Stand. Euclid is a clear head in advance. Every muscle, tendon, and sinew are visible. The outstretched head and neck of each form two parallel lines. Euclid fetches up his hind quarters admirably; Charles is at full stretch. Again comes the roar of "Charles" and "Euclid," with a yet louder cry of "A dead heat!" and "Scott—Scott!"—"Conolly—Conolly!" They reach the post. One loud shout, like the crash of thunder, bursts from the excited mass. None could tell which was the victor. But the judge

immediately declared " A dead heat!" The expanded nostrils of each horse being quite equal—an announcement which flew through the throng with the rapidity of lightning; and so intense was the excitement, that it was some time before the wide roar of voices had subsided. Euclid was a much smaller horse than his competitor; and he had the public sympathy by being the lesser. It is a fact worthy of being placed on record, that the stroke of Charles, opposite the Grand Stand, bound after bound, was exactly twenty-four feet six inches and a half; that of Euclid was much shorter, but much quicker. As much time as possible was allowed to intervene between the dead heat and the final trial. The interest as to which horse would finally prove the victor was, if possible, more intense; and opinions vibrated from side to side. The betting recommenced with 6 to 4 on Charles; it then became even, and finally left off at 6 to 4 on Euclid. Both rivals, on making their reappearance, looked remarkably well. They started without any difficulty. But the order of running was reversed. Euclid took the lead at a slow pace. On reaching the distance, Charles challenged his opponent. They were again head to head; and so equal seemed the chance of each, that another dead heat was confidently expected. The former bursts of exclamation were repeated. Again went the whips to work; again were the spurs applied, with the skill, nerve, and resolution of each jockey. But the larger conformation of Charles enabled him to win the race by scarcely a-head, amid a crash of voices wholly indescribable.

In witnessing a scene of so magnificent a character, it must strike the attention of the stranger that large sums of money are continually expended, in a variety of ways, to bring the racing system to its present state of perfection and of attraction. Such undoubtedly is the case. The custom arose under the patronage of royalty. It is still patronised by the Queen and Prince Albert; and still encouraged by royal grants. The nobility followed the example in the first instance; and in many families the racing stable was considered a portion of the family establishment. Country gentlemen, possessing ample means, also contended with their superiors in rank for the palm of victory. The competition, although severe, was of a wholesome character; and a superior breed of horses was the gratifying result. It is quite true, however, that from time to time, many noblemen and gentlemen have retired from the arena, some in disgust, and others from a conviction that foul play had been resorted to. With regard to the latter, many flagrant instances could be produced from the days of George the Fourth to the present period. But it must at the same time be admitted, that the deficiency in the ranks was filled up by younger aspirants for racing honours.

With regard particularly to Doncaster, it has shared in those vicissitudes which seem inevitable in racing, as well as in all other matters. There may be no diminution in point of numbers, but there is a marked difference even in the external character of the scene. There never was a period in our history fraught with greater changes than those which distinguish the times in which we live. Nor are those changes confined to one section of society. They pervade everything which concerns our social and national existence. Still greater changes will ensue; but these are beyond the range of human foresight. The influence of fashion may do much upon the surface; but there is an under-current, mysterious and irresistible. Compared with former years, what a striking contrast is now presented on the race-ground of Doncaster!

The splendid equipages of the nobility, with gorgeous liveries,—harness, housings, and trappings,—are no longer seen. The handsome set-out of the country gentleman; the four-in-hand; the tandem, and so forth; these, too, have vanished. The coronet is succeeded by the cob; and the family carriage by the 'bus. And the beauty and fashion which once graced the grand-stand—the cynosure of all eyes—are seen no more. The race-balls, which, particularly at the periods when the Duke of Devonshire and the Marquis of Londonderry acted as stewards, crowded the mansion-house to repletion with the rank and fashion of more than the county—sparkling with diamonds, and moving to the swell of the sweetest music—are wholly abandoned; and now, in these once gay and festive halls, loneliness and silence hold companionship. The retirement of Earl Fitzwilliam from the turf, "no son of mine succeeding," was a disheartening circumstance. The Duke of Leeds, the Marquis of Westminster, the Earl of Scarborough—these honoured names—with those of Wilson, Gascoigne, Peirse, Watt, and Petre, are gone, all winners of the St. Leger, and all without successors. It is true that strange names continue to swell the nominations; but the *prestige* of many old family names has gone, apparently for ever. Lord George Bentinck, although he had disposed of his stud before his lamented death, was a true friend to the races. It was the noble lord, who, seeing their inevitable decline, wrung from the corporation the one thousand pounds grant, given with marvellous reluctance, but only received as an act of justice; a sum, however, which is less than what is given at some other race meetings.

At the present moment, the racing system has received a "heavy blow and great discouragement" from more quarters than one. The retirement of the Marquis of Exeter from the arena of the turf, with the desire to be relieved from his racing stud for the sum of £10,000, although, during the last season, the noble Marquis was the largest winner of stakes, is a matter of deep regret. The fear, sanctioned by indications, that the Duke of Richmond will follow the example, is full of gloom and disappointment; and the regret that "princely Goodwood" will be numbered amongst the things that were, will be no less grievous than discouraging; for the racing career of the noble Duke has been distinguished with a generosity, liberality, and hospitality never surpassed. Colonel Peel has withdrawn altogether; and Lord Strathmore has followed the example; while it is deemed by many, questionable whether Lord Clifden will long retain his racing stud. The recent sale of Sir Joseph Hawley's horses, after a series of unprecedented winnings in seven years, reaching the enormous sum of £45,395! is sufficiently significant. Colonel Peel has, however, found a worthy successor in Lord Ribblesdale; and a voice from the North, awakening remembrances of the honoured name of Lambton, announces the racing advent of a Durham; while the nominations for all the great stakes are far from being deficient in point of number. The wisdom of the legislature ensures the safety of the empire in the adjustment of the laws to the altered circumstances of the times and the spirit of the people; and a strict revision of the laws of racing, and the rules of the Jockey Club, would, undoubtedly, be attended with those salutary results, which would exalt the turf in the estimation of its true supporters and best friends, and render the horse-racing of England more famous throughout all the nations of the world.

# CROCODILES.

## ZOOLOGICAL NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

"Amphibious animals haunted the lagoon,
* * * *
The crocodile, the dragon of the waters,
In iron panoply, fell as the plague,
And merciless as famine, cranched his prey,
While from his jaws with dreadful fangs all serried,
The life blood dyed the wave with deadly streams."
J. MONTGOMERY.

"Tentyra in Ægypto, Nilum juxtà insula gentem
Intrepidam gignit: crocodili hæc scandere dorsum
Audet: refrenat baculo os; discedere cogit
Ex amne in terram: mortem acceleratquè nocenti."

It might have been anticipated that an animal which abounded in the great river of Egypt, in the time of the Israelites, and was an object of idolatrous worship to the inhabitants, should have attracted the notice of the inspired writers of old; accordingly, various allusions to it are found in the sacred writings. Commentators, however, differ as to whether it is the crocodile which, under the name of Leviathan, forms the subject of one of the sublimest chapters of Job; the description is applicable in some respects, and not in others, but there can be little doubt that this creature is referred to under the Hebrew name *Than*, translated *dragon*, in the following figurative passage of Ezekiel.

"Behold, I am against thee, Pharaoh king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself: But I will put hooks in thy jaws, and I will cause the fish of thy rivers to stick unto thy scales, and I will bring thee up out of the midst of thy rivers, and all the fish of thy rivers shall stick unto thy scales." *

Here we have a distinct allusion to the mode of taking the crocodile practised by the Egyptians, as described by Herodotus, whose statements upon these and some other disputed points, have been proved to be entirely trustworthy.

"The modes of taking the crocodile are many and various, but I shall only describe that which seems to me most worthy of relation. When the fisherman has baited a hook with the chine of a pig, he lets it down into the middle of the river, and holding a young live pig on the brink of the river, beats it. The crocodile hearing the noise, goes in its direction, and meeting with the chine, swallows it; but the men draw it to land. When it is drawn out on shore, the sportsman first of all plasters its eyes with mud; and, having done this, afterwards manages it very easily; but until he has done this he has a great deal of trouble."†

With the ancient Egyptians, the crocodile was typical of the sun, and Savak, the crocodile-headed deity of Ombos was a deified form of the sun. In Lower Egypt it was held in especial veneration at a place

* Ezekiel, xxix. 3, 4. † Herodotus. Euterpe, ii. 70.

called the City of Crocodiles, afterwards Arsinoe, and the animals were there kept in the lake Mœris, and when dead, were buried in the underground chambers of the famous labyrinth.

These sacred crocodiles led a most luxurious life; they were fed with geese, fish, and various delicacies dressed purposely for them; their heads were adorned with ear-rings, their throats with necklaces of gold, or artificial stones, and their feet with bracelets. Strabo gives a curious account of an interview he had with one of these portly reptilians. His host was a man of consideration, and anxious to do the honours of the place with becoming courtesy. Having, therefore, entertained the great geographer and his party, at an elegant *déjeûner*, he proposed that they should pay their respects to his neighbour "Souchos." Providing himself with a cake, a loaf of bread, and a cup of wine, he led the way to the borders of the lake, where his crocodilian highness lay stretched in pampered indolence. To open its own mouth was too much trouble, so one of the priests politely did it for him; another put in first the cake, then the meat, which it gratified them by swallowing, and then pledged them in the cup of wine, which was poured down its throat. Having rested awhile after this exertion, his highness entered the lake, crossed it, and submitted to a similar ordeal on the other side, for the gratification of another party who had come to offer their tribute of good things.

Happy were these sacred crocodiles during life, and after death they were not less well cared for;—their bodies were embalmed in a sumptuous manner, and deposited in catacombs hewn out of the limestone rock. There are many of these mummies in the British Museum, all having the same character, that of being rolled and swathed up in oblong packages, carefully and neatly secured with bandages.

It was not, however, throughout the whole of Egypt that this golden age of crocodiles reigned; an iron age overshadowed the race in the land of the Tentyris. By them they were held in abhorrence, and no opportunity of destroying them was lost; indeed these Tentyrites are said to have been so expert in their pursuit, that they thought nothing of following a crocodile into the Nile and bringing it by force to shore. The following is Pliny's account of this proceeding.

"The men are but small of stature, but in this quarrell against the crocodiles, they have hearts of lions, and it is wondrous to see how resolute and courageous they are in this behalfe. Indeed this crocodile is a terrible beast to them that flie from him; but contrary, let men pursue him, or make head againe, he runs away most cowardly, Now these islanders be the only men that dare encountre him affront. Over and besides, they will take the river and swim after them, nay they will mount upon their backs, and set them like horsemen; and as they turne their heads with their mouth wide open, to bite or devour them they will thrust a club or great cudgell into it, crosse overthwart, and so holding hard with both hands each end thereof, the one with the right, the other with the left, and ruling them perforce, as it were, with a bit and bridle, bring them to land like prisoners. When they have them there, they will so fright them only with their words and speech that they compel them to cast up and vomit those bodies again to be enterred, which they had swallowed but newly before."

There is a very rare and curious book on field sports, by one Johannes Stradaen, in which men are represented riding on crocodiles, and bringing them to land, whilst others are being killed with clubs. The sketch is

full of spirit, and below it are the four lines quoted on our first page. Strabo bears testimony to the dexterity of the Tentyrites, stating, that when some crocodiles were exhibited in the Circus at Rome, in a huge tank of water, a party of Tentyrites who had accompanied them, boldly entered the tank, and entangling the crocodiles in nets, dragged them to the bank and back again into the water.

Singular to say, homage to these reptiles is still paid in certain parts of India; and the following account, by an eyewitness, almost carries us back to the time of the Egyptians:—

"Among the outlying hills that skirt the Hala Mountains, about nine miles from that town (Karáchí), is a hot spring, the temperature of which where it wells from the earth is 136° of Fahrenheit. The stream irrigates a small valley, and supplies some swamps with water, in which the fakirs keep numbers of tame alligators. The pond where we saw the congregated herd at feeding time was about eighty yards long, and perhaps half as many wide. It was shallow, and covered with small grass-covered islets, the narrow channels between which would only admit of a single alligator passing through at a time. Two goats were slaughtered for that morning's repast, during which operation a dozen scaly monsters rose out of their slimy bed, crawled up the back of the tank, and eyed with evident satisfaction the feast preparing for them. All being ready, a little urchin, not nine years old, stepped without our circle, and calling "*Ow! ow!* (come, come)" the whole tribe was in motion; and as soon as the amphibious animals had gained terra firma, the meat was distributed. Each anxious to secure a piece at his neighbour's expense, the scene that ensued was ludicrous enough and not a little disgusting. A hind quarter of a goat gave rise to a general engagement. One by one the combatants drew off till the prize remained in the grasp of two huge monsters. Their noses all but touching, each did his best to drag the bloody morsel from the jaws of his adversary, and a long struggle ensued, in which by turning and tossing, writhing and twisting, they strove for the mastery. It was a drawn battle, for the leg was torn asunder, and each retained his mouthful, when with heads erect, they sought the water, showing, as they crawled along, considerable tact in avoiding their less successful neighbours." *

According to Pliny, much medicinal virtue rested in defunct crocodiles. "The blood," he tell us, "mundifieth the eies;" the fat is an excellent depilatory, and in the words of quaint old Holland, "No sooner is the *hare* rubbed therewith, but presently it sheddeth." The choicest morsel, however, was "the crocodile's heart wrapped within a lock of wooll which grew upon a black sheepe, and hath no other color medled therewith, so that the said sheepe were the first lambe that the dam yeaned." And this dainty bit answered the same end as quinine with us, driving away quartan agues.

The true *crocodiles* are found in the Old and New World, and especially abound in Asia and Africa. The *alligators* are peculiar to America, and the *gavials* appear to be limited to the Ganges, and other large rivers of continental India; but of all countries America abounds most in these scourges of the river, possessing no less than five species of alligators, and two of crocodiles.

The water is the natural element of the class, and to it they hasten at

* A Personal Narrative of a Journey to the Source of the River Oxus. By Lieut. John Wood.

the least alarm; on land they are encumbered by their heavy tails, which, however, may be used as powerful weapons of offence, for, like the shark, the crocodile can strike a tremendous blow with his tail. The reason that these creatures are unable to turn quickly on land is, that on each side of the vertebræ of the neck, there is attached a sort of rib, and the extremities of these ribs meeting along the whole neck, the animal is prevented turning its head to either side, and its movements generally are stiff and constrained.

The general characters of the crocodiles and alligators are, long flat heads, with extremely large mouths extending considerably behind the eyes, thick necks, and bodies protected by regular transverse rows of square bony plates, elevated in the centre into keel-shaped ridges, and disposed on the back of the neck into groups of different forms and numbers according to the species. The tongue is short, and so completely attached to the lower jaw as to be quite incapable of protrusion, hence the ancients believed that the crocodile had no tongue. "This beast alone, of all other that keep the land, hath no use of a tongue," says Pliny. At the back of the mouth there is a structure having special reference to the circumstances under which they usually take their prey; it consists of a valvular apparatus, which cuts off all communication with the throat so effectually, that not a drop of water can enter it, though the mouth be wide open under water. The nostrils are at the tip of the snout, and open into the throat behind the valve. The jaws are also so formed that the nose can be lifted up; by these provisions, the crocodile is enabled to leisurely drown its prey by holding it down, whilst its own breathing is carried on through its nostrils, just elevated above the surface of the water.

Professor Owen has pointed out how admirably the structure and development of Crocodilians are adapted to their nature and habits; and it is interesting to find proof in the fossil jaws of extinct crocodiles which swarmed on the globe countless ages ago, that the same laws regulated the growth and succession of their teeth, as are in force in their existing representatives. Crocodiles come into the world fully equipped with weapons of offence and defence; the number of teeth is as great in the little wriggling wretch just emerged from the egg, as in the patriarchal monster of thirty feet, and it thus arises; the conical sharp-pointed teeth are set in the jaw in a single row, the base of each tooth being hollow; into this cavity the germ of a new and larger tooth fits, and as it grows, it reduces the fang of the former by absorption, until, losing all hold, it is pushed out, the new tooth taking its place. This shedding of teeth is in progress during the whole life of the animal.

Herodotus remarks that the crocodile, "of all living beings, from the least beginning, grows to be the largest, for it lays eggs little larger than those of a goose, and the young is at first in proportion to the egg, but when grown up, it reaches to the length of seventeen cubits, and even more." This statement of the ancient historian is correct, for the female lays from fifty to sixty eggs, not much larger than those of a goose. She then buries them in the sand, to be hatched by the heat of the sun, and, says Mr. Hill, "just as the period of hatching is completed, exhibits her eagerness for her offspring in the anxiety with which she comes and goes, walks round the nest of her hopes, scratches the fractured shell, and by sounds, which resemble the bark of the dog, excites the half-extricated young to struggle forth into life. When she has beheld, with a

mixture of joy, fear, and anxiety, the last of her offspring clear of its broken casement, she leads them forth into the pools away from the river, to avoid the predatory visits of the father who ravenously seeks to prey upon his own offspring. The researches of Palæontologists have discovered an interesting fact, that the Plesiosaurus, an early inhabitant of this planet, had a similar propensity, for the bones of young Plesiosauri are found in the petrified excrement of the old ones.

Mr. Edwards, in his interesting voyage up the Amazon, gives valuable information from observation, respecting alligators and their nidification. "Soon after," says this writer, "we had arrived at the spot which we had marked in the morning, where an alligator had made her nest, and *sans cérémonie* proceeded to rifle it of its riches. The nest was a pile of leaves and rubbish nearly three feet in height, and about four in diameter, resembling a cock of hay. We could not imagine how or where the animal had collected such a heap; but so it was. And deep down, very near the surface of the ground, from an even bed, came forth egg after egg, until forty-five had tolerably filled our basket. . . . These eggs are four inches in length, and oblong, being covered with a crust rather than a shell. They are eaten, and our friends at the house would have persuaded us to test the virtues of an alligator omelette, but we respectfully declined, deeming our reputation sufficiently secured by a breakfast on the beast itself."

There is another point relative to the natural history of the crocodile, mentioned by Herodotus, which has given rise to most conflicting opinions, it is the following:—"All other birds and beasts avoid him, but he is at peace with the trochilus, because he receives benefit from that bird. For, when the crocodile gets out of the water on land, and then opens its jaws, which it does most commonly towards the west, the trochilus enters its mouth, and swallows the leeches (which infest it). The crocodile is so well pleased with this service that it never hurts the trochilus." This statement has been received by the majority of writers, including Sir Gardner Wilkinson, as a mere myth. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, however, investigated the subject with care, and arrived at the conclusion that there was good foundation for the story of the ancient writer. Mr. Curzon, the author of that delightful work, "A Visit to the Monasteries of the Levant," adds his testimony, which is valuable, as coming from a perfectly unprejudiced source.

"I will relate a fact in natural history which I was fortunate enough to witness, and which, although it was mentioned so long ago as the times of Herodotus, has not, I believe, been often observed since; indeed I have never met with any traveller who has himself seen such an occurrence. I had always a strong predilection for crocodile shooting, and had destroyed several of these dragons of the waters. On one occasion I saw, a long way off, a large one, twelve or fifteen feet long, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank, about ten feet high, on the margin of the river. I stopped the boat at some distance, and, noting the place as well as I could, I took a circuit inland, and came down cautiously to the top of the bank, whence, with a heavy rifle, I made sure of my ugly game. I had already cut off his head in my imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with its mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank, there he was, within ten feet of the sight of the rifle,—I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I observed that he was attended by a bird called zic-zac. It is of the

plover species, of a greyish colour, and as large as a small pigeon. The bird was walking up and down, close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved, for suddenly it saw me, and instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, he jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed zic! zac! with all the powers of his voice, and dashed himself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The great beast started up, and immediately spying his danger, made a jump into the air, and dashing into the water with a splash, which covered me with mud, he dived into the river, and disappeared. The zic-zac to my increased admiration,—proud, apparently, of having saved his friend—remained walking up and down, uttering his cry, as I thought, with an exulting voice, and standing, every now and then on his toes, in a conceited manner, which made me justly angry with his impertinence. After having waited in vain for some time, to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, threw a clod of earth at the zic-zac, and came back to the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game, in having witnessed a circumstance, the truth of which has been been disputed by several writers on natural history."

Pliny has described this crocodile bird as a wren, but it is far more probable that it is a species of plover, the *Ammoptila charadrioides* of Swainson (*Pluvianus chlorocephalus*, Vieillot) and what it really does is doubtless to rid the crocodile of the swarms of flies and gnats which infest its palate to such a degree, that the natural yellow colour is rendered black by them. In the same way we find the utmost harmony existing between sheep and cattle and starlings, which perch upon their backs, and relieve them of the larvæ of insects deposited in their skins. So the rhinoceros bird is on terms of intimacy with the rhinoceros and hippopotamus, relieving them of insect pests, and by its watchful vigilance proving a most valuable sentinel. Mr. Gordon Cumming has described how his sport was spoiled by this bird, in the same way as Mr. Curzon's was spoiled by the impertinent zic-zac.

Hybernation, or torpidity, so common in reptiles during the cold season, is participated in by the alligator tribe. It is said that the alligator of North America buries himself in the mud at the bottom of marshes till spring sets in, and that in severe frosts, animation is so completely suspended that slices can be cut from the animal without arousing it. On the other hand the alligator revels in the moist heat of Florida, and is especially formidable in numbers and dimensions at a mineral spring near the Mosquito river, where the water on issuing from the earth, is not only nearly boiling, but is strongly impregnated with copper and vitriol.

All writers agree in the large number of alligators that infest the Amazon. The latest authority, Mr. Spruce, who is now engaged on an important botanical excursion in South America, writes thus of the Paranâ Mirî dos Ramos.* "I was disappointed not to observe a single plant, save the rank grasses round the margin; but jacarés were laid in the water in almost countless numbers, resembling so many huge black stones or logs. What we had seen in the Amazon of these reptiles, was nothing compared to their abundance in the ramos and its principal lakes. I can safely say, that at no one instant during the whole thirty days, when there was light enough to distinguish them, were we without one or more jacarés in sight." †

* An outlet from the Amazon. † Hooker's Journal of Botany, Sept. 1851.

There are two species of these animals found here, one having a sharp mouth, the other a round one. The former grow to the length of about seven feet, and are called *jacaré-tingas*, or king jacarés. The other species attain the length of twenty-seven feet. In the inner lakes, towards the close of the rainy season, myriads of ducks breed in the rushes, and here the alligators swarm to the banquets of young birds. Mr. Edwards tells us, that should an adventurous sportsman succeed in arriving at one of these places, he has but a poor chance of bagging many from the flocks around him; for the alligators are upon the alert, and the instant a wounded bird strikes the water, they rush *en masse* for the poor victim, clambering over one another, and crashing their huge jaws upon each other's heads in the hasty seizure. The inhabitants universally believe that the alligator is paralyzed with fear at the sight of a tiger, and will suffer that animal to eat off its tail without making resistance. The story is complimentary to the tiger at all events, for the tail of the alligator is the only part in esteem by epicures.

The following incidents, which came under the immediate observation of Mr. Spruce, prove the ferocity of these fearful reptiles, which are the very scourge of the waters they infest.

Whilst in eager search after the *Victoria Regia*, whose wonders have attracted so much interest at Kew and Chatsworth, Mr. Spruce was "glad to learn that it grew in a small lake on the opposite side of the Ramos, but I had no montaria to enable me to reach it, for one of our men, a Juma Indian, had run away a few nights previously, with our montaria and all our fishing tackle, nor was there any montaria in the sitio where we were staying, but I was told I might borrow one at a sitio a little higher up. To this sitio I accordingly proceeded, and found at it, an old man and his three sons, men of middle age, with their children. Two of the sons had just come in from a fishing expedition, the third had his arm in a sling,—and on inquiring the cause, I learnt that, seven weeks ago, he and his father had been fishing in the very lake I wished to visit, in a small montaria, and that, having reached the middle and laid aside their paddles, they were waiting for the fish with their bows and arrows, when, unseen by them, a large jacaré glided under the montaria, gave them a jerk which threw them both into the water, and seizing the son by the right shoulder, dived with him at once to the bottom, the depth being, as they supposed, about four fathoms. In this fearful peril he had presence of mind to thrust the fingers of his left hand into the monster's eyes, and after rolling over three or four times, the jacaré let go his hold, and the man rose to the surface, but mangled, bleeding, and helpless. His father immediately swam to his assistance, and providentially the two reached the shore without being further attacked. I was shown the wounds—*every tooth had told;* and some idea may be formed of this terrible gripe, when I state that the wounds inflicted by it, extended from the collar-bone downwards to the elbow and the hip. All were now healed except one very bad one in the arm-pit, where at least one sinew was completely severed."

This was, Mr. Spruce remarks, no encouragement to prosecute his enterprise, but being anxious to obtain the fruit of the Victoria, he was not the man to be deterred even by the prospect of a collision with these terrible jacarés; accordingly, as three of the little lads offered to row him over, he did not hesitate to avail himself of their services on the 21st Oct., 1851. The outlet of the lake was speedily reached, when they dis-

embarked and followed the dried bed of the Igarapé, in which the lads were not slow to detect the recent footsteps of a jacaré. In five minutes more they reached the lake and embarked in the frail montaria, in which it was necessary so to place ourselves before starting as to preserve an exact balance, and then they coasted along towards the Victoria, which appeared at the distance of some one hundred and fifty yards. "We had made but a few strokes when we perceived, by the muddy water ahead of us, that some animal had just dived. As we passed cautiously over the troubled water, a large jacaré came to the surface, a few yards from the off-side of our montaria, and then swam along parallel to our course, apparently watching our motions very closely. Although the little fellows were frightened at the proximity of the jacaré, their piscatorial instincts were so strong, that at sight of a passing shoal of fish, they threw down their paddles and seized their mimic bows and arrows (the latter being merely strips of the leaf stalk of the bacúba, with a few notches cut near the point), and one of them actually succeeded in piercing and securing an Aruana, of about eighteen inches long. Our scaly friend still stuck to us, and took no notice of our shouting and splashing in the water. At length the eldest lad bethought him of a large harpoon which was lying at the bottom of the montaria. He held this up and poised it in his hand, and the jacaré seemed at once to comprehend its use, for he retreated to the middle, and there remained stationary until we left the lake." Mr. Spruce was rewarded by finding three plants of the Victoria, of which one covered a surface of full six hundred square feet.

A singular fact mentioned in Mr. Gosse's charming work, "A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica," illustrates the predaceous vehemence and lurking patience of the alligator. In Spanish Haiti the large savanna rivers flow through wide, gently descending borders, carpeted with grass, having all the clean verdure of a lawn, and interspersed with clumps of beautiful flowering shrubs and trees. A Spanish priest, with three friends, had gone for a day's sporting to these grounds and had divided themselves. The three assembled at sunset, but the priest did not make his appearance. They sought him through the darkening thickets, and at last found him seated in a tree, into which he had been obliged to betake himself to escape an alligator that had pursued him by a succession of leaps. It had run in pursuit of him, as he said, jumping rapidly after him, with its back crooked like a frightened cat. He had taken refuge in the tree, whilst the reptile crouched in a thicket close by, quietly watching and waiting for his descent.

Mr. Gosse mentions the following sad instance of the ferocity of the crocodile. A young girl, about thirteen years of age, was washing a towel in the Black River in St. Elizabeth's, in company with an elder companion, at nightfall. She despised a warning to beware of the alligators, and just as she was boasting that she heeded no such danger, a scream for help, and a cry, 'Lord, have mercy upon me! Alligator has caught me!' apprised her companion, intent on her own washing, that the girl was carried off. The body was found some days after half devoured; and two crocodiles, one nine feet long and the other seventeen, were hunted down and killed, with fragments of her body contained in them. There is a strange statement among the Negroes, that the manati, a cetacean inhabiting the same Black River, will remain watching a dead body if brought within its haunts, and singular enough, the

remainder of the body of this poor girl were found under the guardianship of a manati.

A writer in "Silliman's American Journal," gives the following thrilling descripton of the capture and death of a huge alligator in one of the Philippine Islands. "In the course of the year 1831, the proprietor of Halahala at Manilla, in the Island of Luconia, informed me that he frequently lost horses and cows on a remote part of his plantation, and that the natives assured him they were taken by an enormous alligator who frequented one of the streams which run into the lake. Their descriptions were so highly wrought, that they were attributed to the fondness for exaggeration to which the inhabitants of that country are peculiarly addicted, and very little credit was given to their repeated relations. All doubts as to the existence of the animal were at last dispelled by the destruction of an Indian, who attempted to ford the river on horseback, although entreated to desist by his companions, who crossed at a shallow place higher up. He reached the centre of the stream and was laughing at the others for their prudence, when the alligator came upon him. His teeth encountered the saddle, which he tore from the horse, while the rider tumbled on the other side into the water and made for the shore. The horse, too terrified to move, stood trembling when the attack was made. The alligator, disregarding him, pursued the man, who safely reached the bank which he could easily have ascended, but, rendered foolhardy by his escape, he placed himself behind a tree which had fallen partly into the water, and drawing his heavy knife leaned over the tree, and on the approach of his enemy struck him on the nose. The animal repeated his assaults and the Indian his blows, until the former exasperated at the resistance, rushed on the man and seizing him by the middle of the body, which was at once enclosed and crushed in his capacious jaws, swam into the lake. His friends hastened to the rescue, but the alligator slowly left the shore, while the poor wretch, writhing and shrieking in his agony, with his knife uplifted in his clasped hands, seemed, as the others expressed it, held out as a man would carry a torch. His sufferings were not long continued, for the monster sank to the bottom, and soon after reappearing alone on the surface, and calmly basking in the sun, gave to the horror-stricken spectators the fullest confirmation of the death and burial of their comrade.

"A short time after this event I made a visit to Halahala, and expressing a strong desire to capture or destroy the alligator, my host readily offered his assistance. The animal had been seen a few days before, with his head and one of his fore-feet resting on the bank, and his eyes following the motions of some cows which were grazing near. Our informer likened his appearance to that of a cat watching a mouse, and in the attitude to spring upon his prey when it should come within his reach. I may here mention as a curious fact, that the domestic buffalo, which is almost continually in the water, and in the heats of day remains for hours with only his nose above the surface, is never molested by the alligator. All other animals become his victim when they incautiously approach him, and their knowledge of the danger most usually prompts them to resort to shallow places to quench their thirst.

"Having heard that the alligator had killed a horse, we proceeded to the place, about five miles from the house; it was a tranquil spot and one of singular beauty even in that land. The stream, which a few hundred feet from the lake narrowed to a brook, with its green bank

fringed with the graceful bamboo, and the alternate glory of glade and forest spreading far and wide, seemed fitted for other purposes than the familiar haunt of the huge creature that had appropriated it to himself. A few cane huts were situated at a short distance from the river, and we procured from them what men they contained, who were ready to assist in freeing themselves from their dangerous neighbour. The terror which he had inspired, especially since the death of their companion, had hitherto prevented them from making an effort to get rid of him, but they gladly availed themselves of our preparations, and, with the usual dependence of their character were willing to do whatever example should dictate to them. Having reason to believe that the alligator was in the river, we commenced operations by sinking nets upright across its mouth, three deep, at intervals of several feet. The nets which were of great strength, and intended for the capture of the buffalo, were fastened to trees on the banks, making a complete fence to the communication with the lake.

"My companion and myself placed ourselves with our guns on either side of the stream, while the Indians with long bamboos felt for the animal. For some time he refused to be disturbed, and we began to fear that he was not within our limits, when a spiral motion of the water under the spot where I was standing, led me to direct the natives to it, and the creature slowly moved on the bottom towards the nets, which he no sooner touched than he quietly turned back and proceeded up the stream. This movement was several times repeated, till, having no rest in the enclosure, he attempted to climb up the bank. On receiving a ball in the body, he uttered a growl like that of an angry dog, and plunging into the water crossed to the other side, where he was received with a similar salutation, discharged directly into his mouth. Finding himself attacked on every side, he renewed his attempts to ascend the banks; but whatever part of him appeared was bored with bullets, and finding that he was hunted, he forgot his own formidable means of attack, and sought only safety from the troubles which surrounded him. A low spot which separated the river from the lake, a little above the nets, was unguarded, and we feared that he would succeed in escaping over it. It was here necessary to stand firmly against him, and in several attempts which he made to cross it, we turned him back with spears, bamboos, or whatever came first to hand. He once seemed determined to force his way, and foaming with rage, rushed with open jaws and gnashing his teeth with a sound too ominous to be despised, appeared to have his full energies aroused, when his career was stopped by a large bamboo thrust violently into his mouth, which he ground to pieces, and the fingers of the holder were so paralysed that for some minutes he was incapable of resuming his gun. The natives had now become so excited as to forget all prudence, and the women and children of the little hamlet had come down to the shore to share in the general enthusiasm. They crowded to the opening, and were so unmindful of their danger that it was necessary to drive them back with some violence. Had the monster known his own strength and dared to have used it, he would have gone over that spot with a force which no human power could have withstood, and would have have crushed or carried with him into the lake about the whole population of the place. It is not strange that personal safety was forgotten in the excitement of the scene. The tremendous brute, galled with wounds and repeated defeat, tore his way through the foaming

water, glancing from side to side, in the vain attempt to avoid his foes; then rapidly ploughing up the stream he grounded on the shallows, and turned back frantic and bewildered at his circumscribed position. At length, maddened with suffering and deperate from continued persecution, he rushed furiously to the mouth of the stream, burst through two of the nets, and I threw down my gun in despair for it looked as though his way at last was clear to the wide lake; but the third net stopped him, and his teeth and legs had got entangled in all. This gave us a chance of closer warfare with lances, such as are used against the wild buffalo. We had sent for this weapon at the commencement of the attack, and found it much more effectual than guns. Entering the canoe, we plunged lance after lance into the alligator, as he was struggling under the water, till a wood seemed growing from him, which moved violently above while his body was concealed below. His endeavours to extricate himself lashed the waters into foam mingled with blood, and there seemed no end to his vitality or decrease to his resistance till a lance struck him directly through the middle of the back, which an Indian, with a heavy piece of wood, hammered into him as he could catch an opportunity. My companion on the other side now tried to haul him to the shore, by the nets to which he had fastened himself, but had not sufficient assistance with him. As I had more force with me, we managed, by the aid of the women and children, to drag his head and part of his body on to the little beach, and giving him the *coup de grace*, left him to gasp out the remnant of his life.

"This monster was nearly thirty feet in length and thirteen feet in circumference, and the head alone weighed three hundred pounds. On opening him there were found, with other parts of the horse, three legs entire, torn off at the haunch and shoulder, besides a large quantity of stones some of them of several pounds weight."

The flesh of alligators is eaten by some nations, but can scarcely be considered an epicurean morsel. A serpent will, however, lunch off an alligator with infinite *gusto*, as appears from the following example. In October, 1822, a Camoudy snake was killed in Demerara, measuring fourteen feet long and thirteen inches in circumference, as the natural size of the body, but the belly was distended to the enormous size of thirty-one inches. On opening it, it was found to contain an entire alligator, recently swallowed and measuring six feet long by twenty-eight inches in circumference. From the appearance of the neck of the alligator, it was evident that the snake destroyed him by twining round that part; and so severe had been the constriction that the eyes were starting from the head.

Some valuable information as to the habits of crocodiles are given by Mr. Gosse, on the authority of Mr. Richard Hill. It is generally supposed that alligators are greedily partial to dogs, and surprise them often when they come to drink at the river. "The voice of the dog," says Mr. Hill, "will always draw them away from an object when prowling. Those who would cross a river without any risk from their attacks, send a scout down the stream to imitate the canine bark, yelp, or howl, when away swim the alligators for their prey, leaving an unmolested ford for the traveller higher up. Instinct has taught the dog to secure himself by a similar expedient. When it has to traverse a stretch of water, it boldly goes some distance down the stream, and howls and barks. On perceiving the alligators crowding in eager cupidity to the spot, it creeps

gently along the banks higher up, and swims over the water without much fear of being pursued." Mr. Hill, however, doubts whether this eagerness with which the alligator responds to the cry of the dog, is to be attributed to fondness for it as food; he rather ascribes it to the similarity of the sound to its own peculiar cry under any species of excitement, especially the impassioned voice of its young, and he considers that the creatures press towards the point whence the cry is heard, the females to protect the young, the males to devour them.

Sir Hans Sloane, in his "Natural History of Jamaica" gives the following curious account of the mode of taking alligators there practised:

"They are very common on the coasts and deep rivers of Jamaica. One of nineteen feet in length, I was told, was taken by a dog, which was made use of as a bait, with a piece of wood tied to a cord, the farther end of which was fastened to a bed-post. The crocodile coming round as usual every night, seized the dog, was taken by the piece of wood made fast to the cord, drew the bed to the window and waked the people, who killed the alligator which had done them much mischief. The skin was stuffed and offered to me as a rarity and present, but I could not accept of it, because of its largeness, wanting room to stow it."

Few authors have received greater injustice than Mr. Waterton, on account of an adventure described by him in his interesting "Wanderings." "Having caught (he says), by means of a baited hook, a huge cayman in the river Essequibo, they (the Indians) pulled the cayman within two yards of me; I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation. I instantly dropped the mast, sprang up and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore-legs, and, by main force, twisted them on his back: thus they served me for a bridle."

This statement excited a whirlwind of ridicule; we will see with how little cause or justice.

When speaking of the Tentyrites, we have quoted ancient authors proving that it was the usual proceeding of these people to spring on the backs of crocodiles, and in that position to subdue them. Dr. Pocock, in his "Observations on Egypt," describes the following method of taking the crocodile. "The inhabitants," says he, "make some animal cry at a distance from the river, and when the crocodile comes out they thrust a spear into his body, to which a rope is tied: they then let him go into the water to spend himself, and afterwards drawing him out, run a pole into his mouth, and jumping on his back, tie his jaws together." Such is the mode still practised in Egypt, and the following interesting account given by Mr. Gosse, of the capture of an alligator in Jamaica, most fully exonerates Mr. Waterton from any suspicion of exaggeration.

"A cayman from the neighbouring lagoons of Lyson's estate in St. Thomas's in the East, that used occasionally to poach the ducks and ducklings having free warren about the water-mill, was taken in his prowl and killed. All sorts of suspicion was entertained about the depredators among the ducks, till the crocodile was surprised lounging in one of the ponds, after a night's plunder. Downie, the engineer of the plantation, shot at him and wounded him, and though it did not seem that he was much hurt, he was hit with such sensitive effect, that he immediately rose out of the pond to regain the morass. It was now that David Brown, an African wainman, came up, and before the reptile could make a dodge to get away, he threw himself astride over his back,

snatched up his fore-paws in a moment, and held them doubled up. The beast was immediately thrown upon its snout, and though able to move freely his hind feet, and slap his tail about, he could not budge half a yard, his power being altogether spent in a fruitless endeavour to grub himself onward. As he was necessarily confined to move in a circle, he was pretty nearly held to one spot. The African kept his seat. His place across the beast being at the shoulders, he was exposed only to severe jerks, as a chance of being thrown off. In this way a huge reptile eighteen feet long, for so he measured when killed, was held *manu forti*, by one man, till Downie reloaded his fowling-piece, and shot him quietly through the brain."

We will, finally, see how our bold British subalterns in India, when in steeple-chasing mood, deal with an alligator-steed. Their proceedings are thus described by Lieutenant Burton.

"The 'Alligator Tank,' as it is called by the natives, owes its origin and fame to one Hajee Mufur, a Moslem hermit, who first visited the barren spot, and to save himself the trouble of having to fetch water from afar, caused a rill to trickle from the rock above. It was visited by four brother saints, who, without rhyme or reason, began to perpetrate a variety of miracles. One formed a hot mineral spring, whose graveolent proceeds settled in the nearest hollow, converting it into a foul morass; another metamorphosed a flower into an animal of the crocodile species; and the third converted the bit of stick he was wont to use as a tooth-brush, into a palm shoot, which at once becoming a date-tree, afforded the friends sweet fruit and pleasant shade! This spot, and the inhabitants of the morass, descendants of the floral reptilian are regarded as holy by the natives, but are subjected to much persecution from the youthful officers of the British army, as they are politely called. One of these having performed the feat of running across the morass unharmed, and being in a state of great pale ale-ian valour, proposes an alligator-ride, is again laughed to scorn. and again runs off, with mind made up, to the tent. A moment afterwards he reappears carrying a huge steel fork, and a sharp hook, strong and sharp, with the body of a fowl quivering on one end, and a stout cord attached to the other; he lashes his line carefully round one of the palm-trees, and commences plying the water for an alligator.

"A brute nearly twenty feet long, a real Saurian every inch of him, takes the bait and finds himself in a predicament; he must either disgorge a savoury morsel, or remain a prisoner, and for a moment or two he makes the ignoble choice. He pulls, however, like a thorough-bred bull-dog, shakes his head as if he wished to shed it, and lashes his tail with the energy of a shark who is being beaten to death with capstan bars. In a moment young Waterton is seated, like an elephant-driver, upon the thick neck of the reptile, who, not being accustomed to carry such weight, at once sacrifices his fowl, and running off with his rider, makes for the morass. On the way, at times, he slackens his zig-zag, wriggling course, and attempts a bite, but the prongs of the steel fork, well rammed into the soft skin of his neck, muzzle him effectually enough; and just as the steed is plunging into his own element, the jockey springs actively up, leaps on one side, avoids a terrific lash from the serrated tail, and again escapes better than he deserves." *

* From "Scinde, or the Unhappy Valley." Bentley, 1851.

## THE CLOUD IN THE HONEYMOON.

Know ye the road of sylvan notoriety,
  Where close cabs stand, and omnibuses ply;
Which squares and crescents deck in gay variety,
  And walled-up villas, hidden from the eye;
Which counts dramatic stars in its society,
  In numbers that with Heaven's stars can vie;
Which boasts an hospital?—but wherefore prompt on?
The place you must have recognized, as Brompton.

Near this famed place, in a secluded spot,
  By a small garden from the road divided,
A small house stood—a perfect rural cot,
  In which, not many months ago, resided
A happy pair, contented with their lot;
  Thinking all bliss, while they were not divided;
Asking kind Heaven for no further boon,—
'Tis true they still were in their honeymoon:

Yet, as good models for all constant lovers,
  Joseph and Anna might have been displayed—
Each day, some brighter charm in her discovers,
  By fresh devotion on his part repaid—
One cloud alone in their horizon hovers;—
  (The crumpling of the rose-leaf, I 'm afraid),
That horrid office!—every day, Poor Joe,
At nine o'clock is hurried off to go.

Short-sighted mortals! why,—the separation
  Of those same eight hours out of twenty-four,
Adds to affection, zest and animation,
  Felt by the wife,—and by the husband more—
Returning from a long day's application,
  To find a sweet face smiling at the door,
Abright fire sparkling,—warmth, and joy, and peace;
Does not the contrast home's true charms increase?

" Don't be late back, love," Anna murmured, parting
  From Joseph, on the morn of the New Year;
It almost paid the grievance of departing,
  Those tender words and gentle tones to hear.
So Joseph thought, while on his long walk starting,
  With Anna's sweet voice ringing in his ear.
He gave a sigh—then, quickening his gait,
Exclaimed, " Confound that watch! I shall be late."

Elbowing, pushing, forcing on his way,
  At length a brother clerk he chanced to meet.
" Why, you are early from your work to-day!"
  Said Joseph, as he stopped, his friend to greet.
" Work!" said the other, " 'tis a holiday,
" To us poor fellows a delightful treat."

" A holiday ! " cried Joseph, " what a pleasure !
" I 'll hasten home—what glad news for my treasure ! "

How gaily now, his best exertions using,
Onwards to home and wife he quickly hies ;
With pleasant fancies, now, his mind amusing,
Anticipating Anna's glad surprise ;—
At other times, the length of way abusing ;—
At length the wished-for cottage meets his eyes—
He knocks once—twice—thrice, vainly at the door ;
The well-known raps strike heedless o'er and o'er.

At length, the door was opened ; and beside him
Stood Anna, in becoming agitation ;
She said, she from the window had descried him ;
And when he asked her, what her occupation
Was, that so long, an entrance she denied him ?
She blushed, and uttered with much perturbation,
Some faint excuse, which, with her shrinking eye
And changing tint, seemed very like a lie.

" Don't let us stand here in the cold to chatter,"
Said Joseph, in an accent somewhat stern,
His Anna would have asked, what was the matter ;
But feared lest her solicitude he 'd spurn :
Perhaps (my heroine I would not flatter),
Her busy conscience made her fair cheeks burn ;
And thinking of the slip in her veracity,
Acted as a restraint on her loquacity.

But, by degrees, their spirits rose again,
And as they sat conversing, side by side,
With fond words Joseph tried to soothe the pain
His harsh tones must have caused his gentle bride.
" What could," he thought, " have made my silly brain
" Form an idea against a love so tried ?"
And quite convinced that *he* had been the offender,
He strove to make it up by words more tender.

What has occurred to make him, in a hurry,
Draw back from Anna's slender waist his arm ?
Can jealous thoughts again his fancy worry,
And cause that sudden glance round of alarm ?
Why does his look put Anna in a flurry ?
She rose, and murmuring, " 'Tis very warm,"
Opened the window, and then left the room,
Leaving her husband sunk in deepest gloom.

Oh, jealousy ! how much are to be pitied
The victims of thy poisonous influence !
When once a mind is to thy power submitted,
Farewell all hope, all reasoning, all sense !
Now art thou into Joseph's brain admitted,
On what would seem too idle a pretence :

Those fears, those doubts, which all his pleasure mar,
Rise from the smell of an expired cigar!

" Now, who can have been smoking here?" thought Joseph:
" There's no use asking Anna, I presume.
" She really might as well have got no nose, if
" She can't perceive this evident perfume!
" She said she had no visitors—who knows if
" I had not better ignorance assume?
" She *must* have smelt it, and, with guilty care,
" Opened the window, just to change the air.

" I'll hide my doubts, and watch her every motion."
Just then, his wife re-entered with a smile:
Her manner showed no traces of emotion,
As, with gay talk, she strove the hours to wile;
Her merry laugh, her simple, fond devotion,
Served, for a time, his fancies to beguile;
But still, that odour, floating in the air,
Contrived his coming gaiety to scare.

Vainly, dissimulation's aid invoking,
The conversation round about he led;
Wished they had visitors—and said, half joking,
That he had met a friend, who was ill-bred
Enough to want to come in, although smoking.
Here he thought Anna's cheek grew very red;
But, as she answered with some slight remark,
He was obliged to leave off in the dark.

Next morning, Joseph lingers in his going,
Although the clock his tardiness reproves;
Till Anna, with a smile, the hour hand showing,
Presents him, as a hint, with hat and gloves.
" 'Tis but too clear! she's quite impatient growing,"
Thought he, as to the door he slowly moves,
" But, this time, in hypocrisy I'll match her.
" As sure as I'm alive, to-day I'll catch her!"

Resolved to act with care and circumspection,
He hid the bitter pain from which he smarted;
He said "good-bye!" with much assumed affection,
Trying to hum an air, and look light-hearted.
His doubts thus safe from all fear of detection,
Upon his fatal journey off he started,
With plans that gave this gay, good-humoured fellow,
A wonderful resemblance to Othello.

" If," thought he, " I find something wrong about her,
" No pains, no torments of revenge I'll spare!
" Yet, after all, it is unjust to doubt her
" On a cause, literally, 'light as air.'
" What a blank would existence be without her
" Kind looks and words, her tender, loving care!"

Here, as he melted fast into the lover,
He hastened back, the whole truth to discover.

Through the small garden, now behold him stealing,
With beating heart, and footstep light and airy:
Fearing some chance, his quick return revealing,
Should spoil his plot, he cast round glances wary.
At length, successfully his form concealing,
He reached the house; and then, with anxious care, he
Crept to the parlour window, and peeped in,
Trembling at what he might behold within.

What sees he there?—each jealous fancy flies;
Doubt and suspicion are for ever gone!
By the fireside, his Anna meets his eyes,
Reclining in an arm-chair, and alone.
But what her occupation?—(his surprise
Is justified by such a cause, we own).
A faint cloud issues from her lips, which are
Puffing away at an immense cigar!

The exclamation, he could not repress,
Startled the fair one from her meditation;
Trembling with wonder, and with fear no less,
She spied her husband at his observation.
"Joseph!" she cried, in accents of distress.
He waited for no further invitation,
But, quick as thought, the window ledge he gained,
And to his heart his faithful wife he strained!

I need not tell how Joseph, doubts forswearing,
Was of his jealous whims for ever rid;
How Anna had been longing, yet not daring,
To own the secret habit from him hid;
How, all his frantic jealousy declaring,
He owned his fears deserving to be chid;
How he forgave, and joined his constant Anna
In quiet indulgence in a mild Havanna.

### Moral.

Now, of this tale the moral I'll explain:
A useful one to husband and to wife.
Wives, let no idle fears your truth restrain,
For mystery will oft occasion strife.
Husbands, from causeless jealousy refrain,
Lest you embitter all your wedded life,
For doubts which afterwards you would revoke,
And fears, which may, like Joseph's, end in *smoke!*

M. A. B.

## THE JEWISH HEROINE.

### A TRUE STORY.

A MAGNIFICENT saloon, dazzling with oriental splendour, and brilliant with Arabic decorations, was allotted to Sol's reception; and there she was immediately attended by six Moorish damsels, who came to receive her orders. Fatigued by the length of her journey, and covered with the dust of the road, she begged for water to refresh herself, and a room where she might repose. Scarcely were the words pronounced when she beheld around her vessels of silver, brought to her by six other damsels, clothed in white, and offering her that for which she had asked with respect and humility. They brought her clothes of the finest cambric, fragrant essences of Arabia, and exquisitely-worked garments of divers colours, and of the highest value, all of which the humble Sol rejected, scarcely accepting from them even those things which were indispensable to her, and declining to change her dress. But one of the ladies of the court, seeing this, told her that she had received orders to clothe her according to the custom of the country, for which purpose she had collected together these garments for her choice. Sol, nevertheless, after expressing her gratitude, endeavoured to excuse herself, but the request was pressed upon her with so much urgency, that she found it impossible to decline; and, at length, among the many varieties of dress prepared for her express use, selected one of a black hue, bordered with white, as indicative of the sadness of her heart; when, after a place of rest had been pointed out to her, she was left alone.

All the women who had been employed about the young Hebrew repeated to the wives of the imperial prince the warmest praises of her extreme beauty and amiability. The emperor himself visited the house of his son, and inquiring with minute curiosity into all the incidents that have been related, and listening with delight to the praises heaped upon his young captive, he renewed his commands that she should be treated with gentleness, that everything which could flatter her sight, or gratify her wishes, should be given her, and that nothing should be denied her by which her mind could be favourably impressed previously to the interview which he proposed to have with her on the day following,—saying, as he departed, that the moment of her conversion by his means would be an epoch in his life, which he would mark by the most princely magnificence to all that had contributed to it. All promised the most punctual compliance with the commands of the emperor and the prince, and all vied with one another in inventing every expedient to effect the object which the most subtle arts could have recourse to. During the night the wearied maiden slept profoundly, while the Moorish women in attendance watched her in silence, anxious not to disturb her slumbers, and not venturing to move from their posts.

Morning dawned at last. The nightingale, the goldfinch, and the swift-flying bunting, announced the rising of the orb of day; the flowers unclosed their buds in the transparent morning ray, wafting forth their delicious odours, and perfuming with their fragrance the tranquil abode where breathed this innocent and lovely maiden. This abode was within a small gallery, decorated with crystal; and sur-

rounded by vast shrubberies of the laurel, cypress, and myrtle, whose dark foliage mingled with the fragrant boughs of the citron and lemon. Through occasional vistas might be remarked, amid these labyrinths of eternal green, the deep mulberry-coloured branches of the towering spice-tree, while the rose, the jessamine, and the mallow, crowned the raised terraces in sweet luxuriance, seeming to vie with the tall cassia, and darkening the bowers where the sunlight had been allowed to penetrate by the abundance of their white and crimson bloom. The blue-bell, the white lily, and the lily of the valley, blossomed beneath, shedding their perfume on the lower earth, as though too lowly to mingle with the clouds of fragrance emitted by the loftier plants, above which in their turn the ambitious woodbine exalted its gay festoons; and in the more distant shades of the garden, the green sward spread a soft and variegated carpet over the ground, spangled with plants of the dwarf violet, and aromatic spikenard. It was upon these scenes that the eyes of the fair Hebrew unclosed, after her long and profound sleep. So fair a sight filled her with a tranquil and serene pleasure; the warbling of the singing birds that fluttered amid the branches around her, or flew here and there amid the flowery mazes of the garden, were heard with delight, and while she watched them she envied them their liberty.

It was with surprise and admiration that the young Jewess examined the embellishments of this gallery, which were, indeed, a triumph of art and ingenuity. Again and again did she admire it, reclining on her couch. One of the Moorish ladies, seeing her attention thus engaged, addressed her, with an affectionate salutation. Sol replied in accents of kindness, and entered into conversation with her, speaking with innocent admiration of the picturesque beauty of the landscape she beheld from this gallery.

A black slave, clothed in white, came to give notice to Sol that the kaidmia * waited to receive her. With haste, therefore, she took leave of the Moorish ladies, and placed herself under the conduct of that officer. She was at once conducted into the presence of the emperor, who received her in a magnificent hall, sitting on an ottoman of crimson velvet, richly fringed with gold. Opposite to him was a cushion, which he desired the young Hebrew to occupy, and commanded his slaves to serve *esfa*,† and tea with the herb *luisa*.‡ Having thus, by every demonstration of kindness and affability, prepared her to converse with him—the emperor told Sol, he had long since heard of her mental acquirements and talents, and was not ignorant of the arguments she had used in the palace of his son, nor of her obstinate refusal to embrace the Law of the Prophet; but that he looked upon that merely as a morbid feeling of her mind, arising from delusion, and trusted that when *he* should have argued awhile with her, she would not long continue in her present opinion.

"Thou art called Sol," proceeded the emperor, "is it not so?"

The young Jewess replied in the affirmative.

"Well, then, beloved Sol," said he, "I have prepared a boon beyond all the powers of thine imagination to conceive. Since first I heard of thy beauty and virtue from Arbi Esid, the governor of Tangier, I de-

* Or "captain of a hundred," centurion. From the Arabic *kaid*, a leader or chief, *mia*, a hundred. The Kaidmia is adjutant of the empire.

† A kind of sweetmeat prepared for the emperor and persons of high rank, composed of milk, sugar, butter, and cinnamon.

‡ A herb like sweet marjoram, usually accompanying tea in Morocco.

cided that thou shouldst become the enchantress of my court. I saw thee enter Fez; and was delighted with all I saw; I heard thee speak in the palace of my son, and was charmed with all I heard. I was beside thee, though unseen, and I rejoiced with the Prophet, over so fair a captive. This morning, while thou wast conversing upon the state of men by birth, I was in the garden; the Tolva,* who accompanied me, said to me, 'this Jewess will indeed be a noble Mahometan!' At that moment, I had decided to reward thy beauty by giving thee in marriage to my nephew,—a handsome, rich, and brave youth; I had determined to bestow upon thee a diamond, whose value exceeds all the riches that any prince can possess; see, beautiful Sol, these are indeed gifts worthy to be appreciated, and thou wilt not, I am certain, disappoint me."

"My lord," replied Sol, "I must confess, that in my present condition, nothing can attract or fix my attention: and my mind is tormented by the remembrance of my parents and of my brother."

"Thy parents and thy brother," said the emperor, "shall be sent for immediately after thy recantation."

"Say, rather," exclaimed Sol, "after my death, for never can I become a Mahometan!"

"Innocent creature!" said the emperor, "who has urged you to this temerity? Reflect but for an instant; then consider if you would renounce my favour, and embrace Death as an alternative! Resolve quickly; or I would even grant delay, if you desire it."

"My Lord," said Sol, "I am well aware that you have distinguished me in a manner of which I am undeserving; the offers that you have made me are, indeed, worthy of so great a prince; but I, a miserable Jewess, cannot accept them. I have determined never to change my creed; if this resolve should merit death, I will patiently submit; order, then, my execution, and the God of justice, knowing my innocence, will avenge my blood."

"Unhappy girl!" exclaimed the emperor; "you were not born to be so beautiful, yet so unfortunate! From this moment I abandon you: my pride forbids me to persuade you further; yet I leave you with sorrow—the laws of my realm must judge you, and already I foresee that your blood will be poured out upon the earth!"

So speaking, and casting a compassionate glance upon Sol, the monarch departed with a measured and thoughtful step.

The afflicted Sol remained immoveable, but gave way to a torrent of tears. Before long the kaidmia appeared, and desired her to follow him, which she did without opposition. The emperor, although he had decreed that the cadi, as superior judge of the law, should try her cause, had urged upon him to withhold the extreme penalties of the law till every means had been tried that persuasion and mildness could suggest. To the house of this magistrate she was now conducted, with this especial recommendation from the emperor, in consequence of which, instead of being sent to the prison, a room in the cadi's own house was set apart for her, where he could be near her continually, and frequently engage her in conversation; yet all these marks of kindness did the young Sol receive as part of her martyrdom, and now thought on nothing but death, as the means of her wished-for release.

* A learned professor of the law. It is the common practice in Arabia to have whispering-galleries and watch-rooms in most houses, so that what passes in one apartment may be overheard in another.

The Jew who had accompanied the captive maiden at the request of her parents, had written news of all these events to Tangier. In Fez they excited a very great sensation; and, especially among the resident Jews, who showed their interest in all that passed whenever they could do so without injuring the success of the means devised to save the victim, of which they never lost sight for a moment. But they were now, although they knew it not, engaged in a hopeless undertaking; for the Moors had entered into a compact, having for its object the conversion of Sol, and from this there was no escape. The cadi, a zealous servant of the emperor, conducted his task with masterly subtlety; six hours were almost daily occupied by him in arguments and entreaties to the young Jewess; but all was vain, the steadfast maiden, firm in her resolution, adhered to the law of her fathers, and listened with reluctance to all the exhortations of the cadi. He admired her fortitude of spirit, while he pitied her fate, knowing that unless she became a proselyte, her sentence must inevitably be pronounced. In order to hasten the crisis, however, he concerted a scheme to surprise her into a decision by which she might either escape, or fall into his snare.*

One morning early, after nine days had been spent in useless persuasion, the cadi entered the apartment of Sol:—"My daughter," said he, "I bring you news of consolation; I, that have beheld you with eyes of compassion, that would weep over your death as for that of a daughter, have sought the Jajamins † of your creed; with them I have considered your present position; they assure me that your fear of forfeiting the glories which are to come, which causes you to reject the laws of the Prophet, is groundless; they ensure you that future glory, on the word of their conscience, provided that your life is not thus forfeited. I wish the emperor to remain unacquainted with the step I have thus taken for your sole benefit, my dear daughter, and from motives of kindness and affection only. You will be visited by the Jajamins, who will repeat what you now hear from my lips; and thus, convinced of the truth, you will give me the delight of your conversion, and of your rescue from death. But I perceive you are but little affected by this news!"

Sol had not ceased, during this conversation to regard the cadi with a serious expression of countenance which very clearly indicated the state of mental vacillation produced by his words; nevertheless, she answered only, that she was beyond measure anxious to speak to the Jajamins, on whose judgment would probably depend her final determination.

Now this plot, so far from being undertaken without the knowledge of the emperor, had been concerted between himself and the cadi; and by his desire the latter informed the Jajamins, that unless they succeeded in the conversion of the young Hebrew, she would suffer death, and they would be exposed to the emperor's rigorous displeasure. This threat produced the desired effect upon the Jajamins, who came to Sol prepared by every means in their power to change her resolution.

* It may here be mentioned, that the Moorish law cannot *force* a Jew to change his religion; this conversion must be voluntary. The Cadi could not, therefore, condemn Sol to death, because she refused to become a Mahometan, unless she had made use of some expressions impugning the law of Mahomet. This will be seen by the sequel.

† The Jajamins or Hajamins are Jews invested with certain dignities,—*Anglicè*, "wise men," and respected as such.

On the ensuing day, when she received their visit, they professed to her their wish to console her in her affliction, and to hear from her own lips the reasons why she had negatived the urgent wishes of the emperor; adding, that this mission was a part of their duty, to which they much desired to conform.

The beautiful Jewess listened with attention to this exordium; and replied, though with many sighs, in the following terms:—"God, who was concealed from our view by the dense cloud which no human sight could penetrate, delivered the Tables of the Law to Moses on the Mountain of the Desert. He prompts my heart to remain faithful to those laws, imposed on the people of Israel. More than once have I read in those sacred books of the horrible persecutions endured by the Israelites who violated that law; I have studied the prophecies of our Patriarchs, and have observed their gradual fulfilment. Mahomet was but a false innovator, a renegade from the primitive law;* neither to his laws nor to the future pleasures of his paradise, can I lend an ear; faithful to my own rites, the name of the only true God remains engraven on my heart; to whom Abraham offered his son Isaac in sacrifice; and I, a daughter of Abraham, would make sacrifice of my life to the same God. He ordains fidelity, and I will keep His commandments as a faithful Hebrew ought to keep them. Can any one on earth oppose the decree written by the right hand of the Most High?"

The Jajamins listened attentively to the reasons of the youthful Sol, and urged, in reply, arguments full of hope; but perceiving that Sol, with an indescribable firmness, set these all aside, one of them at length addressed her as follows:—"Our law imposes on us, as a duty, after God, to respect the king. The king's will is that you should wear the turban; and his will is sacred upon earth. I dare not advise otherwise, for I should then lift up my counsel against the law of the country that gives us a home. Besides, there are certain circumstances of human life which are of such exigency, that the God of Abraham looks upon them with leniency and toleration. As, for instance, young maiden, the unforeseen and impending danger of your present situation. You have parents—a brother; Jews, in great numbers, reside in this vast empire; and all these will, on your account, be exiled, persecuted, and ill-used. While, on the contrary, your conversion will not only liberate yourself from death, but will avert these threatening ills to them, and will bring down upon them honours and privileges; and we will, in the name of God, ensure your future glory, and save your conscience by taking on ourselves the responsibility of the act."

The young Jewess listened in expressive silence, but without any visible emotion, to the foregoing address. At the close of it she arose, and expressed herself thus:—

"I respect your words, wise men of our faith; but if our laws impose respect—after God, to the king—the king cannot violate the precepts of the One God. I am resolved to sacrifice my life on the altar of my faith. To myself only can this resolve be fatal: my parents and kindred will be strengthened, and protected, and freed from the fury of that fanaticism by which I suffer. I will not, even in outward appearance, accede to the terms proposed. I will lay down my head to receive the axe of the executioner, and the remembrance

* On these words was the sentence of Sol framed, impeaching, as they did, the Mahometan creed.

of my death and constancy will excite only remorse in those who have oppressed me. Pardon me, if I have offended you; and, I pray you, tell my parents that they live in my heart. Entreat the cadi to molest me by no further importunities. My determination is fixed, and all further attempts to shake it will be vain."

The tone of firmness in which she spoke, convinced the jajamins that there was no hope; and they left her, overwhelmed with surprise.

The cadi, who had listened to the whole conference from another apartment, went to meet the anxious and unsuccessful jajamins.

"I know all," said he; "I have heard everything. Your mission is fulfilled, and I shall report your fidelity to the emperor. Fear nothing, therefore, but rely upon my word."

He then dismissed them, and going at once to his office, he took the papers that related to the cause of the young Sol, and added to them a transcript of her late contumelious expressions respecting the Law of the Prophet, which he represented as being blasphemed by her, and sentenced her, in consequence, to public execution. He next repaired to the palace of the emperor, and after reporting to him the result of the late conference with the jajamins, he handed to him the sentence of death. The emperor was much moved, and showed symptoms of surprise and concern.

"How!" said he; "is there no remedy? Must this Jewess die?"

"My lord," answered the cadi, "by the law she stands condemned; and there is no remedy."

"Well, then," said the emperor, "but one more hope remains. I command that preparations for the execution be made with the utmost publicity; that all the troops at Fez and at the intermediate stations be assembled, and that nothing may be omitted which can make the spectacle an imposing one. Let her be awe-stricken; let her even be partially wounded before her head be finally severed. Perchance the sight of her own blood, flowing down, may produce some effect upon her, and we may at the last moment accomplish her conversion by intimidation. Leave me; I am sorely displeased at the fate of this young Hebrew—lovely as her name. And, mark me; strain every point; neglect nothing. We may yet gain her over. Alas! may Alà protect her!" And the emperor turned away with manifest signs of heavy displeasure.

The cadi well perceived how greatly his royal master was grieved at the idea of Sol's death: but there was now no remedy. The law, barbarous and unjust as it was, was final; and her death was, therefore, inevitable. Before her execution, nevertheless, he paid her a final visit, when he found her kneeling in prayer; and displayed to her the writ of execution.

"Behold," said he, "your sentence. Your head will roll on the ground, and the dust of the earth shall be dyed with your blood. Your tomb shall be covered with maledictions, and amidst them will your last end be remembered. Yet, fair Sol, there is a remedy; think yet upon it. To-morrow, at this very hour, I will return, either to present you, crowned with the jessamine flowers, to the emperor, or to lead you to your death."

With these words he departed, leaving the young Hebrew still in the position in which he had found her upon his entrance, and from which she stirred not, but remained in a contemplative ecstacy commending her soul fervently to her Creator.

It was soon publicly known in Fez that the day approached when the beautiful young Jewess was to be beheaded for blaspheming the name of the Prophet. The Moors, whose religious fanaticism is great beyond comparison, looked upon this execution as an occasion for rejoicings. The Jews, powerless to remedy it, were overcome by the deepest feelings of despondency: unwilling to remain entirely passive, they commenced a subscription, ready to be invested in any way that might best suit the emergency. The parents and relations who were in Tangier, whose efforts to save this beloved victim would have been unavailing, even had they been capable of devising any means for her rescue, were plunged into despair; their hopes had suffered shipwreck upon the rock of a relentless fatality, and they, like the young maiden herself, had no consolation but those imparted from heaven. The afflicted Sol spent the whole day in meditation, she refused all food, and looked anxiously for the hour which would end her life. That fatal hour arrived at length. With a trembling step, the cadi entered her apartment, and found her, as before, in prayer. He was much agitated, and could speak to her only with the utmost difficulty. At length he said:—

"Sol—beautiful Sol! the arbiters of life and death may meet together. Behold me here! Know you wherefore I am come?"

"I do know it," replied the maiden.

"And have you determined upon your fate?" asked the cadi.

Rising from the ground, and with firmness, Sol answered:—"I have determined. Lead me to the place where I am to shed my blood."

"Unhappy girl!" said the cadi, "never, till my death, will thine image leave my memory!" He then desired a soldier to handcuff and lead her to the prison.

The authorities of Fez, at the emperor's desire, having determined to give the scene as much publicity as possible, resolved that the execution should take place upon the Soco—a large square in Fez, where the market is held. The previous day, too, having been one of the weekly market days, when the concourse of persons was always very considerable, the news had circulated far and wide, and but little else was talked of. Very early in the morning, a strong picquet of soldiers had been posted on the Soco, in order to excite attention and attract more spectators; but so numerous was the crowd, that this precaution was scarcely necessary. The Jews who resided in Fez, when they saw that hope was at an end, went to the emperor, and proffered the large sum they had collected, as was previously stated, in exchange for the permission to inter the remains of the young Sol after her execution; to which the emperor offered no opposition.

The dreadful moment had now arrived, when the fair victim was to be conducted from her prison to the place of execution. Till it arrived, her devotions had been uninterrupted, and the executioners sent to fetch her, found her still praying to that Eternal Being in whom her faith was centered, that He would endow her with strength and fortitude to receive the bitter cup that awaited her. When the door of her prison opened, she saw the executioners enter without manifesting any emotion or surprise, but looked meekly towards them, waiting for the fulfilment of their mission. But these men, whose nature is hardened to the most savage cruelty, after intimating to her that they were come to conduct her to death, tied around her neck a thick rope, by which they commenced dragging her along as though she were a

wild beast. The lovely young girl, wrapped in her haïque,* her eyes fixed on the earth, which she moistened with her bitter tears, followed them with faltering steps. As she passed, compassion, grief, tenderness, and every painful emotion of the heart, might be traced in the countenances of the Jews; but among the Mahometans there were no visible relentings of humanity. The Moors, of all sects and ages, who crowded the streets, rent the air with their discordant rejoicings. "She comes!" they cried; "she comes, who blasphemed the name of the Prophet. Let her die for her impiety!"

From the prison to the Soco, the crowds every minute augmented, though the square formed by the troops prevented their penetrating to the scaffold. Every alley and lane was crowded, and amid the most extreme confusion the executioner arrived with Sol at the appointed spot. The pen refuses to describe the incidents of the few succeeding moments. Some few, even amongst the Moors, were moved, and wept freely and bitterly. The executioner † unsheathed his sharp scimetar, and whirled it twice or thrice in the air, as a signal for silence, when the uproar of the Moors was hushed. The beautiful Sol was then directed to kneel down,—at which moment she begged for a little water to wash her hands. It was immediately brought, when she performed the ablution required by the Jewish custom before engaging in prayer. The spectators were anxiously observant of all the actions of the victim. Lifting her eyes to heaven, and amid many tears, she recited the Semà (the prayer offered by those of her nation before death), and then, turning to the executioners, "I have finished," said she, "dispose of my life;" and, fixing her gaze upon the earth, she knelt to receive the fatal stroke.

The scene had by this time begun to change its aspect. The vast concourse of people, seeing Sol's meek gentleness, could not but be moved; many wept, and all felt a degree of compassion for her fate. The executioner, then, seizing the arms of the victim, and twisting them behind her back, bound them with a rope, and whirling his sword in the air, laid hold of the long hair of Sol's head, and wounded her slightly, as he had been commanded, yet so that the blood flowed instantly from the wound, dying her breast and garments.

"There is yet time," said they to her; "be converted, your life may yet be spared."

But Sol, turning her face to the cruel executioner, replied—

"Slay me, and let me not linger in my sufferings; dying innocently, as I do, the God of Abraham will judge my cause."

These were her last words, at the close of them the scimetar descended upon her fair neck, and the courageous maiden was no more.

The Jews had paid six Moors to deliver to them the corpse with the blood-stained earth on which it lay, immediately after the execution of the sentence. This was accordingly done, and the remains, wrapped in a fine linen cloth, were deposited in a deep sepulchre of the Jewish cemetery by the side of those of a learned and honoured sage of the law of Moses. Amidst tears and sighs was the Hebrew martyr buried. Even some of the Moors followed her, mourning to her grave, and still visit her tomb, and venerate her resting-place as that of a true and faithful martyr to the creed she held.

* The *haïque*, a sort of hooded cloak, is worn in Africa by the Jews as well as the Moors.

† All Moorish executions are performed with a sword.

# HOW MR. ROBERT SMITHSON ASSISTED IN THE LATE COUP D'ETAT.

If the child be indeed the father to the man (as some sage has somewhere remarked), what a very queer little papa to himself must Bob Smithson have been! To suppose that he ever cried and puled, fed on pap, and went through the various interesting periods of short-coating, weaning, and teething, demands an exercise of faith in the immutability of Nature's laws, almost larger than we can command. Bob Smithson in long-clothes!—Bob Smithson with a rattle!—Bob Smithson making frantic attempts to swallow his own fist!—bah! the idea is too absurd. We have known Bob these seven years, and he has never changed one whit. He says he is nine-and-twenty, but we should believe him just as well if he said nine hundred and twenty; it is impossible to conceive so stereotyped an animal ever having been younger, or ever growing older. But the reader does not know him, and so we will try to describe him.

Robert Smithson, Esq., may be described in three ways—morally, mentally, and physically,—and in each of these phases of his individuality he may be said to be distinguished by "slowness." Thus he has a strong tendency to tea-meetings and the German flute played by ear; he reads Wordsworth and Akenside, Richardson and Mrs. Chapone, Dugald Stewart, and Locke "On the Human Understanding,"—a strong dose of the latter stupifying him as effectually as a sniff of chloroform; and he is fond of walking in Kensington Gardens, and up Primrose Hill in winter, fondly believing that sloppy gravel is more healthy than dry pavement.

In person he is long, lean, sandy-haired, and inclining to the cadaverous. You can't divest yourself of the impression that his eyes have been boiled, and the colour washed out of his straggling whiskers; while his mouth, instead of being chiselled (as fashionable novelists are so fond of saying), must have been cut with a carving-knife, when Dame Nature had nothing more appropriate at hand, wherewith to complete that necessary feature. His legs are decidedly odd; we don't mean "funny," but that they have no sort of natural similitude to one another, and don't seem to be on good terms—the right one invariably turns in its toes, but is on the whole, a quiet well-behaved leg; while the left, on the contrary, has a habit of swinging about, as if it were trying to get away from the body, and—in fact, our impression is that Bob Smithson's left leg gives him a great deal of trouble.

Bob is a surgeon, at least he says so; and we believe that the Apothecaries Hall did really grant him a licence to practise; but as nobody has ever asked him even for a black draught, the civility of the Apothecaries Company has been entirely wasted. It is recorded that he once purchased a practice, and a stock in trade in some extraordinary neighbourhood between Camden Town and the Highgate Archway (we can give no more accurate description of the locality, as, thank Providence, we never venture into those regions); but, after one week's strict attention to business, Bob found himself only the richer by two penny pieces, and a bad fourpenny ditto in exchange for a piece of sticking-plaster, some hair oil, and a blister. Bob pronounced the whole affair a "swindle," for which defamation of character he had to pay ten pounds damages; but

he has never ventured into the red bottle and lamp line since, contenting himself with a brass plate announcing that he is a surgeon, and a—ahem!

Bob had a weakness—who has not? Who can lay his hand on his heart, and say that he is exempt from some little taste or propensity not strictly sanctioned by reason or morality? My friend the Reverend Theodore Brick, of St. Apollodorus is a good and virtuous man; but his best friends admit that if the Reverend Theodore took an occasional bottle of port the less, his divinity would be as sound (and his liver also), while his complexion would be more improved in the nasal regions than by any half-dozen bottles of Gowland's Lotion, or Rowland's Kalydor. My friend Captain Jenkyns, of the 18th Light Dragoons, though as good-natured a fellow as ever backed a bill and a friend at the same time, and as gallant a soldier as ever stormed a breach, is a little too fond of the artistic productions of west-end tailors, bootmakers, &c.,—rather too great an admirer of his own elegances of person, as displayed under the combined inventions of those benevolent tradesmen. The character of John Bulliondust, Esq., of Angel Court and Hyde Park Gardens, is irreproachable on 'Change, untarnished in the west; but Mr. Bulliondust would be equally respected and honoured if *Mrs.* Bulliondust were seen rather oftener in his company, and his visits to that little *bijou* of a cottage on the Hammersmith Road (with the green blinds, and the conservatory, the Blenheim spaniel, and the neat Brougham) were rather fewer and farther between. And so it is with the whole world—each man has his hobby-horse, so Sterne told us long since, and each man has his weakness. Bob Smithson's weakness was an intense desire for *an adventure.*

A man who confines his peregrinations within the limits of Kensington Gardens and Primrose Hill, is not very likely to meet with many exciting adventures, unless he terms captivating a nurserymaid, or being bitten in the leg by an old maid's pet dog, "an adventure." Indeed it may be doubted whether poor Bob's great desire for an exciting event in his life would ever have been gratified, but for two accidents,—he had an enemy—and he went to Paris.

His enemy was the man who had most injured him, as enemies generally are: for it is astonishing how pertinaciously you hate the man you *have* injured. Of course, good reader, you and ourselves never injured any one. We can lay our hands on our waistcoats and say *that* with clear consciences, can we not? But all men are not so virtuous, alas! and with that sigh we remove our hands from our waistcoat, shake our head, and go on with our story. Bob Smithson's enemy was a certain Mr. Brown, who had sold Bob the impracticable practice aforesaid, and made him pay the ten pounds damages, for calling the transaction a "swindle." The vindictive Brown had been heard to utter dire threats of punching Bob's head on the earliest opportunity; and Bob really believed that Brown meant to do it, not bearing in mind, that gentlemen who threaten to do these valorous deeds "on the first opportunity," always take excellent care that the opportunity never shall arrive,—thereby preserving their consistency, and their reputation for valour together. One thing is certain, two years had passed, during which time Bob had never been assaulted by Brown, though the two gentlemen had frequently met face to face. "Let me catch him *alone*, that 's all," said Brown.

We have said that Bob Smithson delighted in the gardens of Kensing-

ton and the hill of Primrose; and yet Bob actually went to Paris two months ago! It is true that he was sent there on a special message by his father, a country solicitor, and entreated by his mother to undertake the errand as a means of expanding his mind by foreign travel.

Early on the morning of the 1st of December, 1851, Bob Smithson started by special train from London Bridge, and late in the evening of the same day he was deposited, with bag and baggage, at the Paris terminus of the Chemin de Fer du Nord. He sent to Meurice's Hotel, ordered a beefsteak and some porter for his supper (as a light and easily digested one, no doubt), and turned into bed, where he dreamt all night of railways, steamers, seasickness, *douaniers,* Normandy fish-women, and passports. Next morning when he got up, he heard that a kind of revolution on a small scale, termed a *coup d'état,* had already taken place in Paris that very morning. Even Bob, however, was not much astonished, because he had been accustomed to consider such things one of the inevitable weekly or monthly Parisian entertainments; and as the waiter smiled as he told him, and asked him whether he would take his coffee *au lait* or *noir* in the same breath, Bob naturally thought little about the matter.

He sallied forth, and first executed his father's commands, which were soon complied with, and then he roamed about to see the lions. He was puzzled at seeing no cabs, omnibus, or other vehicles about the streets, and inquired the cause in the best French he could command, which was, perhaps, the worst ever heard out of an English boarding-school.

"*V'là l'affiche,*" was the gruff reply of a moustached blouse, as he pointed to a "poster," which Bob scanned, and by help of his pocket-dictionary made out, that "the circulation of cabs, &c., is defended—" a piece of intelligence which added very little to his stock of knowledge.

He got through the day somehow, though he found Paris the dullest place in the world, as was natural to a man who fancied he could speak the language but could not, and who found himself in the brilliant capital when the circulation of cabs was forbidden.

Next day came!—Again Bob Smithson walked forth jauntily, his left leg exhibiting more than its usual symptoms of liveliness, and his lank sandy hair more carefully brushed and smoothed than on ordinary occasions; for Bob had discovered that the Parisians were smart fellows.

Decidedly there was an air of mischief about the place to-day—people hurrying to and fro; *sergens de ville* interrupting all street conversations, with their "move on;" troops of cavalry passing at a trot; regiments of infantry marching by and looking so diabolically wicked, as French troops who have served in Algeria can alone look; shop-keepers standing at their doors with puzzled and doubtful looks; groups of heads at the *café* windows: and no one with a perfect air of ease and satisfaction about him. Bob was not experienced in the physiology of Parisian life, or he would have read in all these symptoms, as easily as in print, the significant word "BARRICADES."

Which way Bob roamed it is impossible for us to tell, seeing that we have nothing to guide us in this little history but his own information, which is decidedly scanty as to locality. Suddenly, however, he came to a street, which, as he thought, was under repair, seeing that the stones were up at one end, and piled as he had seen them almost every month in Fleet Street, which is a street afflicted with a chronic complaint in the internal regions. A few heads were visible above the

stones, and as Bob drew nearer he saw that the owners of the heads carried muskets instead of pickaxes. This was suspicious; and Bob paused to consider what it could mean, but his reverie was interrupted by the most extraordinarily sudden "whizz!" close to his ear. He started, as he saw at the same moment a little hole perforated in the wall by his side, and guessed that he had been shot at. He fell flat on his face—not dead, but—deeply intent on the first law of human nature, self-preservation. He crept along on his stomach to the barricade before him (for such indeed it was), and he lay beside it; but glancing cautiously round, he saw the blue coats and crimson continuations of an infantry regiment advancing on his side of the street fortification.

Who shall paint his horror? How the cold perspiration ran down his lanky cheeks, and settled on his washed-out whiskers! How still was the once lively left leg! How loudly thumped the poor fellow's heart, and how audibly chattered his teeth!

There was but one chance for him; already had a volley been fired at the barricade, but fortunately over his head. The stones had been hurredly thrown up, and here and there was a considerable space between them. Could he creep or burrow his way, so as to get actually inside the barricade? Carefully he pulled away one of the big stones, still lying on his stomach; and down tumbled a larger one, filling up its place. Horrible! Well, one more trial; yonder is a likely spot; by slow degrees it is gained; a stone is pushed aside—his head is thrust in —his neck—his arms—his body—his legs.

So far safe, thank God! But now is the danger of the stones above rolling down and crushing him. The firing is going on hotter than ever. Doubtless the barricade will be soon stormed and carried by the soldiery. They will charge it and march over it, and smash the wretched Bob Smithson beneath it.

What 's that? An arm is thrust through an aperture near him on the opposite side from which he entered. Mercy on him! they are going to drag him out! Bob utters a horrible shriek, which is drowned in a volley of musketry!

The arm is followed by a head, the head by a body, and Bob hears a groan. Can it be a wounded man seeking a hiding-place? Bob hopes so, and he feels relieved. The new-comer is shaking awfully; but Bob sees no blood, and hears no groan like that of pain, though many a one which speaks of dire terror. The two refugees are closely packed together, and they speak not, nor move, save with involuntary trembling.

Whether moments, minutes, or hours thus passed, who can tell? To Bob it seemed like ages, though, probably, some quarter of an hour was about the real space of time that elapsed ere the barricade was deserted by its defenders, and then garrisoned by its captors, the infantry before mentioned.

Now came the important question, what was to be done? To emerge, or to rest there Heaven knows how long? It was soon answered by the soldiers tearing down the stones to destroy the barricade. A deep groan from Bob and his fellow refugee caught their ears, and they dragged them out in close embrace by the heels. Another moment and the "no quarter" notice might have been complied with, but Bob shrieked out,

"I am an Englishman!" and fell on his knees.

"So am I!" cried his *compagnon de barricade*. "Mercy! mercy!" The soldiers laughed outright.

"*Que Messieurs les Anglais sont braves !*" said they ; reading the true history of the affair with a Frenchman's quickness of perception. "It would be a pity to deprive Albion of such brave defenders. May she have many such ! Gentlemen, you shall *not* be shot," said a *sous-officier*.

Never felt human beings keener joy than Bob and his companion experienced at that moment. They thanked their captors in villanous French, and then threw themselves into each other's arms.

But what makes them start and stare? Whence that amazement and momentary flush of indignation? No matter; the last is soon over, and Bob Smithson and his "enemy," Brown, shake hands beside the barricade.

"In such moments," said Brown, who was getting magnanimous after his escape, "all old enmities should be buried."

"As we were," rejoined Bob, "only for ever!"

---

We have just heard that Bob Smithson is preparing a little book for publication, entitled "Scenes from the late *coup d'état ;* or, Life among the Barricades. By an Eye-witness."

We wish it every success.

---

## LIBERTY,—A FABLE.

(*From the Italian of G. Battista Catena.*)

A BRIGHT canary in gay plumes arrayed,
Was fondly cherished by a gentle maid,
And with sweet warbling tones her cares repaid.

One morn, it 'scaped her fostering hand, and flew
To where, in verdant grove, a laurel grew,—
And a wild song of triumph round it threw.

When, wounded by a sportsman's hand, it fell—
That lay of liberty its funeral knell—
While song and life's blood from its bosom well!

He raised the bird, regretful, as it died ;
"Behold thy liberty's sad close!" he cried ;
"How oft to mortals doth it thus betide!

And he who spurns mild rule, with rebel strife,
Pays for excess of liberty, with life!"

ETA.

## A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF MR. PERUGINO POTTS.

EXTRACTED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE ITALIAN JOURNAL OF MR. P. P.

*December 7th*, 18—.—I have just been one week in Rome, and have determined to keep a journal. Most men in my situation would proceed to execute such a resolution as this, by writing about the antiquities of the "Eternal City:" I shall do nothing of the sort; I shall write about a much more interesting subject—myself.

I may be wrong, but my impression is that, as an Historical Painter, my biography will be written some of these days: personal particulars of me will then be wanted. I have great faith in the affectionate remembrance of any surviving friends I may leave behind me; but, upon the whole, I would rather provide these particulars myself. My future biographer shall have P. P. sketched by P. P. I paint my own pictures; why should I not paint my own character? The commencement of a new journal offers the opportunity of doing this—let me take it!

I was destined to be an artist from my cradle; my father was a great connoisseur, and a great collector of pictures; he christened me "Perugino," after the name of his favourite master, left me five hundred a-year, and told me with his last breath to be Potts, R.A., or perish in the attempt. I determined to obey him; but, though I have hitherto signally failed in becoming an R.A., I have not the slightest intention even of so much as *beginning* to perish, in compliance with the alternative suggested to me by my late lamented parent. Let the Royal Academy perish first! I mean to exist for the express purpose of testifying against that miserably managed institution as long as I possibly can.

This may be thought strong language: I will justify it by facts. For seven years I have vainly sought a place at the annual exhibition—for seven years has modest genius knocked for admission at the door of the Royal Academy, and invariably the answer of the Royal Academicians has been, "not at home!" The first year I painted, "the Smothering of the Princes in the Tower," muscular murderers, flabby children, florid colouring; quite in the Rubens' style—turned out! The second year I tried the devotional and severe, "the Wise and Foolish Virgins;" ten angular women, in impossible attitudes, with a landscape background, painted from the anti-perspective point of view—turned out! The third year I changed to the sentimental and pathetic; it was Sterne's "Maria," this time, with her goat; Maria was crying, the goat was crying, Sterne himself (in the background) was crying, with his face buried in a white cambric pocket-handkerchief, wet through with tears—turned out! The fourth year I fell back on the domestic and familiar: a young Housemaid in the kitchen, plighting her troth, at midnight, to a private in the Grenadier Guards, while the policeman of the neighbourhood, a prey to jealousy and despair, flashed his "bull's-eye" on them through the window, from the area railings above,—turned out! The fifth year I gave up figures, and threw my whole soul into landscape,—classical landscape. I sent in a picture of three ruined columns, five pine-trees, a lake, a temple, distant mountains, and a gorgeous sun-set, the whole enlivened

by a dance of nymphs in Roman togas, in front of the ruined columns to be sold for the ludicrously small price of fifty guineas—turned out! The sixth year, I resolved to turn mercenary in self-defence; and, abandoning high art, to take to portraiture. I produced a "portrait of a lady" (she was a professional model, who sat at a shilling an hour—but no matter); I depicted her captivatingly clothed in white satin, and grinning serenely; in the background appeared a red curtain, gorgeously bound books on a round table, and thunder-storm clouds—turned out! The seventh year I humbly resigned myself to circumstances, and sank at once to "still life," represented on the smallest possible scale. A modest canvas, six inches long by four inches broad, containing striking likenesses of a pot of porter, a pipe, and a plate of bread and cheese, and touchingly entitled, "the Labourer's best Friends," was my last modest offering; and this—even this! the poor artist's one little ewe-lamb of a picture, was—turned out! The eighth year was the year when I started in disgust to seek nobler fields for pictorial ambition in the regions of Italian Art! The eighth year has brought me to Rome—here I am!—I, Perugino Potts! vowed to grapple with Raphael and Michael Angelo on their own ground! Grand idea!

Personally (when I have my high-heeled boots on) I stand five feet, three inches high. Let me at once acknowledge—for I have no concealments from posterity—that I am, outwardly, what is termed a little man. I have nothing great about me but my mustachios and my intellect; I am of the light-complexioned order of handsome fellows, and have hitherto discovered nothing that I can conscientiously blame in my temper and general disposition. The fire of artistic ambition that burns within me, shoots upward with a lambent glow—in a word, I am a good-humoured man of genius. This is much to say, but I could add yet more; were I not unhappily writing with an Italian pen on Italian paper: the pen splutters inveterately; the paper absorbs my watery ink like a blotting-book—human patience can stand it no longer: I give up for the day, in despair!

*8th.*—Intended to proceed with my interesting autobiographical particulars, but was suddenly stopped at the very outset by an idea for a new picture. Subject:—The primitive Father Polycarp, writing his Epistles; to be treated in the sublime style of Michael Angelo's Prophets, on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Polycarp to be several sizes larger than life, and well developed about the beard and muscles.

*9th.*—Made inquiries for a good model, and found the very man I wanted. When I entered his humble abode, he was preparing his breakfast; the meal was characterised by a primitive simplicity and a strong smell. He first pulled out his stiletto knife, and cut off a large crust of bread: the outside of this crust he rubbed with garlic till it shone like a walnut-wood table in an English farm-house; the inside he saturated with oil and vinegar. By the time he had done that, the whole crust looked like a cold poultice in a polished calf-leather saucer. He ate this remarkable compound with voracious enjoyment, while I looked at him. I found him rather a difficult man to estimate in a physiognómical point of view; nothing was to be seen of his face but two goggle eyes and a hook nose, peering out of a forest of hair—such hair! just the iron-grey sort of thing I wanted. Such a beard! the most devotional I ever saw. I engaged him on the spot, and jocosely christened him Polycarp the Second, in allusion to the character he was to represent on my canvas.

*10th.*—Polycarp the Second came to sit; he was polite, talkative, and apparently somewhat infested by fleas. I had an explanation with him on the last-mentioned of his personal characteristics. He asserted consolingly, that the fleas were not likely to leave *him* to go to *me*—they patriotically preferred Italian to English pasturage. Trusting he was right, I changed the subject and asked about his history. His answer tended to show that he had been ill-used and misunderstood by everybody from his very cradle. His father, his mother, his relations, the priests, the police, the high populace and the low populace, throughout every degree—they had all maltreated, persecuted, falsely accused, and unrelentingly pursued Polycarp the Second. He attributed this miserable state of things partly to the invincible piety and honesty of his character, which, of course, exposed him to the malice of the world; and partly to his strong and disinterested attachment to the English nation, which lowered him in the eyes of his prejudiced countrymen. He wept as he said this—his beard became a disconsolate beard with the tears that trickled down it. Excellent-hearted Polycarp! I sympathise with him already in spite of the fleas.

*11th.*—Another sitting from my worthy model. The colossal figure is, by this time (so rapid a workman am I) entirely sketched in. My physical exertions are tremendous. My canvas is fourteen feet high; and Polycarp reaches from top to bottom. I can only pursue my labour by incessantly getting up and down a pair of steps; by condemning myself heroically to a sort of pictorial treadmill. Already, however, I have tasted the compensating sweets of triumph. My model is in raptures with my design—he was so profoundly affected that he cried over it, just as he cried over his own history. What taste these Italians naturally possess! What impressibility! What untaught sympathies with genius! How delightfully different their disposition from the matter-of-fact English character! How stolid is a British Royal Academician, compared to Polycarp the Second!

*12th.*—Model again. Crying again. Previous history again. Raptures again. I wish he would not smell quite so strong of garlic. At present he repels my nose as powerfully as he attracts my heart. Sent him on an errand, to buy me lamp-black and flake-white: I mean to lay it on rather thick when I come to Polycarp's beard. Gave him the money to pay for the paint—about fourpence English. The honest creature showed himself worthy of my confidence, by bringing me back one halfpenny of change with the colours. Poor Polycarp! Poor persecuted, lost sheep! the malicious world has singed the wool off your innocent back: be it mine to see it grow again under the British artist's fostering care!

*13th, 14th, 15th, 16th.*—Too much occupied to make regular entries in my journal. I must have been up and down several miles of steps, during my four days' labour on my fourteen feet of canvas. The quantity of paint I am obliged to use is so enormous that it quite overpowers all Polycarp's garlic, and will, I imagine, in process of time poison all Polycarp's fleas. I feel fatigued, especially in the calves of my legs; but with such a design as I am producing, to cheer me on; and with such a model as I have got, to appreciate my genius and run my errands, fatigue itself becomes an enjoyment. Physically as well as intellectually, I feel the Samson of High Art!

*17th.* Horror! humiliation! disenchantment! despair!—Polycarp

the Second is off with my watch, chain, and purse containing Roman money to the amount of five pounds English. I feel the most forlorn, deluded, miserable ass under the canopy of Heaven! I have been the dupe of a hypocritical, whimpering scoundrel! The scent of his garlic still floats aggravatingly on the atmosphere of my studio, outraging my nose and my feelings both together. But I can write no more on this disastrous day: I must either go mad, or go to dinner immediately. Let me embrace the latter alternative, while it is still within my power. Away! away to forget myself in the national Roman dish of kid's flesh and pistachio nuts!

18*th*.—The national Roman dish has disagreed with me: I sit bilious before my fourteen canvas feet of thickly-painted but still unfinished Polycarp. This is an opportunity for relating in a proper spirit of lamentation the history of my discomfiture. It happened thus:—Powerfully as my legs are made, they gave way under me on the morning of the 17th, after I had been three hours engaged in incessantly getting up the steps to put hairs on Polycarp's beard, and incessantly getting down again to go to the other end of the room and look at the effect of them. I told my perfidious model that he might take a rest, and set him the example by taking a rest myself. Overpowered by weariness, and the pressure of ideas, I fell asleep—unaccountably and barbarously fell asleep in my chair—before my own picture. The toil-worn British artist innocently reposed; and the whimpering Italian scoundrel took advantage of his slumbers! The bearded villain must have coolly taken my chain off my neck, my watch out of my waistcoat, my purse out of my pocket, while I was asleep. When I awoke it was dusk: I yawned loudly—no notice taken of it: I called out more loudly—no answer: I struck a light—no chain, no watch, no purse, no Polycarp. After a moment of bewilderment and horror, I rushed to the traitor's dwelling. The people of the house knew nothing about him, except that he was not at home. I proclaimed my wrongs furiously to the rest of the lodgers. Another bearded man among them threatened me with assassination if I did not immediately hold my tongue: I held it. The bearded man's mother recommended me to go home (ominously swinging a saucepan full of dirty water towards me, while she spoke): I took her advice. When I am in a den of thieves I do not find the courageous part of my character quite so fully developed as I could wish.

19*th*.—Sought redress and restitution from the Police. They appeared to consider my application first as a joke, and then as an insult. Could they not catch Polycarp the Second? (I asked.)—Yes; they might possibly catch him in process of time. Then, why not set about his capture at once?—in the sacred name of Justice, why not? Because it was of no use: he must have sold the watch and chain, and spent the money by this time. Besides, suppose him caught, it would be inconvenient to punish him, for the prisons were all full—there was no room for him anywhere. I was an Englishman, therefore rich, and therefore able to put up with my loss. Surely I had better go away, and not make a fuss about the business in bad Italian. Shade of Brutus! can this be Roman justice?

20*th*.—A visit from a brother artist—a German who chirps his national songs all day; paints in the severe style; and lives on an income of forty pounds a year. This esteemed fellow-labourer gave me some advice, on hearing of my disaster. He assured me that I should get no

assistance from the police without bribing them handsomely to do their work. Supposing they really took decisive steps, after that; it was more than probable that Polycarp, or some of his friends, would put me out of their way in the night, by sticking an inch or two of stiletto into my ribs. I had better not move in the matter, if I valued either my pocket or my life. "This," said the German student, lighting his pipe, "this, O Anglo-Saxon brother, is not thy fatherland. At Rome, the mind-and-body-comforting virtues they practise not—they grant no justice, and they quaff no beer."

*21st.*—After mature consideration, arrived at the conclusion that I had better leave Rome. To go on with my picture, after what has happened, is impossible. The train of thought in which it originated, is broken up for ever. Moreover, envious fellow-students are already beginning to make a joke of my disaster; and, for aught I know to the contrary, Polycarp the Second may be lying in wait for my life, every night, at the corner of the street. Pursued by ridicule, and threatened by assassination, no course is left me but dignified retreat. Rome, farewell! Romans! one more master spirit that dwelt among ye has now been outraged and proscribed! CORIOLANUS—POTTS.

*22nd.*—Early in the morning, took my canvas off the stretcher; rolled it up, and deposited it in the studio of my friend, the German artist. He promises to complete my design, as soon as he can afford paint enough to cover so colossal a canvas. I wrung his hand in silence, and left him my lamp-black, as a stock-in-trade of colours to begin with. Half an hour afterwards I was on the road to Florence, hastening to seek intellectual consolation at the feet of the Venus de Medici.

*24th.*—Arrived at the Tuscan capital late in the evening. Rain, hail, snow, wind rising to a hurricane. People who praise the climate of Italy must be the paid agents of Italian innkeepers. I have never suffered such cold as this in England in my life.

*25th.*—Called on an Italian gentleman, to whom I had a letter of introduction, for the purpose of inquiring about lodgings. Told him I only wanted a bedroom and a studio. He informed me that I could get both (the studio fifty feet long, if I liked it), at the palace of the Marchesa ——. "Lodgings at a palace!" cried I. "Yes, and very cheap, too," answered my new friend. Cheap! Can a Marchioness drive bargains? Readily. The Marchioness has not fifty pounds of your money for her whole yearly income. "Has she any children?" "One unmarried daughter, the Marchesina." "What's that?" "A diminutive term of endearment; it means, the little Marchioness, my dear sir, in your language." This last reply decided me. Serene visions of a future Marchesina Potts swam benignant before my eyes. In an evil hour, and little thinking into what fatal embarrassments I was plunging myself, I asked for the address of the palace, and determined to lodge with the Marchioness.—(Christmas-day; and no roast-beef or plum-pudding. I wish I was back in England, in spite of my brilliant prospects with the Italian aristocracy.)

*26th.*—Went to my noble landlady's, having dreamt all night of Polycarp the Second. (Is this a warning that I am to see that miscreant again?) Found the palace situated in a back street; an enormous building in a very deficient state of repair. The flag-stones of the court-yard grass-grown; the fountain in the middle throwing up no water, and entirely surrounded by weeds and puddles; the staircase rugged with

hard dirt;—but for thinking of the Marchesina, I should have run away at my first external view of my future lodgings. Saw the Marchesa. Where does all the flesh of all the old women in Italy go to? What substance absorbs, what grave receives it? Why is there no such thing as a fat lady of sixty in the whole Peninsula? Oh, what a thoroughly Italian old woman was this Marchesa! She was little, crooked, fleshless; her yellow skin had shrivelled up tight over her bones; her nose looked preternaturally aquiline, without an atom of cheek to relieve it; her hair was white; her eyes were blazing black; and to crown all, she was as stealthily civil as any watering-place landlady in England that I ever met with. She must have exercised some hideous fascination over me, for I fell into her toils, and chartered a bedroom and studio before I had been in her presence ten minutes. The bedroom was comparatively small for a palace, only about thirty feet long by twenty broad. The studio was a vasty mausoleum of a drawing-room: sixty feet by forty of marble floor, without a fire-place or a single article of furniture on any part of it, do not look comfortable in the month of February, when the snow is falling out of doors. I shall have to sit and paint in a sentry-box!

*27th.*—Removed to my dungeon — I can call it nothing else. . . . . . I have just seen the Marchesina, and feel faint and giddy after the sight. " The little Marchioness "—to use my friend's translation of her name—stands five feet eleven in her slippers; her hair and eyes are as black as ink; her arm is as thick as my leg; her complexion is sallow. She is as fleshy a subject as I ever remember to have met with. I know where all the old woman's fat has gone now; it has gone to the Marchesina. My first intuitive resolve, on being introduced to this magnificent aristocrat, was as follows: — " I must make friends with you, madam, for I see that you can thrash me!"

*28th.*—The domestic life of the two noble ladies exhibits some peculiarities. I have observed that neither of them appears to possess such a thing as a gown; they are both swaddled in quantities of shapeless, dark-coloured robes, wrapped about them in a very mysterious manner. They appear to live exclusively on salad. They make salads not only of every kind of vegetable, but of bread, nuts and sponge-cakes. If the Marchesina by any accident ever set herself on fire, I feel assured that she would blaze like a beacon, from the quantity of oil she imbibes. Both the ladies keep me company in my studio, because I have got a chafing-dish of charcoal in it to preserve me from freezing, and they like to be economical in point of fire. But, besides *my* fire, they have their own, which they carry in their laps. An earthenware pipkin a-piece, with an arched handle, and with a small provision of burning charcoal in it, is the extraordinary portable fire that they hold on their knees all day long. I suspect the Marchesina of having a second pipkin full of live charcoal, under her robes, for the purpose of warming her feet and so forth. But of this I am not yet certain.

*29th.*—The mighty Marchesina has proposed a subject to me to paint —a life-size portrait of herself in the character of a Sibyl. Ah, merciful Heaven! I must have another huge canvas for this! It will be another " Polycarp," in female form! More getting up and down steps! More gallons of black paint! But I must submit. The Marchesina has been hitherto very kind, sometimes even alarmingly affectionate. Nevertheless, if I oppose, or neglect her, I feel perfectly certain that she is capable of knocking me down!—Why! why did I ever come to Italy?

*January 1st.*—I mark this day's entry with red ink. The new year has begun for me with one of the most astounding adventures that ever happened to anybody—Baron Munchausen included. Let me note it down in these pages.

I had just begun this morning to make a sketch for the future Sibyl picture, when the Sibyl herself burst into my studio in a great hurry. She had her bonnet on; and was dressed for the first time, since I had seen her, in something which really looked like a petticoat.

"Industrious little man," said the Marchesina, with an air of jocular authority, "put on your hat, and come out with me."

Of course I obeyed directly. We were going to the nunnery church of Santa So-and-so (I am afraid of being prosecuted for libel if I write the real name), to see the live object of the last new miracle, which had set all Florence in an uproar of astonishment and admiration. This object was a poor man who had been miraculously restored from blindness, by praying to a certain statue of the Madonna. He had only pursued his devotions for two days, when he was "cured in an instant," like the man with the toothache, on the outside cover of a certain quack medicine bottle, that I remember in England. Besides gaining his sight, he gained a great deal of money, subscribed for him by the devout rich. He was exhibited every day in the church; and it was the great sight of Florence to go and see him.

Well! we got to the church. Such a scene inside! Crowds of people; soldiers in full uniform to keep order; the organ thundering sublimely; the choir singing hosannas; clouds of incense floating through the church; devotees, some kneeling, some prostrate on their faces, wherever they could find room,—all the magnificence of the magnificent Roman Catholic worship, was displayed before us in its grandest festival garb. My companion was right, this was a sight worth seeing indeed.

The Marchesina being a person of some weight, both in respect of physical formation and social standing, made her way victoriously through the crowd, dragging me after her in triumph. At the inner extremity of the church we saw the wonder-working statue of the Madonna, raised on high, and profusely decorated with the jewels presented to it by the faithful. To get a view of the man on whom the miracle had been wrought was, however, by no means easy. He was closely surrounded by a circle of gazers five deep. Ere long, however, the indomitable Marchesina contrived to force her way and mine through every obstacle. We reached the front row, I looked eagerly under a tall man's elbow; and saw—

Portentous powers of scoundrelism and hypocrisy! It was—yes! there was no mistaking him—it was POLYCARP THE SECOND!!!

I never really knew what it was to doubt my own eyes before; and yet there was no doubt here. There, kneeling beneath the statue of the Madonna, in an elegant pose of adoration, was my wide-awake miscreant of a model, changed to the hero of the most fashionable miracle of the day. The tears were trickling over his villanous beard, exactly as they trickled in my studio; I just detected the smell of garlic faintly predominant over the smell of incense, as I used to detect it at Rome. My sham model had turned sham blind man to all Florence, sham miracle-subject to a convent of illustrious nuns. The fellow had reached the sublime *acme* of rascality at a single stride.

The shock of my first recognition of him deprived me of my presence

of mind. I forgot where I was, forgot all the people present, and unconsciously uttered aloud our national English ejaculation of astonishment, "Hullo!" The spectators in my neighbourhood all turned round upon me immediately. A priest among the number beckoned to a soldier standing near, and said, "Remove the British heretic." This was rather too violent a proceeding to be patiently borne. I was determined to serve the cause of truth, and avenge myself on Polycarp the Second at the same time.

"Sir," said I to the priest, "before I am taken away, I should like to speak in private to the lady abbess of this convent."

"Remove the heretic!" reiterated the furious bigot.

"Remove the heretic!" echoed the indignant congregation.

"If you *do* remove me," I continued resolutely, "without first granting what I ask, I will publicly proclaim, before you can get me out at the door of the church, a certain fact which you would give the best jewel on that statue up there to keep concealed. Will you let me see the abbess, or will you not?"

My naturally limpid and benevolent eye must have flashed lightnings of wrath as I spoke, my usually calm and mellow voice must have sounded like a clarion of defiance; for the priest suddenly changed his tactics. He signed to the soldier to let me go.

"The Englishman is mad; and must be managed by persuasion, not force," said the wily churchman to the congregation.

"He is not mad,—he is only a genius," exclaimed my gigantic and generous Marchesina, taking my part.

"Leave him to me, and hold your peace, all of you," said the priest, taking my arm, and leading me quickly out of the crowd.

He showed me into a little room behind the body of the church: shut the door carefully, and turning quickly and fiercely on me, said:—

"Now, you fanatic of an Englishman, what do you want?"

"Bigot of an Italian!" I answered, in a rage, "I want to prove your miracle man there, to be a thief and impostor. I know him. He was no more blind, when he came to Florence, than I am."

The priest turned ghastly with rage, and opened his mouth to speak again, when, by a second door at the other end of the room, in came the abbess herself.

She tried at first the same plan as the priest. I never saw a fiercer, leaner, sharper old woman in my life. But bullying me would not do. I knew I was right: and stuck manfully to my point. After stating the whole of the great Polycarp robbery case, I wound up brilliantly by announcing my intention of sending to Rome for witnesses who could prove the identity of *my* thief of a model, and *their* sham of a miracle man, beyond the possibility of refutation. This threat conquered; the abbess got frightened in real earnest, and came to terms; or, in other words, began to humbug me on the spot.

In the course of my life I have known a great many wily old women. The tart-seller at school was a wily old woman; a maternal aunt of mine, who wheedled my father out of a special legacy, was a wily old woman; the laundress I employed in London was a wily old woman; the Marchioness I now lodge with is a wily old woman; but the abbess was wilier than all four put together. She flattered and cringed, lamented and shed tears, prayed *for* me and *to* me, all in a breath. Even the magnificent depths of humbug displayed by Polycarp the Second, looked

shallow and transparent by contrast with the unfathomable profundities of artifice exhibited by the lady abbess!

Of course, the petitions that the abbess now poured on me in torrents were all directed towards the one object of getting me to hold my tongue for ever on the subject of Signor Polycarp's assumed blindness. Of course, her defence of the miracle-exhibition going on in her church was, that she and the whole nunnery (officiating priests included) had been imposed on by the vagabond stranger who had come to them from Rome. Whether this was true or not I really cannot say. I had a faint consciousness all the time the abbess was speaking that she was making a fool of me; and yet, for the life of me, I could not help believing some of the things she said; I could not refrain from helplessly granting her all that she asked. In return for this docility on my part, she gratefully promised that Polycarp should be ignominiously turned out of the church, without receiving a single farthing of the sums collected for him; which happened to be still remaining in the convent cash-box. Thus avenged on my pickpocket model, I felt perfectly satisfied, and politely assured the abbess (who undertook to account satisfactorily to the public for the disappearance of the miracle-man) that whatever her story was, I would not contradict it. This done, the pious old lady gave me her blessing; the priest "followed on the same side;" and I left them writing down my name, to be prayed for among the convent list of personages of high rank, who were all to be benefited by the abbess's interest with Heaven! Rather different this from being removed as a heretic in the custody of a soldier!

*2nd.*—A quiet day at home, after yesterday's excitement. The behaviour of the Marchesina begins to give me serious uneasiness. Gracious powers!—does she mean to fall in love with me? It seems awfully like it. On returning to the palace yesterday she actually embraced me! I was half suffocated by her congratulatory hug. The hug over, she playfully pinned me into a corner, till she made me tell her the whole of my adventure in the church. And, worse than all! not half an hour since, she coolly desired me to pull the foot-warming pipkin from under her robes—(I was right about her having one there), to poke the embers, and then to put it back again; speaking just as composedly as if she were only asking me to help her on with her shawl! This looks very bad. What had I better do?—run away?

*3rd.*—Another adventure! A fearful, life-and-death adventure this time. This evening somebody gave the Marchesina a box at the opera. She took me with her. Confound the woman, she *will* take me with her everywhere! Being a beautiful moonlight night, we walked home. As we were crossing the "Piazza" I became aware that a man was following us, and proposed to the Marchesina that we should mend our pace. "Never!" exclaimed that redoubtable woman. "None of my family have ever known what fear was. I am a worthy daughter of the house, and *I* don't know! Courage, Signor Potts, and keep step with me!"

This was all very well, but *my* house was the house of Potts, and every member of it had, at one time or other, known fear quite intimately. My position was dreadful. The resolute Marchesina kept tight hold of my arm, and positively slackened her pace rather than otherwise! The man still followed us, always at the same distance, evidently bent on robbery or assassination, or perhaps both. I would gladly have given the Marchesina five pounds to forget her family dignity and run.

On looking over my shoulder for about the five hundredth time, just as we entered the back street where the palace stood, I missed the mysterious stranger, to my infinite relief. The next moment, to my unutterable horror, I beheld him before us, evidently waiting to intercept our progress. We came up with him in the moonshine. Death and destruction! Polycarp the Second again!

"I know you!" growled the ruffian, grinding his teeth at me. "You got me turned out of the church! Body of Bacchus! I'll be revenged on you for that!"

He thrust his hand into his waistcoat. Before I could utter even the faintest cry for help, the heroic Marchesina had caught him fast by the beard and wrist, and had pinned him helpless against the wall. "Pass on, Signor Potts!" said this lioness of a woman, quite complacently. "Pass on; there's plenty of room now." Just as I passed on I heard the sound of a kick behind me, and, turning round, saw Polycarp the Second prostrate in the kennel. "La, la, la-la-la-la—la!" sang the Marchesina from "Suoni la Tromba" (which we had just heard at the Opera), as she took my arm once more, and led me safely up the palace stairs—"La, la, la-la—la! We'll have a salad for supper to-night, Signor Potts!" Majestic, Roman matron-minded woman! She could kick an assassin and talk of a salad both at the same moment!

*4th.*—A very bad night's rest: dreams of gleaming stilettos and midnight assassination. The fact is, my life is no longer safe in Florence. I can't take the Marchesina about with me everywhere as a body-guard (she is a great deal too affectionate already); and yet, without my Amazonian protectress what potent interposition is to preserve my life from the blood-thirsty Polycarp, when he next attempts it? I begin to be afraid that I am not quite so brave a man as I have been accustomed to think myself. Why have I not the courage to give the Marchesina and her mother warning, and so leave Florence? Oh, Lord! here comes the tall woman to sit for the Sibyl picture! She will embrace me again, I know she will! She's got into a habit of doing it; she takes an unfair advantage of her size and strength. Why can't she practise fair play, and embrace a man of her own weight and inches?

*5th.*—Another mess! I shall be dead soon; killed by getting into perpetual scrapes, if I am not killed by a stiletto! I've been stabbing an innocent man now; and have had to pay something like three pounds of compensation-money. This was how the thing happened:—Yesterday I got away from the Marchesina (she hugged me, just as I foretold she would) about dusk, and immediately went and bought a sword-stick, as a defence against Polycarp. I don't mind confessing that I was afraid to return to the palace at night without a weapon of some sort. They never shut the court-yard door till everybody is ready to go to bed; the great staircase is perfectly dark all the way up, and affords some capital positions for assassination on every landing-place. Knowing this, I drew my new sword (a murderous-looking steel skewer, about three feet long) out of the stick, as I advanced towards home, and began to poke for Polycarp in the darkness, the moment I mounted the first stair. Up I went, stabbing every inch of my way before me, in the most scientific and complete manner; spitting invisible assassins like larks for supper. I was just exploring the corners of the second landing-place on this peculiar defensive system of my own, when my sword-point encountered a soft substance, and my ears were instantly greeted by a yell of human agony.

In the fright of the moment, I echoed the yell, and fell down flat on my back. The Marchesina rushed out on the stairs at the noise, with a lamp in her hand. I sat up and looked round in desperation. There was the miserable old porter of the palace, bleeding and blubbering in a corner, and there was my deadly skewer of a sword stuck in a piece of tough Italian beef by his side! The meat must have attracted the skewer, like a magnet; and it saved the porter's life. He was not much hurt; the beef (stolen property with which he was escaping to his lodge, when my avenging sword-point met him) acted like a shield, and was much the worse wounded of the two. The Marchesina found this out directly; and began to upbraid the porter for thieving. The porter upbraided me for stabbing, and I, having nobody else to upbraid, upbraided Destiny for leading me into a fresh scrape. The uproar we made was something quite indescribable; we three outscreamed all Billingsgate-market in the olden time. At last I calmed the storm by giving the porter every farthing I had about me, and asking the Marchesina to accept the sword part of my sword stick as a new spit to adorn the kitchen department of the palace. She called me "an angel;" and hugged me furiously on the spot. If this hugging is not stopped by to-morrow I shall put myself under the protection of the British ambassador—I will, or my name isn't Potts!

*6th.*—No protection is henceforth available! No British ambassador can now defend my rights! No threats of assassination from Polycarp the Second can terrify me more!—All my other calamities are now merged in one enormous misfortune that will last for the rest of my life;—the Marchesina has declared her intention of marrying me!

It was done at supper last night, after I had pinked the porter. We sat round the inevitable, invariable salad, on which we are condemned to graze—the Nebuchadnezzars of modern life—in this accursed gazebo of a palace. My stomach began to ache beforehand as I saw the Marchesina pouring in the vinegar, and heard her, at the same time, dropping certain hints in my direction—frightfully broad hints, with which she has terrified and bewildered me for the last three or four days. I sat silent. In England I should have rushed to the window and screamed for the police; but I was in Florence, defenceless and a stranger, before an Amazon who was fast ogling me into terrified submission to my fate. She soon got beyond even the ogling. When we were all three helped to salad, just at the pause before eating, the Marchesina looked round at her fleshless, yellow old parent.

"Mother," says she, "shall I have him?"

"Beloved angel," was the answer, "you are of age, I leave your choice to yourself; pick where you like?"

"Very well then," pursued the Amazonian daughter, "very well! Potts! here is my hand." She held out her mighty fist towards me, with a diabolical grin. I felt I must either take it or have my head broken. I now sincerely wish I had preferred the latter alternative; but an unlucky emotion of terror misled me into accepting the former. I received an amorous squeeze that made the bones of my fingers crack again.

"You are a little man, and not noble," observed the Marchesina, critically looking me over, as if I had been a piece of meat that she was purchasing in the market, "but you get both size and rank in getting *me*. Let us therefore be perfectly happy, and proceed with our salad."

"I beg your pardon," said I, faintly shivering all over in a sort of cold horror, "I beg your pardon; but really—"

"Come, come!" interrupted the Marchesina, crushing my hand with another squeeze; "too much diffidence is a fault; you have genius and wealth to offer in exchange for all I confer on you, you have, you modest little cherub of a man! As for the day, my venerated mother!" she continued, turning towards the old woman; "shall we say this day week?"

"Certainly, this day week," said mamma, looking yellower than ever, as she mopped up all the oil and vinegar in her plate with a large spoon. The next minute I received the old woman's blessing; I was ordered to kiss the Marchesina's hand; I was wished good night,—and then found myself alone with three empty salad plates; "left for execution" that very day week; left without the slightest chance of a reprieve!

I write these lines at the dead of night,—myself, more dead than alive. I am in my bed-room; the door is locked and barricadoed against the possible entrance of the Marchesina and her mamma. I am covered from head to foot with a cold perspiration, but am nevertheless firm in my resolution to run away to-morrow. I must leave all my luggage behind me, and resort to stratagem or I shall not get off. To-morrow, the moment the palace gate is opened, I shall take to my heels, carrying with me nothing but my purse, my passport, and my nightcap. Hush! a stealthy breathing sounds outside the door—an eye is at the key-hole—it is the old woman watching me! Hark! a footstep in the street outside,—Polycarp the Second, with his stiletto lying in wait before the house! I shall be followed, I know I shall, however cunningly and secretly I get away to-morrow! Marriage and murder—murder and marriage, will alternately threaten me for the remainder of my life! Art, farewell! henceforth the rest of my existence is dedicated to perpetual flight!

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR OF THE FOREGOING FRAGMENTS.]

With the ominous word "flight," the journal of Mr. Potts abruptly ends. I became possessed of the manuscript in this manner:—The other day, while I was quietly sitting in my study in London, the door of the room was flung violently open, and the ill-fated Potts himself rushed in,—his eyes glaring, his hair dishevelled.

"Print that!" cried my gifted, but unhappy friend; "enlist for me the sympathies, procure for me the protection, of the British public! The Marchesina is after me,—she has followed me to England—she is at the bottom of the street! Farewell, farewell, for ever!"

"Who is the Marchesina? Where are you going to?" I exclaimed, aghast.

"To Scotland! To hide myself in the inaccessible caverns of the most desolate island I can find among the Hebrides!" cried Potts, dashing out of the room like a madman. I ran to my window, which opens on the street, just in time to see my friend fly past, at the top of his speed. The next passenger proceeding in the same direction was a woman of gigantic stature, striding over the pavement in a manner awful to behold. Could that be the Marchesina? For my friend's sake I devoutly hope not.

## A LITERARY GOSSIP WITH MISS MITFORD.*

Draw the curtains, stir the fire, make a semicircle round the rug, and now for a *causerie*. Mary Russell Mitford shall talk to us out of the three volumes of reminiscences she has just given to the world; and whatever we have to say about the sundry things she discourseth upon therein shall be said in a cordial, and, at the same time, perfectly frank spirit, as becometh an honest fireside.

There she sits in the large chair, not quite so young as she was when she charmed all homesteads and hearth-stones with pictures of her own quiet Berkshire village, before railroads came to destroy the pretty way-side inns, where travellers used to be so snug and comfortable in tiny carpeted rooms with dimity curtains and glass cupboards full of ante-diluvian china: when little Red-riding-hoods were as plenty as black-berries, and the gipsies were never at a loss for secluded nooks and dells, where they could camp and cook, and tell stories under the hedge-rows, with a feeling of solitude and security they can never enjoy again in merry England. That was a long, long time ago; yet Mary Russell Mitford looks as ready as she was in her brightest days to enter with a relishing zest into the garden delights and book pleasures that have formed the occupation and happiness of her life, and made her name known and welcome wherever natural description and unaffected feeling are truly appreciated.

There she sits, with as homely and good-humoured an air as if, instead of writing books and holding correspondence with half the celebrities of her time, she had no other vocation in this world than to attend to domestic affairs, prune shrubs on the lawn, dispense flannels at Christmas to the poor, and look after a neighbouring school. Beside her chair stands her constant companion, a remarkable stick, with an odd sort of a head to it; and to make her actual presence the more palpable she should be surrounded by her inseparable friends—Fanchon, her little dog, that might be crouched at her feet, with its sensitive ears lifting and falling at every sound; her neat maid Nancy, watching her on a low stool, and her boy Henry (we hope he is still a boy, and that he will contrive, for her sake, to continue so) standing behind her chair.

That stick has a biography all to itself, and a very curious one it is. Sixty years ago it was a stick of quality, and belonged to some Dowager Duchess of Athol, who has no more reality for us than one of the embroidered ladies in an old piece of tapestry. So far as its original owner is concerned, the stick, for aught we know to the contrary, may be a phantom-stick, or a witch-stick; but, be that as it may, Miss Mitford's father bought it at the sale of Berkshire House, where it was huddled by the auctioneer into a lot of old umbrellas, watering pots and flower stands. It was then light, straight and slender, nearly four feet high, polished, veined, and of a yellowish colour, and of the order called a crook, such, says Miss Mitford, who is evidently very particular about it, as may be seen upon a chimney-piece figuring in the hand of some trim shepherdess of Dresden china. First, the housekeeper carried this stick—then, when the housekeeper died, Miss Mitford's mother

* Recollections of a Literary Life; or Books, Places, and People. By Mary Russell Mitford, Author of "Our Village," &c. 3 vols.

took possession of it; and from her it descended to Miss Mitford herself, who, first out of whim, and afterwards from habit and necessity, made it her trusty supporter on all occasions. The adventures of that stick are as full of perils and hair-breadth escapes as ever befell a South-sea whaler, or a Hudson's Bay trapper. Once it was lost in a fair, once forgotten in a marquee at a cricket match, and at another time stolen by a little boy, which cost its mistress a ten-miles' walk for its recovery. But the worst calamity that befell it was when, in the act of drawing down a rich branch of woodbine from the top of a hedge, its ivory crook came off, falling into a muddy ditch, and sinking so irretrievably that it was never recovered. The crook, it seems, was very handsome, and was bound with a silver rim, imparting a lady-like appearance to the stick, which, at the first sight, gave you a hint of its aristocratic origin. In this extremity it was sent to a parasol-shop to have a new crook put on, but the stupid people first docked many inches of its height, and then put on a bone umbrella-top that fell off of its own accord in a few days. A good-natured friend remedied the second loss by fastening on an ebony top, which looks, after four or five years' wear, a little graver, " and more fit for the poor old mistress, who having at first taken to a staff in sport, is now so lame as to be unable to walk without one." The memoirs of a walking-stick may strike our readers as a mere waste of words and paper; but it is surprising what slight incidents rise into importance and interest in a country life, and how much the reality of its portraiture is indebted to trivial, but by no means unessential features. At all events, Miss Mitford's stick is a stick of note, and should no more be passed over in silence than the ruff of Queen Elizabeth, or the flowing ringlets of Congreve.

Miss Mitford's life seems to have opened upon her in that page of the old quarto edition of "Percy's Reliques," where the ballad of the "Children in the Wood" is to be found. It is the first book, almost the first event she remembers. They used to put her upon a table before she was three years old, when she was, as she says, only a sort of twin-sister to her own doll, to make her read leading articles out of the morning papers; and the reward for this terrible penance was to hear her mother recite the "Children in the Wood," just as children are rewarded for taking nauseous things by a promise of a lump of sugar. At last she got possession of the volumes themselves, and made acquaintance with the rest of the ballads, which possess as great a charm for her now as they did then; and she never looks upon the old books—the very same edition Dr. Johnson used to treat with a very learned and unwise superciliousness—that the days of her childhood, or dollhood, do not come vividly back upon her.

She still keeps to the Percy collection. She does not seem to care about the lore that has been dug up since, or the antiquarian research that has come to the illustration of our old English poetry. Even the first edition contents her—she will have no other—she has an affection for it—it is enough for her purpose—it recalls the happy time when its pages disclosed a new world of enchantments to her — and she holds it in reverence amongst her literary penates. There is nothing in her reminiscences to show that she troubles herself about Percy societies, or Shakspeare societies, that she has ever dipped into Notes and Queries, or would think herself obliged to the officious critic who should detect a flaw in her two precious quarto volumes. The faith and the enthu-

siasm of childhood still cling to the well-known book, and would be very much put out by being disturbed at their devotions. And this is the character of Miss Mitford's mind. She would rather believe in an old tradition than have it dispelled by the detective police that go about exploring chronicles and ferreting out damaging facts. She thinks a pleasant delusion better than a disagreeable truth; and it is to this fondness for old books, and old places, and the old stories that have grown up into a popular creed about them, that we may trace the paramount charm of simplicity and trustfulness, the cheerful spirit and the teeming good-nature which abound in her writings.

To us, we must acknowledge, this freshness of the heart and entire freedom of the imagination, is very delightful. Miss Mitford is not a critic; but she is something a great deal better and more agreeable. She is of too enjoyable a temperament for a critic; she has not a tinge of the malice or perversity of criticism in her genial nature. For this reason, her opinions are sometimes slightly heterodox, but it is always on the side of a good will, and a hearty admiration of some gracious or gentle quality which she has been at the pains to discover, and which few people would take the trouble to look for. She speaks rapturously of Davis's "Life of Curran;" has such innocent rural views of literature, that she thinks nobody reads Pope and Dryden now, and that George Darley is unknown as a poet to the English public; detects a close resemblance between the Irish novels of Banim and the romanticist creations of Victor Hugo, Sue, Dumas, and the rest of that school; thinks that few works are better worth reading than Moncton Milnes' "Life of Keats," not only for the sake of Keats, but of his "generous benefactors, Sir James Clarke and Mr. Severn;" regrets that certain works have fallen into oblivion, from which no effort of fashionable or literary patronage can redeem them; considers Willis, Lowell, and Poe great American poets; and hopes that Richardson's novels and Walpole's letters will never come to an end. Nobody's judgment can suffer any damage from such amiable notions; and the world is always sure to derive benefit from the kindly spirit that overlooks a hundred defects and follies for the sake of a single virtue it finds hidden beneath them. We wish there were more Miss Mitfords, with her intellect, to set us so influential an example of toleration and a willingness to be pleased.

She confesses that she was a spoilt child, and that papa spoilt her. It is evident, from what we have just said, that sudden and high as was the growth of her reputation, the public have not spoilt her. What the applause of critics and the admiration of her readers failed ,to do, papa did. "Not content with spoiling me in doors, he spoilt me out. How well I remember his carrying me round the orchard on his shoulder, holding fast my little three-year-old feet, whilst the little hands hung on to his pig-tail, which I called my bridle (those were days of pigtails), hung so fast, and lugged so heartily, that sometimes the ribbon would come off between my fingers, and send his hair floating, and the powder flying down his back." The papa who thus made her first acquainted with the orchard, occupies a still more prominent space in her subsequent reminiscences. From him to whom she was indebted for her early love of nature, and the happy hours of childhood, she also derived the heaviest sorrow of her life. The story is strange and melancholy.

A young physician, clever, handsome, gay, in a small town in Hampshire, Miss Mitford's father won the hand of an heiress with a property of eight and twenty thousand pounds. With the exception of two hundred a year, settled on her as pin-money, the whole of this fortune was injudiciously placed at the free use of Dr. Mitford, who seems to have possessed every quality to make his wife happy—except prudence. Being an eager Whig, he plunged into election politics and made enemies; being very hospitable, he spent more money than he could afford; and, endeavouring to retrieve the waste by cards and speculation, he sank nearly the whole of his resources. In this extremity, he thought he would do better in a fresh place, and so the family removed to Lyme Regis, where they had a fine house, which twenty years before had been rented by the great Lord Chatham for the use of his sons. Here they led a very gay life for two or three seasons — balls, excursions, dinners; yet in the midst of it, Miss Mitford says she felt a secret conviction that something was wrong — "such a foreshowing as makes the quicksilver in the barometer sink while the weather is still bright and clear!" Her father went ominously to London, and lost more money (she does not say how): all was now gone except the pin-money — friends departed one by one, and there was great hurry and confusion, and then everything was to be parted with and everybody to be paid, and the family made a forced journey to London, part of which was performed in a tilted cart without springs, for lack of better conveyance.

Settled in a dingy comfortless lodging in one of the suburbs beyond Westminster Bridge, Dr. Mitford's constitutional vivacity returned. He used to take his little girl, then ten years old, in his hand about town to show her the sights; and one day they stopped at an Irish lottery-office, and showing her certain mysterious bits of paper with numbers on them, he desired her to choose one. She selected No. 2,224; but as this was only a quarter, and papa wanted to purchase a whole ticket, he desired her to choose again. But her heart was set on No. 2,224, because the numbers added together made up ten, and that day happened to be her tenth birthday. Fortunately, the lottery-office man had the whole number in shares, and so the ticket was bought. She must relate the sequel in her own words.

"The whole affair was a secret between us, and my father, whenever he got me to himself, talked over our future twenty thousand pounds, just like Alnaschar over his basket of eggs.

"Meanwhile time passed on, and one Sunday morning we were all preparing to go to church, when a face that I had forgotten, but my father had not, made its appearance. It was the clerk of the lottery office. An express had just arrived from Dublin, announcing that No. 2,224 had been drawn a prize of twenty-thousand pounds, and he had hastened to communicate the good news.

"Ah, me! in less than twenty years what was left of the produce of the ticket so strangely chosen? What? except the Wedgewood dinner service that my father had had made to commemorate the event, with the Irish harp within the border on one side, and his family crest on the other! That fragile and perishable ware long outlasted the more perishable money!"

Miss Mitford relates these painful recollections with a serenity and patience that yield a lesson from which her readers may profit as largely as from the example of extravagance and recklessness which made so severe a demand on her feelings and her philosophy; and it is pleasant, after all her vicissitudes and jolting over the rough ways of the world,

to find her in a tranquil cottage in the midst of the scenery she loves, with her dog and her maid, her stick and her pony, enjoying as much felicity as can be reasonably looked for in the sunset of a chequered life.

Scattered over the volumes without much heed of chronology or sequence, are many little personal scraps that will hereafter enter into her biography, from the light which they throw upon the cast and colour of her training. The papa, who was so indifferent to money, who was addicted to such ruinous habits, and who in his general relations with society, seems to have sacrificed the comfort and repose of his home, was, nevertheless, the most devoted of fathers. From her earliest childhood to the last hour of his life, he treated her with an affectionate and caressing tenderness that, in spite of his manifest errors, leaves an amiable impression of his character behind. One of the incidents on which she dwells with the greatest satisfaction was her first visit to London: and the mode of it is not only illustrative of the comparatively primitive habits of the time, but of the simplicity of the man in his domestic life. Having occasion to come to London in the middle of July, he suddenly announced his intention of taking her up with him in his gig; and at this open fashion they started, stopping to dine at Crauford Bridge in a little inn (then a very famous posting-house), whose pretty garden and Portugal laurels she still remembers; and then on to Hatchett's Hotel in Piccadilly, where she stood looking out of the window and wondering when the crowd would go by; and in the evening she was so unconscious of fatigue from this exciting journey that papa took her to the Haymarket to see a comedy—one of the comedies, she says, that George III. used to enjoy so heartily, although what sort of comedy it was we know not, unless, which we shrewdly suspect, it was a specimen of Colman the Younger, or of the Morton and Reynolds school. She had seen plays before in a barn—but never such a play as this. The whole description of this trip to London is as good in its way as any thing Fielding himself could have done.

"Dear papa," in the pride of his heart, insisted upon making an accomplished musician of her, and would "stick her up" to the piano although she had neither ear, taste, nor application. Her master was Hook, the father of the facetious Theodore, and she was taught in the schoolroom where Miss Landon passed the greater part of her life. Luckily they shut her up in a room to make her practise the harp; and as it was full of books she fell to reading, and under these auspicious circumstances made her first acquaintance with the plays of Voltaire and Molière. She was caught in the fact of laughing till the tears ran down her cheeks over that passage in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," where the angry father apostrophises the galley, "Que diable alloit-il faire dans cette galère!" As her good stars had it, she was detected in her delinquency by the husband of the schoolmistress, who happened to be a Frenchman, an adorer of Molière, and a hater of music, and who, instead of chiding her for her neglect of the instrument, dismissed the harp-mistress and made the young student a present of a cheap edition of Molière for her own reading, which she has to this hour in twelve unbound foreign-looking little volumes.

After these scenes, we find her in a cottage, at Taplow (at this time a grown-up lady) looking over a garden of honeysuckles, lilies, and roses, making excursions to Windsor, to Gray's lawn at Stoke Pogis, to Burke's at Beaconsfield, and to the College at Chalfont, where Milton

found a refuge during the plague. We always associate Miss Mitford with cottages. We cannot imagine her living in a slated house, three stories high, with a carriage sweep, and steps up to the door—we cannot suffer her in our imagination to have any of the comforts and solidity of a well-built mansion about her; it must be a cottage, with its ivy creepers, its portico and latticed windows, and everything round it looking as green and rural as a wilderness of trees and shrubs, growing up luxuriantly in a warm languid climate, can make it. In short, we must smother her in flowers, or she is not the Miss Mitford that we know so well in the pastoral books she has written.

Turning from the autobiographical passages which form so interesting a part of these volumes, there are a variety of literary sketches of an equally attractive kind. Miss Mitford runs over a wide field of books and recollections; and from her extensive acquaintance with literary people, and the desultory character of her reading, she supplies an abundant store of anecdote and remark.

The following is new, and certainly very curious. The scene is an old, wooden, picturesque house, at Cambridge, in America, once the head quarters of Washington, but now the residence of Longfellow, the poet.

"One night the poet chanced to look out of his window, and saw by the vague starlight a figure riding slowly past the mansion. The face could not be distinguished; but the tall, erect person, the cocked hat, the traditional costume, the often-described white horse, all were present. Slowly he paced before the house, and then returned, and then again passed by, after which neither horse nor rider were seen or heard of."

Miss Mitford does not give us any authority for this anecdote; but the collectors of ghost stories are not very particular about authorities, and will be content to take it upon her own, as we do.

There is a sketch of Elizabeth Barrett, and a little biography attached to it, which will be read with interest. Miss Mitford's acquaintance with her commenced fifteen years ago.

"Of a slight delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes richly fringed by dark eye-lashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness, that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend, in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick, that the translator of the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus,' the authoress of the 'Essay on Mind,' was old enough to be introduced into company, in technical language, was *out*."

It was in the following year that Miss Barrett broke a blood-vessel in the lungs, which consigned her to a long illness, during which she lost a favourite brother by one of those melancholy accidents which leave ineffaceable memories in the hearts of the survivors. He was drowned, with two companions, in sight of her windows at Torquay, whither she was ordered for change of air. This tragedy nearly killed her; and more than a year afterwards, when she was removed to London by easy journeys, she told Miss Mitford that, "during that whole winter, the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying."

William Cobbett was one of the notabilities to whom Miss Mitford was introduced by her father, whose intimacy with him was brought about through their mutual attachment to field sports. She describes him in his own house as a man of unfailing good humour and great heartiness; tall, stout, and athletic; with a bright smile, and an air compounded of the soldier and the farmer, to which his habitual red

waistcoat contributed not a little. His activity was something to be remembered, for he would begin the day by mowing his own lawn, a laborious pastime in which he beat his gardener, who was esteemed, except himself, the best mower in the parish.

Upon one occasion, Dr. Mitford and his daughter were invited to Cobbett's to meet the wife and daughters of a certain Dr. Blamire; and as it appeared that Dr. Mitford had formerly flirted with Mrs. Blamire some amusement was expected from seeing how they would meet after a lapse of twenty years, both of them having shaken off the old *liaison*, and married in the meanwhile.

"The most diverting part of this scene, very amusing to a bystander, was, that my father, the only real culprit, was the only person who throughout maintained the appearance and demeanour of the most unconscious innocence. He complimented Mrs. Blamire on her daughters (two very fine girls),—inquired after his old friend the doctor,—and laughed and talked over by-gone stories with the one lady, just as if he had not jilted her,—and played the kind and attentive husband to the other, just as if he had never in all his days made love to anybody except his own dear wife."

Formerly we frequently met with physicians who belonged to this class, and who were indebted for their professional success mainly to their social tactics and invincible pleasantry; but although you still occasionally fall in with a medical man who considers it as necessary to cultivate popularity amongst ladies as to attend to the practice of his art, the age of the flirt-physicians, we are happy to believe, has passed away.

Miss Mitford's literary "recollections" bear rather more upon books than upon the authors of them. The book-gossip to which she invites us traverses a considerable round of poets, novelists, and miscellaneous writers, and the specimens of their works over which she lingers with delight, make a body of extracts which enhance the value and variety of the publication. Her notes upon these selected passages discover a geniality and earnestness which will be grateful even to the reader who may sometimes have occasion to think that her praise is a little in excess, or who may doubt the judgment that has been shown in particular selections.

This tendency to a good-natured estimate of her favourite authors shows itself most conspicuously in her admiration of certain poets, whose merits the world has not hitherto rated so highly. We are not sorry, nevertheless, to meet snatches of such people as Mr. Spencer and Miss Catherine Fanshawe (whose chief claim to notice is that she was the author of the Enigma on the letter H., which used to be ascribed to Byron); for except through the flattering medium of books like these, we are not very likely to see the *vers de société* that were in such request some fifty years ago, disinterred for our special delectation. They are abundantly curious, and discover a certain verbal facility and gaiety of the thinnest and airiest kind, which will at least amuse, if not instruct, the reader, by setting him thinking of the extinct modes and tastes to which they were addressed, and out of which they extracted their fugitive popularity. But poetasters of this order, however cheerfully and successfully they help to shed a grace on private life, and to give a sort of intellectual vivacity to social intercourse, can never be made to survive their hour in print. They must perish with the occasion that gave them birth; and you might as well hope to pro-

cure for the acted charade, if it were taken down in short-hand and published, the same success in the closet that it received on its impromptu delivery, as to procure for the graceful trifles thrown off for the amusement of a *coterie*, the honours of a permanent place in the library. They never aimed at such a destiny, and can never achieve it; and it may be doubted whether their fragile existence should be risked in print at all.

Talking of poets, is not Miss Mitford a little hasty in saying that "married authors have been plentiful as blackberries, but married poets have been rare indeed?" We apprehend that the reverse is the fact. Nearly all our great poets were married—Shakspeare, Spencer, Milton, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Southey, Shelley, Tennyson—a matter of no great moment in itself, except that it is just as well that the unpoetical part of mankind should not be led to suppose that they have a monopoly of the bliss of wedlock, and that the culture of the ideal is unfavourable to the vulgar comforts of a domestic life.

Of all the neglected, forgotten, or unknown books Miss Mitford has brought to life again, the Autobiography of Holcroft is the most deserving of resuscitation. We know no memoir of its kind—excepting only the one forbidden book in French literature—that possesses its charm of frankness, truthfulness of detail, and quiet development of character. Unfortunately it is nothing more than a fragment, consisting of seventeen chapters, dictated by Holcroft (a prolific author and translator) in his last illness; stopping short at an interesting point in his career, and furnishing such evidences of clear-sighted judgment, and happy skill in relation and portraiture, as to leave an indelible regret upon the mind of the reader at finding himself cast upon the grander diction of Hazlitt for the continuation of the narrative. The contrast is painful. The brilliancy and paradoxical genius of Hazlitt rendered him of all men the most unfit to follow up the unpretending strength and simplicity of Holcroft; and the transition is something like being transported from the fresh air and pastoral beauty of a natural landscape into a severe Italian garden. There was but one point in common between them—and that was the most contracted and least characteristic of all—their agreement in politics. Holcroft was a man of larger powers and a wider range of tastes than might be predicated from that party martyrdom which gave him so distressing a notoriety in the latter days of his life, to the partial eclipse of his literary reputation. But the subject is not likely to be revived now, nor would it repay the labours of a more competent editor. Miss Mitford, however, has done well in drawing attention to Holcroft's book, and the extracts she has given from it will be read with interest; but it is only from the memoir itself, as a whole, tracing the course of the self-educated boy from his origin upwards, that an adequate notion can be formed of the enthralling charm of that singular narrative.

We have exceeded our limits. A gossip, intended to occupy only five minutes or so, has already run over the brim of the measure which we proposed to fill up to the health of Miss Mitford. It is not the first time she has tempted us into an excess of this kind; but if the reader will open her volumes over the fireside as we have done, we are mistaken if he do not find quite as much difficulty as we do now in shutting them up and putting them down again.

## MEMOIR OF COUNT DE LA MARCK.

M. de la Marck was a foreign nobleman of the highest distinction; he was very rich, and had acquired rank in the French army, which was only due to the military services which he had performed, conseqnently he neither needed a place at court, nor money, nor favour, for himself nor for his family. He had neither taste nor ambition to interest himself in public affairs, and if at a later period he mixed himself up in them, his conduct will be accounted for by circumstances, and by his devotion to the royal family.

It cannot be denied, therefore, that his opinion and judgment with regard to men and things, must be of extreme and rare value in point of history. Consequently, before entering upon the relations of the Count de la Marck with the Count de Mirabeau, which is the principal object of the present publication, I have thought it as well to introduce two more documents which were found of M. de la Marck's, upon M. le Marquis de Lafayette, and upon M. le Duc d'Orleans. These two persons, besides, are sufficiently often mentioned in the correspondence between MM. de Mirabeau and de la Marck to make it necessary that the relations of the latter with them should be thoroughly understood, as well as his opinion of them, before the period of the revolution. I shall therefore allow M. de la Marck to speak for himself.

"I was acquainted with M. de Lafayette many years before 1789, nay, almost at his entrance into life; he lost his father and mother when he was very young, and in 1775, when he was eighteen, he made his appearance in the world with a fortune of 120,000 livres a year. Shortly afterwards he married one of the daughters of the Duke d'Ayen, consequently he became connected with the De Noailles, and found himself thrown at once into the midst of a large circle of their relations. He was now a member of a family which enjoyed at this time the highest favour at Versailles, and in which I had been long most intimate. M. de Lafayette eagerly sought for what he called a distinguished appearance in persons and things, but notwithstanding his love of this distinguished appearance, his own manners were exceedingly awkward: he was immensely tall, and his hair was very red; he danced ungracefully, rode badly on horseback, and the young men with whom he mixed all showed themselves much more skilful in the various bodily exercises which were then in fashion. At the balls which were given at Versailles, of which I have already spoken, and at which the Queen took so much pleasure in dancing quadrilles previously arranged by her, she admitted all those young persons who were the most distinguished at court, and this favour was in consequence highly prized. Through the influence of his wife's relations M. de Lafayette was invited to join in one of these quadrilles; but he conducted himself in so awkward and absurd a manner, that the Queen could not help laughing, and, as may be easily imagined, the persons around her were not backward in following her example upon this occasion.

"The principal number of the young men who were M. de Lafayette's companions had parents still living, and very little money to spend, while he who enjoyed the full command of his fortune, could afford

many things in which the others were forbidden to indulge. He kept up a large and liberal establishment, drew about him much society, and delighted to revel in good cheer.

"M. le Duc d'Orleans usually moved at Monceaux in a circle into which he was rather admitted for his gaiety than his morality. In this society, the habit of drinking was carried to an immense excess; to drink immoderately became a fashion among young people on their entrance into the world at this period, and M. de Lafayette, though he had no natural propensity for this kind of thing, would not allow himself to be wanting in anything which concerned good breeding. The person who distinguished himself the most among all these young men, was the Viscount de Noailles, the brother-in-law and cousin of M. de Lafayette. He was tall, and had a good figure; he danced and rode on horseback remarkably well; played for large sums at cards, and always won; drank enormously, and possessed the unfortunate passion of desiring to signalize himself in anything which was likely to produce an effect, a disposition which led him into all kinds of error during the revolution. It was he whom M. de Lafayette selected as his model, and strove, though with little success, to follow closely in his steps. I remember one day at a dinner which the Viscount de Noailles did not join, that M. de Lafayette drank to such an extent that he was obliged to be put in a carriage and taken home; during the transit he never ceased saying to those about him, '*Don't forget to tell Noailles what deep draughts I have quaffed.*' M. de Lafayette really possessed, however, much more mind than the Viscount de Noailles, who on the contrary was endowed with excellent qualities both of heart and head."

"M. de Noailles possessed all the essential qualities of a good soldier, and his courage was so extraordinary that it frequently occasioned him to commit very rash actions. He visited Prussia, with the view of acquainting himself with the organization and the military evolutions of its troops. Frederick the Second took notice of him, and allowed him to serve as a volunteer in his army, which was then preparing to march on account of the war of succession in Bavaria (1778–1779). But the court of France, on account of its relations with Austria, would not permit French officers to serve under the King of Prussia, and the Viscount de Noailles received an order to set out immediately for France. On his return, being still influenced by the love of producing effect, he formed the idea of going to America and serving, in the cause of the insurgents, the issue of which seemed still very doubtful. France had already secretly aided the Americans in their struggle, but not wishing to come to an open rupture with England, she avoided any line of conduct which was likely to discover her plans. The Viscount de Noailles solicited his father-in-law, the Duke d'Ayen, to obtain, from M. de Maurepas, permission for him to join the insurgents; and he took care to follow up this step very eagerly. One day, when he was discussing the subject with the Duke d'Ayen, in the presence of M. de Lafayette, the latter, according to his usual habit of doing whatever his brother-in-law did, expressed a wish immediately to accompany him to America. The Duke d'Ayen, who was continually ridiculing his son-in-law for what he called his simplicity, ironically observed to him—'*that such a request from him did not seem to be at all in harmony with his character.*' This reply very justly irritated M. de Lafayette, and I feel convinced that it had considerable influence upon his after life, it caused him, from this period, to turn all his energies in that direction in

which he afterwards so rashly pursued his course; and gave to his conduct an impetus by which he was ever afterwards urged forward, with a power of will with which it is exceedingly rare to meet. There was a man of extraordinary mind and talents, who very much distinguished himself at this period in France. This was the Count de Broglie, whose secret and diplomatic correspondence with Louis the Fifteenth forms so important a part of the history of the eighteenth century. He drew about him many young people, and endeavoured to make himself acquainted with their various mental endowments; among the number was M. de Lafayette, who frequented his society. He spoke to the Count of his wish to go to America, and mentioned also the unsuccessful result of his application to his father-in-law. The Count de Broglie lent a willing ear to M. de Lafayette's plans; he felt that a young officer, who was full of enthusiasm, and possessed considerable fortune, might serve with great advantage in a cause, the issue of which was certainly still doubtful; but M. de Broglie yet appeared to see, in the distance, circumstances which might render it favourable. He encouraged M. de Lafayette, therefore, in his scheme, and promised to give him all the assistance in his power. The Count de Broglie soon met with some officers without position or fortune, from whom he picked out several who were to serve as an escort to M. de Lafayette, who, on his side, placed money at their disposal. The Count de Broglie caused a small vessel to be fitted out for their service, which was to convey them from Bordeaux to America. But though M. de Lafayette made his preparations with great secrecy, the Duke d'Ayen, in some way or other, became informed of them, and, as soon as he had discovered them, he went at once to M. de Maurepas, and disclosed all that he knew. Orders were forwarded directly to M. de Frésnel, the head of the navy at Bordeaux, to take immediate measures for the detention of M. de Lafayette. It was agreed, at the same time, that M. de Lafayette should be desired to proceed to Avignon, where he would find the Duke d'Ayen, who was on the point of visiting Italy with his sister, the Countess de Tessé, and it was agreed that he should accompany them. M. de Lafayette, who did not wish to join his father-in-law, on account of his treating him with so little consideration, declined to proceed to Avignon, and was on the point of setting out for Paris, when the Duke de Broglie enabled him to extricate himself from his embarrassing situation. He (the Count de Broglie) had lost no time in dispatching the vessel which had been freighted at Bordeaux, to the coast of Spain; he informed M. de Lafayette of this circumstance, and begged him to proceed at once to Spain, and not to think of returning to Paris, where the failure of his project would only expose him to ridicule. The courier who conveyed the Count de Broglie's letter to M. Lafayette, met him (M. de Lafayette) already on his way back; but, as soon as M. de Lafayette had read the Count de Broglie's letter, he did not hesitate a moment in following his advice, and set out immediately for the coast of Spain, where he was soon joined by those officers who had agreed to follow his fortunes. A short time after, they all set sail for America, in a small vessel called the *Victoire*. Thenceforth, M. de Lafayette's actions assume an air of importance, which will always occasion him to occupy a prominent place in history.

"The Duke of Orleans will also make some figure in history, but from far other reasons than M. de Lafayette. I was in such close relations with him, that I think I had many opportunities of forming an opinion of him.

I shall mention a few facts which came under my own observation, and which will, I feel, prove that I was in a position for studying his character with advantage. The Duke of Orleans was extremely weak-minded; he seemed as if he ever preserved the giddiness of childhood, and I have often beheld him amused with the most absurd and frivolous things. He was unable to fix his attention even for a quarter of an hour on any important subject; his faculty was limited to making a witty speech occasionally, or to pronouncing a few *bon mots.* He was dreadfully indolent and appeared to manage his private affairs with so little exertion and attention, that one would almost have accused him of carelessness with respect to them. I remember two circumstances which, I think, will give an idea of his reckless levity. When I was in India, I became acquainted with a M. de Launay, who was commissaire de la marine, and performed the duties of comptroller of the army under the Count de Bussy. This De Launay had previously made two voyages to India, and had succeeded in amassing a fortune of five or six hundred thousand livres. In the performance of his duties as comptroller, I discovered that he was a very exact accountant, and though he did not lose sight of his own interest when he could make legitimate profit, I always found that he exhibited the strictest probity in all the business connected with his office. He returned to France with me in the frigate *Hermione,* and, during the whole five months of our passage, he was constantly near me, and I had great reason to thank him for his courtesy and attention. I was very anxious, therefore, to prove that I was not ungrateful to him; and when, on my return, the Duke of Orleans spoke to me of having the place of treasurer vacant in his household, and at the same time he begged me to point out a few persons from whom he might make a choice, the idea of obtaining the post for M. de Launay suggested itself at once to me. I mentioned him, accordingly, to the Duke of Orleans, and said that I was acquainted with him, and knew him to be a man of strict probity. He replied that such a man would undoubtedly be invaluable to him, and accordingly asked me to send M. de Launay to him. I immediately informed De Launay of this circumstance, and he was delighted at the thought of obtaining the post to which I had recommended him; for, besides the honour of being attached to the household of the Duke of Orleans, the board, the apartments, and other advantages which belonged to the office of treasurer, amounted to the value, at least, of forty thousand livres yearly. I gave M. de Launay a letter of introduction to the Duke of Orleans, and desired that he would present it the following morning. He was very well received; he obtained the place, and entered at once upon his new duties. The next time I saw the Duke of Orleans, he said to me—'I have conversed with your *protégé*, and have made him my treasurer, but he is a very dull and uninteresting person.' 'I did not know,' replied I, 'that you wished to choose a treasurer from among professed wits, or from the composers of madrigals or epigrams.' 'Oh, when I remark that he is very dull and wearying,' replied he; 'I do not mean to say that I think him unable to fulfil the duties of his post; on the contrary, I trust to be pleased with him.' The Duke of Orleans did, indeed, find himself satisfied with M. de Launay's services, although he scarcely spoke to him five minutes together. He was certainly very fortunate in this case to meet with so honest a man, but I must confess that I was exceedingly surprised when the prince so readily agreed to

receive a man into his household, to place him in a position the duties of which were so important, and to which such grave responsibility was attached, and merely from my simple recommendation. The Duke of Orleans was not more difficult to please on another occasion, but in the affair which I am now going to relate he was less lucky. When this prince was exiled, in 1787, to Villers-Cotterets, in consequence of the scandalous scene which took place in parliament against the king's authority, in which he had acted so prominent a part, I happened to be at my estate at Raismes, near Valenciennes, with my friend, M. de Meilhan, comptroller of Hainault. Some letters from Paris apprised us that M. Ducrest, the father of Madame de Genlis, and chancellor of the Duke of Orleans, was obliged, in consequence of his extravagance, to quit this office, which endowed the person who held it with one hundred thousand livres yearly. M. de Meilhan, who thought it would just suit a lawyer, was very much tempted to try to obtain it. He asked me if I was in a position to write to the Duke of Orleans, and to propose him as a person to fill this post. 'I have certainly no scruple about writing,' said I; 'but I doubt exceedingly whether I shall succeed.'

"I wrote to the Duke of Orleans, and dispatched my letter by one of my attendants to Villers-Cotterets, and he was not long in bringing me an answer. The Duke of Orleans told me that he felt very much disposed to fix upon M. de Meilhan, but that he was rather embarrassed on account of having half promised the office to somebody else: he added that he would not hastily elect any one, and desired to see me before he came to a final decision, when he could enter more into details with me. The Duke of Orleans was as miserable at being banished to Villers-Cotterets as a child would be were he deprived of his playthings. He solicited the king's permission to spend the time during which his exile lasted, at his château of Raincy, which was three leagues from the capital. So perseveringly did he beg for this favour, that he lost all becoming sense of dignity. His request was granted, and it was there that I visited him after my return to Paris. As soon as we had exchanged a few words about the circumstance which occasioned his banishment, I proceeded at once to discuss the affair of M. de Meilhan. He observed to me that, M. de Meilhan would have suited him as chancellor, because he was a man of the world of superior mind, and a magistrate, who bore a very high reputation; but that it had been several times a question of making him contrôleur-general of the financial department, and that he was well aware that M. de Meilhan was rather ambitious to be raised to that position.

"'Therefore, a difficulty would at once arise,' said he, 'for, in creating him my chancellor, I should have extracted a promise from him never to enter the service of the king. But, besides, I have another reason for giving up all idea of M. de Meilhan. The Duc de Lauzun is well acquainted with M. de la Touche, a captain in the navy, who commanded the frigate in which he came back from America. It is now six months ago since Lauzun, who foresaw that Ducrest could not long remain my chancellor, proposed M. de la Touche to me, of whom, however, I know nothing personally. He has lately renewed the subject, I have consented to elect M. de la Touche as my chancellor, and he will be nominated in a few days.' After some moments' silence he added, 'I believe, however, that I have made a bad choice.' M. de la Touche did

not, in fact, understand anything about business; he did not possess much intelligence, and frequented very bad company; he was exceedingly extravagant, very disorderly in the management of his affairs, as well as those of the Duke of Orleans; but he was a *bon vivant*, and a good companion. It must be confessed, however, that if the Duke of Orleans made in this instance an unfortunate choice of a chancellor in the person of M. de la Touche, he had not been more happy in the selection of his predecessor, M. Ducrest, who totally wanted respectability.

"These two facts connected with MM. de Launay and de la Touche will suffice I think to support my opinion with regard to the levity of the Duke of Orleans in matters of importance. But the most incomprehensible thing is, how this levity could be reconciled with the extreme fear he entertained of being made a dupe, or seeming to have been made one. At play he showed a great deal of self-interest, and was very eager to win, which occasioned him to appear avaricious; while on the contrary, he squandered large sums for the indulgence of the most passing whim. I am quite convinced, however, that even if the revolution had not occurred, his affairs would have been in a few years in the most frightful disorder. He was very fond of the pleasures of the table, and indulged freely in wine, but yet I never saw him, at any time, in a state of complete drunkenness. The *habitués* of his society, however, were often in this condition, and he used to amuse himself famously at their expense. His frequent visits to England, and his intimate relations with the Prince of Wales, confirmed him in this mode of life, and in the inclination and the desire of forming a party to oppose the government. During the few years he was in the habit of giving suppers at his little place of Monceaux, four or five women of the most disreputable character, and about a dozen men, generally made up these parties. As these same women were nearly always present, their presence did not excite much interest, nor contribute much to the gaiety on these occasions. Before and after supper everybody sought amusement at the game of "Krebs," or of "Trente et Quarante," and during supper wine and good cheer caused the women to be completely forgotten.

"In 1787 the Duke of Orleans fell in love with Mme. de Buffon, and from this time women were no longer seen at Monceaux. The Duke of Orleans was very sincerely and warmly loved by Mme. de Buffon. She was not a person of any extraordinary intelligence, but her manners were full of grace, and her excessive gentleness rendered her extremely attractive. She had not the faculty for intrigue, neither had she the inclination for it. She sacrificed a great deal to the Duke of Orleans when she publicly acknowledged her *liaison* with him, for she was at once excluded from all the good society in which she had formerly moved. She quitted her husband, and lived upon a very small fortune, to which the duke never added. She was not at all jealous, and never attempted to induce the Duke of Orleans to withdraw his attentions from Mme. de Genlis, whom she regarded as a superior person, who was capable of giving him very good advice. I know with certainty that at the commencement of the French revolution, when the Duke of Orleans was in England, that he begged Mme. de Buffon most eagerly to accompany him to America, with a view of their living together in that country. But she would not agree to this proposition, and she mentioned as a reason for refusing, that she should never survive the unhappiness which she should experience if the duke should one day regret having taken so

extreme a measure. I know equally well, too, that after the murder of the Princesse de Lamballe, and during the trial of the King, that she implored the Duke of Orleans to fly the evil counsel of those persons who were influencing him, and that she then spoke to him with considerable firmness and severity.

"The conduct of the Duke of Orleans, during the Revolution, is so well known that I have no intention of alluding to it in these observations; besides, from the year 1790 I no longer held intimate relations with him. I must, however, remark, that I do not think he ever formed the scheme of taking possession of the throne. I know that this opinion has been universally received, and will probably be embraced by history; but as far as I am concerned, I cannot help thinking that it is very ill-founded; the audacity of the Duke of Orleans never rose to such a height. In the month of July, 1789, if the rioters had succeeded in driving Louis the Sixteenth from the throne, it is, perhaps, not at all unlikely that they would have raised him to that position; but I am thoroughly convinced that he himself had not previously even thought of such an event. According to my notion, therefore, another explanation for the Duke of Orleans's conduct during the revolution must be found, and I do not think I am mistaken when I attribute it to a bitter feeling of hatred, which so completely ruled his disposition, that it pervaded all his actions.

"The violent antipathy which the Duke of Orleans had conceived for the King and the royal family, and the thirst for vengeance, which was its consequence, might be dated from a period long before the Revolution. Many unfortunate circumstances served to beget and to nourish in the prince this unhappy frame of mind. Louis the Sixteenth, on coming to the throne, had been very anxious to banish from his court the dissolute manners which had cast such a stain on the preceding reign, and therefore he was not long before he testified his displeasure at the Duke of Orleans's conduct, who was then Duc de Chartres; it appeared to him to be so thoroughly wanting in decency, that he told the duke what he thought of it with the abruptness which was peculiar to him. The Queen, who was still young, was rather disposed to like the Duke of Orleans, who, besides, was much in the society of M. le Comte d'Artois; but a circumstance of little importance in itself totally changed the nature of the Queen's feelings towards him. I cannot resist alluding to this circumstance, which I do not find mentioned by any historian or writer of memoirs.

"At the beginning of the year 1775, the Archduke Maximilien of Austria, who was about fourteen, and the brother of Marie Antoinette, paid a visit to Paris; he proceeded first to Brussels, in order to be created Co-adjuteur de la Grande-maîtrise of the Teutonic Order, and afterwards to Cologne, to become Prince-électeur. This young prince travelled *incognito* under the title of the Comte de Burgau; he was accompanied by the Comtes de Rosenberg and De Lamberg, who had received particular instructions from the Empress Marie Thérèse, with regard to the direction of the young prince's conduct during his stay in Paris. This was the first time Marie Antoinette had seen any member of her family since she had quitted Vienna, consequently her delight on this occasion was very enthusiastic, and the archduke passed the first days after his arrival at Versailles quite alone with the Queen, who was not initiated by any one into the duties which the position of the archduke imposed

upon him. Without entering into a discussion respecting the rank of the archdukes of Austria, and that of the princess of the blood-royal; it will be sufficient to say that, doubtless, it was the archduke, who, travelling *incognito,* ought to have made the first visit to the princes of the House of Orleans, to those of the Maison de Condé, De Conti, and De Penthièvre. But this etiquette he did not unfortunately observe on the first occasion of his journeying from Versailles to Paris, consequently these princes imagined that this want of attention was a piece of assumption on the part of the Archduke of Austria, as it seemed to prove that he expected the first visit to come from them; they were naturally much surprised at this breach of good-breeding, and, consequently, showed considerable coolness.

" I happened to be on the spot, and was able fairly to judge the whole state of the case; and, if I confess that the French princes had reason to be offended, I must also state that on the Queen's side, there was no intention of wounding them. She was young, inexperienced, and totally ignorant of the rules of etiquette laid down by the Court of France; and unfortunately, as I mentioned before, nobody took pains to make her acquainted with them. She was eagerly looking forward to the princes giving *fêtes* in honour of her brother; eight or ten days had already passed away since his arrival, when her majesty spoke to me of the astonishment which she felt at the princes' behaviour to the archduke. She was more especially pained that the Duc de Chartres to whom she had always been particularly kind and gracious, should be wanting in attention to her brother, and what was worse, she learned that he was more offended on this occasion than any other of the princes. Before this period, the Duc de Chartres was in the habit of going to Versailles every day, and he had not paid one visit since the archduke's arrival.

" My ignorance of the customs of the court, and my inexperience in matters of this kind, rendered me, alas! incompetent to correct the Queen's false notion on this head; I perceived her annoyance, but could only participate in it. I saw the Queen again the day following that on which the first spoke to me on the subject, and I told her that I had been planning to assemble all the young people who were most distinguished at court, in order that a *fête* might be given in honour to the young archduke. She was so delighted at this idea of mine, that when I quitted her I proceeded at once to those of my friends who would be the most anxious to put themselves out of the way to please the Queen. I did not find the least difficulty in getting the Noailles, Durfort, Tavannes, Ségur, &c., to enter into my plans, and it was agreed that we should ask Monsieur le comte de Provence, and the Comte d'Artois to place themselves at our head; they complied with our request in the most hearty manner.

" Our *fête* was very well arranged, and was magnificent; it was given in the King's state-stables; the riding-school was decorated for the occasion, and some temporary apartments were speedily erected. There was a full dress ball in the evening, at which were danced Hungarian and Flemish quadrilles; there was a theatrical representation, a splendid supper, and a fair; there was an endless variety of games, in short, everything which was likely to afford amusement for the space of eight hours. This *fête* considerably increased the discontent of the Princes of the blood-Royal; and from that day the Queen, who did not know how to dissimulate her displeasure, behaved with systematic coldness to the

Duc de Chartres; and, on his side, he, of all the princes, displayed the most ill-humour, and retained it the longest, in consequence of the unfortunate circumstance which I have just related. He was observed from this time eagerly to seize every opportunity to blame the Queen's proceedings, and to ridicule her for her intimacy with the Polignac society, as well as the members of it themselves. He was not more sparing to the King; for instance, he knew very well that Louis the Sixteenth disliked English customs and fashions exceedingly, this was sufficient to make him adopt them; and whenever he had to make his appearance before the King he took care to carry his adoption of them to the greatest extreme.

"It was generally considered etiquette that those who hunted with the King should drive in French carriages, but this custom was not respected by the Duke of Orleans, for he did not hesitate to show himself in an English equipage at these hunting parties. The great good nature of the King, and, perhaps, also a little weakness on his part, made him pass over this breach of etiquette as well as many other marks of disrespect, though he was frequently much vexed with the Prince.

Such want of deference would not have been endured by Louis the Fourteenth, nor even by Louis the Fifteenth. However, it is a well-established fact, that almost from the commencement of Louis the Sixteenth's reign, the Duke of Orleans began to annoy the court by continual cavilling about trifles, or by placing himself in opposition to the government. I cannot resist giving an example of this 'Much ado about Nothing.' His father, the big Duke of Orleans, was the first Prince of the blood-royal, and, in right of this dignity, he had in his establishment a great many servants who were paid by the King. At his death, the Duc de Chartres would succeed him, but would be deprived of the privileges and advantages of his father's rank, for with them, the Duc d'Angoulême, the eldest son of the Comte d'Artois, would be invested. However, a few days before the death of his father, the Duke of Orleans said confidentially to me, that he had been informed most decidedly, though in an indirect way, that he had only to ask the King's permission to preserve the rank of first prince of the blood royal, and that it would be immediately granted him. I hastened to offer him my congratulations on the subject, when, to my great astonishment, he remarked, 'You are quite mistaken, I shall never make the request, and I don't care for the favour which is offered me.'—'But what then?'—'You don't perceive, then,' observed he, 'that they only wish me to be first prince of the blood royal, because the Queen wishes the children of M. le Comte d'Artois to bear the title of Fils de France.'—'Well,' exclaimed I, 'what on earth has that to do with you?—at any rate, accept the advantages which fall to your lot.'—'No, I will not be their dupe, I will not be first prince of the blood-royal; M. le Duc d'Angoulême ought to enjoy that rank, and consequently cannot be Fils de France.' Thus, by vexing and wearying the Queen, he prevented himself from enjoying a certain advantage, and did lasting harm to himself. Things happened just as I expected; he was not made first prince of the blood-royal, and the two sons of M. le Comte d'Artois had bestowed on them the rank of Fils de France.

"Two circumstances of a graver nature contributed materially to increase the discontent of the Duke of Orleans against the court and government; the one was the mortification with which he met at the engagement which took place at Ouessant, and the other was the refusal

of the post of high-admiral, which he had solicited from the King. With regard to the first point, it has been since clearly proved that public opinion was altogether wrong, and that the prince had distinguished himself by extraordinary bravery during the whole of the time that the engagement of Ouessant lasted. The Duke of Orleans was not, however, the less exasperated at this false accusation which was brought against his courage; and when, at a later period he was refused the post of high-admiral, he was doubly irritated. From this tangled and fatal chain of petty cavilling between the court and the Duke of Orleans, and from a few other faults of a more or less grave nature, sprang up the unfortunate Prince's hatred, which drove him to such lengths at the commencement of the revolution.

"Justice and impartiality make it my duty, before I finish this slight sketch of the Duke of Orleans, to mention some of the good qualities which I noticed in him. He was in one particular very different to most princes, he always feared to throw constraint over those persons, to whatever rank or position they might belong, whom he entertained himself, or whom he met in society; on the contrary, he took great pains to put them thoroughly at their ease; for this he found necessary to his own comfort, as he could not bear to be under any restraint; and nothing embarrassed him more than to meet with people who were themselves much embarrassed. He allowed his wit and gaiety full play, but no malice was ever mixed up with it.

"He possessed also many qualities which in general are only to be found in those who have good hearts. I once witnessed a circumstance which showed that he was not without considerable feeling. He was passionately fond of shooting, and in fact was a very first-rate shot. One day in 1782 he happened to be shooting in a vineyard, which was loaded with grapes, but he had expressly forbidden those who accompanied him to touch these grapes. He very soon started a partridge, and immediately discharged his shot to bring it down, for he did not perceive anybody in his way, but, at the very moment at which he fired off his gun his *coureur*, whose name was Joseph, had crouched himself on the ground, in order to eat some grapes, and the balls entered his shoulder and his throat, at which he sprang up immediately. The wound was a very serious one, though not mortal. The duke darted forward to his attendant's assistance, and displayed the utmost dismay and grief at the accident; he solely occupied himself anxiously in endeavouring to take care of him, and conveying him from the spot, and every day till he was completely cured he made a point of visiting him. He assured to him a very comfortable lot, and exempted him from all attendance upon himself.

"After this accident the Duke of Orleans entirely gave up shooting, He has told me many times since, that whenever he took a gun in his hand he was seized with a fit of nervous shivering, and that he could always fancy he saw a man standing at the point of his gun.

"The Duke of Orleans was most scrupulously exact in keeping his word; he considered that his honour was engaged in fulfilling anything approaching to a promise, in however imprudent a moment it might chance to have been uttered. He was retiring and rather nervous, and felt readily embarrassed when he was called upon to alter his usual habits. This perhaps is a defect in a prince; but it is a defect which in men is generally united to amiability and goodness of heart. The

Duke of Orleans could never entirely succeed in overcoming this sense of timidity. He could never manage to speak in public. Upon one occasion of the meeting of Parliament he was anxious to oppose the king's views, and a few words had been prepared, and written down for him, which he was expected to recite; but just as he was going to read them he felt himself perplexed, and stammered so much that he could scarcely be heard. The same thing happened at the meeting of the States-General. He had promised some friends to speak in the Chambre de la Noblesse in order to persuade the minority to pass over to the Chambre du Tiers. This time also a few lines were put on paper for him, but when he was on the point of beginning to read he fainted away, and it was necessary to open the windows to restore his consciousness. Alas! alas! is it possible to imagine that a character of this stamp could, during the revolution, be led to commit horror on horror, and at last consent to vote for the death of the head of his house? It is unfortunately, however, in this very weakness and timidity that we must seek for the explanation of his conduct. He was surrounded, and dragged forward by bad men, who held him completely in their power, and he was urged on from one step to another till he found it impossible to draw back."

At this point the Count de la Marck's observations upon the persons whose portraits he wished to sketch break off suddenly. He has said enough, however, to prove the impartiality of his opinion with regard to them: this he formed from facts which passed under his own eyes; and from the manner in which these facts are related, there cannot be the least doubt respecting the scrupulous exactness of the narrator. I shall now, by the aid of similar, though far more detached remarks, endeavour to place before the reader the precise nature of the relations which existed between the Count de la Marck and Mirabeau, before they became so intimately connected. The Count de la Marck, who was a sensible man, and endowed with a spirit of observation, took singular pleasure in making the acquaintance, and in studying the character, of remarkable men, even out of that range of society in which his duties, his rank, and his family connections placed him. In this society, as he declares himself, men were not much appreciated for their mind or their talents; personal good conduct, and submission to the regulations and habits of the court were sure to meet with a far speedier, and more certain reward than qualities of a more brilliant nature; therefore preference was frequently shown to mediocrity. It will be readily understood that it was not in society like this that the Count de la Marck was likely to meet Mirabeau, who was already becoming celebrated on account of various works which he had published, and in consequence of a law-suit which had been carried on against him, as well as from the persecution with which he met from his father.

M. Sénac de Meilhan, who has already been mentioned, was the first person, in 1788, who invited the Count de la Marck to make the acquaintance of Mirabeau. The idea was eagerly embraced by the Count, and it was agreed that M. de Meilhan should get the Count de Mirabeau to go with him to dine at the Prince de Poix, the governor of Versailles. On this occasion there were assembled, besides the Princess de Poix, the Count and Countess de Tessé, M. de Mun, and the Viscount de Noailles who were all equally anxious and curious to see Mirabeau. When M. de la Marck saw Mirabeau enter the room he was exceedingly struck by his appearance. He was very tall, and his figure was square and thickly set; his head, which was by nature larger than most persons, looked

still more so on account of the huge quantity of powdered hair which he wore. He was dressed in a commonly cut coat, which had buttons of coloured stone, of an outrageous size; his shoe buckles were equally enormous. The features of his face were much disfigured by marks of the small-pox, the expression of his countenance could not easily be read, but his eyes were full of fire. In wishing to be polite he made the most exaggerated bows, and the first words which he uttered were some laboured compliments, which were undoubtedly excessively vulgar. In short he possessed neither the language, manners, nor habits of the society in which he was thrown; and though, owing to his birth, he always consorted with those kind of persons who now entertained him, one could easily perceive that he lacked that ease of deportment which is to be observed in persons who mix in the great world.

During dinner, conversation chiefly fell upon common-place subjects. This did not, however, prevent Mirabeau from making, occasionally, some extremely witty and sparkling remarks, but, unfortunately, spoilt all by his ceremonious and laboured politeness. His want of ease and refinement was particularly striking when he addressed ladies. But when, after dinner, M. de Meilhan brought the conversation round to politics and the administration, all that appeared ridiculous in the deportment of Mirabeau immediately vanished. Then those who were present confined themselves in wondering at the extraordinary fluency of thought which Mirabeau possessed, and at the clear-sightedness of his views, and everybody was completely carried away by his brilliant and energetic way of expressing himself. M. de la Marck contrived to seize an opportunity of chatting aside with Mirabeau about Germany. A few of his works on this country had already appeared, and M. de la Marck observed that he even spoke better on the subject than he had written. He was, on the whole, so pleased with his conversation, that he resolved to see him again. Mirabeau seemed, curiously enough, to meet his wishes, for he asked him to visit him. This invitation was accepted with such eagerness, that Mirabeau was at once convinced of the extreme interest with which he had inspired the Count de la Marck, and a mutual promise was made to meet very shortly. The Count de la Marck relates an anecdote in connection with this dinner which is rather amusing. M. Necker was almost an object of worship to most of the persons who were present on this occasion. Mirabeau attacked, with great warmth, the general policy and the administrative talent of the contrôleur-général. The Prince de Poix, who read very little, and was much *au courant de jour* in public affairs, did not catch the sense of Mirabeau's observations. M. de Meilhan, as far as he could, endeavoured to change the conversation whenever the name of M. Necker was mentioned; but, just as Mirabeau was preparing to take his departure, M. de Poix being fully persuaded that everybody shared his opinion with regard to M. Necker, and his admiration of him, detained him, and said—

"One moment more. We have not yet spoken of M. Necker. Ah, that is an extraordinary man!"

The Count de Mirabeau, who was much surprised at this apostrophe, seemed for an instant quite embarrassed; then, suddenly retiring a step or two, he made a profound bow to the Prince de Poix, and said—

"Ah, true, he is an excellent juggler!"

The prince did not know how to reply to this extraordinary speech, so they both bowed and moved away.

## THE DREAM-LADDER.*

It was already past midnight when the magistrate turned his head round to the other side, so as to see the moon better through the leaves of the arbour where he sat. The flowers smelt fresh in the warm night air, and the whole garden swam in almost magic light, for the full moon was high in the sky, and only darkened by a little transparent cloud passing over it. It was heavenly in the arbour. The magistrate had already sat there many hours gazing on the clear starry night. He was scarcely conscious how happy he was. Nature lay around him as a vast unrevealed mystery, and he reposed in the midst of all her wonders like a child!

The moon had always loved this good magistrate. When he was a little boy he often had stood for hours at the window of his room gazing at the clouds, and watching the wonderful rings that encircled the moon.

As he sat now, on this very night, looking at the moon, admiring the beautiful halo and the prismatic colours around her, the wonders of a summer's night seemed all at once to be revealed to him. He beheld a light shining ladder descend, as it were, plainly and slowly from the moon, sinking lower and lower until the last step touched the honeysuckle bower where he sat. By degrees the ladder appeared to become stronger, firmer, and still more visible. There was also a great agitation and movement going forward on it—up and down, in and out, like the falling snow-flakes. He heard clear silver voices singing in the very arbour close to his ear, and the whole garden seemed to have become animated. The tops of the trees murmured softly to each other, and the young boughs rustled lustily, as they never were heard to do in the day.

Soft arms raised him from his seat. How it happened he did not know—he could not imagine how it came about—but he *did* find himself on the lowest step of the ladder, and in another moment actually ascending, without fear or giddiness, in the clear night sky. Immediately the garden became melodious, and sang forth in a chorus of joy beneath him. As he mounted higher, he thought he heard the very earth turning and creaking as it revolved on its axis. What had appeared to him, however, as he sat in the honeysuckle bower like rising and falling snow-flakes, were, in reality, little fairies hastening on diverse messages from earth to heaven.

At length the magistrate reached the moon. He was not astonished at finding everything there quite different from what he had read in the books of astronomy. A silver palace, with thousands and thousands of towers, galleries, arcades—domes, spires, and colonnades of silver shone brightly before him. But he was not dazzled. No mortal ever beheld such a splendid sight as was now revealed to him.

At the edge, where the ladder touched the moon, an old man met him offering his hand to assist him. This was "the Man in the Moon," of whom we have all heard so much, but he had no bundle of sticks or dog with him, so that the magistrate did not know him at first. Indeed,

* The readers of Andreas will recognise his story as forming the groundwork of the following fairy tale.

such tales are only fictitious about the Man in the Moon, for the truth is he looks good and kind beyond expression.

"It is a long time," said he, "since any mortal has visited us, although we make it so easy."

Simple as were these words, they wellnigh made the magistrate weep, for the sound of the voice moved his very heart, and he was on the point of falling on his knees before the old man, if he had not caught him by the arm and said—

"Forbear—I am only a servant. But your mistake, my son, is as pardonable as that of the heathens, who have, to my sorrow, long adored me. Come with me; your eyes are still half-closed for our world while the warm blood yet flows about your heart. Be not, therefore, surprised that everything here seems to you pale and colourless."

They now passed further onwards. An unbroken silence reigns in the moon. Everything wears a strange and different aspect, and a subdued light softly illuminates every object. It is impossible to discover how the silver palace is lighted, but it shines as if transparent. The sea of crystal, by which it is surrounded, looks like a deep deep moonbeam, and shines in the same mysterious way. Silver trees grow around it, whose leaves shake unceasingly in the soft breeze. Upon the clear crystal sea swans were swimming, and small white birds flew about, dipping their wings in the silvery waters, or nestling in the snowy leaves of the large white lilies, which grow in great numbers in the moon. But everything looks strange and mysterious, as in a dream.

They now both stood on the margin of the lake, when the Man in the Moon, drawing out a wishing-rod, a soft moon-rainbow immediately appeared, passing on which they reached the entrance of the silver palace. The moon-rainbow trembled and bent under the weight of the two pilgrims, and, as they landed, sank down again into the clear waters.

"See, child of man," said the guide, "what tales have been invented by foolish mortals about this rod. Take it now yourself, and unfold the recesses of the palace of dreams."

As the magistrate waved the rod in his hand, the palace separated in the midst like a summer's cloud.

"Here," said the old man, "live the guardians of mankind; but I dare not yet show you those venerable souls that confer so many benefits on the human race. But come this way, for you must see many marvels before we part."

They entered a hall of vast, almost immeasurable size; as far as the eye could reach, it appeared to be of circular form, but the endless and interminable vistas—some dark as night, some radiant in subdued splendour—defied examination. The vaulted roof rose in a gigantic dome to the very clouds, and, from an aperture on high, poured down floods of silvery light, illuminating a fountain as large as a lofty cedar tree, that rose in the centre of the hall. Every spray of the sparkling water flung back glittering reflections in bright and varying colours, while clouds of mist and foam, mountains high, rose around, concealing the lovely flowers of the lily and the lotos, that grew at the edge of the fountain. The soft splash of the water was the only sound that broke the mysterious silence. Vast pillars of milk-white alabaster supported the walls, carved in rare and fanciful devices, wrought in the most

delicate tints, and wreathed with garlands of white roses, amid whose leaves and flowers innumerable doves fluttered in and out, or flew aloft to the rays of light in endless mazes. The floor of this heavenly place was composed of alternate squares of diamonds and emeralds, which shone in the cool pale light diffused all around.

The magistrate was so overcome by this wondrous spectacle, that he leaned on his companion for support.

"Let us proceed," said the latter, "nor do you allow the hot blood flowing in your veins thus to move you, or the mysteries that surround us will never be beheld by you."

Crossing the hall they entered the colonnades of alabaster surrounding it—huge pillars that might top the clouds—avenues of endless distance, dim, dreary, and obscure, opened through these columns on all sides. As they advanced thick white clouds descended around them, and dark murky vapours rose where they trod, mocking further progress; but the Man in the Moon scarcely heeded these appearances, and drew the magistrate onwards to one of the openings. The gloom increased, thunder rolled, and blue lightnings alone directed them in the path, which led downwards through damp cold passages, hewn out of the rock. They reached a cave, where the water trickled down on all sides. Frogs croaked, multitudes of snakes crawled on the rocks, and, curling around their feet, hissed as they approached; huge monsters loomed down on them from above—dim, half-visible, in the fitful light; green eyes peeped forth from dark recesses, and the very earth shook as they advanced; the magistrate could scarcely master his terror, when suddenly he beheld a huge serpent rise erect before them, with eyes flashing fire, and tongue forked and venomous, ready every instant to attack them.

"Let us stand aside," whispered his companion, "these caves are inhabited by creatures who scent your human blood. We will await, and see what will befall."

The serpent disappeared in the gloom, and a loud rumbling woke the echoes of the cave caused by the approach of an antique coach, which was so clumsy it might have served for the first that ever went on wheels. Its colour was black, the horses piebald black and white, the driver an enormous cat of the same colour, and behind stood an owl, whose eyes glistened in the dark, the blinds were also black and drawn close down. But as the coach passed the magistrate, they started back with a spring, and, to his horror, he beheld, seated in the coach, four corpses dressed in grave cloths. The blinds were again drawn, and the coach rumbled on, followed by a multitude of bats flying with such violence they almost knocked the magistrate down.

The Man in the Moon insisted on his advancing, though he trembled in every limb, and for awhile they proceeded unmolested. Pale blue flames shot now and then across their way, borne by some ravens who were charged with the sighs of those who mourned on earth for the loss of the corpses they had seen in the coach. Then all closed round darker than before, and a faint glimmer was all the light that guided them. A huge arm was now thrust forth from the side of the cave into the magistrate's face. It was covered with drapery, and presented to him a box. On opening it, he beheld lying in blood a pale and ghastly hand severed at the wrist. With horror he cast it from him, and as it fell a tremendous earthquake shook the caverns, and shrieks and cries arose on every side from out the darkness.

A black veil now intercepted their path, and ere they reached it two skeletons appeared in a menacing attitude from behind it. Lights glared in their hollow eyes, and their bony fingers carried daggers of enormous length, on whose points burnt fire. Their aspect was menacing and horrible. As they waved their daggers, the cave seemed to become smaller and smaller—the sides closed in—the ceiling descended—and the black curtain waved to and fro behind the figures. The magistrate sank on the earth, uttering a piercing cry—when the old man raised his wishing-rod the whole vision vanished, and a gigantic warrior appeared clad in complete armour, advanced to meet them. His countenance wore a noble expression—his lofty brow was shaded with black hair—on his head he wore a helmet with an immense white feather—he bore a drawn sword in his hand, and his armour was of the finest steel. His feet rested on a cloud, from whence a pale delicate radiance diffused itself among the surrounding gloom.

With courteous gesture he invited the magistrate to approach, intimating by signs that he would protect him. Accordingly, under his guidance they proceeded, passing through various turnings which rendered the way doubly intricate. The warrior, after conducting them for some time in safety—vanished. But more light now guided their steps, and the galleries among which they passed had become broader and higher. At this point the old man paused, and raised his wishing-rod, when a beautiful butterfly descended through the roof and flew before them. Little fairies now peeped out, and airy sylphs passed them, bearing on their wings dew-drops to cool the bosom of the amorous rose, where the wooing of the hot summer's night has made it droop and faint.

The magistrate perceived they were approaching an open space, for the pale light that had guided them in these mysterious regions now became strong and clear, as when the moon shines at the full; but from whence it proceeded he could not divine. His heart leaped for joy when he remembered the horrors he had escaped, and he turned to his companion to express his pleasure, but the old man had disappeared! As he, however, raised his eyes, he saw an arch of fire that spanned the entire vault, and beneath it written in the air, with bright shining letters, these words:—"Mortal, fear nothing—have faith and proceed." So, although he was greatly grieved to have lost the good old man, whose presence had cheered and protected him, he continued his way.

A lofty portal now barred further advance. It was enclosed on either side by pillars of crystal, around which flowers and leaves of silver were entwined. As he gazed, wondering what new marvels that portal would unfold—a star fell at his feet. For a moment it shone with intense splendour, and then suddenly exploding, divided itself into a thousand sparkling atoms, when a fairy of heavenly countenance appeared on the spot where the star had vanished. Her wings were long and tipped with silver—on her head was a crown of glittering stars, pale yet bright—her robe transparent as a cloud, was fringed with moon-beams, and in her hand she bore a wand of crystal.

"Strange!" said she, in the sweetest voice imaginable, "the venerable watchers approve the courage you have shown. To you shall be, therefore, revealed the secrets of the River of Dreams. Fear nothing, and follow me."

"O tell me, gentle spirit," cried the magistrate, "where is my guide, my companion? shall I not again behold him?"

"Yes," replied the fairy, "you shall meet him shortly, but be silent and obedient."

She advanced to the portal, which was of marble, and waved her wand. The doors opened with a hollow sound. At first nothing but what seemed a cloud of mist was visible—but the magistrate perceived this was composed of an innumerable multitude of tiny spirits hurrying towards the caves he had lately traversed. Their small airy bodies, flying rapidly along, swept by him like a cloud.

"These," said the fairy, "are entering the dreary vaults you have traversed to bear from hence horrible and misshapen dreams and ghastly visions—far more fearful than you beheld—with which, returning to the earth, they scare and alarm the sleep of the wicked."

On passing the gates of marble, flowers sprang up wherever the fairy stepped, and birds warbled around her; by degrees a vast prospect unfolded before them. The star-sown sky was deeply blue, and by the dim and fitful light an ancient castle appeared, its broken ruinous outline alone defined by the light of the stars. It stood on the edge of gigantic rocks that overshadowed an interminable ocean. The towers and battlements hanging over the bursting waves,—deep shadows rested on the castle and the cavernous recesses of the gloomy rocks beneath—the hollow sound of the waves echoed like thunder as they lashed their huge sides, and showers of foam and spray, shooting aloft, broke for a moment through the darkness around. In one part of the shore was a bay, from which the tide had recently receded, for the sand was yet wet and moist. Here lay untold heaps of richest treasure, orient pearls bursting from the native shell, ingots of gold, hills of amber, spices from the southern isles, richest gems gathered deep down amid the Indian seas, each one a revenue; trees of ruddy coral, heaps of the rarest shells entwined with emerald sea-weed — these all strewed the shore, piled in fantastic confusion. The sea had rendered up the riches of a thousand shipwrecks, and laid its treasures there in mockery of the greed of man, and far from his grasp, stranded by the tide on that lonely shore. Brightly shown the gems in the starlight, but silence reigned, unbroken even by the sighing of the wind, yet the waves raged as if tossed by a tempest. Along this bay the fairy conducted the magistrate. The sand was heavy, the distance to all appearance interminable—deep shadows, of gigantic form, towered in the distance, sweeping past to the ocean. A large white swan suddenly emerged from the gloom, and placed itself near the water: of larger size and more majestic bearing than we ever see on the earth,—it stood tossing its proud neck, and flinging back with extended wings the spray which dashed against its bosom.

"Behold," said the fairy, "the Queen of the Swans. She is a powerfulgenii, and disposes of the destiny of one whom Fate unites to you."

The magistrate's heart beat quick, but he did not reply.

Passing through one of the clefts in the rock they entered a narrow gorge leading into a green and lonely valley. It was surrounded by lofty mountains, whose soft outlines rising aloft in the clear sky were illuminated with the prismatic colours of the rainbow. From their bosom gushed streams and rivulets, which danced from rock to rock in endless cascades, until they were lost in the waves of a rapid river that flowed along the bottom of the valley, descending on one side from the mountains and disappearing down a rapid descent into a sea of mist and foam. Nymphs and elves bathed in the waves, disporting themselves in playful

gambols. Innumerable small boats sailed to and fro, manned by small fairies who tended the sails or bent on their oars, guiding them through the islands of water-lilies that impeded the current, or steering clear of the banks bordered by tall flowers of the loveliest hues growing under the shade of the myrtle and the orange trees, whose blossoms perfnmed the air, their fragrant heavy laden branches dipping in the stream.

The fairy paused.

"Here, mortal," said she, "is the River of Dreams—it rises in Chaos far beyond those mountains, and flows towards the earth. See on its bosom those barks guided by fairies, of whom I am one. Those that are descending towards the earth bear visions to mortals below. Gold to the miser—fame to the poet—the image of his mistress to the lover —power to the politician—revenge to the wicked—heavenly joys to the good—ever do they unceasingly hurry below since time began, and will continue until eternity replace it. By the power of the wands they bear, bolts and bars avail not—all places are alike open to them. Those boats you see returning from out of yonder mist bear strange things which have been lost in the lower world—lovers' sighs unheeded by their mistress—broken vows and forgotten resolutions fill them to overflowing. All these are placed in the treasury of the moon, nor is one even mislaid or lost. Tears shed by the wretched, uncared for by the rich—the prayers of distressed virtue against brutal wrong—the dying breath of infants who have never lived to speak, and the silent prayers of sinners wanting courage to express their agony. All these are registered by kind and gentle fairies until a day come when every secret shall be revealed."

As the fairy concluded, a boat approached the shore where they stood. The fairies busily unloaded the cargo, consisting of bags of various sizes and bottles, all numbered and labelled. The magistrate observed that lovers' sighs predominated, and women's broken oaths for the tears in the crystal bottles took but little room. The heavily laden little spirits disappeared among the flowering trees that bordered the river in the direction of the marble portal. The magistrate was lost in wonder, nor could he have conceived the moon to have had such dealings with the earth when she looked so far away even in the clearest summer night.

"Among those mountains," said the fairy, "are wonders even greater than you have yet seen, hidden in a subterranean region. Sometimes they are revealed to a favoured mortal, who is permitted to mount the River of Dreams in one of those little barks. I cannot now unfold their recesses to you, for I must descend to the lower regions where I go to console a despairing lover, tossed in the delirium of fever with a smiling image of the maid he loves."

"Do not leave me here alone in this strange place, good fairy, I beseech you," sighed the magistrate, "or let me return to my first guide the old Man in the Moon."

"Your desire shall be granted," said the fairy, and she waved her wand with the bright star. Down from the variegated mountain tops descended a light pink cloud borne on the leaves of a snowy lotos. "Cloud," said the fairy, "waft this mortal to the silver grotto," saying which she vanished.

The magistrate found himself gently rising in the air on the bosom of the cloud. He mounted high over the mountains into the blue sky,

leaving the river, the valley, and its busy fairies far below. The rapid yet gentle motion caused him to fall asleep.

When he awoke he was lying on the floor of a grotto, entirely composed of silver, which glistened in the subdued light of lamps, lit by moon-beams, in the most heavenly manner. Statues of silver stood on pedestals of the same metal, in long rows, on either side. They bore in their hands silver boughs loaded with fruit of every colour, that rustled continually; through the midst of the grotto flowed a stream of molten silver, most marvellous to behold. The gurgling of this stream, joined to the rustling of the silver boughs, was all the sound he heard. The magistrate, enchanted with the beauty of the grotto, wandered on among the colonnade of silver statues. He approached a silver curtain, which fell from the roof, and was of so delicate a texture that it waved as he approached. Suddenly, a whole troop of little elves rushed out, and, with a merry laugh, withdrew the curtain. To the magistrate's inexpressible joy he saw the Man in the Moon standing behind it. The old man smiled benignantly, raising the magistrate, who had fallen on his knees before him.

"My son," said he, with his kind, gentle voice, "you have seen wonders enough for one summer's night. I will now present you to the guardians."

They passed through alleys bordered by roses of every hue, mixed with lilies and honeysuckle, backed by tall edges of yew and cypress, cut in many shapes of birds and animals. These were festooned with garlands woven of every flower that ever grew; gaudy butterflies fluttered about, pursued by troops of little fairies and sportive elves, chasing them from flower to flower, and lying in ambush to catch them amidst the leaves. Shouts of merry laughter broke through the air, while birds of the most brilliant plumage flew around, making the air melodious with a thousand various notes, wooing the blushing flowers with their warblings. Rose and orange-leaves formed the path, which, pressed by tho steps of the magistrate and his companion, shed forth delicious odours as they passed.

A vast hall of white marble, of plain and elegant design, now appeared before them. As they advanced, an ebony door was flung open by a number of hands without arms, and the magistrate found himself in the presence of the guardians, who were seated in deep recesses. They were four men, of the most venerable appearance, and of unknown age. Indeed, they must have been as old as the world itself; for the marble chairs on which they reposed, and the entire floor of the hall, were covered by the hair of their immense white beards. Their heads, crowned with mistletoe, were sunk on their breasts; their hands clasped, as in deep thought; owls and bats obscured the already dim light around them. The nails of their clasped hands, penetrating the flesh, were all at least a yard long. Time had ploughed their faces with deepest furrows, and their eyes were closed. The magistrate desired to worship them, thinking them divine, but his companion forbade him, and whispered—

"These are the guardians who for ever watch the fate of mortals. Thousands of spirits attend their bidding, and obey their unspoken thoughts. They rule the River of Dreams, which you have already seen, and in their treasury are deposited the stores brought by fairies from below. A day will come when they will raise their heads and speak, in

order to give an account to the Great Spirit of all they have done. Until that period arrive, they sit within this gloomy hall in solemn silence. But we must retire, for time presses; the summer's night verges towards peep of day."

As they withdrew from the hall, they were both obliged to tread on the guardians' beards. The magistrate now regained the lake by which they entered the palace of dreams. The pale clear light around them quite cheered him, after the darkness of the gloomy hall where the guardians sat.

"You must descend," said the Man in the Moon, "while the ladder yet stands, or you will be lost, perchance, in Chaos, and become the prey of those wild storms and whirlwinds for ever raging in that gloomy region; or you may land on some other planet, and be offered up as a sacrifice to the savage gods ruling in Saturn and in Jupiter: or, more dangerous still, there is Venus;—but come, descend, I beseech you, for the morning air already kisses the weary form of Night, who spreads her lazy wings towards distant spheres."

But at this moment a great crowd of fairies approached with letters and messages for the earth. They bowed before the Man in the Moon, and some whispered in his ear.

"She comes!" said he to the magistrate; "you will see her heavenly form."

The happy magistrate now perceived a gentle maiden advancing, whom, although he had never seen, he fancied he had always known. Fairies danced around her; dreams floated before her like a flight of doves. She walked, silent and alone, and wore a lily on her heart. Her movements were hesitating, like one walking in a dream, and she seemed weak and languid. Much did the magistrate wish to inquire who she was, but the Man in the Moon led him towards the ladder.

"We shall soon meet again!" said he. As the magistrate descended, he saw the earth moving under him; but he could still distinguish the kind voice of his guide, calling after him—"When you meet *her* again below, you will know her in a moment."

---

In the morning, the magistrate awoke as the sun penetrated the bower of honeysuckle. He scarcely knew how he felt. He would not admit to himself that he had been asleep during the past night, and yet his recollection of the ladder, and all he had seen in the moon appeared so strange, he could only walk about and wonder. At length he determined to await the coming night in the summer-house, and see what would happen. Then he could observe everything minutely.

As the night closed in, the magistrate placed himself in the honeysuckle arbour, hoping again to behold the dream-ladder descend as before. The moon shone brilliantly as he gazed into her broad shaded disc, and recollecting the wonders that had been revealed to him, he felt proud and happy in the highest degree. The night was hot and sultry, and the pale flowers drooped as the soft breeze played around, sighing heavily amid their leaves. Swarms of fire-flies fluttered about, and formed bright stars and figures on the turf, no longer green, but almost black beneath the long shadows cast by the trees. At intervals, the summer lightning gleamed forth in sheets of flame, shooting over the heavens like a meteor.

The magistrate fixed his eyes on the moon with eager expectation

Would the ladder descend?—should he see that angel maid who bore the lily on her heart? He watched, almost in despair, for nothing appeared: the moonlight sky showed no ladder. But, at last, something like a drop of crystal seemed to fall from the moon. It became longer and plainer, extending like a ray of silver light. O, joy, it was the ladder! and descended, as before, to the very bower of honeysuckle. As the magistrate gazed with rapture at the sight, the whole garden rang with a chorus of laughter, and a thousand little fairies hopped forth from the cups and bells of flowers where they had hid, placing themselves at the foot of the ladder—some mounting the steps, some fluttering in the air. At this moment the maiden with the lily on her heart, was seen descending from the moon; that maiden whom the magistrate so longed to behold. But she did not appear, as before, pale and languid, but glorified, beatified.

Her face shone with a bright but subdued light, her long fair hair sowed with stars and pearls formed a mantle around her—her brow was crowned with a radiant crescent of moon-beams. The lily, which she still wore on her heart, shed forth as she moved drops of dew like brightest diamonds; pearls and gems fell from her footsteps, and were caught by the fairies awaiting her arrival at the foot of the ladder. The magistrate could scarcely breathe. She was just placing her foot on the last step—the fairies raised a shout of delight—his arms opened to receive her—as she touched the earth she vanished—the ladder and the fairies all disappeared. But where the maiden had stepped sprung up a white rose-tree bearing one lovely flower amidst a thousand buds. The magistrate always declared he had kissed that one fair rose, but his recollection on this point was very uncertain, and he thinks he must have swooned, for when he became conscious the sun had already risen some hours.

### THE QUEEN OF THE SWANS. SECOND PART.

Towards evening a heavy storm came on, the heavens grew darker and darker, and were covered with clouds. Rain fell at length, and then came thunder and lightning, which lasted for some time. "The moon will not rise to-night," said the magistrate to himself as he walked out into the streets of the town where he lived. His thoughts dwelt unceasingly on the maiden with the lily.

He passed out of the town, and came to a road which was quite under water, where a child stood on the brink wishing to cross, but not being able from the depth of the water. The magistrate took the child in his arms and carried him over.

"Where do you live?" he asked, "for all the roads are filled with water, and such a little creature as you are might easily be drowned."

"Thank you," replied the child, with a pleasing voice; "if you will be so good as to carry me two miles from here to the Queen of the Swans with whom I live, I shall, indeed, thank you."

The poor magistrate was so alarmed at this strange speech that he was on the very point of letting the child fall from fright.

"If it must be, however," thought he, "I will do it," so he carried the child in his arms. The whole of the country was inundated; wherever he looked he could see nothing but water and the most complete silence reigned around him. At such a prospect his heart sank within him.

"Well," thought he, "two miles swimming is no joke, but if it must be it must be."

A little green boat came floating towards them.

"Here, little boat," cried the child, "little boat, take me to the Queen of the Swans."

The boat immediately approached, and they got in and proceeded. The magistrate kept watching the heavens, hoping that the heavy storm-clouds would soon open on them, and prevent any further progress; but there was no escape! All at once thousands and thousands of swans appeared on the water, swimming round the little boat, drawing up their long proud necks, fluttering their large white wings, and singing beautifully,—drawing at the same time the little boat among the tall green rushes that grew luxuriantly along the banks. More and more swans appeared as they advanced; and as the rushes bowed down their heads it looked as if they were passing through a bower of emeralds.

Just as the magistrate was in the act of turning to the child to ask what it all meant, he saw, with terror, that he was himself the only creature in the boat. The child had vanished. But in a moment after he saw seated near him the maiden with the lily on her heart, as he had seen her in the moon, not radiant with glory as when she descended on the ladder.

"Fear not," said she, "we are just at home," and, as she spoke, the boat and all it contained sank down into the water.

The magistrate was terribly started, for up to this time he had felt himself awake and in full possession of his senses. As he sank into the stream and heard the water gurgling and flowing over him he did not doubt that he had been entrapped, and was going to die, so he closed his eyes, and tried to say his prayers . . . . When he recovered himself he was lying on a bed of purple, and all around him appeared to be a palace of transparent glass. At first he lay quite quiet, and only peeped through his half-closed eyes to discover what was passing around him. Some wonderful little people moved softly about, speaking very low to each other. One, a little man in a grey coat, with a long body, and short legs, with broad feet, said to another manikin who was round and fat, and wore a variegated dress—

"But, my stars, what has made it rain so fearfully to-day?"

To which the little round gentleman answered—

"Of course it comes from our enemies. We heard of it early yesterday. One from below has ventured on the ladder again and has been with the watchers. He has not gone to the moon for nothing either; but has been deeply smitten with our maiden with the lily. I hear he is dying of love, and so the Queen of the Swans has taken pity on him. O, Love! what a mischievous imp thou art. I was once in love myself with the sweetest butterfly—"

"Praythee spare us your tales," said a third little man, who was dressed in armour with silver scales, "and tell us, if you know, where the new child of the swan comes from."

At this moment voices were heard singing softly, so the little people thought it best to separate, one alone remaining to watch. He placed himself opposite the magistrate, buried himself in the pillows of a divan, crossed his little legs like a Turk, drew out of his pocket a crystal box full of sugar-plums, and began munching them to his heart's content. One after another disappeared into his mouth as fast as they could go;

every now and then he polished his coat, kicked his legs, sung snatches of songs, and drank honey out of flowers hanging from the window. But he never ceased watching the magistrate with his little cunning eyes. But this latter worthy man could remain quiet no longer; he jumped up, thinking some new vision had come to astonish his senses. The glass palace became gradually darker and darker, so that the stars appeared one by one in the deep night-sky, but the moon had not yet risen.

"Where am I? Who are you? How came I here?" exclaimed the magistrate. The little gentleman in the grey coat rose suddenly, and after making a series of elegant bows with obvious self-satisfaction, replied,—

"I will conceal nothing from you—I am myself King of the Magicians as well as one of the guardians; the other will himself soon appear."

"Guardian!" cried the magistrate. "O, good spirit, *guard me*, I implore you. Where is *she*—you know who—the maiden in the moon—on the ladder—to-day in the boat—with the lily on her heart?"

"Fear not," answered the little man, "you will find her everywhere—in the moon—in the water—she sleeps in the flowers, and sits amongst the mountains—only trust *us*."

"You," asked the magistrate. "You—who are you, then?"

"Well, now," said the little man, "have I not this moment told you already? We are the guardians."

The south wind sighed through the palace with a melodious sound, as it came wafting by where the magistrate sat; some flowers were scattered around him, whose scent was so powerful he felt confused and overcome.

"Sleep now as much as you will," said the magician, "for, during your slumber, I will tell you many things it is necessary you should know. Being asleep does not matter. You will understand me all the better.

As he spoke the magistrate fell asleep, and the little creature began to give an account of the course of events in the world, and of the good and evil powers of the guardians, and of their enemies.

"There are many animals and plants," said he, "created by the Evil One, in order to torment, bite, poison, confuse, or intoxicate mankind, when they are discontented and murmur at their destiny. All this has arisen from envy at the beauty and perfection of creation. But Providence has formed many harmless animals for the service of man, to watch over and help him, so that evil may not overtake him. These are your guardians, and they are to be found in every part of the world. Day-by-day they wander over the earth, seeking to benefit and assist all the children of men. Look at the ocean—there are the small birds that warn mariners of the coming storm. If the weary wanderer sinks to rest on the green turf, the tiny gnats which hover around him, awake him when he should rise. The fish reveal the approaching outbreak of the volcano, and the sparrows' warning chirrup tells of the fire burning in the rafters. Therefore men should listen to the voice of their guardians, and despise not the least of God's creation. Besides, the Father of spirits has sent into the moon gentle and loving souls, who also assist and support mankind. From them descend dreams to warn and to comfort, by the help of beneficent fairies, who fulfil the secret

wishes of the sleepers, and form a heavenly ladder by which weary spirits may ascend into that soft region—far from the cares and the miseries of the earth.

"Such visions have revealed mortals to each other, who have afterwards met in the earth and have loved. The venerable watchers above have so skilfully and secretly guided their fates, that such love has been blessed, and has terminated in joy. All to the praise of the Creator, and for the blessing of his creatures."

"Amen!" responded the magistrate out of his sleep.

"There is not one word in the Bible that is not strictly true," continued the little man, with some warmth, "but mankind are so blind that they will not perceive it—Jacob's ladder is not mentioned in vain, but poets above have understood the true meaning. As the miner descends into the bowels of the earth to bring forth precious metals and jewels, so the poet mounts aloft into the highest heavens, bearing down with him treasures far more rare than gold or costly gems. Such men alone deserve the name of heavenly spirits."

The magistrate moved restlessly on his bed, which the little magician noticing, said,—

"Yes, yes, I understand you want me to reveal the mystery, and tell you all about the maiden you saw in the moon—but it is too long and too strange a history for any child of man to comprehend. Besides, I have no time, for, see, the moon is rising."

Saying these words, he leaned out of the window after a water-lily, to see what was the hour by its long white leaves.

"I have, I see, only time to add: When you first saw her before on the ladder of dreams the maiden had taken refuge in the moon to weep and to lament. All is now changed—she descended in glory, for the Queen of the Swans, the sovereign of all the guardians in these parts, has taken her under her protection. Spring has revived her—the waters have refreshed her, so that her soul is renewed. She loves you—she has never ceased to love you since you met in the moon."

As the little magician finished speaking the moon sank into the water and the whole palace became illuminated in a moment. The venerable guardians looked down from the ladder with friendly kind faces, and the Man in the Moon threw down a rose from above.

Hidden voices sang the following words:—

"Behold her rising fresh and bright
From out the darkest shades of night."

The Queen of the Swans herself, and all her snowy court, stood outside the palace. The little magician guided a boat formed of lotos leaves, holding the rudder in his hand as if waiting to carry some one across. The maiden appeared through a door in the interior of the palace. She took a fond farewell of the Queen of Swans who had been so kind to her.

Instead of a lily she now wore a rose on her heart—dreams fluttered around her like gentle doves, and little fairies danced a joyful measure in her train. She looked happy and joyful as a child just awakened from a long sleep. She approached the magistrate with a smiling countenance, offering her hand. At this moment he awoke, as if roused by an electric shock.

# OREGON, CALIFORNIA, AND THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.*

The unceasing and apparently interminable supply of the precious metal, "Gaudy Gold, hard food for Midas," which continues to inundate the world from the distant regions of California; and the late discoveries of similar deposits in Australia, which bid fair to rival, in produce, the earlier "El Dorado." These stirring episodes in the world's history invest with original and most powerful interest, every voice from those remote localities, which carries with it internal evidence of truth, and conveys authentic intelligence of the actual state of things in lands destined hereafter, whether for good or evil, to become important sections in the geography of our planet. It is fortunate for the further instruction as well as amusement of educated man, that while the greater portion of the human race prefer to read of dangerous enterprises, difficulties surmounted, and arduous travels accomplished, in the snug security of an easy chair, and by the side of a blazing fire, the wise Providence which governs the world, has bestowed on a chosen few the energy to accomplish deeds which reflect benefit on all, and endowed them with a peculiar conformation of mental vigour, physical strength, and indomitable perseverance. Among this band of stout, practical pioneers, the author of the volume now before us, is entitled to hold a prominent position. A ride of 2200 miles across the prairies, and over the rocky mountains, from St. Louis on the Missouri to the station of the Dalles on the Columbia in Oregon, occupying more than four months, and without an interval of civilized indulgence, is not to be estimated or even remotely comprehended by the thousands whose experience of travelling is confined to the inconvenience of an excursion train to Birmingham and back again, or who perhaps have ventured as far, by the Holyhead express, as to examine the Menai Bridge, or the tubular constructions in the neighbourhood of Bangor. It is, on the contrary, and without exaggeration, a feat requiring the bodily powers of Samson or Hercules, and the patience of the great patriarch himself. It is extraordinary, as well as gratifying, to find that young men of rank, fortune, and intellectual acquirements, will undertake these laborious achievements voluntarily; from a praiseworthy ambition to be useful in their generation, and thus supply themselves with agreeable and profitable reminiscences for after years, losing neither time nor temper, and wasting not the precious hours, which can never be recalled, in betting at Epsom or Newmarket, playing short whist for long stakes at a club, or smoking interminable cigars, without reflection, in a billiard room. Truly, the Anglo-Saxon is the most active of bipeds in mind and body, and deserves the vast superiority his race is rapidly establishing in every corner of the globe.

Mr. Coke's volume assumes the unpretending form of a Journal, clear, succinct, and consecutive. There is no labouring after literary effect, and no roundabout, far-fetched introductions. It is a pleasing, manly

* A Ride over the Rocky Mountains to Oregon and California, with a glance at some of the Tropical Islands, including the West Indies and the Sandwich Isles. By the Hon. Henry J. Coke, author of "Vienna in 1848."

narrative of events as they occurred, characterised by good humour, a temperament disposed to turn the glass always to the brighter side, and the total absence of all dogmatical pretensions. We are neither wearied by impracticable theories, nor useless speculations, such as abound a little too freely in more than one recent book of adventurous travel, we could name, if necessary, and which swell the bulk without adding to the value. A volume like this may be considered as a *rara avis,* in an age of many opinions, and as comfortable and refreshing as a Shakspeare without notes, or a popular classic without the supposed obscurities rendered rather more unintelligible by ingenious attempts at elucidation. We feel positive gratitude to an author whose pages we can glide gently through, without effort or weariness, who bewilders us not with hard compounds, and who can scarcely be typified as syncretic, æsthetic, or idiosyncratic; terms doubtless understood thoroughly by the inventors, but which rather mystify the unsophisticated reading public, and somewhat confuse the simple vernacular we studied in our school days. These are "affectations," as honest Sir Hugh Evans says of Pistol's metaphors, and in our humble opinion would be more honoured in the breach than the observance. But we are losing our trail, as they say on the prairies, and getting away from Mr. Coke and his agreeable narrative, to both of which we must return, and by a short extract or two, verify the correctness of our favourable opinion.

The party, when they started from St. Louis, having no experience of their intended route, and an ample command of money, fell into mistakes which might have been avoided, and which led to some impediments and disagreeable incidents, not of necessity included in the programme of their proceedings, and only discovered when too late for remedy, without sacrificing valuable material, and still more precious time. When nearly halfway, the courage of some began to ooze out, and there was even talk of turning back in despair; a course not unfrequently adopted by exhausted emigrants. But consideration told them they were precisely in the predicament in which Macbeth had involved himself — in difficulties (not blood) and could say with him we are

> "Steep'd in so far, that should we wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

About this time, acting on the urgent representations of Mr. Coke, the party separated, some of their attendants were dismissed altogether, and he himself proceeded, with no companion but an athletic parson, who reminds us occasionally of the inimitable Adams, especially in his burly proportions and pugnacious aptitude. He was soon joined by a faithful attendant called William, who, after a life of roving adventure, was destined shortly to perish in the Snake River.

The original party, although few in numbers, alone in the desert, and shut out from all commerce with their kind, except an occasional rencontre with a tribe of nomadic Indians, or a family of emigrants, could not agree. Each condemned the other's plan of operations; words ran high; quarrels were of ordinary occurrence, and they separated at last, by mutual consent, as wives and husbands occasionally do, by decree of the Consistorial Court, from "incompatibility of temper." Alas! poor human nature! even in the solitude of the prairies, inconsistency is thy characteristic; nothing can control or drive out thy inherent weakness.

After the separation of the party, they got on more quickly, and

without quarrels, and all met again in friendship at the end of the journey, with the exception of one death in each detachment by casualty. The danger of traversing the prairies and crossing the rocky mountains is far less than the toil and privation. The principal difficulties lie in the scarcity of provisions, wood and water, the constant absence of good camping ground, the diabolical temper of baggage mules, and the insatiable appetites of musquitos and sand-flies. It might be supposed that a small party would be in more danger from hostile attack, whether by buffaloes, wolves, or wild Indians, than a larger one; but this was not verified by the experiment. The native Indians in these districts are few and scattered, and either partial to, or afraid of the white man. They steal adroitly whenever an opportunity occurs, but the tomahawk or scalping-knife is seldom called into action, except to settle their own little differences. The sight of a single rifle in the hands of an Englishman or Yankee, suffices to keep a whole tribe in order, while a few glittering copper percussion caps, generally appease their cupidity. As Shakspeare says, "Misery brings us acquainted with strange bed fellows," so does wandering in the prairies entail curious discoveries in the art culinary, which have not yet found their way into the pages of the "Almanac des Gourmands," and neither Ude nor Soyer have imagined even in dreams. On the 13th of July, 1850, the party shot two prairie dogs, a hare, and a rattlesnake, which, Mr. Coke says, were all capital eating, not excepting the snake, cooked by the Pillar of the Church, as he designates their parson, and who pronounced it as good as eel. This reminds us of the anecdote in Washington Irving's story of the "Inn at Terracina," in which he says "the Englishman ate heartily of a dish which looked like stewed eels, but nearly refunded them when told they were vipers caught in the neighbourhood, and esteemed a particular delicacy. We have ourselves partaken, with considerable gusto, in France, of fricaseed frogs, and stewed snails, but these delicacies are nothing to what the Widow in Hudibras mentions as constituting the favourite dishes of an Eastern potentate,

> "The Prince of Cambay's daily food,
> Is asp, and basilisk, and toad!'"

Among the popular Indian feasts, a puppy-dog roasted alive appears to be held in high estimation. Our author and his companions suffered much annoyance from the innate viciousness of their mules, for which there seems to be no efficacious remedy but intense flogging, both before the offence, as a warning, and after it as a punishment. "When a mule," says he, "makes up her mind to kick a rider off, she generally does it. They are far worse to sit upon than any horse, for they will turn round so quickly, using their hind legs as a pivot, that, unless a person is accustomed to waltzing, he is apt to tumble off with giddiness; very often they jump up and throw themselves with such violence to the ground, that they break the girths of the saddle, and free themselves in this manner of their masters."—Then, on the favourable *per contra* side, he adds, "Any mule can undergo twice as much as a horse, but when they combine the qualities of a good riding animal with their extraordinary powers of endurance, one rude mule is worth six horses for an expedition of this kind." All future travellers who purpose following this route, would do wisely to profit by what Mr. Coke tells us respecting the peculiarities of these mules, and the best mode of dealing with them.

On the 5th of September, Mr. Coke, with his two companions, reached Fort Hall, a sort of half-way house, where they overtook their former fellow travellers from whom they had separated. They received a warm welcome from Mr. Grant, the commander, but as there were no superfluous provisions to be disposed of, pushed forward in advance on the 7th. The meeting was so satisfactory, that the parties were strongly tempted to re-unite, but anticipating the continued advantage (already experienced), of moving in diminished numbers, persevered in the maxim they had laid down of *divide et impera.* We now come to a tragic episode, the death of poor William the Hunter, which occurred in fording the Snake river. The incident, though melancholy, is highly interesting, and is graphically described by Mr. Coke, who was nearly drowned himself.

On the 12th of October all reached the station of the Dalles on the Colombia, where they were most hospitably received, and recruited their exhausted strength with the long absent luxury of roast beef, good wine, and abundance of other creature comforts. On the 20th they embarked in a canoe, and rowed down the majestic stream, which is described as resembling the finest parts of the Danube or the Elbe, the scenery surpassingly rich and beautiful, but, like everything else in the New World, on a grander scale than the eyes of a European are accustomed to *look* upon, and in much more gigantic proportions. On the 22nd the adventurous travellers reached Fort Vancouver, not far from Oregon city, the rising capital of the English province, in time for dinner, and once more took up their quarters under the glorious protection of the British flag. The enterprize is accomplished; courage and perseverance are crowned with full success. We congratulate our daring fellow-countrymen, and sympathize warmly with their feelings of triumph, while we candidly confess we have scarcely active ambition enough to follow in their footsteps, or emulate their hardy achievement. The unrivalled magnificence of Nature in all her primeval solitude, boundless on the prairies and mountain ridges of the great Western Continent, impresses the mind with awe and veneration, and a deep sense of human insignificance. But still there is inseparable from this lonely grandeur, a feeling of monotony and sameness which weighs down the spirits, and drives back the excursive imagination with regret and lingering partiality to the historic associations of the Old World; to the "Castled Crag of Drachenfels," the frowning towers of Ehrenbreitstein, the gorgeous cathedrals, the ruined abbeys, the proud remains of Roman and Grecian importance and early civilization; the battle-fields of Marathon, and Morat, and Waterloo; the glorious literature, the undying records, with the thousand other reminiscences, which bind man to all the different races of his kind that have occupied their places in due succession, and form a regular connecting link between his present state of high cultivation, and that in which he originally sprang, fresh and untutored from the hand of the beneficent Creator.

We are sorry to observe that Mr. Coke remarked the superior prospects of an American settler in Oregon, as contrasted with those of an emigrant in our neighbouring colony at Vancouver's Island. However we may grieve, we are too much accustomed to this to feel surprise. When will the authorities to whom the management of our colonial interests is intrusted open their eyes, or exercise something like sound judgment? We ask the question in mournful anxiety, and echo answers "When?"

On the 20th November, 1850, the party embarked for the Sandwich

Isles, by ill luck in a singularly slow-sailing brig. They were told the passage was usually one of three weeks, and laid in provisions accordingly. Their discomfort was such on board the "Mary Dare," that they regretted the bivouacs on the prairies, and were doomed to exhaust seven weary weeks before they reached the beautiful group of islands, blooming in all the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, with which Nature has so profusely adorned those gems of the Pacific. At Honolola, the capital of Woahoo, they spent six weeks most agreeably, were particularly struck with the animation and *naïve* manners of the *wyheenes*, or native ladies, assisted at more than one choice dog feast, and were presented by the Consul-General, Mr. Miller, at a grand levee, or reception, to His Majesty King Tamehameha the Third, and his august consort. The affair passed off with becoming decorum, and seems to have been a reasonably respectable travesty of royalty, with the qualification that his Majesty, according to custom, was considerably under the influence of the brandy bottle. The minister of Foreign Affairs, a gentleman endowed with a powerful Scotch accent and an enormous star, observed to the author with much complacency, "We do things in a humble way, but, ye'll obs*ee*rve, royalty is royalty all over the world, and Tamehameha is as much the king of his dominions, as Victoria is the Queen of Great Britain." They quitted the island without visiting the classic spot hallowed by the death of Captain Cook, or the great volcano of Monna Roa, the largest in the world, which is close to it. But Mr. Coke remarks, "of sight-seeing we had had our fill, and what small amount of travelling energy remained in me, I determined to reserve for my disagreeable stay, as I anticipated it would be, in the gold regions." Accordingly he sailed from Woahoo in February 1851, and after the usual discomfort of a three weeks' voyage, anchored in the far-famed bay of St. Francisco and at the mouth of the Sacramiento. A few years since, this noble estuary was an empty roadstead, unfurrowed by a keel. Now, the flags of every nation in the world may be seen there gaily fluttering in the breeze; a vast city encircles the bay, hourly increasing in size, in profusely wasted wealth, and in appalling demoralization; while an enormous mass of shipping is congregated together, second only to the forest of masts which greets the eye at London, Liverpool, and perhaps New York.

The author's impressions of St. Francisco, the country generally, and the sites of the "Diggings" in particular, are clearly and condensely recorded in a letter written to a friend in England on the 14th of March, and which, without his knowledge, was published in the Times Newspaper. Wasting health and life in the acquirement of gold, wasting the large sums of gold thus acquired, and the time expended along with it, in reckless gambling, and practising Lynch law in preference to all other forms of legislature, when what they consider expediency recommends summary punishment, these appear to be the three leading characteristics of Californian society. It is curious to speculate on what, in a few years, may be the political position of this vast and incalculably rich territory.

In addition to the gold, which promises to be exhaustless, they have also discovered mines of quicksilver, which yield from 3000 to 4000 pounds of metal daily, and in a commercial sense are even more valuable than the gold itself. The inhabitants are contributions from every nation under the sun, speaking more languages than were discoursed in Babel. Nationality they have none, and their tie to the federal union is a

nominal form hanging by a thread. They can and will sever it whenever caprice or growing power suggests the measure, and there is nothing to prevent them proclaiming themselves an independent republic, or a kingdom, or an empire, according as the term may suit the Louis Napoleons of the moment. How is the federal government of the United States to resist this, and what benefit does it derive from California, under existing arrangements? To march an army, with all the heavy materiel of war, across the Rocky Mountains, is difficult almost to impossibility, and the time such an operation would require, if indeed practicable at all, would render success a miracle. The same objection applies to the despatch of an armament by the circuitous route of Cape Horn. The land threatened with coercion would have many months to prepare and render their sea board unattackable.

California is a nest of volcanic activity, teeming with mischief or benefit to the social system of the world, according as the current of events may direct the extraordinary resources of this anomalous region. It may become a vast emporium of civilized humanity, or a pernicious centre of lawless buccaneers. The same superintending Power which has permitted the apparent bane, will, in its own due time and manner, provide the antidote.

Mr. Cope concludes his volume rather abruptly, saying in few words, that they went by steam to Acapulco; from Acapulco they rode without adventure to the city of Mexico; from Mexico to Vera Cruz; *thence* by mail-packet *viâ* Jamaica and St. Thomas, and landed at Southampton, in the middle of June, 1851.

On the voyage out, we omitted to state that he touched at, and gives brief notices of Barbadoes, St. Thomas, St. Domingo, Jamaica, and Cuba, *en route* to Charleston and New York, before entering on the great object of his travels. He appears to have been more struck with the beauty of Jamaica than Cuba, and his account of the Havanna, is far less favourable than that we have lately met with, in the glowing description of Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley. His impression appears to have been decidedly that the Cubans were wearied with the yoke of old Spain, and would exchange it on the earliest opportunity. Their late conduct during the *razzia* of Lopez, scarcely bears out this conclusion. We learn with much satisfaction, that, in our own islands, Jamaica in particular, the condition of the emancipated slaves is ameliorated by this change, a fact which has often been denied.

A very animated portrait of the author is prefixed to this lively volume. It speaks determination, good humour, intelligence, and buoyancy, and, altogether, represents precisely the sort of companion we should like to have by our side in any undertaking where there is danger to be met, privation to be endured patiently, or difficulties to be triumphantly overcome.

---

# LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF AN OLD DIPLOMATIST.

## KURSAALHAUSEN.

"Oh! were he here in all the pride of youth,
With honour, valour, tenderness, and truth!"—CRABBE.

It was thus that I was persuaded to leave London for the Continent one year.

One of the objects of my heart's best feelings had appealed to me in a touching note to join a pic-nic, at which she was to be present, and I had accepted her invitation, promising to attend with severe asseverations.

Another also of my victims had requested the pleasure of my society at a similar junketing, and with oaths as solemn I had pledged my acquiescence.

I wrote upon a Sunday to each of the fair beings, requesting for information as to the scene of the festivities. I received two notes, which, but for the signatures, might have been duplicates.

"DEAR MR. ——,

"To-morrow, — Virginia-Water, — 11 o'clock train. Waterloo Station.

"Yours,

"Sunday, July 0th, 18—."

But honour requires me to suppress the adverbs as well as the names of the subscriptions.

Plunged in despair, I knew not what to do. Had one of the pic-nics been at Norwood, or even at Birmingham, and the other at Virginia-Water, by dint of trains and cabs I might have favoured both parties with my much-desired presence; but "helas!" as Mademoiselle Rachel pathetically says, the spirits of each of the damsels had been moved towards the same spot by my eulogies, and I could not join the one without meeting and consequently offending the other. The Gordian knot of perplexity might however be cut by the sword of decision, and each fair one received early on the morning of the jaunt the following epistle, the draft of which I subjoin.

"DEAREST { ADELGITHA, / GENEVIÈVE, }

"Affairs over which I have no control compel me to fly to the Continent. A diplomatic mission, no less secret than delicate, compels my attendance at a private congress at Kursaalhausen, and duty sternly requires obedience. You will believe me, sweet { Adelgitha, / Geneviève, } when I assure you of the grief that this will cause me; but I am convinced that my { Adelgitha / Geneviève } would never wish me to desert my country, when it

stands so much in need of my services. Adieu, again, my dearest, my life, to sum up all, my {Adelgitha, / Geneviève,} and think on one who loves thee fondly.

"Thine, true, and almost broken-hearted,
"ORLANDO."

A punishment soon, however, overtook me, and an avenging deity dogged my footsteps; for deep in the recesses of the Antwerp steamer's cabin, I poured out my grief in a basin of the willow pattern. I remember well how I noted the bridge over which the three fished-tailed musicians wandered, and a knowing wink in the eye of one of the birds, as I gazed longing on the earthenware.

And equal is the cabin of the "Soho" to that celebrated Hole of Calcutta, and like was the conduct towards the passengers of its attendants to that of the gaolers of Surajah Dowlah towards their prisoners, who, as the great essayist of the day has it, "mocked their agonies," "held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims," till "at length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings."

Gladly did the present writer feel as the boat puffed up the Scheldt, and as his foot pressed the Belgian soil his heart bounded with gratitude for his deliverance, and he even glowed with admiration on the thoughts of the valour of the natives. Need he tell how he saw Waterloo and Brussels, how Spa claimed his attention, and how Cologne disagreed with his nose.

Is it necessary to relate that that vulgar woman, Mrs. Shenkin ap-Shone, the wife of the rich tin master, courted him on the Rhine, as he spoke German and knew the Princes, and how she has since cut him in London; and will the reader insist on his narrating how a fat woman, Mrs. Brill, the wife of a banker and daughter of a wine merchant, did the same thing? In fact, since even Ludlam's young men enjoy their fortnight "hup the Rhind" annually, there is no occasion for the writer to describe that "noble river," nor, in fact, any part of his travel till his arrival at Kursaalhausen.

---

Kursaalhausen is, as all moderately educated persons know, the capital of a state, containing a population about half that of Birmingham. Its principal productions are husbands for queens, and a seedy nobility; its army consists of two field-marshals, eleven generals, three colonels, many majors and subalterns, and thirty-two rank and file. Its government is constitutional; its chambers consisting of three individuals, one of whom is president with two casting votes. The order of the Boot of Kursaalhausen is a decoration much in vogue (the writer is Knight-grand-cross thereof) and is only conferred, as this will show, on distinguished personages. The revenues are levied principally on strangers, who resort to the tables, where in return for their money they are provided with music, newspapers, and other recreations. Allow me to return to the first person.

I had been some time at Kursaalhausen, when one day, having dined with his Mightiness the Elector (kraut on the table at precisely 1 p. m.), after a dinner which lasted till seven o'clock, p. m., I adjourned with his Royal Highness Prince Emile of Kursaalhausen, then genera-

lissimo of the forces of the state, to a ball given at the principal Pump-room.

My appearance in society with his Royal Highness, and decorated, in compliment to the reigning family, with the *grand cordon* of the order of the Boot (riband yellow with black borders) caused no small stir amidst my fellow-countrymen. Mrs. Shenkin ap-Shone, with fawning smiles, prevailed upon me to present her to the Prince, whom she has since entertained at Shone Castle, Montgomeryshire, and Seaford-street, London; on which latter occasion Mrs. ap-Shone (who by the way was educated as a governess) collected to receive her illustrious guest, Field Marshal the Duke of Brentford, and Lord George Towser; the Earl and Countess of Chollop; Lord Brusher (said to be Mrs. ap Shone's lover, but quite cut out by the Prince); Sir Arthur and Lady Skeggles; Sir Giles Tooley, and Mr. Brunt. Mrs. Brill, the banker's wife, wagged her head towards me violently, thereby displacing the fat wrinkles in her wicked old neck; and the representatives of nations could scarcely conceal their venom, feeling (between ourselves with justice) that my presence boded them no good.

Secretly pleased, I must confess, at this triumph, I was preparing to depart, when my appearance was suddenly arrested by seeing my nephew, Charley Durrant, of the Grenadier Guards, composedly placing large *rouleaux* of gold on the roulette table, as though he were not entirely dependent on me for his living, the interest of his own pitiful five thousand being forestalled for years to come. Silently I strode up to him, no muscle of my face betraying emotion. Stern as Brutus at the sacrifice of my nephew, for I felt that any emotion perceptible on my face might at that moment have endangered the peace of Europe. Silently I strode up to my nephew in all the majesty of avuncular indignation, though the spectator would have imagined me a stranger to him, he himself confusedly recognizing me in my wrath, and returning the cold bow with which I greeted him. He felt his iniquity, and would have avoided my glance, but he was not to escape. I sternly bade him call on me the next day, and left the room smiling my adieux to the society.

---

Early the following morning I received a note from Miss Julia Brill, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Brill, the banker's wife, whom the latter ancient strategist had frequently managed to throw in my way. Had I been a younger man, I might perhaps have thought of her, for she was a nice chubby girl, with grey eyes and small hands, in fact, quite my style; *mais à mon age*,—for, though no one would think it, I am on the shady side of fifty—such an idea would be ridiculous, and besides, I am already doubly pre-engaged, as my reader knows, in London. However, marry or not, I did not open Miss Julia's letter, without that slight tremor, that one always feels on opening a communication, of the contents of which one has not the slightest idea, written by a girl, of whose beauty one has a very vivid conception. Thus it ran:—

"Dear Mr. ——

"Pray don't be angry with Charley: to let you into a deep secret, he came here for my sake, and if you are angry with him, you will make him and *I* (?) both very unhappy. He promises he will never again go to the tables, and if you will not be angry with Charley, we

shall both be so happy, so pray, my dear good Mr. ——, don't make us both so very unhappy, as you will do if you are angry with Charley. Of course you will not tell mamma anything of all this, as it is a deep secret, and I am sure you are too kind to make any one unhappy. Charley says he will call on you, as you told him, and I would too if I dared, but mamma gets up very early, so I never can go out without her. Pray be good, dear Mr. ——, and believe me,

"Your affectionate,

"Julia Brill."

As I had made an end of reading this touching epistle, which I carefully, after my manner, docketed and filed, making a note of the little false grammar and tautology which I could hint to her at some future time, Mr. Charles Durrant, my nephew, walked in.

The interview with him was too long for narration, but still I bear it in my mind, for there are scenes in a life that no one can forget. Bitterly do I, now an old man, repent of my conduct. Willing to forgive, I pulled my reins a little too hard, till they broke from the tension. Now do I, in my solitary moments, remember how the poor boy pleaded for forgiveness, till my heart yearned towards him like a mother's, and how, in the cold feeling of duty in which I was crusted, as with a garment, I bade him leave the place, or abandon all hopes of assistance from me. But there are occasions upon which even a worm would turn, and the noble boy, who had to the utmost restrained his temper, naturally impetuous, gave vent to his feelings in violent words. He cast off my friendship, repudiated my unclehood, then left the house, and we never exchanged words since.

Ten days elapsed after this scene, and I could nowhere see my nephew. I inquired of him at his hotel, but he was gone, the porter said, on a short excursion, and I was ashamed to ask more particularly after him, fearing that the menial should mistake me for a dun. Julia Brill all but cut me dead, and would say nothing to me, even though, in hopes of obtaining a conversation in which I should throw out hints of kindly intentions towards my nephew, I introduced Mrs. Brill, her mother, to arch-dukes, marrying marquises, and countless counts. In the promenades where I strolled I never could perceive the wide-awake hat (I believe it is called) in which Britons indulge on the Continent. The balls where he used to figure in vehement waltzes went on without him, and the bands played daily without the usual accompaniment of his head and hand. I wrote to him all over the Continent, and the letters, returned even now, pour a daily tide of heavy postage on me. I panted to forgive him but could not.

"No letter came a doubtful mind to ease."

Oh! it was very hard to wish to do kindness and to be unable.

---

It was a dark evening, for the sun of Kursaalhausen does not always shine. English ladies shut themselves up with Tauchnitz editions of English works, and Englishmen absorbed huge bumpers of Hochheimer or Liebfraumilch. Uncomfortable alone, I caused myself to be conveyed in a sedan chair to the rooms where the play is carried on. Mechanically I accepted the proffered chair at the roulette-table and placed my money on a number. I watched the piece as though it were my

last, endeavouring to absorb my mind on the game, and banish other disagreeable thoughts that, at my time of life, injure the little that remains of constitution. But it was in vain that I thus tried,—the words of renunciation still rang in my ears.

My money increased on the board until the *croupiers* stared at me with amazement, and saw, for the first time in their lives, an Englishman who was, as they imagined, an adroit gambler. At length my stake exceeded the limit allowed, and unconsciously I pocketed my hundreds.

It would be a superfluous labour in these days of progress to describe the noble game of roulette. The travelling apprentices, already mentioned, educated commercially, could probably do so better, and I continue my tale, feeling that all will understand the rules of the damnable amusement. As I was raking in my heaps a letter was brought to me from my solicitor. It contained a short announcement that Charley had been to England, sold out his poor five thousand and his commission, paid his debts, and left his country for no one knew whither, with the (say, 1500*l.*) that remained. I rose from my seat and rushed to the house of Mrs. Brill, regardless of the rain that was pouring, and which spoilt my diplomatic coat with velvet collar and gilt buttons, as my only chance of discovering the whereabouts of my poor boy. That venerable vulgarian was seated in an arm-chair, enveloped in a white dressing-gown, which by no means rendered her more tempting than usual, and dozing over the "Life of Schiller."

On inquiry for her daughter, I found that she had gone to Freifort with Brill *père*. Accordingly, having, as I afterwards discovered, insulted the old woman, I returned to the tables. When I had left them but few persons were near them, now the roulette was so mobbed that I could not even get a sight of it. On inquiry I was informed that the crowd were looking at *un Anglais qui joue comme un enragé.*

A disagreeable sensation crept over me, like a presentiment, if such a feeling exists. By the assistance of his Royal Highness Prince Emile, who was playing for half-florins, I was accommodated with a seat near, and on looking at the *enragé,* beheld my nephew, who, with clenched teeth and flushed countenance, was pouring heaps of notes on the table with one hand, while the other was in the pocket of his coat.

"Messieurs, faites vos jeux," murmured the presiding spirit, and Charley shovelled his money on the *noir,* while a Russian placed a florin on the same division.

"Le jeu est fait.—Trente deux, noir, pair, et passe!" My nephew's money was doubled, while another florin was placed on that of the Russian.

"Messieurs, faites vos jeux," and the unhappy boy murmured between his teeth. "Moitié à la masse."

"Moitié à la masse," growled the croupier.

"Moitié à la masse," squeaked the facetious Russ on his two florins, and amid the laugh that ran round, the Jew repeated the formula.

"Le jeu est fait; trente trois, rouge, impair, passe;" and again the heap was reduced to its original size.

Aghast, I could not utter, though I wished to entreat the wretched to hold his hand, and would have promised to accede to all his demands.

The hellish invitation was repeated. Now infatuated, he divided his heap into three portions, placing them respectively on the *rouge,* the last dozen and the *pair.* He awaits the result. A mist swam over my eyes; I felt when that was gone, my sister's child was penniless. The sum was staked; even should he wish to do so, it was too late to withdraw it. *Too late!*

"Le jeu est fait" — the whirling ball was heard, then a click, then the wheel swang slower and lazier, and after one or two bounds, the ball had found a home.

"Neuf,—noir,—impair,—manque!"

I felt what was to come. I sprang from my seat, about to rush forward to beg his forgiveness, to embrace him, to nurse him as a child, to give him all he should want, my hoards, my love, his bride, his life—but it was too late. I screamed, "Oh, Charley, stay!" but it was too late; the hand that had been concealed in his pocket moved rapidly to his head; a click,—a report,—and he lay prostrate on the ground; his brains spattered on the floor.

I rushed towards him; the liveried servants raised the corse, and, supported by the Russian, I followed him unconsciously through the long hall. The door opened for him, and as I saw him, his shattered head lying on his bosom, borne from the place whither he had entered full of youth and life, the ball was whizzing on the wheel, and the unfeeling voice still reached my ears, "Messieurs, faites vos jeux; le jeu est fait." The portal closed upon the rest

---

Is this a dream?—No. The homeless man wanders from room to room of his wide habitation, heirless, friendless, kinless, no vision of his old age can be fulfilled, no children prattle at his knee, no soft woman can shed peace upon his hearth. He can crave forgiveness of no earthly thing, his prospects offer nought but solitude, while his hopes seek nought but death.

---

*** The "Miscellany" for January 1st, contained, in addition to numerous articles by distinguished writers, a Memoir, with a fine Portrait, from a drawing by E. H. Eddis, of the Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay.

*Sir J. Reynolds pinx.* *Jas Brown*

CHARLES WATSON WENTWORTH,

SECOND MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM, K.G.

TWICE PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND.

# TRADITIONS OF WHIG CABINETS.*

WITH A PORTRAIT OF LORD ROCKINGHAM.

When George III. ascended the throne there were three parties in England, Whigs, Tories and Lord Bute. The two former had come down from the Revolution, and their creeds were well understood, with a broad line of demarcation between them, which kept them in a position of useful antagonism. The last had been nursed at Leicester House in the Court of the Prince of Wales, and arrived at maturity on the 26th of October 1760, exactly at that moment of time when his Royal Highness, who was riding out in the neighbourhood of Kew, received a note with a private mark upon it, to inform him that his grandfather was dead. The doctrines of the Whigs and Tories were patent to the world, and as old as the Constitution out of which they sprang. But the aims of the Bute coterie were new. They comprehended a system of management rather than a code of principles, and their chief object was to surround the Sovereign with a private circle of intriguers, who should render him independent of his ministers, and who, by the force of backstairs cabal and secret influence, should finally break up the established combinations, and found their own power, with unimpeachable impartiality, on the wreck of both Whigs and Tories. George III., who dearly loved sinister schemes and stratagems, gave the full weight of his support to this closet conspiracy against the honour of the throne and the dignity of his responsible advisers.

When his Majesty succeeded to the Crown, he found the Whigs in possession of all the power which great alliances, the traditions of long and faithful parliamentary services, and a wide basis of popularity could bestow. The policy of the Bute faction, or, more accurately speaking, of Lord Bute, for he was the head and front of the faction, was to break up the Whig party, to humiliate its members one by one, and, as it would have been too formidable an undertaking to assail them openly in the aggregate, the safer and meaner course was adopted, of endeavouring to weaken and disunite them by individual slights and dismissals in detail.

The chapter of political manœuvring opened up by this palace confederacy, is one of the most surprising in the annals of the country; and there is some difficulty in understanding how it could have been permitted to exercise so damaging an effect upon the government of England, scarcely a hundred years ago; at a period, too, when such men as Junius and Wilkes were searching out abuses and denouncing favouritism and arbitrary power in all departments of the state. In reference to the Whigs, apart from its treachery in other respects, it was especially ungracious and ungrateful, seeing that they had been all along the staunch supporters of the reigning family. But all considerations of that kind gave way before the personal antipathies of the King, who, like too many weak and vicious people in the world, was actuated by the bitterest animosity against those from whom he and his Hanoverian con-

* Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries. With Original Letters and Documents, now first published. By George Thomas Earl of Albemarle.

nections had derived the largest amount of benefits. They had laid him under obligations by the steadfastness of their loyalty, and he had no way of acquitting himself but by revenge, which he certainly carried into effect most industriously as soon as the opportunity presented itself. First, Chatham (then the "Great Commoner"), and Temple, his brother-in-law, were got rid of; not, however, without some show of necessity in reference to the war question, upon which they were obstinate — an obstinacy rendered, no doubt, offensive and insupportable by the inveterate pomposity of Temple. Then the Duke of Newcastle, after a service of fifty years, was forced out of office without a single expression of regret or courtesy on the part of the King.

Having thus cleared away the old Administration, Lord Bute, stepping out of the shadows of the Court under whose shelter he had hitherto discharged his obnoxious functions with impunity, took the government into his own hands; but he was scarcely installed in the Treasury when he solicited the Duke of Newcastle to return. The lure was thrown out in vain. Neither Newcastle nor his friends would have anything to do with him.

A more pitiable exhibition can hardly be conceived than this Bute Cabinet, which, like a revolving light, presented a constant succession of flickering gleams and partial eclipses. His whole tenure of office, with a certain assumption of confidence when it suited his purpose, hung upon his efforts to strengthen his hands from the ranks of the very party he had helped to expel. There was consistency, however, in this desire to draw a few Whigs about him. It was only a continuation, in a new and more seductive shape, of the tactics he had all throughout pursued; and was really intended, in addition to the moral support he should derive from their co-operation, to foment jealousies amongst them, and sever the existing ties by which they were united. But his tactics failed. The leading chiefs were not to be duped by such transparent artifices, and they acted together with greater concert than ever.

Under these circumstances, his Majesty thought that some decisive blow ought to be struck, in the hope of terrifying them into submission; and the individual selected for the experiment was the Duke of Devonshire, at that time Lord Chamberlain, a man of a timid disposition and unsullied purity of life.

The Duke had continued to hold the office of Chamberlain after the retirement of the Duke of Newcastle, simply as an appointment in the household, having respectfully intimated to the King that he could no longer assist at councils whose principles he disapproved, but that he had no objection to retain his staff, freed from political responsibility. His Majesty had accepted his services on these conditions, but being now resolved to mortify him, and, through him, his whole party, he suddenly summoned him to attend a meeting of the cabinet. The Duke had no alternative in this most unroyal breach of good faith, but to tender his resignation, and going to St. James's Palace for that purpose, received a message from the King, through the medium of a page, that his Majesty would not see him. This outrage upon the feelings of one, who is described by a contemporary, as "the first and best subject the King had," produced universal consternation. It was felt that nobody was safe from the violence and indecorous resentments of a sovereign who stooped to such petty reprisals. "There never was such behaviour," said the Duke of Newcastle; "it must affect all the nobility, and all those who can

approach his Majesty. Had I any call to it I know what I should do to-morrow."

The resignation of the Duke was instantly followed by that of his brother, who held the office of Comptroller of the Household, and who was as ill-treated in the closet as the Duke, who was not permitted to enter it; the King tossing his head, and saying, "If a person wants to resign his staff, I don't desire he should keep it." The sense of the indignity spread, and several resignations ensued. The first amongst them was that of the Marquis of Rockingham, one of the Lords of the Bedchamber. A passage from a letter of his, on this occasion, to the Duke of Cumberland, the King's uncle, exhibits with accuracy the position of the Whig and the ministerial parties, and the motives by which the writer and his friends were governed in the course they pursued:—

"The late treatment of the Duke of Devonshire seemed to me, in the strongest light, fully to explain the intention and the tendency of all the domestic arrangements. I, therefore, had the honour of an audience of his Majesty on Wednesday morning, wherein I humbly informed his Majesty, that it was with great concern that I saw the tendency of the councils which now had weight with him; that this event fully showed the determination that those persons who had hitherto been always the most steadily attached to his royal predecessors, and who had hitherto deservedly had the greatest weight in this country, were now driven out of any share in the government of this country, and marked out rather as objects of his Majesty's displeasure, than of his favour; that the alarm was general amongst his Majesty's most affectionate subjects, and that it appeared to me in this light;—it might be thought, if I continued in office, that I either had not the sentiments which I declared, or that I disguised them, and acted a part which I disclaimed."

To these, and all similar remonstrances, his Majesty made the same curt and repulsive answer,—that he did not desire any person should continue in his service any longer than it was agreeable to him; and as it had ceased to be agreeable to all men of high spirit and political independence, the secessions were numerous, and the men who were found to fill the vacated places were regarded with universal odium.

Here then was the nucleus of a new Whig combination. The Duke of Devonshire and his brother had resigned, the Marquis of Rockingham had resigned, the Marquis of Granby and Lord Ashburnham had resigned, and the indignation which they carried with them into the ranks of the Whig opposition heightened the discontents and confirmed the hostility which already prevailed there. But it was not until the King, who seems to have been as violent in his hatreds as he was insincere in his friendships, struck the Duke of Devonshire's name out of the list of Privy Councillors that the Whigs entered into a systematic opposition to the Crown. They had borne every wrong and humiliation with patience up to this open and flagrant violation of a constitutional right — but now they resolved to make a stand. "From this exercise of the prerogative," observes the Earl of Albemarle, "may be dated the first attempt since the Revolution to organize an opposition on constitutional grounds. Then, after the Crown had passed to another family, and the controversy had shifted itself to other grounds, we find the Whigs were once more banded together to resist the encroachments of prerogative upon privilege."

The Whigs were now all out of office, either by angry resignations or insulting dismissals; and, not content with showing their hostility to the heads and subalterns of the party, Ministers went so far as to descend to the lowest and poorest officials who had been appointed by their predecessors. Wide and sweeping were these measures of Court resentment.

R 2

They embraced the highest and the meanest posts; for the king's malice, like the elephant's trunk, was capable alike of lifting the heaviest weights and of picking up pins. The Dukes of Newcastle and Grafton and the Marquis of Rockingham were dismissed from their Lieutenancies, the Duke of Devonshire resigning to accompany his friends; while the smallest employments in the Customs and Excise, down to the humble situation of door-keeper—appointments which were never before influenced by the fate of parties—fell in like manner under the royal displeasure. This mode of warfare, adopted by the Court against a great political party, was as undignified as it was novel, and provoked severe commentaries on all sides. "The turning out inferior officers," says the Duke of Devonshire, in a letter to the Marquis of Rockingham, "persons that are not in Parliament, and can have given no offence, is a cruel, unjust, and unheard of proceeding, and will most undoubtedly do the Ministers no good, but, on the contrary, create a general odium against them." No man was better qualified to pronounce upon such preceedings than the Duke of Devonshire, who was too dispassionate to judge hastily, and too sagacious to act rashly. His advice to the Whigs, in the same letter, as to the conduct they ought to pursue in this crisis may be referred to with advantage by all future oppositions on the eve of a struggle. "I have wrote my mind," he observes, "fully to the Duke of Newcastle, that we should if possible keep our people quiet for some time; wait for events, and see what steps the Ministers take; if they propose anything that is wrong, oppose it; if not, let them alone, by which means we shall gain time to collect our strength, and see whom we can depend upon; if we can get a leader and a tolerable corps of troops, I am for battle; but I am against appearing in a weak opposition, as we shall make an insignificant figure, prejudice our friends, and do no good." There was abundant reason for all this precaution. The Whigs, although now rapidly coalescing by the force of external pressure, were yet divided into sections. There was Chatham holding aloof on his war policy; Newcastle anxious for a general reconciliation, but complaining, and believing that Chatham would never be reconciled to him; the Duke of Cumberland personally averse to Chatham, but softening gradually towards him, as events accrued to draw them upon a common ground of action; and the Marquis of Rockingham forming a moderate and united party, out of these somewhat discordant elements.

In the meanwhile the pear was ripening, and when it was ripe it realized the old saw, and went down at a touch so slight, that nobody was aware from whence or how it came. At the end of ten months, Bute suddenly abdicated, no man knew why, and the only reason ever assigned for it was, that he entertained fears for his personal safety. Perhaps he had received an anonymous warning to quit, from some forlorn Whig porter he had driven out of doors; or his pillow might have been haunted by apparitions from the Excise and Customs. At all events, his official life was terminated by his own hands. He was succeeded by George Grenville, who had the satisfaction of being at the head of what Mr. Macaulay considers, "the worst administration which has governed England since the Revolution." He made an attempt to assert a show of independence, but without effect. The old insincerity and secret intriguing that had harassed the Duke of Newcastle was put in motion against Grenville, and, notwithstanding that the new ministers had stipulated that Bute should "meddle no more" with the free action of the government, he did continue to meddle by keeping up a system of

secret negociations with the different sections of the Opposition, and ruling by way of divisions outside the Cabinet. At the end of a few months the Grenville ministry closed its career, and Pitt was once more in the royal closet, and apparently so secure in the royal confidence that he wrote to the Marquis of Rockingham, with a view to the formation of a Cabinet. The security was of short duration, for in a second interview on the next day but one, his Majesty abruptly broke up the conference. The gratuitous duplicity of the King on this occasion, is something almost incredible. Well might Lord Royston describe it as "an extraordinary negociation," and Lord Shelburne (who had been the channel of communication) write to Pitt to congratulate him on the termination of a negociation "which carried through the whole of it most shocking marks of insincerity."

The subsequent efforts to form a government, exhibit in a striking light the discordant state of parties. Negociations were begun and broken off everywhere; all possible combinations were attempted and abandoned. Chatham was the great obstacle because, without him, it was felt that nothing permanent or effective could be accomplished. Everybody went to him, but he was inexorable. Offended with the King for the personal affront he had put upon him, with Newcastle for having opposed his war, and for talking indiscreetly about it, which was worse, inaccessible even to the confidence of Rockingham, whom he had sought in the first instance, and insensible to the relenting approaches of the Duke of Cumberland, the "great commoner" maintained a stern reserve in the midst of the convulsion. His conduct on this occasion, and indeed, throughout the entire term of the Whig difficulty, appears to justify a suspicion of vanity and obstinacy of character, an obstructive temper, and an arrogant spirit irreconcilable with the popular ideal of that illustrious man whose tomb is decked with "immortal honours" by the hand of Junius. The following sketch of him by the Earl of Albemarle in the able volumes before us, will take many readers by surprise: but a careful examination of the small daily facts revealed in the Rockingham Correspondence will confirm its justice.

> "He was at once," says Lord Albemarle, "the Cicero and the Roscius of his age: a great orator, and an accomplished actor. As a member of the cabinet, he was incredibly haughty, impracticable, and even obstructive to his colleagues. As a leader of opposition, he was more favourable as an assailant than faithful to his adherents or consistent in his measures. To his sovereign, he was alternately harsh and subservient; to the nation he was an energetic but a costly and hazardous guide, never scrupling to arouse passions or to incur debt, where glory was to be won "in flood or field." Finally, as a statesman, he displayed rather the accomplishments of a Bolingbroke, than the solid prudence of a Burleigh. He shone principally as a war minister. His talent for conducting military operations blinded him to the disastrous effects of war to his own country, and to mankind. Of social improvements, or financial skill, he exhibited no proofs. He rendered his country glorious rather than prosperous: and he bequeathed to his successors, the dangerous rather than the salutary precedent of preferring "arms to the gown."

This is severe; but we apprehend it is true. Chatham's popularity committed him to many errors of policy and personal display. He could not resist the shouts of the populace out of doors; and, not satisfied with building up his glory in a tempest of drums and trumpets, he flung his patriotism in the face of the King, by going in the royal procession to the Lord Mayor's dinner, to attract the mob about his carriage-wheels, while his Majesty was received with coldness and indifference. But we shall soon see how insecure a basis this sort of popularity is for a statesman to rest upon.

In the extremity to which the Court was now reduced, the government was offered to Lord Lyttleton, the poet, of whom Walpole said that, "with the figure of a spectre, and the gesticulations of a puppet, he talked heroics through his nose." And all this time, the King was literally at war with his ministers, Bute was still behind the curtain, and nobody would come in till he was dismissed. Whether this stipulation was fairly carried into effect when the Marquis of Rockingham at last consented to take office, is matter of considerable doubt, but it is certain that the administration which was constructed under that nobleman, refused to hold any concert with Lord Bute, and that it acted strictly upon that resolution during the short term of its power. Perhaps to that very circumstance may be attributed the brevity of its duration. The King, from the outset, was determined to submit to the Rockingham party not one day longer than he could find others to supply their places. They were not selected from choice, but from necessity.

Few men of the time were better adapted for the crisis, by the weight of his character and the sobriety of his judgment, than the new minister. He was descended from the celebrated Strafford, and evinced even in his boyhood, his zeal in the cause of the Whigs, by a truant expedition, at fifteen years of age, to join the army of the Duke of Cumberland, who had taken the field against the Pretender. Soon after he became of age, he was made Lord Lieutenant of the North and West Ridings of Yorkshire, and subsequently a Knight of the Garter, and held the appointment of a Lord of the Bedchamber under George II., and continued to hold it under George III., until the indignity offered to the Duke of Devonshire induced him to resign. The character given of him by his biographer is that of a thoroughly Constitutional Whig of the old school, calm, sound, and sincere, who trusted to his measures and not to his oratory, and who was in all respects more solid than brilliant. He was physically incapable of making any striking impression in Parliament as a speaker.

"The malady which consigned him to the tomb, when he was little more than fifty years of age, had imparted to his frame a sensibility of nerve, which only extraordinary occasions enabled him to overcome. He was a hesitating and an inelegant debater. His speeches, like those of the late Lord Althorpe, commanded attention, not from the enthusiasm aroused by the persuasive arguments of the orator, but from the confidence placed in the thorough integrity and practical good sense of the man. He stood in a similar relation to a great minister—to a Fox, a Grey, or a Russell—which an able chamber-counsel bears to an Erskine. He lacked the outward graces: he possessed the inward power. If success in public measures be a test of ability, Rockingham stood pre-eminent."

Perhaps it might be added that this is the very ideal of what an English minister ought to be. We have an instinctive reliance upon practical men, and a distrust of showy qualities. The dazzling orator seldom secures the confidence of the people, although he may fascinate it for a time; but we are always willing to put our trust in men, who appeal to the country by their acts rather than their professions.

The position of this upright and honourable minister with the sovereign who conspired against his own cabinet, at a period when the country was placed in serious difficulties arising out of the American discontents, is clearly stated by Lord Albemarle.

"In his relations to George III., Rockingham was "impar congressus Achilli. He was thoroughly in earnest, but his earnestness was for his country. The King

was likewise in earnest, but his earnestness was for his prerogative. The one was all honesty, the other all insincerity. As the reader proceeds, he will find the royal letters most gracious, the royal conduct most disingenuous. He will perceive that the King authorized his ministers to contradict rumours which himself had circulated, and that the "King's friends" were busily employed in refuting the official statements of the cabinet. Had George the Third possessed common sincerity, Lord Rockingham's efforts to preserve the American colonies would probably have been effectual. But between the minister, whose 'virtues were his arts,' and the monarch, who, like Lysander, pieced the lion's hide with the fox's skin, the struggle was unequal, and Rockingham was arrested in his career of usefulness, and added one more ministerial victim to royal duplicity."

The wonder was, that, against such treachery from within, Lord Rockingham's administration lasted so long and accomplished so much.

The first question that agitated the councils of the new ministers was the American Stamp Act, which, after many angry discussions and fierce struggles, was repealed by the Rockingham cabinet, but with a declaratory clause affirming the right of Parliament to tax the Colonies. This clause gave occasion to much dispute at the time, and the principle it involves remains a subject of controversy up to the present hour. Chatham denied the competency of the legislature to tax the Colonies at all; but we entirely concur with Lord Albemarle that, whatever may be the expediency or justice of any particular exercise of the right, the competency of Parliament to tax the Colonies is as clear a principle of the constitution, as its competency to do any other act implying legislative authority over our dependencies. The historical value of Lord Rockingham's bill for the repeal of the Stamp Act, is that it places the question in both its abstract and exceptional points of view, containing on the one hand a declaration of the general right, and illustrating on the other, a case in which the relaxation of that right was considered to be wise and politic.

The King's conduct throughout this harassing affair was marked by his usual duplicity, while Rockingham appears to have acted with great prudence and sagacity. But the invisible influence of Lord Bute still prevailed; although all interference in the ministerial crisis was disclaimed by Lord Bute and his friends. The Rockingham party held a different conviction, and were warranted in it by finding themselves constantly thwarted in office, and at last turned out of it, by the same underhand proceedings that had, ever since the commencement of the reign, been directed to similar ends. The administration fell, like its predecessors, through the intrigues of the court.

If it was not Bute in person, it was Bute by deputy, who directed the machinery which carried on a secret negociation with Pitt against the ministry, and who, when the terms were settled, invited him to office. The worst enemies of the cabinet were within and not without. Its labours all along had been traversed, as Burke says, by placemen and pensioners; and, after having carried the country successfully through a train of grave embarrassments, it was stabbed in the back.

There were not wanting ominous hints of disaffection in the camp, and of the high protection and encouragement, under which persons holding appointments in the government, opposed the measures of the administration. "The ministers had been frequently informed by the King," observes Lord Albemarle, "that those members holding places, who voted against the repeal, were actuated by conscientious scruples, and that when once that question was settled, they would regularly vote with the

government. But the carrying of that measure produced no change in their conduct, and their opposition continued as systematic and violent as before." Not alone did this unprecedented procedure of his Majesty in thus "acting in opposition to himself" engender mistrust in foreign states, but it took away all dignity and weight from the measures of the cabinet at home. If the advisers of the Crown were to be held responsible for their policy, they should have been left free in the exercise of the power confided to them. No responsibility can exist without power; but here the power was merely nominal, the sovereign insidiously destroying the influence of ministers, even over their official subordinates, by practices as unconstitutional as they were derogatory. Yet all the time his Majesty affected the utmost cordiality to the Premier. 'Lord Rockingham himself told me,' says Nicholls, 'that the King never showed him such distinguished marks of kindness as after he had secretly determined to get rid of him.'"

In the midst of this apparent amity, Mr. Pitt was sent for; but it was evident, from sundry suspicious circumstances, that the terms of the treaty had been settled before the "great commoner" was summoned for the second time to the royal closet. Lord Bute, although he declared that he had taken no part in the project for breaking up the administration, had been hovering between his town-house and his country-house, and moving to and fro, with an uneasiness that looked very like a guilty complicity. "I suppose you know," said Lord Hardwicke in a letter to Lord Rockingham, "by this time, whence the source of this sudden resolution to send for Mr. Pitt has arisen. I presume from that *quarter* which has and will have the real *interior* influence and *weight* which hurried out the last ministers, and will the present, let the outward instruments and action change ever so often." The manner in which ministers were dismissed, shows the spirit with which the undermining process had been conducted, and throws a strong light upon the fact, that everything had been settled by previous arrangements, before Pitt was summoned in person. "His Majesty, with the most frank indifference," records Horace Walpole, "and without ever thanking them (the ministers) for their services, and for having undertaken the administration at his own earnest solicitation, acquainted them severally that he had sent for Mr. Pitt." And the Rockingham administration was accordingly at an end.

A fortnight after Pitt had received his Majesty's commands to form a government, he was induced by the solicitations of General Conway, to call upon the Marquis of Rockingham; but the latter refused to see him. "The more I think of it," observes his lordship, in a letter to Conway, "the more suspicion, &c., (I wont say another word) rises in my mind, that after his manner towards myself, and to many others, whom I respect, that after his total want of attention or civility to many considerable friends of ours, and of positive assurances of his good intentions towards our friends in general, that after all this, he should propose an interview, I really think that I should be wanting to myself and others, to have any personal communication with Mr. Pitt." This incident reveals very significantly the success that had attended the intrigues of the Bute faction to break up the old combinations, and to dissever men who, in the ordinary course of events, might have been found acting together for the benefit of the country.

But, so far as Pitt was personally concerned, Lord Rockingham had his revenge, although it was a species of revenge he was the last man to

desire. Pitt was no sooner called to office, and created Earl of Chatham, than his influence as a public man, or rather, the kind of influence he had always plumed himself upon, perished. So long as he had remained the "great commoner," he was held in a sort of idolatry by the people; but the moment he went into the House of Lords, the *prestige* of his name departed, and the most popular man of his time discovered when it was too late, that he had extinguished his glory in a peerage. "That fatal title," observes Walpole, "blasted all the affections which his country had borne him." The evidence of the change of feeling was instantaneous and conspicuous. "The citizens of London," says Lord Albemarle, "had intended to celebrate his accession to office by an illumination, but they no sooner heard of his new dignity, than the lamps were countermanded."

We have dwelt at some length upon the personal *memorabilia* and party intrigues leading up to the Rockingham administration, because they afford an instructive insight into the secret history of the first five or six years of George the Third's reign, during which the crown, stretching its prerogative beyond constitutional limits, involved itself in a position with its advisers for which there is no parallel since the time of the revolution. The retrospect is valuable, also, for the somewhat new view to which it helps us of the character of Chatham.

When Pitt went into office, Lord Rockingham went into the country. But he was by no means an indifferent spectator of the acts and prospects of the new administration. Taking the Whig party as a whole, the relation to each other of the sections into which it was now broken up was singular and almost unintelligible. Chatham professed precisely the same political principles as those which had been held by the late government; and by way of earnest of his sincerity, he retained in office several of its members. Here then were the Rockingham Whigs divided against each other by a consummate stroke of court policy; one portion unceremoniously dismissed, and the other portion kept in office under a minister, whom Lord Rockingham regarded as their common enemy. But he did not suffer his personal feelings to interfere with his public duty, or, more strictly speaking, with his allegiance to his friends. His object was to render the new government as efficient as its incongruous materials would permit, a more effectual way of keeping his party together, than if he had countenanced a private mutiny amongst his own adherents in the administration. He sanctioned the retention of office amongst those who remained, and endeavoured to soothe the feelings of those who were removed. "We and our friends," he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle, "should be quiet, and our only object should be to keep up a good-humoured correspondence with those parts of the present system who are parts of ours." Again, in a letter to Lord Albemarle, he observes (plainly hinting at the understanding which he believed to subsist between Chatham and Bute), "the only thing I fear is, a real disunion amongst those *with whom I had the honour to be called into administration*. Our private, personal friendship, is the greatest security against that event; and I am sure, politically speaking, nothing can gratify Lord Chatham or Lord Bute half so much as our disunion, or, in future, will be a severer check upon them both, than keeping in good-humour those I call ourselves."

The bearing of all these efforts to preserve a bond of union amongst his friends cannot fail to strike the reader in its ultimate action upon political

power. Acquitting Lord Rockingham of all motives of merely personal ambition, and believing that no man was better entitled to respect for the exercise of high integrity in the discharge of a public responsibility, we are the better enabled to judge from the tactics he employed of the actual nature of those party struggles through which ministries are formed, baffled and supplanted, and how little influence external opinion exerts upon them. The development of personal ties and alliances—the anxiety for the support of certain individuals—the incessant strain to keep offices open in particular interests, and to maintain existing connections—combine to show how completely the machinery of government is in the hands of great families, how entirely the people, so to speak, are excluded from the interior mysteries of cabinet changes, and how patent a monopoly the work of administration is, with all its show of patriotic principles and public independence. The aristocratic element was and is paramount in the government. Nor do we mean to assert that it would be better otherwise. But it is well that the people should see clearly the operation of these influences, and that they should understand and know how to value the legitimate counterpoise they possess in the popular branch of the legislature, and in that free press which has risen into an estate of the realm since the days of Walpole and Chatham. The Grenvilles and the Russells, the Yorkes and the Butes, from whatever opposite points of the compass they came, or to whatever opposite points they steered, were all guided by the same impulses and aimed at the same object. A few men stood out distinctly from the ranks of party—such men, for instance, as Conway and Savile—and acted for themselves. Rockingham, also, might be added to the number, if he had not displayed so much zeal as a party tactician. But it was inseparable from his position, and expected from him as the head of a section, and he undoubtedly exhibited more moderation and good sense, and was freer from the imputation of having been swayed by party motives alone, than most men who have been placed in similar circumstances. To his prudent and earnest exertions at this dangerous crisis the Whigs owe a lasting obligation.

For three quarters of a century the Whigs had supported the House of Brunswick. They were now thrown into opposition. It is immaterial to enquire how far this result was precipitated by the arbitrary encroachments of the Crown, or by divisions amongst themselves. The consequences were equally beneficial to the country. The people were the gainers by the divorce. Lord Rockingham's conduct throughout the scenes that followed may be said to have shaped for action the principles of his party, and to have laid the foundations of that popular policy by which they were subsequently distinguished; and when he again took office in 1782, the preliminary stipulations he made with the King evinced his resolution to carry out, unfettered, that course of liberal measures which he intended to pursue. In vain the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who was commissioned by his Majesty to negotiate with him, endeavoured to prevail upon him to accept office unconditionally, leaving the principles upon which the government was to be conducted to subsequent consideration.

"I must confess," said Lord Rockingham, in a letter to Thurlow, "that I do not think it an advisable measure, first to attempt to form a ministry by arrangement of office—afterwards to decide what principles or measures they are to act upon." And to this constitutional assertion of the minister's independence the King was forced to submit.

How far the demand for Parliamentary Reform, at that time beginning to occupy the serious attention of the people, might have been met by Lord Rockingham, had he lived to mature his views, may be to some extent inferred from the tenor of his correspondence on that subject two years before. He was explicitly in favour of shortening the duration of parliament, and of clearing away the sinecures and places through which its members were corrupted; but the tenets of the reformers were at that time vague and indefinite, they were divided among themselves by a variety of theories, and public opinion was not ripe for any important move in that direction. Hence he wisely declined to make parliamentary reform a government measure, because it would weaken his cabinet by disunion; but he extended to it as much recognition as his position would admit, by leaving it an open question.

Unfortunately, however, his health was unequal to the arduous duties to which he was called, and he expired on the 1st July, 1782. On the pedestal of the statue which was erected to his memory in Wentworth Park, is an inscription from the hand of Burke, which traces his character in terms of affection and panegyric that posterity will gratefully endorse. It is written with great power and beauty; and a single passage from it will convey, in a brief compass, the sum of his merits as a public man. "In opposition, he respected the principles of government; in administration, he provided for the liberties of the people. He employed his moments of power in realizing everything which he had proposed in a popular situation—the distinguishing mark of his public conduct. Reserved in profession, sure in performance, he laid the foundation of a solid confidence."

The work in which the Earl of Albemarle has recorded the life of Rockingham, and the history of his times, is one of the most valuable and interesting of its class that has ever been presented to the public. It is not a collection of letters and diaries stitched together by a slender thread of narrative; but is full of original and illustrative matter, written with perspicuity and power, and developing an intimate knowledge of political men and events, and a sound judgment in the treatment of them. Infinite care and research have been bestowed upon these volumes, and the graces of a refined literary taste have been brought to embellish and enliven their details. The sketches of the principal persons who appear in the course of the transactions embraced from the accession of George III. to the death of Rockingham, form a gallery of portraits, transcending in interest, and equal in skill, to the admirable characters of Clarendon. Nothing is left untouched that can contribute to the completeness of this comprehensive memoir: while the spirit of intelligence and vivacity by which its pages are aërated, renders it as entertaining to the general reader, as it will be found important to the student of English history.

---

## AMATEUR SOLDIERING.

It is pleasant enough to sit in a club window and to read in the pages of Professor Creasy and Sir Charles Napier how the French army is to be received by the people of England, when that great chapter in the "History of events of which never happened," the Invasion of 1852 shall be written by the hand of Time. Legitimate history deals with matters just as apocryphal, and not half as animated, as these imaginary pictures of the gallant achievements of our volunteer bands and our devoted militiamen. It is very pleasant to our national vanity; it stirs the heart, indeed, as with a shrill trumpet-blast to learn how the chivalry of England would stream out from town and hamlet, and pour itself, an irresistible torrent, upon the accursed invaders. What, indeed, can be more animating, in these times, than such a passage as this:—

"Now, let us suppose London to be suddenly startled by the news that 50,000 Frenchmen are on the Kentish or Sussex shore. Forthwith, through every square and street of the stately metropolis and its teeming environs, good men and true, with good arms, which they know well how to wield, start forth at the appointed signal. By hundreds, by thousands, and by tens of thousands, the riflemen are mustered at the well-known gathering places for duty. In no frivolous merriment or noisy enthusiasm, but in grim silence, and with stern determination to spare neither their own nor the strangers' lives, the dark masses are forming fast and deploying over the bridges. Before six hours are passed, London has placed 50,000 well-armed and well-equipped defenders in advance of her southern suburbs. Meanwhile, messengers far speedier than the beacon flames, which told of the Armada's advent — the electric wires, are thrilling throughout the length and breadth of the land with tidings that England is invaded, and that London will be attacked To the rescue! to the rescue! Our southern brethren in arms are already up and doing. Some are concentrating upon Portsmouth and Plymouth, lest these great arsenals should be assailed by new enemies; the hardy Kentishmen and the South-Saxons are still better occupied in hanging on the invader's line of march, and harassing him at every step. But through every midland shire, through the busy north, with its hives of human energy, through brave Scotland, the land that never nurtured fools and cowards, there is instant making ready for battle. From every town, from every village, the streams of war flow into each other, and then form a mighty torrent towards the menaced capital of the land.—Fearlessly then would the first sight of the black columns of the enemy be hailed. . . Not even their old Guard at Waterloo, when the musketry of Maitland's brigade, slew 400 at the first fire, experienced such a deadly greeting. But, though their column has recoiled, it is not broken. . . They have closed up their ranks,—they are advancing again. Again our rifles rattle," &c. &c.

Such is the Professor's heart-stirring picture of the defence of Great Britain. The General does not seem inclined to give our volunteer bands so forward a position. He sends "the Duke" out at the head of the regular army, and keeps the volunteers to play the part of skirmishers and sharp-shooters, to cut off stragglers and convoys. "Well! there we lie," says Sir Charles Napier, "till they (the enemy) come closer, and when close enough, and a good deal of their ammunition expended, then the Duke would begin business. Now, you gentlemen not being drilled to this sort of work, would be in the way; you would come into it *after a while*, but at first you *would be in the way*. '*Then where should we be?*' you will ask. Why, far away, clear of the regular troops, and getting round on the enemy's flanks and rear, to be sure!

your men in swarms creeping as close to him as ever you can, hiding in ditches, behind banks, rising grounds, woods, &c., so that his artillery could not do you as much harm as ours could do his *minié* men, because you need not *advance*, his *must*, whilst you were pitching your shot into his columns. . . . The enemy must all the while, as I have said, keep moving on towards the Duke, who waits for him very patiently, in one of those terrible positions of his, against which his enemies have a hundred times broken their heads! The enemy *must* move on, *he* is an invader! — he cannot sit down and do nothing; he *must* keep continually marching and fighting. If he halts to drive you off, you retire; seldom meeting him in close fight, but *always firing at him*, he cannot catch you! He goes back. Then again you follow him up, as he advances against the regular army, you keeping up an incessant firing into his back; and hundreds will fall under your galling and unerring aim. His hospital increases; he must leave guards. You are in vast numbers; a few thousands of you close, and then you may occasionally rush, in overwhelming numbers, upon these guards, make them prisoners, and be off again out of reach. His convoys too are coming up; you gather upon them and destroy them, carrying off his food and ammunition. His columns will send out detachments to plunder; they are weak and wearied; for you, dividing yourselves in *watches*, as the sailors say, keep up your sharp-shooting night and day; some resting and feeding whilst others fight, for you must take advantage of your vast numbers. The enemy gets no rest. If he despises you and moves on, merely sending a few skirmishers to keep you off, you gather in closer and thicker, and your fire becomes more terrible. His skirmishers give way, his column is forced to halt and send a large force against you. You are off," &c. &c.

These are Sir Charles Napier's directions to our amateur soldiers; and perhaps there is wisdom in them. At all events the question of the means of employing the people of England for the defence of the country has become the question of the day.

I have no doubt of the *pluck* of the English people, especially of the English gentry. It is the fashion to talk of our silky, effeminate aristocrats; the young lordlings of the St. James's Clubs and the Belgravian palaces; as though they were fit for nothing of a manlier kind than the stretching of their long limbs on luxurious sofas, the ogling of pretty women through plate-glass windows, the sipping of iced claret, and the lisping of Derby odds. But take them away from their club windows; place them in situations where energy and activity are demanded, and they are the manliest fellows in the world. The truth is, that our English gentlemen are inured to danger from their very cradles. They are placed on pony-back almost before they can walk. Before they are in their teens they may be seen taking "headers" into the Thames, or playing football under the wall that skirts the playing-fields at Eton, with a desperate ferocity, which, but for the padded armour they wear, would not leave a whole shin among them. Then see them, a little older, playing cricket, at Lord's—not the cricket of our fathers' time, when middle-aged gentlemen turned out in nankeen shorts, silk stockings and pumps, and gently shovelled the ball at the opposite wicket, but the new game, call it what you may, better or worse, which sends the leather missile out of the bowler's hands with the velocity of a round shot out of a nine-pounder, and compels men to take the field gloved as

though for a sparring-match, and leg-protected as for a bout of Devonshire wrestling.*

This is not work for a popinjay, you may be sure. Our "gentlemen," don't always beat the "players." They don't take as much trouble; they don't work so well together (amateurs never do), and they are lazier than the professionals, who have more to gain by success. But their pluck is of the finest possible temper. So it is on the hunting-field. What will not a well-mounted English gentleman face? These silky club-window aristocrats are bold riders, almost to a man. A steeplechase is no trifle. If our young knights do not break lances, they break collar-bones plentifully in these degenerate days. The greater the danger, the greater the fun. From what peril, from what hardship, does the English gentleman ever shrink? He loves hazardous excitement. Perhaps, there is not enough of it to be obtained at home; so he goes abroad in search of it; and in the wilds of Africa, or America, hunts savage animals and coquets with death, as coolly as though he were talking nonsense to a pretty girl in May Fair.

All this is fine training for war. Our commonalty, harnessed from their very childhood to a go-cart of laborious drudgery, have less time and less opportunity for exercise in these manly sports. They are less accustomed to face active danger, and in its presence, are both less energetic and less self-collected than the higher classes. They require discipline and organization to call forth that sturdy gallantry, which makes our English regiments irresistible in the field. English mobs are notoriously anything but heroic *congeries* of humanity. The French officer, who nearly two hundred years ago, reported to the Duke de Choiseul, that "the English are a dull people, absolutely ignorant of the use of arms," was not far wrong in his estimate of our soldierly qualifications. There is little military enthusiasm among us. Indeed, the generality of our English people have no enthusiastic impulses of any kind to prompt them to acts of heroic daring. One sees this plainly enough in the case of a fire in the country. Hundreds of people turn out to look at it; but not five in every hundred show the least inclination to do anything but gape and chatter. The gentry, you may be sure, are foremost in the place of danger. They are at the mouth of the engine hose; and on the topmost step of the ladder. But the gallantry of the London firemen—a trained and disciplined brigade—is unsurpassed, if not unequalled. They face danger professionally; it is their duty to despise it. They come of the same stock as the gapers and chatterers. But then the latter are amateurs. They are not paid to be burnt. To be sure, there was a story, the other day, in the newspapers to the effect that a "by-stander," at a fire in the country, under the impression that there were some children left in the house, rushed into the burning edifice, and perished miserably in the flames. But *who* he was is not recorded. He was simply a "by-stander," and the chronicle of his heroic death occupied three lines in an obscure corner of a morning paper. If he had died in an effort not to save, but to destroy life, he would have had a place in the "Gazette."

* Not the least curious of the many curious things exhibited at the World's Fair in Hyde Park, was a case containing cricketing implements—offensive and defensive. We talk of the decline of chivalry, and the loss which the manliness of the nation has sustained by the absence of the jousts and tourneys of old times. But the knights of the present century are not without physical training, of another kind, but equally effectual.

There are few words so often in an Englishman's mouth, as "It is not my business." What is not their business Englishmen do not like to do. The mercantile element enters largely into all their calculations. If they "get nothing" for a thing, they are sure not to do it well. They are, as the Frenchman said, a "dull people." They have no impulses, no enthusiasm. Even pleasure is a bore to them. They are not fond of excitement. Professionally they do everything well; but they make but sorry amateurs. Little is to be got out of them without training; but training will do everything for them. It is not difficult to trace the external influences which mould the national character to what it is; but it is enough, in the present place, to indicate the result. The genius of the English people is not military. Soldiers do not grow amongst us. *Miles fit, non nascitur.* Our soldiers are not primarily soldiers. It is not their normal condition. They do not become soldiers until they have tried and ceased to be something else. Perhaps, our army is not much the worse for that. The paper on which these remarks are written, is very excellent paper, although it is made of old rags. But the old rags have gone through the mill. They have undergone a process, which has utterly transmuted them. If it had not been for this, no one could have written on them. Our ranks are not filled by men, glowing with military ardour, choosing the army as a profession, to be deliberately entered in the flush of uncorrupted manhood, but are recruited by the refuse of all other professions—by the failures of civil life. It is not pleasant to have to say it, but it is a fact, that when a man enlists in the British Army, he is supposed to have disgraced himself. Indeed, there is scarcely a family in the kingdom, that does not think itself disgraced when a member of it has "gone for a soldier." There is an expressiveness in the very phrase. He has "*gone* for a soldier." He has gone out of common life altogether. He is morally defunct. Henceforth he "dwells apart." There is no longer any sympathy between him and his brethren. He has gone into the mill and he is to come out a new creature. The process is a painful one; but it is struggled through at last. The clown is drilled into the soldier; and from that time he lives and moves, and acts and feels and thinks,—if he think at all,—as a soldier. It is "his business" to fight and to be killed; and he goes to his work as a matter of course. He is paid for it, and he does it. The fatal step once taken, there is no more hesitation. Looking at him, as he is in his individuality, he may not come up to one's ideas of a good soldier; but he is the nine-hundredth part of one of the best regiments in the world. We must look at our English soldiers in the *concrete,* if we would estimate them aright.

Now, these are the men, doubtless, to stand a charge of French cavalry, or to scale the walls of a fortified town in the enemy's country. Supported by one another, they can do wonders. Courage, like cowardice, is contagious. Each man does his part in the duty of his troop or company; but it is not certain that, if he were left to himself, he would do his own duty equally well. Where there is a very strong incitement, the case may be different. If the French were advancing upon the capital from Brighton or Dover, it is possible that our fair hills of Surrey and Kent might bristle with armed men, strong in their undisciplined valour—men who would not quail before the *tirailleurs* of the invading army. It is possible that the unskilled and untrained gallantry of our English labourers, put forth in defence of their hearths and altars, might

be more than a match for the well-drilled battalions of our warlike neighbours. The peasantry of La Vendée shot down, from behind their hedgerows, the best troops of the National Guard; the beardless boys of the royalist party made havoc among the veterans of the Republic. But there was an enthusiasm and vivacity among them foreign to our national character. It remains to be proved whether, if the crisis were to arrive, the peasantry of our southern counties would be found equal to it—whether, left to themselves, they would rise at a moment's notice, and pour themselves upon the advancing columns of the invaders—and whether, if they met the Gallic legions face to face, the thought of their Queen, their country, their religion, their wives and children, would nerve them to stand a volley of foreign musketry, or a shower of foreign grape. There is something very inspiriting in a good cause. The mobs, which in seasons of domestic tumult, are dispersed by a handful of regular troops, know that the law is against them, and are overawed by a sense of the weakness of their cause. It would not be fair to institute a comparison, therefore, between their known conduct when arrayed against their sovereign and against the law of the land, and their probable behaviour, in the face of similar danger, when all the best and most inspiring feelings of humanity, loyalty, love of home, love of kindred, love of liberty, are prompting them to energetic action.

Still a doubt will obtrude itself at times whether the non-combatant classes might not, even in a conjuncture of extreme imminence, hug closely to themselves their favourite notion that "it is not their business" to be killed—forgetting that it *is* every man's business to shed his blood in defence of the liberties of his country. "Every man for himself and God for us all!" might be the feeling if the voluntary principle were left too much to itself. But if the system of co-operation were once fairly recognised, men would derive support and encouragement from each other—the contagion of courage and patriotism would spread from one end of the line to the other—men would be ashamed to hang back and to make excuses. However small the amount of a man's gallantry and zeal, when he has once taken his appointed place in a company he would be ashamed to be absent from it.

There is, however, an habitual shyness and reserve about Englishmen, which make gregarious instruction extremely distasteful to them. They are afraid of their own awkwardness—afraid of committing themselves and being laughed at. Then they do not like rubbing shoulders with men of different ranks. The rich do not like the thought of being jostled by the poor; and the poor do not like the restraint of being overlooked by the rich. All parties feel awkward and embarrassed when they are thus thrown promiscuously together. Then there is the inconvenience of turning out to drill—the unhinging and the unsettling. Soldiering is not favourable to business; clerks and shopmen may not be sorry to leave the desk or the counter and turn out for a spree on the parade-ground. Anything which leads them out of the dreary routine of every-day life, may be welcome to them for a time. But whilst they are amused their employers suffer; business is interrupted. Habits of steadiness and regularity are broken down. Vicious connexions are formed. There is more harm done in a day than can be undone in a year. And, after all, the amount of military ardour engendered is the smallest in the world. It is easy to spoil a tradesman, but it is not easy to make a soldier.

# ANECDOTES OF HORSES.

Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength. He goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage, neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

He saith among the trumpets ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting.

JOB, chap. xxxix.

WITH the exception of Genesis, the book of Job is, we believe, considered to be the most ancient writing in the world; and it is interesting to remark, that in the above spirited and admirable description, the horse is spoken of at that early period—a period antecedent to Abraham—as trained to battle, and familiar with war. In all probability, the use of the horse in warfare is almost coeval with war itself; and from a verse in the same chapter as the above, it is clear that the horse was employed then, as now, in the chase of the ostrich, of which bird it is said, "What time she lifteth up herself on high she scorneth the horse and his rider." But a still earlier intimation of the horse being subdued by man, is conveyed in the seventeenth verse of the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis,—"An adder in the path that biteth the horse's heel, so that *his rider* falleth backward." From motives which are matter of speculation, horses were not permitted to be bred by the people of Israel, nor were they permitted to use them. Indeed, it was not till the time of Solomon, five hundred years after the Israelites had left Egypt, that the horse was domesticated among them. It is curious to know that the price of the horse is stated to have been 150 shekels of silver, or rather more than 17*l.*,* for which sum they were obtained from Egypt.

It is considered that the first domestication of the horse took place in Central Asia, whence the knowledge of his usefulness radiated to China, India, and Egypt; and it was most probably in ancient Egypt that systematic attention was first paid to improving the breed of these animals; for there are abundant pictorial and carved representations of steeds whose symmetry and beauty attest that they were designed from high-bred types. It was in High Asia that the bridle, the true saddle, the stirrup, and probably the horse-shoe, were invented; and with many of those nations a horse, a mare, and a colt, were fixed nominal standards of value.

Bucephalus, probably the most celebrated horse in the world, was bought for sixteen talents from Philonicus out of his breeding pastures of Pharsalia, and it is known that he was a *skew-bald*, that is, white, clouded with large deep bay spots: this particular breed was valued by the Parthians above all others, but by the Romans it was disliked, because easily seen in the dark. Bucephalus was ridden by Alexander at the battle of the Hydaspes, and there received his death-wound. Disobedient

* 1 Kings, x. 29.

for once to the command of his master, he galloped from the heat of the fight, brought Alexander to a place where he was secure from danger, knelt (as was his custom) for him to alight, and having thus, like a true and faithful servant, discharged his duty to the last, he trembled, dropped down, and died—

> "Master! go on, and I will follow thee
> To the last gasp, with love and loyalty."

In Revelations, Triumph, War, Pestilence, and Death, are respectively typified by a white, a red, a black, and a pale horse; and in Europe the black horse was long considered as the form of an evil demon. Curious enough, among the modern pagan Asiatics, Schaman sorcery is usually performed with images of small horses suspended from a rope; and a sort of idolatrous worship is admitted even by Mohammedans, when effigies of the horse of Hosein, or of that of Khizr, the St. George of Islam, are produced.

The thirty-third chapter of the fourth book of Cæsar's Commentaries has especial interest as detailing accurately the mode of equestrian warfare of the aborigines of Britain:—"Their mode of fighting with their chariots is this: firstly, they drive about in all directions and throw their weapons, and generally break the ranks of the enemy with the very dread of their horses and the noise of their wheels; and when they have worked themselves in between the troops of horse, leap from their chariots, and engage on foot. The charioteers, meantime, withdraw some little distance from the battle, and so place themselves with the chariots, that if their masters are overpowered by the number of the enemy they may have a ready retreat to their own troops. Thus they display in battle the speed of horse with the firmness of infantry; and by daily practice and exercise attain to such expertness, that they are accustomed, even on a declining and steep place, to check their horses at full speed, and manage and turn them in an instant, and run along the pole and stand on the yoke, and thence betake themselves with the greatest celerity to their chariots again." The particular description of horse here alluded to is uncertain, but there was then in these islands a race of indigenous ponies, which is still represented by the Shetland, Welsh, New Forest, and Dartmoor breeds: their stature is attested by a remark of St. Austin:—"The mannii, or ponies brought from Britain, were chiefly in use among strolling performers to exhibit in feats of their craft;" and it was the fashion at that time to shave all the upper parts of the shaggy bodies of these ponies in summer, somewhat after the fashion of the *clippers* of the present day.

The county Argyle in Scotland is said to derive its name from *Are-Gael*—the breeding or horse stud of the Gael; and in a superb work recently published, called the "Archæolgoy of Scotland," there is a description of a truly remarkable discovery, throwing light on the charioteering of the Celts. There have been dug up, near the parallel roads of Glen Roy, two *stone* horse-collars, the one formed of trap, or whinstone, the other of a fine-grained red granite: these bear all the evidence of first-rate workmanship, are highly polished, and are of the full size of a collar adapted to a small highland horse, bearing a close imitation of the details of a horse collar of common materials in the folds of the leather, the nails, buckles, &c. It has been suggested by antiquaries, that the amphitheatre of Glen Roy might have been the scene of ancient public games, and that these stone collars might be intended to commemorate the victor in the race.

Hengist, the name of the founder of the Saxon dynasty, signified an entire horse; and by the Saxons the horse was an object of superstitious veneration. Of this there remains an example which must be familiar to all who in the old coaching days rode through White Horse Vale in Berkshire. The turf on the side of a hill has been cut away, displaying the chalk beneath in the figure of a gigantic horse, covering many hundred square feet. This is a genuine Saxon relic, and has, we believe, been preserved by a day being annually kept as high festival, on which all weeds are carefully cleared from the figure, and the outline restored.

The Anglo-Saxons are supposed to have first used the horse in ploughing about the latter part of the tenth century: on the border of the Bayeux tapestry, representing the landing of William the Conqueror and the Battle of Hastings (A.D. 1066). there is a representation of a man driving a harrow, the earliest instance we believe of horses thus used in field labour.

Horse-racing was introduced into Britain A.D. 930, when Hugh the Great, head of the house of Capet, monarchs of France, presented to Athelstan, whose sister Edelswitha he wooed and won, several running horses (*equos cursores* of the old Chronicle) magnificently caparisoned. Athelstan seems to have attached due importance to this improvement upon the previous breed, since he issued a decree prohibiting the exportation of horses without his license. The most marked improvement, however, took place at the Norman Conquest, the martial barons bringing with them a large force of cavalry, and it was, by the way, to their superiority in that important arm that the victory of Hastings was in a great measure to be ascribed.

The Easter and Whitsuntide holidays were especially famous among our forefathers for racing, as mentioned in the old metrical romance of Sir Bevis of Southampton;—

"In somer, at Whitsontyde,
When knightes most on horsback ryde
A cours. Let they make or a daye
Steedes and palfraye for to assaye;
Whiche horse that best may ren,
Three myles the cours was then.
Who that might ryde him shoulde
Have forty pounds of redy golde."

The office of Master of the Horse dates back to Alfred the Great; the ancient Chronicles relate the attention paid by him to the breeding and improvement of the horse, to carry out which in the most efficient manner an officer was appointed, called *Hors Than,* or *Horse Thane,* —Master of the Horse; and during every succeeding reign this officer has held high rank, being near the royal person on all state occasions.

We may form some idea of the value of a horse about that time by a document bearing date A.D. 1000, which states that if a horse be destroyed or negligently lost, the compensation to be demanded was thirty shillings, for a mare or colt twenty shillings, and for a man one pound. Of course the currency of the present day differs widely from that of the above period.

The year of grace 1211 is important in equestrian annals, as witnessing the introduction into England of the first of the Arabian stock; and about the same time another was presented by Alexander I., king of Scotland, to the church of St. Andrews, though what relation a race-

horse had to the church has been a knotty point for antiquaries. Both these animals were true barbs from Morocco, procured doubtless through the agency of Jew dealers. There is no breed which has exercised so great an influence upon the stock of these islands as the Arabian, and none more deserving of kindness for the admirable qualities they possess. Kindness and forbearance towards animals is inculcated by the Koran, and it was a cutting satire upon our boasted civilization when, in allusion to this point, a Moor remarked to Colonel Hamilton Smith, "It is not in your book."

Henry VIII., with that wrongheaded obstinacy so characteristic of him, issued most arbitrary laws respecting horses, ordering all horses to be destroyed at Michaelmas in each year that were not likely to produce a valuable breed, and commanding that all his prelates and nobles, and "all those whose wives wore velvet bonnets," should keep horses for the saddle at least fifteen hands high. The effect of these miserable regulations was so injurious, that forty-one years after, Elizabeth could only muster three thousand mounted soldiers to repel the expected Armada.* Old Andrew Fuller relates a quaint anecdote of Lord Burleigh, the celebrated sage councillor of Queen Bess:—"When some nobleman had got William Cecil to ride with them a-hunting, and the sport began to be cold, 'What call you this?' said the Treasurer.—'Oh, now the dogs are at fault,' was the reply.—'Yea,' quoth the Treasurer, 'take *me* again in such a fault, and I'll give you leave to punish me.'" Hunting was not his forte.

In the reign of James I. races were established in many parts of the kingdom; and the races were then called bell-courses, the prize being a silver bell, whence the expression to bear off the bell! In the reign of Charles I. races were held in Hyde Park, and at Newmarket, and Charles II. most warmly patronised them, entering horses at Newmarket in his own name; and about this time the bells were converted into cups, or other species of plate, valued at one hundred guineas each. In those earlier days professional jockeys were unknown, but it is curious to hear the opinion of a celebrated writer and distinguished man, Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, "The exercise," says he, "I do not approve of, is running of horses, there being much cheating in that kind. Neither do I see why a brave man should delight in a creature whose chief use is to help him *to run away!*" Lord Herbert might have been a great philosopher, but he certainly would not have been qualified to be a member of the Jockey Club. Cromwell, however, who had himself trained the finest regiment of cavalry then in existence, was aware of the importance of speed and bottom, and Charles II. obtained a large number of mares and stallions from the Levant, so that the Arabian blood was freely mingled with that of the native breed.

The feats of celebrated horses are duly chronicled in books devoted to sporting subjects, and we shall merely notice them incidentally. The most extraordinary instance, perhaps, of the stoutness, as well as speed of the race-horse, was afforded by Quibbler, who in December, 1786, ran twenty-three miles round the flat at Newmarket in fifty-seven minutes and ten seconds! In 1772, a mile was run by Firetail in one minute

* Mr. Macculloch estimates that there are now in Great Britain from 1,400,000 to 1,500,000 horses employed for various purposes of pleasure and utility: taking their average worth at from 10*l.* to 12*l.*, their total value would be from 14,000,000*l.* to 18,000,000*l.*, exclusive of the young horses

and four seconds, and Flying Childers ran over the Beacon Course (four miles, one furlong, one hundred and thirty-eight yards) in seven minutes and thirty seconds ! On the 29th of September, 1838, a trial of speed took place between the Oural Cossacks and the Kerguise Kaisaks over a course of eighteen versts, said to be equal to thirteen and a half English miles. The race was run by many horses of great speed, but gained by twins who ran neck and neck the whole distance, arriving at the winning post in twenty-four minutes thirty-five seconds ! And it is said that the Sultan's son rode a Kerguise Kaisak black horse over the same course in nineteen minutes.

In 1745, Mr. Thornton rode from Stilton to London, back, and again to London, making two hundred and fifteen miles, in eleven hours, on the turnpike road and uneven ground; and when the wretched state of the roads at that period is considered, the feat was truly remarkable.

Perhaps the most singular struggle on record was that between Tarragon, Handel, and Astbury, at Newcastle Under-Lyne. Of the first *three* heats there was no winner, Tarragon and Handel being each time nose and nose : and although Astbury was stated to have been third in the first heat, yet he was so nearly on a level with the others that there was a difficulty in placing him as such. After the second heat the steward requested two other gentlemen to look with him steadily as they came to try to decide in favour of one of them, but it was impossible to do so. In the third dead heat Tarragon and Handel had struggled with each other until they reeled about as if they were drunk, and could scarcely carry their riders to the scales. Astbury, who had lain by after the first heat, then came out and won.

One of the most celebrated race-horses this country has seen was the Godolphin Arabian, who was bought in France when actually engaged in drawing a cart. Between this noble animal and a cat a most loving friendship existed. When in the stable puss always either sat upon his back, or nestled as closely to him as she could; and at his death she refused her food, pined away and died. Mr. Holcroft gives a similar relation of a racer and a cat, whom the horse used to take up in his mouth and mount on his back without hurting her, she perfectly understanding this singular mode of conveyance. There was another celebrated horse of yore, called the *Mad Arabian,* from his great ferocity and ungovernable temper. This horse—Chillaby by name—savagely tore in pieces the figure of a man purposely placed in his way, and could only be approached by one groom. Yet with all this ferocity he evinced the most tender affection for a lamb, who used to employ himself for many an hour in butting away flies that annoyed his friend.

It is well known how thoroughly racers enter into the spirit of the course. Of this a noble horse called Forrester presented a remarkable illustration. Forrester had won many a hardly contested race, but in an evil hour was matched against an extraordinary horse called Elephant. It was a four-mile course, and at the distance-post the horses were nose to nose. Between this and the winning post Elephant got a little ahead. Forrester made every possible effort to recover this lost ground, until finding all his efforts ineffectual, he made one desperate plunge, seized his antagonist by the jaw, and could scarcely be forced to quit his hold. A similar incident occurred in 1753, when a fine horse belonging to Mr. Quin was rendered so frantic at finding his antagonist gradually passing him, that he seized him by the leg, and both riders were obliged to dismount and combine their efforts to separate the animals.

In battle, horses have been known to seize the opposing charger with the utmost fury, and thus to assist the sabre of his rider. This calls to our mind the death of an old war-horse at Stangleton Lodge, near Bedford. This fine old fellow had served in one of our light cavalry regiments which had played a conspicuous part at Waterloo. His hide bore the marks of several wounds by sabre and lance, and no less than eight musket-balls were found in his body! Notwithstanding this he had attained to the ripe age of twenty-seven.

The New World is indebted for the myriads of wild horses which swarm upon the Pampas of the South and the Prairies of the North, to the Spanish stock carried by Cortez to Mexico, and to Peru by Pizarro. In genial climates it was natural that, with abundant herbage and few dangerous enemies, animals of such power and intelligence should increase and multiply with great rapidity. Dr. Rengger notes the first horses in Paraguay to have been imported from Spain and the Canaries in 1537, and Azara found in the Archives of Ascension, a document proving that Irala, in 1551, bought a Spanish horse for the sum of fifteen thousand florins.

According to Herrara, the Spanish historian, horses were objects of the greatest astonishment to all the people of New Spain. At first they imagined the horse and his rider, like the centaurs of the ancients, to be some monstrous animal of a terrible form, and supposing their food was that of men, brought flesh and bread to nourish them. Even after they discovered their mistake they believed the horses devoured men in battle, and when they neighed, thought they were demanding their prey. A curious incident occurred when Pizarro on one occasion was in great straits, being hemmed in by a body of ten thousand men of resolute bearing, and eager to drive the invaders into the sea. As the Spaniards were making their way, hotly pressed, one of the cavaliers was thrown from his horse. This, which at first sight might be considered an untoward event, was the salvation of the party, for the Indians were so astonished at this spontaneous separation of what they supposed to be one and the same being, that not knowing what would happen next, they actually took to flight and left the coast clear for the Spaniards to reach their ships.

The inhabitants of the Isles of Peten listened attentively to the preaching of the Franciscan Friars who accompanied the expedition of Cortez, and consented to the instant demolition of their idols, and the erection of the Cross upon their ruins. How far these hurried conversions were founded on conviction is shown by the following anecdote. Cortez, on his departure, left among this friendly people one of his horses who had been disabled by an injury in the foot. The Indians felt a reverence for the animal as in some way connected with the mysterious power of the white men. When their visitors had gone, they offered flowers to the horse, and, as is said, prepared for him many savoury messes of poultry, such as they would have administered to their own sick. Under this extraordinary diet the poor animal pined away and died. The Indians raised his effigy in stone, and placing it in one of their temples, did homage to it as to a deity. In 1618, when two Franciscan friars came to preach the Gospel in these regions, then scarcely better known to the Spaniards than before the time of Cortez, one of the most remarkable objects which they found was this statue of a horse, receiving the homage of the Indian worshippers as the god of thunder and lightning!

The admirable skill of the South Americans as horsemen is everywhere acknowledged, and has been described by many writers; the following account, however, by Mr. Darwin, is so truthful and spirited, that it conveys the best idea of their exploits:—

"One evening a 'domidor' (subduer of horses) came for the purpose of breaking in some colts. I will describe the preparatory steps, for I believe they have not been mentioned by other travellers. A troop of wild young horses is driven into the corral or large enclosure of stakes, and the door is shut. We will suppose that one man alone has to catch and mount a horse which as yet had never felt bridle or saddle. I conceive, except by a Guacho, such a feat would be utterly impracticable. The Guacho picks out a full-grown colt; and as the beast rushes round the circus, he throws his lasso so as to catch both the front legs. Instantly the horse rolls over with a heavy shock, and whilst struggling on the ground the Guacho, holding the lasso tight, makes a circle so as to catch one of the hind legs just beneath the fetlock, and draws it close to the two front. He then hitches the lasso, so that the three legs are bound together; then sitting on the horse's neck, he fixes a strong bridle, without a bit, to the lower jaw. This he does by passing a narrow thong through the eyeholes at the end of the reins, and several times round both jaw and tongue. The two front legs are now tied closely together with a strong leathern thong fastened by a slip-knot, the lasso which bound the three together being then loosed, the horse rises with difficulty. The Guacho, now holding fast the bridle fixed to the lower jaw, leads the horse outside the corral. If a second man is present (otherwise the trouble is much greater), he holds the animal's head whilst the first puts on the horse-cloths and saddle and girths, the whole together. During this operation, the horse, from dread and astonishment at being thus bound round the waist, thows himself over and over again on the ground, and till beaten is unwilling to rise. At last when the saddling is finished, the poor animal can hardly breathe from fear, and is white with foam and sweat. The man now prepares to mount by pressing heavily on the stirrup, so that the horse may not lose its balance; and at the moment he throws his leg over the animal's back he pulls the slip-knot and the beast is free. The horse, wild with dread, gives a few most violent bounds, and then starts off at full gallop. When quite exhausted, the man by patience brings him back to the corral, where, reeking hot and scarcely alive, the poor beast is let free. Those animals which will not gallop away, but obstinately throw themselves on the ground, are by far the most troublesome.

"In Chili a horse is not considered perfectly broken till he can be brought up standing in the midst of his full speed on any particular spot; for instance, on a cloak thrown on the ground; or again, will charge a wall and, rearing, scrape the surface with his hoofs. I have seen an animal bounding with spirit, yet merely reined by a fore-finger and thumb, taken at full gallop across a court-yard, and then made to wheel round the post of a verandah with great speed, but at so equal a distance that the rider with outstretched arm, all the while kept one finger rubbing the post, then making a *demi-volte* in the air with the other arm outstretched in a like manner, he wheeled round with astonishing force in the opposite direction. Such a horse is well broken; and although this at first may appear useless, it is far otherwise. It is only carrying that which is daily necessary into perfection. When a bullock

is checked and caught by the lasso, it will sometimes gallop round and round in a circle, and the horse being alarmed at the great strain, if not well broken, will not readily turn like the pivot of a wheel. In consequence many men have been killed; for if a lasso once takes a twist round a man's body, it will instantly, from the power of the two animals, almost cut him in twain. On the same principle the races are managed. The course is only two or three hundred yards long, the desideratum being, to have horses that can make a rapid dash. The race-horses are trained not only to stand with their hoofs touching a line, but to draw all four feet together, so as at the first spring to bring into play the full action of the hind quarters. In Chili I was told an anecdote, which I believe was true, and it offers a good illustration of the use of a well broken animal. A respectable man riding one day met two others, one of whom was mounted on a horse, which he knew to have been stolen from himself. He challenged them; they answered by drawing their sabres and giving chase. The man on his good and fleet beast kept just ahead; as he passed a thick bush he wheeled round it, and brought up his horse to a dead check. The pursuers were obliged to shoot on one side and ahead. Then instantly dashing on right behind them, he buried his knife in the back of one, wounded the other, recovered his horse from the dying robber, and rode home!" Animals are so abundant in these countries that humanity is scarcely known. Mr. Darwin was one day riding in the Pampas with a very respectable "Estanciero," when his horse being tired, lagged behind. The man often shouted to him to spur him, when Mr. D. remonstrated that it was a pity, for the horse was quite exhausted, he cried: "Why, not?—never mind. Spur him—it is *my* horse!" When after some difficulty he was made to understand that it was for the horse's sake that the spurs were not used, he exclaimed with great surprise: "Ah! Don Carlos *qui cosa!*" The idea had never before entered his head.

In this country the powers of horses in swimming are but little tested, but in South America the case is different as shown by an incident mentioned by Mr. Darwin. "I crossed the Lucia near its mouth, and was surprised to observe how easily our horses, although not used to swim, passed over a width of at least six hundred yards. On mentioning this at Monteo Video, I was told that a vessel containing some mountebanks and their horses being wrecked in the Plata, one horse swam seven miles to the shore. In the course of the day I was amused by the dexterity with which a Guacho forced a restive horse to swim a river. He stripped off his clothes and jumped on its back, rode into the water till it was out of its depth; then slipping off over the crupper he caught hold of the tail, and as often as the horse turned round, the man frightened it back by splashing water in its face. As soon as the horse touched the bottom on the other side the man pulled himself on, and was firmly seated, bridle in hand, before the horse gained the bank. A naked man on a naked horse is a fine spectacle. I had no idea how well the two animals suited each other. The tail of a horse is a very useful appendage. I have passed a river in a boat with four people in it, which was ferried across in the same way as the Guacho. If a man and horse have to cross a broad river, the best plan is for the man to catch hold of the pommel or mane, and help himself with the other arm."

The Turkuman horses are most highly prized in Persia, and are regu-

larly trained by the Turkumans preparatory to their plundering expeditions. Before proceeding on a foray, these wild people knead a number of small hard balls of barley-meal, which, when wanted, they soak in water, and which serves as food both for themselves and their horses. It is a frequent practice with them in crossing deserts where no water is to be found, to open a vein in the shoulder of the horse and drink a little of his blood, which, according to their own opinion, benefits rather than injures the animal. It is confidently stated, that when in condition, their horses have gone one hundred and forty miles within twenty-four hours; and it has been proved that parties of them were in the habit of marching from seventy to one hundred and five miles for twelve or fifteen days together without a halt. During Sir John Malcolm's first mission to Persia, he, when riding one day near a small encampment of Afshar families, expressed doubts to his Mehmander, a Persian nobleman, as to the reputed boldness and skill in horsemanship of their females. The Mehmander immediately called to a young woman of handsome appearance and asked her in Turkish, if she was a soldier's daughter. She said she was. "And you expect to be a mother of soldiers?" She smiled. "Mount that horse," said he, pointing to one with a bridle, but without a saddle, "and show this European Elchee the difference between a girl of a tribe and a citizen's daughter." She instantly sprang upon the animal, and setting off at full speed, did not stop till she had reached the summit of a small hill in the vicinity, which was covered with loose stones. When there she waved her hand over her head, and came down the hill at the same rate at which she had ascended it. Nothing could be more dangerous than the ground over which she galloped; but she appeared quite fearless, and seemed delighted at having the opportunity of vindicating the females of her tribe from the reproach of being like the ladies of cities.

The *Shrubat-ur-Reech*, or *Drinkers of the Wind*, reared by the Mongrabins of the West, are shaped like greyhounds and as spare as a bag of bones, but their spirit and endurance of fatigue are prodigious. On one occasion the chief of a tribe was robbed of a favourite fleet animal of this race, and the camp went out in pursuit eight hours after the theft. At night, though the horse was not yet recovered, it was ascertained that the pursuers had headed his track, and would secure him before morning. The messenger who returned with this intelligence had ridden sixty miles in the withering heat of the desert without drawing bit. These animals are stated by Mr. Davidson, to be fed only once in three days, when they receive a large jar of camel's milk; this, with an occasional handful of dates, is their only food.

The fullest and most interesting account of the Arab horse has been written by General Daumas, and its value is greatly enhanced by containing a letter on the subject, written entirely by the celebrated Abd-el-Kadir, and a very remarkable document this is. According to this high authority, a perfectly sound Arab horse can, without difficulty, travel nearly thirty miles daily for three or four months, without resting a single day; and such a horse can accomplish fifty *parasangs*—not less than two hundred miles—in one day. When Abd-el-Kadir was with his tribe at Melonia, they made *razzias* in the Djebel-amour, pushing their horses at a gallop for five or six hours without drawing bridle, and they accomplished their expeditions in from twenty to twenty-five days. During all this time their horses ate only the corn carried by their

riders, amounting to about eight ordinary meals. They often drank nothing for one or two days, and on one occasion were three days without water. The Arabic language is very epigrammatic, and the Arabs assign the reasons for instructing their horses early in these proverbs: "The lessons of infancy are graven in stone; but those of age disappear like the nests of birds." "The young branch without difficulty straightens itself—the large tree, never!" Accordingly, the instruction of the horse begins in the first year. "If," says the Emir, "the horse is not mounted before the third year, at the best he will only be good for the course; but *that* he has no need of learning—it is his natural faculty." The Arabs thus express the idea, "*Le djouad suivant sa race.*" The high bred horse has no need of learning to run! The esteem of the Arab for his horse is conveyed in the following sentiment of the sage and saint, Ben-el-Abbas, which has been handed down from generation to generation, "Love thy horses—take care of them—spare thyself no trouble; by them comes honour, and by them is obtained beauty. If horses are abandoned by others, I take them into my family; I share with them and my children the bread; my wives cover them with their veils, and wrap themselves in their housings; I daily take them to the field of adventure; and, carried away by their impetuous course, I can fight with the most valiant."

General Daumas thus describes a combat between two tribes, drawn from life, for he enjoyed many opportunities for witnessing such scenes:—"The horsemen of the two tribes are in front, the women in the rear, ready to excite the combatants by their cries and applause: they are protected by the infantry who also form the reserve. The battle is commenced by little bands of ten or fifteen horsemen, who hover on the flanks, and seek to turn the enemy. The chiefs, at the head of a compact body, form the centre.

"Presently the scene becomes warm and animated—the young cavaliers, the bravest and best mounted, dash forward to the front, carried away by their ardour and thirst for blood. They uncover their heads, sing their war songs, and excite to the fight by these cries, 'Where are those who have mistresses? It is under their eyes that the warriors fight to-day. Where are those who by their chiefs always boast of their valour? Now let their tongues speak loud, and not in those babblings. Where are those who run after reputation? Forward! forward! children of powder! Behold these sons of Jews—our sabres shall drink their blood—their goods we will give to our wives!' These cries inflame the horsemen—they make their steeds bound, and unsling their guns—every face demands blood—they mingle in the fray, and sabre cuts are everywhere exchanged.

"However, one of the parties has the worst of it, and begins to fall back on the camels which carry the women. Then are heard on both sides the women—on the one animating the conquerors by their cries of joy—on the other, seeking to stimulate the failing courage of their husbands and brothers by their screams of anger and imprecation. Under these reproaches the ardour of the vanquished returns, and they make a vigorous effort. Supported by the fire of the infantry who are in reserve, they recover their ground, and throw back their enemy into the midst of the women, who in their turn curse those whom just before they had applauded. The battle returns to the ground which lies between the females of the tribes. At last the party who have suffered most in men

and horses, who have sustained the greatest loss, and have seen their bravest chiefs fall, take flight in spite of the exhortations and prayers of those bold men who, trying to rally them, fly right and left, and try to recover the victory. Some warriors still hold their ground, but the general route sweeps them off. They are soon by their women—then each, seeing that all is lost, occupies himself in saving that which is dearest ; they gain as much ground as possible in their flight, turning from time to time to face the pursuing enemy. The conquerors might ruin them completely, if the intoxication of their triumph did not build a bridge of gold for the vanquished, but the thirst of pillage disbands them. One despoils a footman—another a horseman : this one seizes a horse—that a negro. Thanks to this disorder, the bravest of the tribe save their wives, and frequently their tents."

Before 1800, no political mission from a European nation had visited the court of Persia for a century; but the English had fame as soldiers from the report of their deeds in India. An officer of one of the frigates which conveyed Sir John Malcolm's mission, who had gone ashore at Abusheher, and was there mounted on a spirited horse, afforded no small entertainment to the Persians by his bad horsemanship. The next day the man who supplied the ship with vegetables, and who spoke a little English, met him on board, and said, "Don't be ashamed, sir, nobody knows you;—bad rider! I tell them you, like all English, ride well, but that time they see you, *you very drunk*." The worthy Persian thought it would have been a reproach for a man of a warlike nation not to ride well, but none for a European to get drunk.

Sir John Malcolm had taken with him to Persia a few couples of English foxhounds, intending them as a present to the heir-apparent, Abbas Mirza. Several excellent runs took place, greatly to the astonishment of the natives. One morning a fox was killed after a very hard chase; and whilst the rest of the party were exulting in their success, adding some two feet to a wall their horses had cleared, and relating wonderful hair-breadth escapes, Sir John was entertained by listening to an Arab peasant, who with animated gestures was narrating to a group of his countrymen all that he had seen of this noble hunt. "There went the fox," said he, pointing with a crooked stick to a clump of date-trees; "there he went at a great rate: I halloed and halloed, but nobody heard me, and I thought he must get away; but when he was quite out of sight, up came a large spotted dog, and then another and another; they all had their noses on the ground, and gave tongue, 'Whow, whow, whow,' so loud that I was frightened;—away went these devils, who soon found the poor animal; after them galloped the Feringees, shouting and trying to make a noise louder than the dogs,—no wonder they killed the fox among them; but it certainly is fine sport!"

Innumerable are the tales illustrative of the love of Arabs for their horses; but another anecdote mentioned by Sir John Malcolm places this in an amusing light. An English surgeon had been setting the broken leg of an Arab, who complained more of the accident which had befallen him, than was thought becoming in one of his tribe: this the surgeon remarked to him, and his answer was truly characteristic,—"Do not think, Doctor, I should have uttered one word of complaint if my own high-bred colt in a playful kick had broken both my legs; but to have a bone broken by a brute of a jackass is too bad, and I *will* complain."

A touching incident is mentioned by Mungo Park as having occurred whilst he, friendless and forlorn, was pursuing his weary journeyings far in the interior of Africa. The simple narrative tells its own tale of accumulated misery:—"July 29th. Early in the morning my landlord observing that I was sickly, hurried me away, sending a servant with me as a guide to Kea. But though I was little able to walk, my horse was still less able to carry me, and about six miles to the east of Modibor, in crossing some rough clayey ground he fell; and the united strength of the guide and myself could not place him again upon his legs. I sat down for some time beside this worn-out associate of my adventures; but, finding him still unable to rise, I took off the saddle and bridle, and placed a quantity of grass before him. I surveyed the poor animal as he lay panting on the ground, with sympathetic emotion, for I could not suppress the sad apprehension that I should myself in a short time lie down and perish in the same manner of fatigue and hunger. With this foreboding I left my poor horse, and with great reluctance I followed my guide on foot along the bank of the river until about noon, when we reached Kea, which I found to be nothing more than a small fishing village."

Torn with doubt and perplexity, heavy of heart and weary in body, the unhappy traveller returned westward to Modiboo, after two days' journeying in company with a negro carrying his horse accoutrements. "Thus conversing," says he, "we travelled in the most friendly manner until, unfortunately, we perceived the footsteps of a lion quite fresh in the mud near the river side. My companion now proceeded with great circumspection, and at last, coming to some thick underwood, he insisted that I should walk before him. I endeavoured to excuse myself by alleging that I did not know the road, but he obstinately persisted; and after a few high words and menacing looks, threw down the saddle and went away. This very much disconcerted me, for as I had given up all hopes of obtaining a horse, I could not think of encumbering myself with a saddle; and taking off the stirrups and girths, I threw the saddle into the river. The Negro no sooner saw me throw the saddle into the water than he came running from among the bushes where he had concealed himself, jumped into the river, and by help of his spear brought out the saddle, and ran away with it. I continued my course along the bank, but as the wood was remarkably thick, and I had reason to believe that a lion was at no great distance, I became much alarmed, and took a long circuit through the bushes to avoid him. About four in the afternoon I reached Modiboo, where I found my saddle; the guide, who had got there before me, being afraid that I should inform the king of his conduct, had brought the saddle with him in a canoe. While I was conversing with the dooty, and remonstrating with the guide for having left me in such a situation, I heard a horse neigh in one of the huts, and the dooty inquired with a smile if I knew who was speaking to me. He explained himself by telling me that my horse was still alive, and somewhat recovered from his fatigue." The happiness with which Park met his lost faithful steed may be conceived, for in him he had one friend left in the world.

Another lamented victim to African travel thus touchingly laments a grievous misfortune which befel him. Returning from an excursion to Kouka, Major Denham writes:—"I was not at all prepared for the news which was to reach me on returning to our enclosure. The horse

that had carried me from Tripoli to Mourzuk and back again, and on which I had ridden the whole journey from Tripoli to Bornou, had died a very few hours after my departure for the lake. There are situations in a man's life in which losses of this nature are felt most keenly, and this was one of them. It was not grief, but it was something very nearly approaching to it; and though I felt ashamed of the degree of derangement which I suffered from it, yet it was several days before I could get over the loss. Let it, however, be remembered, that the poor animal had been my support and comfort—may I not say, companion?—through many a dreary day and night, — had endured both hunger and thirst in my service with the utmost patience, — was so docile, though an Arab, that he would stand still for hours in the desert while I slept between his legs, his body affording me the only shelter that could be obtained from the powerful influence of a noonday sun: he was the fleetest of the fleet, and ever foremost in the race." *

Captain Brown, in his "Biographical Sketches of Horses," gives the following interesting account of a circumstance that occurred at the Cape of Good Hope. In one of the violent storms that often occur there, a vessel was forced on the rocks, and beaten to pieces. The greater part of the crew perished miserably, as no boat could venture to their assistance. Meanwhile a planter came from his farm to see the wreck, and knowing the spirit of his horse, and his excellence as a swimmer, he determined to make a desperate effort for their deliverance, and pushed into the thundering breakers. At first both disappeared, but were soon seen on the surface. Nearing the wreck, he caused two of the poor seamen to cling to his boots, and so brought them safe to shore. Seven times did he repeat this perilous feat, and saved fourteen lives; but, alas! the eighth time, the horse being much fatigued, and meeting with a formidable wave, the gallant fellow lost his balance, and was overwhelmed in a moment. He was seen no more, but the noble horse reached the land in safety."

Lieutenant Wellstead relates an adventure in his travels in Arabia, which illustrates the importance of being well mounted in that wild land: — "On my return from Obri to Suweik, contrary to the wish of the Bedouins, who had received intelligence that the Wahhábis were lurking around, I left the village where we had halted, alone, with my gun, in search of game. Scarcely had I rode three miles from the walls, when suddenly turning an angle of the rocks, I found myself within a few yards of a group of about a dozen horsemen who lay on the ground, basking listlessly in the sun. To turn my horse's head and away was the work scarcely of an instant; but hardly had I done so when the whole party were also in their saddles in full cry after me. Several balls whizzed past my head, which Sayyid acknowledged by bounding forward like an antelope; he was accustomed to these matters, and their desire to possess him unharmed, alone prevented my pursuers from bringing him down. As we approached the little town I looked behind me; a sheikh better mounted than his followers was in advance, his dress and long hair streaming behind him, while he poised his long spear on high, apparently in doubt whether he was sufficiently within range to pierce me. My good stars decided that he was not; for, reining up his horse, he rejoined his party, whilst I gained the walls in safety! The day

Narrative of Travels in Africa, by Major Denham.

before Sayyid came into my hands he had been presented to the Im'am by a Nejd sheikh; reared in domesticity, and accustomed to share the tent of some Arab family, he possessed, in an extraordinary degree, all the gentleness and docility, as well as the fleetness, which distinguish the pure breed of Arabia. To avoid the intense heat and rest their camels, the Bedouins frequently halted during my journey for an hour about mid-day. On these occasions Sayyid would remain perfectly still while I reposed on the sand, screened by the shadow of his body. My noon repast of dates he always looked for and shared. Whenever we halted, after unsaddling him and taking off his bridle with my own hands, he was permitted to roam about the encampment without control. At sunset he came for his corn at the sound of my voice, and during the night, without being fastened, he generally took up his quarters at a few yards from his master. During my coasting voyages along the shore, he always accompanied me, and even in a crazy open boat from Maskat to India. My health having compelled me to return to England overland, I could not in consequence bring Sayyid with me. In parting with this attached and faithful creature, so long the companion of my perils and wanderings, I am not ashamed to acknowledge that I felt an emotion similar to what is experienced in being separated from a tried and valued friend."

Among the North American Indians the Camanchees take the first rank as equestrians; racing, indeed, is with them a constant and almost incessant exercise, and a fruitful source of gambling. Among their feats of riding is one, described by Mr. Catlin, as having astonished him more than anything in the way of horsemanship he had ever beheld; and it is a stratagem of war familiar to every young man in the tribe. At the instant he is passing an enemy, he will drop his body upon the opposite side of the horse, supporting himself with his heel upon the horse's back. In this position, lying horizontally, he will hang whilst his horse is at its fullest speed, carrying with him his shield, bow, and arrows, and lance fourteen feet long, all or either of which he will wield with the utmost facility, rising and throwing his arrows over the horse's back, or under his neck, throwing himself up to his proper position, or changing to the other side of the horse if necessary. The actual way in which this is done is as follows: A short hair halter is passed under the neck of the horse, and both ends tightly braided into the mane, leaving a loop to hang under the neck and against the breast. Into this loop the rider drops his elbow suddenly and fearlessly, leaving his heel to hang over the back of the horse to steady him and enable him to regain the upright position.

The following very singular custom prevails among the tribe of North American Indians, known as the *Foxes*. Of this Mr. Catlin was an eye-witness: "When," says he, "General Street and I arrived at Kee-o-kuk's village, we were just in time to see this amusing scene on the prairie, a little back of his village. The Foxes, who were making up a war-party to go against the Sioux, and had not suitable horses enough by twenty, had sent word to the 'Sacs' the day before, according to ancient custom, that they were coming on that day, at a certain hour, to 'smoke' that number of horses, and they must not fail to have them ready. On that day, and at the hour, the twenty young men who were beggars for horses were on the spot, and seated themselves on the ground in a circle, where they went to smoking. The villagers flocked round them in a

dense crowd, and soon after appeared on the prairie, at half a mile distance, an equal number of young men of the Sac tribe, who had agreed each to give a horse, and who were then galloping them round at full speed; and gradually as they went around in a circuit, coming nearer to the centre, until they were at last close around the ring of young fellows seated on the ground. Whilst dashing about thus each one with a heavy whip in his hand, as he came within reach of the group on the ground, selected the one to whom he decided to present his horse, and as he passed gave him the most tremendous cut with his lash over the naked shoulders: and as he darted around again, he plied the whip as before, and again and again with a violent 'crack,' until the blood could be seen trickling down over his naked shoulders, upon which he instantly dismounted, and placed the bridle and whip in his hands, saying, 'Here, you are a beggar; I present you a horse, but you will carry my mark on your back.' In this manner they were all, in a little while, 'whipped up,' and each had a good horse to ride home and into battle. His necessity was such that he could afford to take the stripes and the scars as the price of the horse, and the giver could afford to make the present for the satisfaction of putting his mark on the other, and of boasting of his liberality."

Mr. Catlin gives an interesting account of his faithful horse "Charley," a noble animal of the Camanchee wild breed, which had formed as strong an attachment for his master, as his master for him. The two halted generally on the bank of some little stream, and the first thing done was to undress Charley, and drive down the picket to which he was fastened, permitting him to graze over a circle limited by his lasso. On a certain evening, when he was grazing as usual, he managed to slip the lasso over his head, and took his supper at his pleasure as he was strolling round. When night approached, Mr. Catlin took the lasso in hand, and endeavoured to catch him, but he continually evaded the lasso until dark, when his master abandoned the pursuit, making up his mind that he should inevitably lose him, and be obliged to perform the rest of the journey on foot. Returning to his bivouac, in no pleasant state of mind, he laid down on his bear-skin and went to sleep. In the middle of the night he awoke whilst lying on his back, and, half opening his eyes, was petrified at beholding, as he thought, the huge figure of an Indian standing over him, and in the very act of stooping to take his scalp! The chill of horror that paralysed him for the first moment, held him still till he saw there was no need of moving; that his faithful horse had played shy till he had filled his belly, and had then moved up from feelings of pure affection, and taken his position with his fore feet at the edge of his master's bed, and his head hanging over him, in which attitude he stood fast asleep.

When sunrise came the traveller awoke and beheld his faithful servant at a considerable distance, picking up his breakfast among the cane-brake at the edge of the creek. Mr. Catlin went busily to work to prepare his own, and having eaten it, had another half-hour of fruitless endeavours to catch Charley, who, in the most tantalising manner, would turn round and round, just out of his master's reach. Mr. Catlin, recollecting the evidence of his attachment and dependence, afforded by the previous night, determined on another course of proceeding, so packed up his traps, slung the saddle on his back, trailed his gun, and started unconcernedly on his route. After advancing about a quarter of a mile,

he looked back and saw Master Charley standing with his head and tail very high, looking alternately at him and at the spot where he had been encamped, and had left a little fire burning. Thus he stood for some time, but at length walked with a hurried step to the spot, and seeing everything gone, began to neigh very violently, and, at last, started off at fullest speed and overtook his master, passing within a few paces of him, and wheeling about at a few rods distance, trembling like an aspen leaf. Mr. Catlin called him by his familiar name, and walked up with the bridle on his hand, which was put over Charley's head, as he held it down for it, and the saddle was placed on his back as he actually stooped to receive it; when all was arranged, and his master on his back, off started the faithful animal as happy and contented as possible.

Many of the American prairies swarm not only with buffaloes but with numerous bands of wild horses, proud and playful animals, rejoicing in all the exuberance of freedom, and sweeping the earth with their flowing manes and tails. The usual mode of taking wild horses by the North American Indians is by means of the lasso. When starting for the capture of a wild horse, the Indian mounts the fleetest steed he can get, and coiling the lasso under his arm, starts off at full speed till he can enter the band, when he soon throws the lasso over the neck of one of the number. He then instantly dismounts, leaving his own horse, and runs as fast as he can, letting the lasso pass out gradually and carefully through his hands, until the horse falls half suffocated, and lies helpless on the ground. The Indian now advances slowly towards the horse's head, keeping the lasso tight upon his neck until he has fastened a pair of hobbles upon his fore feet; he now loosens the lasso, and adroitly casts it in a noose round the lower jaw, the animal, meanwhile, rearing and plunging. Advancing warily hand over hand, the man at length places his hand over the animal's eyes, and on its nose, and then breathes into its nostrils, on which the horse becomes so docile and thoroughly conquered, that his captor has little else to do but to remove the hobbles from his feet, and ride or lead it into camp.

A remarkable instance of the confidence of a horse in a firm rider, and his own courage, was conspicuously evinced in the case of an Arab, mentioned by Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton Smith. General Sir Robert Gillespie happened, when mounted on this animal, to be present on the race-course of Calcutta, during one of the great Hindoo festivals, when several hundred thousand people had assembled. On a sudden an alarm was given that a tiger had escaped from his keepers. Sir Robert immediately snatched a boar spear, and rode to attack this formidable enemy. The tiger was probably confounded by the crowd, but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched to spring at him. At that very instant, the gallant soldier, on his gallant steed, leaped right over him—Sir Robert striking the spear through the animal's spine! This was a small grey; but he possessed another horse who has become almost historical. This was a favourite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Hope, and carried with him to India. When the noble soldier fell at the storming of Kalunga, this charger was put up for sale, and after great competition was knocked down to the privates of the 8th Dragoons, who actually contributed their prize-money, to the amount of *500l.*, to retain this memorial of their beloved commander. This beautiful charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march, and at the station at

Cawnpore, took his ancient post at the colour-stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drill, and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought by a gentleman, who provided funds and a paddock for him, where he might pass the remainder of his days in comfort; but when the corps had departed, and the sound of the trumpet was heard no more, the gallant steed pined, refused his food, and on the first opportunity, being led out for exercise, he broke from his groom, galloped to his ancient station on parade, neighed loudly again and again, and there, on the spot where he had so often proudly borne his beloved master, he dropped down and died!

Before the battle of Corunna, it being found impossible to embark the horses of the cavalry in the face of the enemy, they were ordered to be shot, to prevent their being distributed among the French cavalry. The poor animals, the faithful companions of the troopers in many a weary march and hard-fought skirmish, stood trembling as they saw their companions fall one after the other, and by their piteous looks seemed to implore mercy, till the duty imposed upon the dragoons entrusted with the execution of the order became unbearable, and the men turned away from their task with scalding tears; hence the French obtained a considerable number unhurt, and among them several belonging to officers, who, rather than destroy their faithful chargers, had left them with billets attached, recommending them to the kindness of the enemy.

We will conclude with an anecdote related of a son of a late church dignitary, whose taste lay more in the sports of the field and the "Stud Book," than in Cudworth's "Intellectual System of the Universe," or such light reading. He was on an important occasion to meet the Bishop of L—— at dinner, and as it was desirable that a favourable impression should be made upon his lordship, his father begged he would be agreeable to the bishop, and do his best to draw him out, as he was strong in Biblical lore. Matters went on pleasantly enough during the early part of the banquet, our friend saying little, but watching his opportunity for a charge. At length a pause took place, and he thus addressed the bishop, the company listening:—"Might I venture to ask your lordship a question relative to a point mentioned in the Old Testament, which has puzzled me a good deal?" "Oh, certainly—most happy!" said the dignitary, feeling quite in his element. "Then I should be glad to have your lordship's opinion as to how long it took Nebuchadnezzar *to get into condition after he had been out to grass?*"

The bishop was *not* in his element.

---

# SOCIETY IN INDIA.

We are too much inclined, in these Western latitudes, to regard India simply as a great camp. The very name has recently suggested to us little but gigantic visions of tented fields and armed legions, with all the glittering and gorgeous panoply, the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." The romantic campaigns in Afghanistan and the Punjab have familiarised us with the manner in which our expatriated countrymen fight and die for the benefit of their country; but how they live for their own benefit—how they eat, and drink, and sleep, and dance, and make merry, and kill time, and defy the climate, are things which few of us, unless personally interested in the matter, care very diligently to enquire. And still less do we concern ourselves about the manner in which the internal administration is carried on in that immense country, which Providence, for its own wise ends, has committed to the governance of the East India Company.

It is not our intention to say much here, save perhaps in the way of incidental allusion, upon the latter comprehensive subject. We have a few words, however, to say about Society in India. Even our military heroes are not always in a state of war. True, they have had a great deal of hard work on the battle-field within the last few years, and have found themselves in very strange places—places where the *bienséances* of society are not very well understood, and polite conventionalities are at a discount. The dungeons of Bokhara, the defiles of Afghanistan, and the "fabulous" rivers of the Punjab see little of the amenities of Belgravia and Mayfair. But at his presidency, at his hill sanatorium, or even at one of his large cantonments, the Indian officer is not altogether a barbarous chief; he eats and drinks like a Christian; he delights in silver plate, in porcelain, and cut glass; he sports patent leather boots of undeniable cut and polish; and he talks small-talk to the ladies as euphoniously as though he had "never set a squadron in the field, or the division of a battle known, more than a spinster."

And then there are the civilians, generally, not always, men of peace (witness the fate of Macnaghten in Afghanistan, and Vans Agnew in the Punjab, as narrated in the works of Kaye and Edwardes) oscillating between the black-coat and the white-jacket—the eligibles of Indian society; and, for the most part, men who, if not tied and bound by fetters of indolence, might shine at any dinner-table, or in any ballroom in the world.

These are the great "services" of the East India Company; but over and above these are lawyers and merchants—to be found only, in any considerable number, at the Presidencies—and a few miscellanies in the shape of clergymen, missionaries, newspaper-editors, civil engineers, and superintendents of public schools. The medical fraternity, —no unimportant class in a country, where, in spite of all modern appliances and improved modes of living, cholera does its quick, and fever its slow work; and livers run to suppuration with frightful rapidity—belong to the great "services," and are, for the most part, "followers of the camp."

Now, although the daily goings on of all these people under the

"copper skies" of India may not be to us matters of such grave political importance as a Caubul massacre or a Sikh invasion, we cannot help thinking, nevertheless, that they are things worth writing about. Nay, at this present time, when the whole question of Indian government is about speedily to come before the country; and not only are both Houses of Parliament, but the intelligence of the people of England is about to sit in judicial inquest upon the conduct of the Company's services in India, the moral and intellectual aspects of Anglo-Indian Society are, in themselves, things of grave concernment to us all. If Anglo-Indian Society be mainly constituted of corrupt elements, if its principal components be men selfish, sensuous, and silly—men of feeble intellect and strong passions, as unwilling to cultivate the one as to curb the other, what hope is there for the internal administration of India? If its revenue collectors are rogues, and its judges are fools; alas! for the happiness of the country and the prosperity of the people. Happily for India and for the character of the British nation, "times are changed and we are changed with them" since those days, when Lord Clive undertook to sweep out the Augæan stable of Indian incompetence and corruption. It is true that every now and then we are startled by strange announcements and revelations, which plunge us deep in meditations not always of the most pleasing and consolatary character. We are told that this or that Indian functionary has turned his official opportuuities to private uses, and has amassed money (we will not say grown rich, for wealth of this kind seldom fructifies) by trading upon capital not his own, or bartering the patronage of the state; or suddenly, a Napier comes upon us with the astounding declaration that the officers of the Indian army are, for the most part, men of doubtful probity, indolent spendthrifts, unscrupulous gamblers, and altogether men not to be trusted. But when all these grave charges come to be investigated, it is found that they are only so far based upon truth, that, amidst very extensive flocks, some black sheep are to be found. It is a pity that they are not all white. But where in the East, or in the West, is official integrity to be found unbroken, official purity unsullied, by some instances of public immorality? The truth, we believe, is that, if in proportion to the extent of English society, instances of official immorality, civil or military, appear to be more frequent in our Indian dependencies than in England, it is mainly because greater prominence is given to them by the strictures of the Press. Many things form frequent topics of newspaper commentary in India, which in England are passed over almost unnoticed. If an ensign goes through the insolvent court, or a lieutenant is connected (perhaps unwittingly) with a fraudulent bill transaction, such matters, as soon as they come before the legitimate tribunal, are sure to afford subjects of animadversion to the Indian press. The Indian journals have no parliamentary debates, or great public meetings, or cabinet changes, to comment upon; and are driven, therefore, to find subjects for leading articles among the social incidents, which two very extensive "services," from time to time, necessarily evolve.

On the whole we are inclined to think, that the average social and official morality of Anglo-Indian residents in India, is not below the common standard of British morality in other parts of the world. If the officers of the Indian army get more rapidly into debt, and more slowly out of it, it is mainly because they have less private property to spend, and fewer wealthy friends to extricate them. Officers on home

service, get frightfully into debt, and many a degrading exposure is prevented, by the timely intervention of a monied relative. Nay, young officers are not the only members of adolescent society in England, prone to that kind of activity which is called "outrunning the constable." Constables are outrun in the vicinity of grave colleges and solemn halls, no less adroitly than in the more vivacious neighbourhood of the barrack-square. The only difference is, that in India the "outrunning," for want of the interposition of some friend in need, who will bring the runner to a stop, and effect a timely compromise between the tip-staff and the fugitive, often lasts throughout his whole career. There are, perhaps, even greater temptations to excess in India, than in England, and young men, being separated more widely from their friends, have not the same advantage, either of timely counsel or assistance. But, on the whole, it may be doubted whether they get into more scrapes than their brethren at home, though they have not certainly the same facility of getting out of them.

Faithful pictures of Anglo-Indian society are not so common as to be otherwise than welcome. Many thereof have been attempted; but the likenesses have scarcely been recognised by those most capable of deciding on their fidelity. There has been a vast deal too much of exaggeration and miscomprehension. Written sometimes by men who have seen, hastily and scantily, only the surface of Anglo-Indian society, they have betrayed an especial amount of ignorance and presumption, in the manner in which, from individual instances, and those often of rare occurrence, general conclusions have been drawn, and the exception been mistaken for the rule. The mistake of the midshipman, who set down in his journal that the inhabitants of Madeira all wear black garments, because he happened to visit a family who were in mourning, is scarcely more ludicrous than many which have been committed by writers on Anglo-Indian Society, in connexion with such subjects as the beer-drinking, curry-eating habits of our brethren, and other things of graver importance. It is a comfort, therefore, to find anything resembling a "true and lively portraiture," of our expatriated fellow-countrymen, as in the handsome volume now before us,* written by a gentleman who spent some years at Bombay, and has described, in a pleasant graphic manner, "life" at that presidency.

The social differences between life in Bombay, and life in Calcutta, or Madras, are not so wide as to call for any cautionary specification. In Calcutta, it is true, society being more extensive and many-sided, is split into a greater number of sets, but there is a generic resemblance between them all, and the distinctions are those, rather of tone and feeling than of social habit. The present writer, indeed, hints at the possibility of his pictures of Bombay Life not being altogether true transcripts of society at the other presidencies. Speaking for example of the conversational tone of Bombay, he says:—

"Although we do not pretend to say that the general tone of conversational society in India, could stand any competition with the 'full flow of talk,' which the literary circles of London exhibit, yet we have no hesitation in unscrupulously stating that it is incomparably superior to what is usually met with in the provincial coteries of England. This assertion is referable to the before-mentioned fact, that every

* "Life in Bombay and the Neighbouring Outstations." 8vo. 1852.

one is, in a measure, an educated man before he sets his foot upon the shores of Bombay. We do not answer for the other presidencies; we know nothing of them, and it is highly probable that Calcutta alone may offer a wider field for the incursion of penniless speculators who, in the engrossing pursuit of riches, have neither time nor inclination to remedy the deficiencies caused by early neglect; and when at length the acquisition of wealth may entitle them to enter the precincts of society, their uncultivated minds can shed no lustre upon the scenes which they frequent, but they do not adorn. We are merely supposing the possibility of the case, as deducible from the actual insignificance of Bombay, when compared with Calcutta, and the consequent slighter inducement which it offers as a settling point to the needy and ignorant adventurer."

The conjecture, however, though a not unreasonable one, is hardly borne out by the fact. These adventurers do not exist in Calcutta, to such an extent as to have any effect upon the general tone of society. The character of the conversation current among the upper classes of the superior presidency, assuredly is not inferior to that which may be heard at the minor settlements; and we entirely agree with the present writer in his estimate of its quality, as compared with ordinary conversation at home. Take it for all in all, the average intelligence of Anglo-Indian Society, is equal to that of any in the world. To the establishment of steam-communication with the mother country, our Anglo-Indian residents owe it, that they are little more than a month behind their brethren at home, in their acquaintance with European politics and literature; and from the very regular and continuous mode of receiving their intelligence by fortnightly instalments, they are probably more accurately informed on all its leading points, than those who skim their newspapers every day. We have more than once heard returned Indians express their surprise at finding themselves so little behind their stay-at-home brothers and sisters, in their knowledge of the current literature of the day. Nay, indeed, they sometimes find themselves abolutely in advance of those who have been sitting drowsily by their own firesides, whilst the Indian exile has been enjoying the new volumes of history and biography, brought to himself or to his book-club, by the Overland Mail. It is as much an object of eager inquiry in Calcutta as in London, "when Macaulay's next volumes are to appear;" and there is more of a literary tone generally, in ordinary social conversation than is to be found anywhere in England out of acknowledged literary circles. We are glad that the present writer has commented upon this. His remarks will go some way to remove a very erroneous impression that is abroad, relating to the general intelligence of the English in the East.

Of the amenities of social life in Bombay, the writer gives us a less certain account. His general descriptions are sufficiently favourable; but his illustrative anecdotes are sometimes of a rather antagonistic character. The morning visits, the evening drives, the dinner-parties, the Government House balls, the picnics to Elephanta, the periodical migrations to the refreshing regions of Mahabuleshwar, which make up the sum of social life in Bombay, are here described in an easy and vivacious manner, and, with the exception of a few apocryphal anecdotes, with every appearance of truth. Since the appearance of Maria Graham's well-known letters, we do not remember any pleasanter

account of the Bombay presidency, than is to be found in these pages, where sketches of European society alternate gratefully with vivid pictures of Indian scenery, and occasional slight chapters of illustrative Indian history. There is no excuse for the reader, if, when he has perused this handsome volume, he does not know what is really "Life in Bombay."

Of course, in such a work, we have some glimpses of the vice-regal court of Bombay. We do not see the necessity of initialising the name of the present governor, which is known to all the world; least of all in recording an example, so worthy of imitation, as that set forth in the following passage:

"Within the last year or two, another and far more agreeable mode of visiting has been established at Government House, to supersede the fatiguing and often injurious custom of paying morning calls during the heat of the day; and we only hope that the delicate consideration evinced by the present noble 'Vice-Queen' of Bombay, may be successfully imitated by her successors. Notices are issued, that on a specified evening Lady F—— will hold a 'reception' between the hours of ten and twelve; and every one wishing to pay their respects, has the power of doing so, without detriment to dinner engagements at home or abroad; and, as the visiting-cards are presented, and names duly entered in the aide-de-camp's book, all purposes are answered, and a very pleasant evening ensues in promenading the well-lighted rooms, listening to the band, and, in short, enjoying the easy *abandon* of a *conversazione*."

If this rule were more extensively followed, it would be better both for the health and comfort of residents in India. It is, in fact, little more than a return to the old state of things, which existed at all the Indian Presidencies in the times of Hastings and Cornwallis. The sultry morning visits (in India, really morning visits, for they are paid before *tiffin*) of the present day, were represented by the cool evening calls, when the more welcome visitors were invited to put down their hats and "stay to supper."

Government House is naturally suggestive of *aides-de-camp*, on whose *savoir faire* so much of the social success of the vice-regal reign necessarily depends. We have here a pleasant anecdote of the kindly and chivalrous generosity of a young aide-de-camp, which is worthy of quotation;—"A pleasing instance once came under our immediate notice at a ball given on the occasion of some public rejoicing, when, consequently, admission was afforded to many, who would not otherwise be entitled to an *entrée* at Government House. Among this class a rather extraordinary-looking woman made her appearance, whose apparent age and unwieldly figure, would certainly never induce a suspicion that they could belong to a votary of Terpsichore; and the good lady remained sitting as the band struck up the first quadrille. Every couple had taken their place, when one of the aides-de-camp standing near us was suddenly accosted by a brother aide-de-camp, with—

"'D——, my dear fellow, what the d—l is to be done? That fat old woman says she wants to dance, and there's not a man in the room I would venture to ask to show off with her.'

"'I will dance with her myself,' was the immediate reply; and in less than two minutes the dashing-looking young officer had made his bow, presented his arm, and led his bulky, but elated partner, within

the circle of the dance; paying her throughout such respectful attention, as effectually to keep within due bounds the merriment of his tittering *vis-à-vis.* Absurd as this incident may appear, it *yet* marks the innate refinement of the real gentleman; and it gave us as much pleasure then to witness, as it now gives us to record." And it gives us pleasure, too, to peruse such an incident.

Charles Lamb has somewhere observed, that he could have no faith in the gallantry of the male sex, until he could see a young Templar handing his laundress across a puddle in the public streets. We think the gallantry of this young aide-de-camp would satisfy even the chivalrous desires of the exacting *Elia.* We are quite sure that the hero of the story would not hesitate to lead a forlorn hope and fling himself into a hotly-defended breach.

We wish that all the anecdotes in the book were equally honourable to humanity. There are many more *piquant* stories, but none which we like so much. That at pp. 109—112 is very amusing and very well told; but it reminds us a little too forcibly of a somewhat similar scene in *Gilbert Gurney.*

We have before observed, that the author's stories—which are for the most part very amusing—do not go far to substantiate the favourable impression of Bombay society, which his general descriptions make upon the reader's mind. We cannot, for example, think very favourably of the gentleman, who (p. 217) openly ridiculed his host for handing round iced-water (a delicious beverage in hot weather) at bed-time; or those who snored audibly, whilst an officer of rank was making a complimentary after-dinner speech (p. 229): and the following, which comes *à propos* of the Bombay rains, appears to us still worse. It seems that the heavy downfalls in Western India are such, that a gentleman, with invitations out for a dinner-party, can safely calculate, if the rain comes down opportunely, on the non-arrival of any of his guests. "Upon one occasion," says the author of "Life in Bombay," "we remember arriving, under similar circumstances, at a friend's house, and detecting speedily, by the uncomfortable looks of the host and hostess, that something was wrong. The rooms did not appear to be as brilliantly lighted as usual; and it struck us that the lady's dress —though we do not pretend to be a *connoisseur* in such matters—was of a more simple description than is customary at a dinner-party, for which a week's invitation had been issued. There was, apparently, much confusion going on in the adjoining room; sounds like shifting of furniture and rattling of crockery were distinctly heard; and when, after a long solemn sitting, dinner was at length announced, we discovered with dismay, that beyond our own party, no other guests seemed likely to make their appearance, whilst the host's temper was too visibly discomposed to enable him long to conceal the fact, that calculating with certainty on the state of the weather being such as not even a dog would unnecessarily face, he had given orders two hours previously for the arrangement of a dinner *en famille,* with the snug anticipation of a quiet evening, and the enjoyment of a new *Quarterly.* This was pleasant! but determined to make the best of a bad business, we set to work indefatigably to render ourselves as agreeable as possible; praised every dish upon table; pronounced the wines superb, and patted the heads of a couple of odious, ill-managed children, protesting they were the living images of their papa; and even smiled with a kind of ghastly

hilarity, when one of the imps inserted his dirty fingers into our soup plate, declaring he was 'playful as a kitten.' But it was all in vain; the host still looked surly and the hostess frightened, so there was nothing for it but to decamp the moment dinner was over, breathing a solemn vow never again to venture forth on a wet night to fulfil an engagement, unless, indeed, we were pretty well acquainted with the tempers of our entertainers."

This does not leave a very favourable impression of the amenities of Bombay society upon the reader's mind. It is altogether a *bêtise*. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the deluges of Western India to measure the extent of physical impossibility, in respect of transit from one part of Bombay to another, involved in one of these downfalls,—but the more terrific the impediment, the greater the honour that should have been lavished upon the guest who overcame it and kept his engagement. Unless dinner invitations are issued, as military parade-orders sometimes are, with the condition of "weather permitting" attached to them, he must be a bold man who could speculate upon the certainty of the absence of all his guests on a rainy evening, and an extremely ill-bred one who would act discourteously towards a guest who, more conscientious than his neighbours, keeps his engagement, in spite of all temptations to break it.

The journey from London to Bombay now occupies somewhat less than a month. A man may eat his dinner in London on the 8th of March, and breakfast in Bombay on the 8th of April. A trip to Bombay and back, indeed, is little more than a "vacation ramble;" and, if it were not for the cost of the experiment, we doubt not that many would be induced to undertake it in preference to the ordinary excursions to the Arno and the Rhine. European travellers in India are now-a-days *raræ aves*, being, for the most part, foreign princes in disguise, or young lords in search of an excitement; but the day is, perhaps, not very far distant, when men, who now know the Indian Presidencies only by name, will judge for themselves what life is in Bombay. And the more rapid the communication, the more easy the intercourse between the two countries, the less apparent will be the line of separation between the social habits of our countrymen in India and in Great Britain. When the voyage to India occupied five or six months, and when a large number of those who sailed from the white coasts of Old England, never made the homeward voyage, our expatriated countrymen became morally, as well as locally, isolated from their brethren at home, and fell into habits and customs at variance with our European notions of propriety. But frequent and speedy communication now keeps the *home-feeling* constantly alive within them. Few, if any, think of ending their days in the East, without revisiting their paternal homes; they take their furloughs; brush up their ideas of European society, habituate themselves to the tone of European morality, and in no respect, save, perhaps, in their more enlarged and liberal views of kindness and hospitality, differ greatly from their compeers, who have never wandered farther than Brussels or Paris, if, indeed, they have ever crossed the Channel. The race of nabobs is extinct. The returned Indian is now very soon absorbed into the general mass of humanity. He loses the exclusive stamp in a year or two, and save at the Oriental Club, or in one of those country-towns or watering-places, where Anglo-Indians are wont to congregate, do not

live in reminiscences of the past, and wear their Orientalism on their coat-sleeves. A gentleman, who had spent some years in India attached to one of the great services, and who was at home merely on a brief furlough, once said to us, "For my part, I try to keep every one ignorant that I have ever been in India at all." This was in every respect a mistake. All *shams* are essentially low and vulgar—whether a man pretend to be what he is not, or not to be what he is. But beyond this it was a mistake to suppose that the fact of his having spent some years in one of the most interesting countries in the world, would detract anything from his other claims to the social regard of his countrymen in general. If, over and above the ordinary European information of any intelligent English gentleman, he possessed an accurate and extensive knowledge of the country and the people, and the languages of a large portion of the Asiatic world, he would (provided, always, that it was not of an obtrusive character) in reality have presented increased claims to the consideration of English society, and these claims would have been allowed. But there was evidently floating in his mind a traditionary idea of the vulgar and ignorant obtrusiveness of the purse-proud Anglo-Indian in the days of Foote and Mackenzie, and he was afraid of some of the odour of this now exploded conventionalism attaching to him in the *salons* of Europe. Anglo-Indians are no longer purse-proud, for few, in these days, have purses whereof to be proud: the humanising influences of female society, from which, save that of the Zenana, they were formerly debarred, have refined their manners, and purified their hearts; and rapid communication with the mother country has brought the literature and science of Europe almost to their very doors. They are no longer, therefore, a *tabooed* class, either on the score of arrogance, immorality, or ignorance. The prejudice against them is wearing out. The same liberal and correct estimate of the Company's services, evinced by the British Government in their selection of such men as Metcalfe, Anderson, Bonham, &c., for official employment in Crown colonies, where Her Majesty's servants have been tried and found wanting, throws open the doors of society readily to men, who have no other stigma attaching to them, than that of having borne the burden and heat of the day in a country where these things are something more than metaphor.

It would be unjust to omit all mention of the fact that the volume, which has suggested these remarks on Anglo-Indian Society, forms a very handsome drawing-room table book cleverly illustrated with sketches, in tinted lithography, of the scenery of Bombay and the surrounding country.

---

# MY THREE *FIANCÉES*:

## A TALE OF DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

I DO believe that Dame Nature often makes strange errors with the nativities of us mortals. Or why was I not born a gipsy? What could she mean by making me the son of a lawyer? I of the unquiet blood and the roving intellect—I of the wild and adventurous spirit—I who never could live six weeks in the same house without regarding it as my prison, or six months in the same country without feeling like a galley-slave chained to a rock—I who was bored to death by the very name of etiquette, propriety or formality, who hated with intensity everything conventional, social, or domestic. *I* to be born the son of a man who was the incarnation, the living type, the walking impersonification of all that was proper, formal, domestic, and social, concentrated into a stout gentleman, with a corporation and a bald-head, a pair of gold spectacles, and a silver snuff-box! Really it seems too absurd to credit, and may be veritably termed what the newspapers love to chronicle—"a singular freak of Nature."

Yet so it was. My venerated father was, indeed, a barrister-at-law; a respectable, learned, and hard-working "junior," of forty years' standing, whose knowledge of legal technicalities was more extensive than his powers of eloquence, who shone in drafts and opinions far more than in addresses to juries, and was better understood by one old *nisi prius* judge than by a dozen enlightened jurymen: in consequence of which intellectual peculiarities my worthy parent never became a "leader," but was content to draw good pleadings rather than make bad speeches. He had married, when he was about five-and-forty, a spinster of two-and-thirty. My mother was of an excellent family—at least so she informed the world, which did n't believe her, because all it knew on the subject was, that her father died of a partiality to strong waters, after having been some years previously ousted from his situation of tide-waiter for constant intoxication.

My mother, however, was exceedingly sensitive in reference to her pedigree, as most people are who have very indistinct notions as to whether they really ever had a grandfather. My father, on the contrary, who had no weakness on this subject, was perfectly well aware that *his* grandfather was a Newgate salesman, with a good business, whose son had turned gentleman, spent the paternal savings, married a penniless girl, and brought up his own child to the bar to fag out life and soul for a livelihood, instead of letting him quietly walk into a ready-made profitable business in the beef and mutton line. Deeply did my father lament his fate; though probably if the bench of the Outer Temple had been aware of the fact, they would never have called to the exclusivism of the bar so low-minded an individual.

My mother had a real knight among her ancestors! He had been a mayor of some sea-port town, and had presented some wonderful and original address of congratulation to his Majesty the third George, on the recovery of his Majesty's intellect, for which civility his Majesty graciously gave him permission to write "Sir" before his name—rather a severe addition to his labours, seeing that he had considerable difficulty

in writing his name at all—that very essential ingredient of education having been somehow strangely neglected in his case. The knight married his cook, as knights and mayors are very apt to do, and had a large family, to each of whom he left his blessing! having expended all his more solid possessions in the maintenance of his "dignity" during his lifetime. But (forgive us, Burns!)

"A knight's a knight for a' that,"

and Sir Robert Button was ever affectionately remembered and venerated by *one* of his descendants. Indeed, so proud was my lady mamma of dragging in the name of her titled progenitor, that my father was at last driven to the painful necessity of making allusions (by way of counter-irritation) to *his* grandfather, the Newgate salesman aforesaid, whenever his wife got upon her favourite theme. Thereupon she ceased instantly, humbled and horrified. Fancy the blood of all the Buttons corrupted by the contact of the offspring of a blue-smocked vendor of beef and mutton "at per carcass, sinking the offal!"

"Never mind who your grandfather was, my boy: try and be an honest man, and make your own fortune, and your own name if you can."—Papa *loquitur.*

"Whatever you do, Algernon, never forget your birth. You are not one of the common people, and if you love me and value my peace of mind, never associate with any but persons of birth and distinction." —Mamma *loquitur.*

We often talk of the doubts and difficulties men experience in attempting to solve many of the social problems hourly presented to their minds; but who ever sufficiently takes into consideration the terrible warping the youthful mind experiences from its parents, and the irrecoverable bias then given to it? In my own case, as my parents thought differently on almost every subject—nay, as they were most diametrically opposed in opinion and sentiment on every point, important or trivial, I was, perhaps, kept like Mahomet's coffin, balanced evenly between heaven and earth. Such a probation ought to have made me a decided original, or the most complete of sceptics; but, having a constitutional dislike to thinking at all, and being disposed to take everything as I found it, my good parents' opinions, dissensions, and mutual warnings and advice to myself, were utterly wasted.

Perhaps I had a little leaning to my mother's notions of the importance and rights of good birth. I could not endure the notion that "Greasy Bob," the butcher-boy, was my equal—though I was but one remove from being born a butcher-boy myself. The idea of "Doughy Bill," the putty-faced baker's man, being as good as myself, was decidedly revolting; and if anybody had insinuated that I was no better than "Lanky Tom," the greengrocer's lad, I should have knocked down the insolent individual on the spot. But my aristocratic feelings on this point were of the passive and unobtrusive character; so that, although I was fully convinced of my own personal superiority to the three youths above mentioned, yet Greasy Bob, Doughy Bill, and Lanky Tom, were frequently my playmates and confederates, in byways where the keen glance of my anxious mother penetrated not. These associations gave me a decidedly cosmopolitan turn of mind, and led to not a few of the events of my after life.

After all, love *is* the great passion. It is true that it sometimes fails to lay hold of a man at all, in the same way that men occasionally get

through life without the measles or the hooping-cough; but, as a general rule, it is a universal passion, and, undoubtedly, when it *does* seize a man, it swallows up, for a time (longer or shorter, according to his temperament) most of his other passions and pursuits.

I don't envy the man who has never felt its influence, though heaven knows it has played the deuce with myself. He cannot have a true knowledge of human nature, or even of his own character, who has never been head over heels in love—rashly, ridiculously, unreasonably, and romantically, in love.

I don't mean to assert, however, that one's knowledge of human nature is in proportion to the attacks one has suffered of *la belle passion*, or my own knowledge would far surpass that of Shakspeare himself; for between the ages of fifteen and thirty, I have been some twenty times the victim of Cupid; not of a mere momentary fancy, but of a passion deep, strong, and—I was going to say *lasting*, but I am afraid the reader will think an average of six or eight months for the duration of each *affaire de cœur* no great proof of my constancy. I will not discuss the point, though, on my honour, the fickleness has not been on *my* part; but I will give him three specimens of my romantic attachments, and the terminations to which they were brought by fate.

At twenty, I found myself in the empire of Brazil. How or why I had gone there is of no consequence to the reader; but I told him, in the outset that I am a rover by nature, and though I have been in the four quarters of the globe, I am very far from satisfied with the extent of my wanderings, since I have neither been to the North Pole nor the Sandwich Islands. In case the reader is not much versed in the history of South America, I will just remind him that Brazil is an independent empire, originally belonging to, and colonized by, Portugal. Now, I believe it has been said that a Portuguese is a Spaniard without his honour—and, in my opinion, a Brazilian is a Portuguese without any of the few virtues of the latter.

Let the advocates of the natural equality of men and of races of men say what they like, I am convinced that there are "bad breeds" among us human beings as much as among any of the lower animals. The worst breed in the world is the cross with dark blood—especially if the white ingredient be a Portuguese. I am, of course, speaking of the moral effect, and not the physical; for, in the latter respect there is a decided improvement, and the Mulattoes of Brazil are far handsomer than their Portuguese progenitors.

Could all Portugal have matched *you*, fair Maria da Lagos? Could all Europe have shown so soft, so brilliant, so entrancing a pair of liquid, jet-black eyes? Was ever such another graceful, queen-like form seen on earth?—such arms—such shoulders—such feet—such a waist—and such long flowing raven's-wing tresses? I would have sworn "No," when first I saw you in that verandahed window of that exquisite little *château*, in the outskirts of Bahia; and, though time and change have since cooled my raptures, I still confess that I have never seen your equal in mere beauty, despite the tinge of dark blood so visible in your polished skin, and, above all, beneath the delicately-formed finger-nails of your tiny hands.

I have no very accurate idea of how I first became intimate with Maria. Truth to say, I was not long in getting on the best of terms with a pretty woman in those days. My friend, Wilkinson, who had lived in Bahia half his life, first introduced me, when he took me to

show me the gardens of the little *château* where she lived. I tried hard to "draw him out" on the subject of her birth, parentage, and present position; but not one word of information could I extract from him— so I was obliged to be content with what I could learn from the lips of the lovely Maria herself. This was decidedly a scanty history, for the fascinating little angel always shuddered at the mention of her early days, and wept when she referred to her parents, though she said they were still alive.

Maria lived like a young princess. Twenty or thirty slaves composed her household. Her dwelling was replete with every tropical luxury—her dress was always in the best taste, and of the most expensive character. It certainly puzzled me a little to see her so left alone; but then she said she was under the *surveillance* of an old uncle, who watched her with the pertinacity of an Argus. I was warned never to come in contact with this old gentleman, or Maria would certainly be locked up from my sight for ever. I had also to bribe a certain confidential old female slave,with a mouth like a hippopotamus, and two rings, as large as curtain rings, in her ears, to keep silence, and favour our stolen interviews. The old wretch grinned so diabolically whenever she clutched my money that had I been of nervous temperament I might have thought her an ogress about to devour me.

They were pleasant moments —those of the sweet evenings of a Brazilian summer, when Maria and I wandered forth together in the garden, and sometimes through the adjacent lanes. The gentle evening breeze just rattling the hedges of tall bamboos, and the fire-flies glancing about like floating stars. And pleasant were our thoughts—at least *mine* were—despite the visions of the grim uncle. And sweet was the converse we held, though heaven only knows what we talked about; and rapturous were the k—— stay! I really don't think I need tell all these details: for my reader, if a man, doubtless knows what a moonlight walk with the lady of his love is, and how feebly words can describe its delights; and, if a lady, her imagination will supply any deficiencies of her experience.

"And you would really wed a poor Creole, Frank?" asked Maria one night as she sat on the turf at the foot of a cocoa-nut tree. My answer was not in *words;* but a sufficiently expressive one nevertheless.

"You know that I am poor—that I shall have nothing of my own when I wed against the consent of my uncle, and nothing on earth would *make* him consent to my marriage with an Englishman."

"Ah, that's because we spoil his slave trade, the old villain. I wish I had him by the throat at this very moment."

"Frank—Frank—do you forget that he is my uncle?"

"No, indeed, I wish I could forget it; but why not introduce me, Maria, and let me explain ——"

"Allow me to introduce *myself*, sir," said a man's voice, interrupting me; and looking up I beheld a tall military-looking old gentleman with a yellow skin and a white moustache.

Maria shrieked.

"What the devil do you mean, sir? Who are you?" cried I in a rage.

"I, sir," replied the old gentleman, with the utmost calmness, "I am the person whom that young lady has had the impertinence to represent as her uncle. I disclaim the honour of any such relationship, sir. I am simply General Pedro Diaz, the Governor of Bahia, and that lady *was* my mistress until now. Her name is Mademoiselle Victorine Legrand

She is a Creole from Montserrat, and her reputation as a second-rate *danseuse* tolerably well-established in Paris. I wish you joy, young gentleman, of your *fiancée*, and I bid you good evening." And before I could recover from my bewilderment the old gentleman had departed.

Maria was still in hysterics—real or acted. I waited till she recovered, handed her into her house without a word, ran home to my hotel, and next morning sailed in the "Lively Nancy," Liverpool brig, A 1, 205 tons burthen, bound for Rio Janeiro, without even opening a delicate little three-cornered pink note, inscribed in stiff characters (Maria *did* write a queer fist) which was placed in my hands just before my departure. I am sorry I did not keep it—such little mementoes of a burnt-out passion are curi .us to refer to years after the *désillusion* is past.

Two years after this little event in my life I was at Worthing in Sussex. Reader, were you ever there? If not, take my advice, and let no persuasion ever induce you to go there, unless you are fond of the kind of existence that oysters may be supposed to enjoy. Two or three donkeys and two or three hackney coaches, two or three pleasure-boats that no one ever sails in, two or three shops that no one but the natives ever patronizes, two or three hotels, with two or three lodgers each, two or three Bath chairs, with two or three invalids, and two or three miles of sand too swampy to walk on. These, with mildewed-looking houses, and an air of lethargic drowsiness pervading all and everything about the place, constitute the attractions of Worthing.

After the second day spent in this delectable spot I felt strongly disposed to commit suicide. "Why not leave the place?" asks the reader. Do not be too inquisitive, my friend; you may think of a thousand reasons why I could *not* leave the place if you exercise your inventive faculties, and you are at liberty to fix on any one of them you please as being my individual one.

The third day comes. Breakfast was finished, and the digestive cigar lighted—the "Times" was in my hand, and my smoking cap on my head. I had rung the bell twice for that confounded servant in the black cap, and the dirty gown, to take away the cloth. I took another pull at the bell—a quick and a savage one.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but the servant is out," said a very pretty voice, and looking up a very different sort of person from the dirty servant-girl met my eyes. Such a little angel! Such a coquettish little figure—such laughing blue eyes, and such lively little corkscrew ringlets that—

"Curled to give her neck caresses,"

or would have done so, but that she wore a French-cut dress, fastening close round the throat—a very becoming style, by the way, though rather disappointing withal. I pulled the cigar from my mouth, and the cap from my head, laid down the *Times*, and got up from my seat.

"Pray, whom have I the pleasure of addressing?" said I, in rather a Sir Charles Grandison style, or, at all events, with as much respect as I could have shown to a duchess.

"I am the landlady's daughter, sir," was the modest reply.

Gracious powers! thought I. And my landlady takes in washing!!

The beauty was gone—from my room, but not from my mind. All day long I sat thinking of her, and wondering how I could contrive to have another interview. The result of my deliberations was a determination to beg permission to sit with my landlady and her daughter that

very evening at tea. What though the old woman was a laundress, was not I a cosmopolitan? Did not my father teach me to despise birth? And, in fact, could I not, like every other man, find a thousand excuses for doing what I wished? At all events I did it.

"Mother" was certainly a *very* vulgar old woman—pertinaciously vulgar. She would persist in talking on every subject I started with her daughter, in spite of the other's exercise of all her tact to keep her quiet. Sarah Budd (such was the beauty's name) was decidedly superior in intelligence and education to her mother. Still, I confess that she dropped her h's—though I ought to add that, with an honesty greatly to her credit, she made up for the injustice done to that important letter of the alphabet, by inserting it in places where orthography ignores its existence. But what cared I for such trifles? She was pretty, lively modest, good-tempered, and intelligent, and *I* was—at Worthing! Any one's conversation was a relief to me, and especially that of a pretty girl. By degrees I fell violently in love with Sarah Budd.

Of course, Mother Budd was delighted at the prospect of having a gentleman for a son-in-law; for I absolutely proposed marriage, and fixed the day for the wedding—a clandestine one it was to be, of course, as far as *my* relatives were concerned.

I had a few twinges of disgust now and then, when Phil Budd, who kept the little beer-shop hard by, and who was Sarah's uncle, used to call me "Nevvey, as *is* to be." What a nuisance it is to a man that he can't marry a woman without tying all her relations to his back at the same time! Well—the wedding-day approached. We sat in Mother Budd's back-parlour, admiring Sarah's wedding-dress, and discussing the various arrangements for to-morrow, including the fly, with the white horse with broken knees, that was to take us to church.

There was a knock at the street door. Mother Budd went and opened it.

"Mr. Frank Spilsby? Yes, he *do* live here," I heard her say.

"All right, then," said a gruff voice; "come along, Jim."

In another second, a hook-nosed man, in a suit of rusty black, with a thick stick and a white hat, entered the little back-parlour, followed by another man in a very similar costume.

"Mr. Frank Spilsby, I arrest you, at the suit of Jonathan Diddler; here 's the warrant. Debt, 84*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* Costs, &c."

I shan't soon forget the scene that ensued. Fanny cried, and stamped, and screamed. Mother Budd objurgated, and pronounced me a "owdacious, low, nasty willain." The hook-nosed man made facetious remarks, *sotto voce*, to his companion; while I put on my hat, and made ready to depart.

I passed that night and the next three days in Lewes Gaol. On the fourth day, my father released me, and took me to London, but only to ship me, next morning, on board a vessel bound for the Cape of Good Hope.

We are now in Cape Town, in a wealthy Dutchman's house. This is the great hall, and the family are assembled at tea. These Cape Dutchmen love tea as well as any English washerwoman, and a terrible meal they make of it. There are heaps of bread and butter, dishes full of hot meat, jars of preserves, and baskets of fruit—melons, grapes, and oranges. It is a large and lofty room that we are sitting in, uncarpeted, and without ceiling but the boards below us and above us,

and the cross-beams are of dark wood, well oiled and polished, and clean as the old frouw's cap of snowy linen. The fire-place is worthy of a feudal baron's hall, and so are the huge brass dogs on which many a goodly log is blazing, though the weather is not very cold, but rather damp. Old Mynheer Botha sits at one end of the table, and his worthy dame at the other. Between them are any number of children, of all sizes, from the sturdy youth of four-and-twenty to the talkative little child of seven. About half way down the table is Mr. Frank Spilsby, sitting next to a pretty, dark-haired girl, and whispering very lame Dutch into her ear. No matter—Dutch is an excellent language (if you know ever so little of it) to swear in, or to make love in: and, alas! I was again the victim of a serious attachment.

Katje was a dear little girl—pretty, simple, and moderately well educated. She had but one little failing—too great an admiration for a red coat. She often sentimentally regretted that I was not a soldier; but I used to look so tender on such occasions, and ask her so plaintively whether she wished me to be shot in battle, that the little angel would throw her arms round my neck and—

"Captain Firelock!" cried a servant entering the room, and followed by an officer of infantry in his confoundedly becoming scarlet shell-jacket. *Mem.* Captain F—— was slim and well-made; otherwise the said jacket would have been the very reverse of elegant.

Mynheer rose to shake hands with a gripe of the gallant captain's hand that made him bite his lip. The frouw did likewise, and Katje blushed dreadfully. How excessively provoking.

"How do, Spilsby?" said the captain, with a nod.

"How are you?" was my reply—wishing all the while that he was laid up with the small-pox or the typhus-fever.

Hang the fellow, if he had n't coolly taken *my* place next to Katje, and was already talking to her in a tone too low to be overheard, while she was blushing deeper and deeper every moment. My blood boiled, and I have no doubt I looked like an ass, from the half-pitying, half-contemptuous glances the captain threw on me now and then.

At length I did what every very young man would probably have done in my place. I left the room and the house. I ought not to have abandoned the field; but just have sat coolly down on Katje's other side, and addressed her in Dutch, of which the captain knew not a word. This would have annoyed him, and exposed his weak points; but I was too young and too angry to manage those things well, and so I went home, knocked my forehead about in the most orthodox style of broken-heartedness, and went to bed where I kicked about all night as violently as if I had supped on boiled pork and Soyer's nectar.

Next morning a note was brought me. I opened it and read thus:—

"Dear Spilsby,

"You must have been aware that I have long been attached to Miss Katje Botha; and you must, I think, have perceived that my love was not unrequited by her, though she had unfortunately pledged her hand to you hastily and rashly.

"I must now call on you to release her from this engagement which can only bring unhappiness to you both; and of course *I* am ready to give you every personal satisfaction in the matter.

"Yours, &c.

"J. Firelock."

Which meant that the captain had robbed me of my lady-love, and was perfectly ready to shoot me into the bargain.

Next morning at six o'clock we met, with our seconds, on the Cape Flats,* to the left of the village of Rondebosch, about four miles from town; and I had the satisfaction of losing the tip of my right ear by the captain's bullet, while the only damage I did him in return was to spoil a very bad wide-awake hat, which he wore on the occasion.

After these two close shaves the seconds interfered. Both parties were declared to have behaved in the most "honourable" manner, and *voilà tout*.

A six months' hunting expedition into the interior of South Africa cured my heart-ache, but left me no more proof than before against the blind god's arrows. Alas! how many have hit me since then.

I have one consolation, however. Love may occasionally lead to disagreeable results in youth; but a dose of it in old age is ever followed by the most absurd and ridiculous of effects. I am taking the disease early.

---

## "THE SEA!"

*Latinè redditum.*

JAMQUE cano Oceanum, (quid enim tam carmine dignum?)
 Qui patet immensis conspiciendus aquis;
Quem pedibus celerem, nullâ cohibente catenâ,
 Nescio quas terras circumiisse juvat;
Sidera qui nunc summa petit, nunc (ecce) quiescit,
 Ut tener in cunis, et sine voce, puer.
Dulce mihi vada salsa citâ sulcare carinâ;
 Ire per æquoreas quam mihi dulce vias!
Quocunque aspicio, supra color unus et infra,
 Cæruleus: late, quo vehor, omne silet.
Crede, procella licet taciturna silentia rumpat,
 Non poterit somnos rumpere nocte meos.
Quid mihi cum terrâ? tumidas ego Tethyos undas,
 Sicut avis nidum, quà sua mater, amo.
Nam mihi nascenti, (fama est) ceu sedula nutrix,
 Pro cunis gremium subdidit unda suum.
Illâ clamor erat nunquam ante auditus in horâ;
 Lusit inassuetis squamea turba modis;
Tollere se celsas ausi delphines in auras;
 Lætitiæ volucres signa dedere novæ.
Vidi equidem, erranti lustris bis quinque peractis,
 Quot varios casus! prœlia quanta mari!
Nec vidisse piget, (non desunt æra!) nec unquam,
 Heu, melior, dixi, sors aliena meâ!
Scilicet et quando, crudeli armata sagittâ,
 Mors veniet, magnas me petat inter aquas.

W. HOLLIS.

Ventæ Belgarum.

* A friend at my elbow, who has made sixteen unsuccessful attempts to get one of his puns into "Punch," suggests that *we* were the *Cape Flats!*

# THE ARABS AT AMBOISE.

On the right bank of the Loire, close to one of the stations of the railroad from Orleans to Nantes, which transports the traveller in a few hours from the centre of civilized France to the heart of Brittany, and all its wild traditions and druidical mysteries, stands an ancient and time-honoured town—important in the history both of France and England, during a series of centuries,—a town beloved of Anne of Brittany and of Mary Stuart, the scene of stirring and romantic adventures without number, all of which have paled before the interest it has excited of late years as the place of captivity of a great chief, and, within a few weeks, as forming a rich part of that spoil which the immense possessions of the house of Orleans is likely to furnish to the present ruler of the French nation.

Tourists on the Loire know the charming town of Amboise very well; and none ever missed, in days of yore, visiting its fine castle, whose high walls are bathed by the noble river. This pleasure has, however, long been denied them, for the captive whose misfortunes have excited so much sympathy throughout Europe, and whose "hope deferred" is still destined to "make his heart sick," the ill-fated Abd-'el-Kader, with his followers, are still detained there, and likely so to be, in spite of the "*I would if I could*" of his supposed struggling friend, the nephew of another great prisoner of days gone by.

Amboise, a few years since, was a smiling, lively little town, and the castle was a pleasure residence of the last king; the gardens were delicious, the little chapel of St. Hubert a gem, restored in all its lustre, and the glory of artists and amateurs. All is now changed: a gloom has fallen on the scene, the flowers are faded, the gates are closed, the pretty pavilions are shut-up; there are guards instead of gardeners, and a dreary prison frowns over the reflecting waters, which glide mournfully past its towers.

If you pause awhile on the bridge of Amboise, and look up to the windows of the castle, you may, perhaps, see one or other of the captives seated sadly and motionlessly, or it may be slowly pacing along a high gallery which runs from tower to tower, but it is rare at present that the dispirited inhabitants of those dismal chambers have energy to seek even such recreation as this, and the traveller may drive through Amboise twenty times, without having his curiosity to see Lord Londonderry's *protégé* gratified.

The writer of these pages happened to be in the neighbourhood when Abd-'el-Kader was transferred from Pau, the birthplace of Henri Quatre, in the Pyrenees, to this once gay Château on the Loire, and was amongst those who witnessed the arrival of the party.

The evening was very chilly and misty, and but few persons had been tempted to linger late by the river side; the attention, however, of those who had not yet "betaken them home," was attracted by a steam-boat full of passengers, coming from Paimbeuf, which stopped beneath the walls of the castle, and gave a signal apparently understood by a guard of soldiers, which had been loitering on the shore. The arrival of the steamer was immediately communicated to the governor of the castle, and much unwonted movement ensued.

A rumour of something remarkable soon spread throughout the town, and a concourse of people came hurrying over the bridge, in order to be present at the expected landing of prisoners of importance. There was no attempt to repress this curiosity, for no rescue was evidently feared: a double line of soldiers was, however, formed, and in silence and gloom a sad procession was soon formed of no less than eighty-two individuals, men, women, and children, all covered with large mantles of white wool, of a fashion unseen in this part of the world, since the great Saracen warrior Abd'eraman was driven back from Touraine by Charles Martel; the strangers thus attired took their way from the sandy shore of the Loire to the precipitous ascent of the dark towers before them.

These captives were the Arab chief Abd-'el-Kader, his mother, one of his brothers-in-law, his uncle, a patriarch of ninety, whose long white beard fell to his girdle, and four of his wives. Following them came a train of attendants, all prisoners, and all sharing their master's sorrows and mischances.

The heavy gateway closed upon the new guests, and the inhabitants of Amboise, somewhat awestruck and impressed with pity, returned mournfully to their respective domiciles, no doubt thanking Heaven that they were denizens of free and happy France, generous, valiant, honourable and victorious!—alas, how long to remain so!

From that time a new amusement was provided for the pleasure-loving natives of the pretty but dreary old town, which still wears the characteristics of the past in its acutely pointed roofs, crowned with quaint belfrys, its arches spanning the streets, its antique chapel of St. Florentin, its *palais de justice* transformed into a barrack, and its little Château du Clos-Lucet, where, tradition says, Leonardo da Vinci, the great painter, passed the last years of his long life, and where he died.

Many a summer evening was henceforth spent by the citizens on the bridge, their pastime being to gaze curiously up towards the walls and windows of the castle; for, wandering along the terraces, which hang in mid air, might then be frequently seen, like a gliding spectre, the majestic form of an Arab, wrapped in a white *bernous*, with solemn steps pacing to and fro, unobservant and indifferent to the curiosity which he excited.

Compassion for these unfortunate strangers suggested, even amongst those in whose charge their safety was placed, alleviations to their griefs. The Arab servants of the chief were allowed to seek provisions for their repasts in the town itself, accompanied merely by a soldier, who did not molest them. All who applied for permission to behold Abd'-el-Kader were admitted to the castle precincts, and were introduced to his presence. At first he probably felt amused at the novelty of this proceeding, but at length he became annoyed at the persevering curiosity which left him no leisure for reflections, however doleful. His spirits, too, in the course of long months of hopeless anxiety, gave way, and he at length refused to be exhibited as a caged lion, to make sport to the inquisitive.

Not alone in the early stage of his captivity, but ever since he became their neighbour, the ladies of Amboise, with continuous kindness, showed their benevolent feeling both to him and to the females of his suite and their children. Delicacies from their kitchens, and little useful presents were showered upon the poor captives, who received the attentions in the spirit in which they were given.

One instance of consideration gave particular gratification to the Emir. Madame de Villeneuve, the *châtellaine* of Catherine de Medicis' lovely castle of Chenonceau, so well known to tourists, and so often described, sent Abd'-el-Kader a magnificent plant, a native of his own valleys of the Atlas. It is related that the Emir on receiving it burst into tears. He sent back the expression of his gratitude in the following characteristically poetical words :—

" Too poor to offer you in return anything worthy of your acceptance, not possessing even a flower that I can call mine, I will pray to Allah that for the love of his servant he will one day bestow Paradise upon you."

Some time after this, the health of the Emir having suffered from confinement, he was allowed to ride on horseback in the neighbourhood of Amboise, and the first excursion which he made was to the Château of Chenonceau, where his presence, no doubt,

" Made a little holiday."

and his visit has added another *souvenir* to the list of those illustrious and interesting personages who have made the romantic retreat of Diana of Poitiers and her rival famous for all time.

Abd'-el-Kader used often to be seen at his devotions at the rising and setting of the sun. He is accustomed to prostrate himself in an angle of that very iron balcony from whence, in the days of the Medici, the conspirators of Amboise were hung as a public example to traitors. Leaning against the stone wall, he remains absorbed in his orisons, and tells his beads with the fervour of a prisoner and an exile.

The numerous portraits of him to be seen in Paris, particularly popular since Lord Londonderry's letters have made his fine, melancholy, majestic face familiar to the world. He is little more than forty-five, and has a countenance which, but that Eastern countenances deceive, one would feel inclined not only to admire, but to trust. It is hard to say whether the French would do right to confide in it, but certain it is that he is the object of deep admiration. His large, mournful, gazelle eyes, his calm, beautiful mouth, and his rich jet-black beard, have gained many a heart, both male and female; but his misfortunes are too interesting, too romantic, too *piquants* to be lightly parted with, and the French will probably keep the lion still caged as an object on which to exercise their sensibilities, unless indeed the dispossessed owners of Amboise should take his place.

Sometimes the Emir would appear on his balcony accompanied by the ladies of his suite. One of them is said to be still young, and very handsome. This is the report of a young Frenchman, whose patient curiosity was rewarded on a happy occasion, when the veiled fair one withdrew the envious screen of her beauties one day, imagining that she was unobserved, that she might the better gaze upon the fine river, and feel the soft breeze of an evening in June upon her cheek. Occasionally some of the children of the captives may be seen playing round their parents, as they stand motionless, looking from their high position. These little captives are of all shades, from white to ebony hue, and are by no means so silent or so still as their elders, for they clamour and climb and twist about upon the parapets in a manner quite startling to those who are watching them from below.

Some time ago the Bishop of Algiers, passing through Amboise,

stopped to pay a visit to the Emir; he exhorted him to resignation,—alas! what else could he preach?—and received the same answer as the illustrious prisoner always gives to those who seek to console him.

"I gave myself up on the sole condition that I should be conducted to Alexandria, in order to go to Mecca, where I desired to finish my days. The promise was given me: I ask for nothing further, and I rely on the justice of Allah."

The bishop said prayers in the exquisite little chapel of the castle already mentioned, as so beautifully restored by the unfortunate Louis Philippe, and which is in itself the most perfect specimen of art ever beheld, with its marble pictures of St. Hubert's miracle, its elaborate door-ways and vivid glass painting, rivalling the antique. A pretty little sentimental service was got up, of which the Arab captives were made the heroes, numerous prayers being addressed to Heaven for their welfare, both of body and soul. Probably the prisoners really felt grateful for the attention, even though neither the priest nor the shrine had relation to their own belief.

One of the suite, the oftenest seen in Amboise, was the butcher Ben-Salem, who officiated for his tribe and whose office was looked upon as a solemn one. He had a fine muscular figure, with an intelligent and handsome face, and was upwards of six feet high. When he immolated an animal he might be said, as has been apocryphally reported of Shakspeare, to have

"Done it in high style, and made a speech."

About a year and a half ago poor Ben-Salem was found, a drowned corpse, in the Loire; he is supposed to have perished while bathing, but the writer recollects, at the time, to have heard it whispered that despair had caused him to commit suicide.

The attachment of the Arabs to their chief is intense; an instance of this excited immense interest in Paris some time since. A young man who had belonged to Abd-'el-Kader, was detained at Toulon, from whence he escaped, but instead of endeavouring to regain his own country his sole desire was to behold his chief once more, and to die at his feet. He arrived at Amboise, no one knew how, having traversed France to its centre and there, his clothes in tatters, his feet bleeding, and fainting with hunger and fatigue, he was overtaken, secured, and forced back again to his prison at Toulon, without having gained the object of so much energy and resolution.

How could the most severe guardians of the safety of France drive back such a servant from his master?

In the month of August, 1850, a party of the Arabs received permission to return to Africa. After extraordinary struggles between their love of country and of their master, forty men, women, and children, consented to profit by this clemency. Their parting was, however, a scene of desolation, agonizing to witness.

The railroad was to take back these sons and daughters of the Desert partly on their way, and a carriage filled with pale emaciated women, holding their children in the folds of their ample garments, bore them from the castle walls. The men pursued their journey on foot, a cart containing their wretched goods followed, and the patriarch of the tribe accompanied them to the station, where he took leave of them with sighs, tears, and exhortations, mixed with embraces. At the last moment

a young woman, who was probably related to the patriarch, lost her presence of mind entirely,—her veil thrown back in despair, she cast herself upon his bosom, concealing her face in his venerable white beard and uttering cries that melted the hearts of the bystanders to hear.

One feature of this parting was remarkable; a young peasant woman of Amboise had been the wet-nurse of a little Arab child, and was now to take leave of the helpless infant whom she had tended till, from a half dying plant, it had become strong and healthy, and full of life. For more than a quarter of an hour the mother of the babe and its nurse remained in an agony of grief, mutually embracing and consoling each other, while the innocent object of their care wept for company. At length the poor sobbing French woman tore herself away, and the train moved off bearing away for ever her cherished nurseling and its grateful but sorrowing parents.

Many of the children in Abd-'el-Kader's suite died soon after their arrival, and the influence of the moist climate on all the attendants was felt severely by persons accustomed to go half clothed and with naked feet. The sisters of charity of Amboise and the medical men had many mournful scenes to go through, as the little Arab burial ground, near the "Gate of Lions" of the castle, attests too clearly.

The health of the Emir himself has, it is said, of late given way, and he has had to deplore the loss of several of his nearest friends. The tenderness and feeling shown to these *conquered enemies*, proves, it must be confessed, that there is no want of kindliness in the hearts of at least the *country people* of France, whose impulses are generally for good, as we have every reason to acknowledge in the charitable promptitude and active benevolence shown to the unfortunate survivors of the Amazon, by the whole of the inhabitants of Brest from the highest to the lowest.

At a moment when national animosities are so much encouraged as the present, would it be out of place if the *ladies of England*, by a general subscription, which might fall lightly on all, were to purchase some appropriate testimonial to be presented, as a token of gratitude to the *ladies of Brest*, whose care and kindness saved the lives of two of our countrywomen?

---

# FROGS, OH!

In one of Steele's passages in the "Guardian" is the following passage:—"I observe the sole reason alleged for the destruction of frogs, is because they are like toads. Yet amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, it is some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them; for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, it is not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reserved."

That frogs constituted the chief diet of Frenchmen was, a few years ago, as popular and beloved an article of belief among British lads, as that one Englishman was equal to three of the said frog-consumers. More extended intercourse has, however, shown us that frogs do not constitute the entire food of our Gallic neighbours, and taught them that *we* do not all wear top-boots, and subsist solely on beef-steaks. As, however, frogs *do* form a dainty dish, I will give what the Yankees term a "few notions consarning them and their fixings."

Happening to be in Germany in 1846, I was desirous of getting some insight into the manners and customs of these inhabitants of the ponds, and, after much observation, arrived at the same conclusion concerning them as the master of one of Her Majesty's ships did respecting the subjects of the Imaun of Muscat. Being compelled to record categorically a reply to the inquiry, "What are the manners and customs of the inhabitants?" he wrote, "Manners they have none, and their customs are very beastly." So of these frogs, say I.

My knowledge of their vicinity was based upon auricular confession. Night after night the most infernal din of croaking bore testimony to the fact that they were unburdening their consciences, and I determined to try if I could not unburden their bodies of their batrachian souls altogether. However, before I detail my proceedings, I have a word to say with reference to their croaking.

Horace bears expressive testimony to the disgust *he* felt at it, when, after a heavy supper to help him on his way to Brundusium, he exclaimed

——— "Mali culices, ranæque palustres
Avertunt somnos."

So loud and continuous is their song, especially in the breeding season, that in the former good old times of France, when nobles *were* nobles, and lived in their magnificent chateaux scattered throughout the country, the peasants were employed during the whole night in beating the ponds within earshot of the chateaux, with boughs of trees, to prevent the slumbers of the lords and ladies being broken by their paludine neighbours. This croaking is produced by the air being driven from the lungs into the puffed-out cavity of the mouth, or into certain guttural sacculi, which are developed very largely in the males. They can produce this noise under water as well as on land. Ovid alludes to this fact when he says,

"Quamvis sint sub aqua, sub aqua maledicere tentent,
Vox quoque jam rauca est, inflataque Colla tumescuut."

In the male frog there are fissures at the corners of the mouth for admitting the external protrusion of the vocal sacculi. These sacculi

they invariably protrude in their struggles to escape when held by the hind legs. Under these circumstances they are also capable of uttering a peculiar shrill cry of distress, differing completely from their ordinary croak.

Having obtained a land net, I cautiously approached the pond, which I knew must abound with them, from the concerts nightly held there, and without allowing the shadow to fall on the water, or making the slightest noise; yet the moment I showed myself, every individual who happened to be above water jumped off his perch, and was out of sight in an instant. I tried every means to catch them, but in vain. At last I borrowed from some boys a long tube of wood, with a small hole smoothly and equally bored through the centre, which they used to shoot small birds about the hedges. Armed with some arrows made of sharp tin nails, tipped with cotton wool, I ensconced myself in a bush, and waited quietly for my prey. In a few moments, the frogs, one by one, began to poke their noses out of the water. I selected the finest, and by dint of a good shot, I succeeded in fixing an arrow in his head. In the course of the afternoon I bagged several of the patriarchs of the pond, some of them as large as the largest English toad. Upon being struck with the arrow, they nearly all protruded their sacculi from each side of the mouth, in the manner above narrated.

These frogs are not often used for the table in Germany, but in France they are considered a luxury, as any *bon vivant* ordering a dish of them at the "Trois Frères" at Paris may, by the long price, speedily ascertain. Not wishing to try such an expensive experiment in gastronomy, I went to the large market in the Faubourg St. Germain, and inquired for frogs. I was referred to a stately-looking dame at a fish-stall, who produced a box nearly full of them, huddling and crawling about, and occasionally croaking as though aware of the fate to which they were destined. The price fixed was two a penny, and having ordered a dish to be prepared, the Dame de la Halle dived her hand in among them, and having secured her victim by the hind legs, she severed him in twain with a sharp knife, the legs, minus skin, still struggling, were placed on a dish; and the head, with the fore-legs affixed, retained life and motion, and performed such motions that the operation became painful to look at. These legs were afterwards cooked at the Restaurateur's, being served up fried in bread crumbs, as larks are in England: and most excellent eating they were, tasting more like the delicate flesh of the rabbit than anything else I can think of.

I afterwards tried a dish of the common English frog, but their flesh is not so white nor so tender as that of his French brother.

The old fish-wife of whom I bought these frogs, informed me that she had a man regularly in her employ to catch them. He went out every evening at dusk to the ponds, in the neighbourhood of Paris, with a lantern and a long stick, to the end of which was attached a piece of red cloth. The frogs were attracted by the light to the place where the fisherman stood. He then lightly dropped his cloth on the surface of the water; the frogs imagining that some dainty morsel was placed before them, eagerly snapped at it, and their teeth becoming entangled, they became an easy prey, destined for to-morrow's market, and the tender mercies of the fish-woman.

I subsequently brought over several dozen of these frogs alive to England, some of them are still, I believe, living in the Ward's botanical

cases of those to whom I presented them, the rest were turned out in a pond, where I fear they have been devoured by the gourmand English ducks, the rightful occupants of the pond.

The edible frog (*rana esculenta*) is brought from the country, in quantities of from thirty to forty thousand at a time, to Vienna, and sold to great dealers, who have conservatories for them, which are large holes four or five feet deep, dug in the ground, the mouth covered with a board, and in severe weather with straw. In these conservatories, even during a hard frost, the frogs never become quite torpid, they get together in heaps one upon another instinctively, and thereby prevent the evaporation of their humidity, for no water is ever put to them.

In Vienna, in 1793, there were only three dealers, who supplied the market with frogs ready skinned and prepared for the cook.

There is another species of frog common on the Continent, which is turned to a useful account as a barometer. It is the *rana arborea*, of which many specimens are to be seen in the Zoological Gardens. It has the property, like the chameleon, of adapting its colour to the substance on which it may be placed: it especially inhabits trees, and when among the foliage, is of a brilliant green; when on the ground, or on the branches of trees, the colour is brown. They are thus used as prognosticators. Two or three are placed in a tall glass jar, with three or four inches of water at the bottom, and a small ladder reaching to the top of the jar, on the approach of dry weather the frogs mount the ladder to the very top, but when rain may be expected, they not only make a peculiar singing noise, but descend into the water. Small frogs are a trilling bait for pike and perch, and this reminds me of an incident which I saw. A fine perch was found floating dead, on the top of the water in a pond, in one of the gardens at Oxford; upon examination, it was found to be very thin, and apparently starved to death, some devotee of the gentle art had been the unconscious cause of the sad fall of this poor fish, for a hook was found firmly fixed in his upper jaw, the shock of which projected so far beyond his mouth, that his efforts to obtain food must have been useless, the hook always projecting forwards, kept him at a tantalizing distance from the desired morsel. The fish has been dried, and is now preserved with the hook fixed in his mouth.

But fishes, which, like perch, are provided with sharp prickles, occasionally cause the death of those creatures that feed upon them. A kingfisher was brought to me in the summer of 1848, by a boy who had found it dead on the banks of the river Cherwell, near Oxford, no shot, or other marks of injury were found on it, the feathers being perfectly smooth, dry, and unstained, what then was the cause of death? upon a careful examination, I found the end of a small fish's tail protruding from one of the corners of its mouth, I endeavoured to drag it out, but in vain, it was firmly fixed. By dissection, I found, that the fish in question was one of the tribe of small fish which abound in shallow water, and are called in Oxford, the bull's head, or miller's thumb. It has a strong prickle, nearly a quarter of an inch long, with very sharp and firm end, projecting on each side of its gills. The fish had in its struggles, protruded its prickles, which, sticking in his enemy's œsophagus, had effectually stopped up the entrance, pressing on the wind-pipe, and thus caused its death.

# TOURS WITH OLD TRAVELLERS.

In the year 1465, the high and well-born lord, Leo von Rozmital, brother-in-law of George von Podiebrad, the reigning King of Bohemia, set out on his travels through the western countries of Europe. The object of his journey was, doubtless, political; for his royal relative happened at that time to be on very bad terms with the Pope, who excommunicated him four years afterwards. He was accompanied by a suite worthy of his rank; and two of his companions wrote journals of their pilgrimage, which have recently been printed for the edification of modern times, by the Literary Society of Stuttgart. Of these two records, one is in Latin, written originally in Bohemian, by one of the company called Schaschek, or Ssassek. The second is in German, written by Gabriel Tetzel, a good citizen of Nuremberg, who had been invited to accompany the mission. They are both occupied with details of the journey, incidental notices of the manners and customs of the countries through which the travellers passed, pious descriptions of miracles which happened, for the most part, just before the travellers reached the places whereat they were performed, and accounts of shrines and relics, of which they saw the most astonishing quantities in every country which they visited. On comparing them, they are found to agree in every important particular, and to differ chiefly in relating or omitting different incidents of the journey. One characteristic difference between the two documents is worth noting. Whenever they describe a visit to a shrine or an assemblage of relics, the Bohemian gives a minute catalogue of these objects of superstitious veneration with the most solemn and unhesitating simplicity; but Gabriel Tetzel, coming from an important commercial city, and having doubtless had his eyes opened by a more extended intercourse with the world, treats them with comparative indifference. Not that he cast any doubt upon their sacred character — not at all; but he dwells more lovingly on the knightly entertainments, the gold and jewels, and precious stones, and especially on the "unspeakably rich meals" with which they were feasted from place to place.

The dangers of the journey were neither few nor small. In those days it was worth while to travel. The pilgrim was encompassed by marvels on every side, and he could scarcely pass from one village to another without being compelled to fight for his life. One cannot read the history of Herr von Rozmital and his gallant company without envying them those good old times, when the exceeding difficulty of defending life made life worth having; when the delights of compassing sea and land had not yet been annihilated by turnpikes, rail-roads, steam-boats, and comfortable inns; when banditti flourished, and the age of chivalry had not gone; when picturesque tourists, and travelling cockneys, and fastidious dandies, such as now throng every thoroughfare in the world, still lay in their rudimentary and merely possible state, undeveloped by the force of civilization; when a man who set out on a journey of a few hundred miles, made his will, commended his soul to God, and, if he returned in safety, sang psalms of thanksgiving, was looked upon as a wonder, remained ever after the oracle of his neighbourhood, and was made at least a burgomaster of his native city.

The journal of Ssassek possesses almost an official authenticity, from

the circumstance that in it are preserved all the letters of safe-conduct granted to the Baron Rozmital by the monarchs through whose territories he passed. To illustrate the different styles of the two chroniclers, we take from each the description of the commencement of the journey. Ssassek thus begins:—

"In the year of our Salvation MCCCLXV, the day after the festival of the blessed virgin St. Catherine, the Lord Leo departed, and remained the first night at Pilsna (Pilsen); and there, with all his companions, confessed his sins. The next night we passed at Tepla (Tepel), in the monastery; thence we proceeded to Egra (Eger), and there stopped for the night. From Eger we went to Neustadt, thence to Paierreuth,—that town belonging to the territory of the Marquis of Brandenburgh, is situated in Voigtland;—from Paierreuth to Gravenberg, from Gravenberg to Noriberga (Nuremberg). At Nuremberg we remained two days, and saw these sacred relics: first, there was shown to us the manger in which the mother of God placed the infant Jesus; then, an arm of Saint Anna, and a book of Saint John the Baptist; also, a piece of the wood of the Holy Cross on which Christ was crucified, and the right-hand nail with which the same was fastened to the cross. Afterwards there was shown to us the sword of Saint Mauritius, and another sword, that of the holy Emperor Charles, which is said to have been given him by God from heaven, that he might use it against his enemies, the heathen; *item*, his spurs, greaves and boots. We saw afterwards the chairs of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, who suffered for the name of God. Then we beheld the spear with which the blessed side of Christ was pierced. The priests placed our rings upon it, that whoever might be troubled with a pain or stitch in the side might have with him a certain remedy. Besides this, many other relics of the saints were shown to our lord and his companions, which are not noted down in this place."

So far the good Ssassek. Tetzel begins as follows:—

"The noble and well-born lord, the Lord Leo von Rozmital, lord of Plathen and Freyenberg, undertook to do a knight's journey. . . . . Before Saint Catherine's day he fared forth from Prague with two-and-fifty horses, and with a sumpter-wagon. And he took with him of the noblemen, Herr Jan Scrobitz Kollatbratt, a banneret; Herr Buyan von Schwanburck (Burian of Schwanberg), a banneret; Achacy (Achatz) Frodner, a gentleman; Pyltepesky, a gentleman; Mirmyss, a gentleman; Pollack, a gentleman; Knysto, a gentleman; Indersyg, a gentleman; and three squires, among whom was a banneret's son; besides other chosen vassals. And he came to Greiffenberg on Saint Barbara's eve, and prayed me to ride with him to Nuremberg.

"And so, on the way, he spake to me of his journey; that he would visit all the Christian kingdoms, and all the principalities in German and foreign lands, both spiritual and secular, and especially that he would go to the Holy Sepulchre, and to the beloved Saint James (of Compostella).

"*Item.* At Nuremberg, he entreated me much, through my friends, to go with him; and so I consented. He also remained several days in my house, and got himself ready, and clad himself and all his servants in red, in fine, costly velvet; he also took with him his cook, steward, and butler, and in all respects kept a princely state.

"After that, I entreated my lord that he would permit Gabriel Muffel to accompany him with a horse, and me with two.

"And so, he departed one day before me to Nuremberg, and thence proceeded to Anspach. There Gabriel Muffel and I came to him."

The party proceeded on their journey, through Heidelberg and the imperial city of Frankfort, to Cologne. At Cologne, says Tetzel,—

"They furnished my lord with wine in vessels. The Bishop of Cologne made my lord his guest, him and all his retinue, gave him a very splendid banquet, and behaved very graciously towards him. My lord remained there several days.—Herr Jan Serobky Kolbart jousted with Achatz Frodner, and Gabriel Tetzel with the bishop's steward, named Burkhart von Pfolheim. The bishop was also on the course.—At night, my lord invited many beautiful women, and had a dance at the council-house.—We saw the three holy kings, Saint Ursula's head, with her companions', and their bones, and many other great saints, who there be buried, whereof it were much to write, and very many shrines, and saints who had suffered martyrdom there.

"*Item.* From Cologne we rode to Achen (Aix-la-Chapelle), to visit the shrine of our Blessed Lady. There the burghers of the city did my lord great honour and reverence, and sent him wine, and invited my lord to their council-house, and showed him many precious things. Also, they gave him a very costly collation which they had prepared for him. My lord bathed also in the warm bath, and they let him see many costly sacred vessels."

Many of these vessels Gabriel proceeds to enumerate, as separate items, in the most matter-of-fact fashion. It is worth while to see how the pious Ssassek describes the visit to the same city. He tells us :—

"Here the three kings are buried, and Saint Ursula, with her companions, the virgins; and Saint Helena, who discovered the holy cross, and caused the sepulchre to be rebuilt at Jerusalem; she also is entombed in the temple where the three kings be buried. We were eight days at Cologne. On the second day, there were shown to us the three kings in the cathedral church, the body of Saint Veronica, and very many other relics. On the third day, we were led to the temple, where the blessed virgin Saint Ursula is buried, with eleven thousand virgins. The priests, by whom these relics were shown to us, affirmed, that, with those eleven thousand virgins, thirty-six thousand others were slain. Afterwards, we were conducted to a chapel, where single relics were enumerated, each by its own name. First, was shown to us Saint Ursula; then, a king of England, to whom Saint Ursula had been betrothed; the father and mother of the same king, whom Saint Ursula had converted to the Christian religion; afterwards, an Ethiopian woman, the daughter of a certain heathen king; and very many other heads, hairs, legs, and arms, all of which it would be a great labour to enumerate one by one.

"On the fourth day, my lord's servants jousted, Johannes Zehroviensis (Johann von Kolowrat auf Zehrowitz) with Frodner, and Tacelius à Craffenburg (which is the Latin for our friend Tetzel) with one belonging to the retinue of the Bishop of Cologne. In the collision neither of them fell from his horse. On the day when these spectacles were exhibited, my lord gave orders to assemble the illustrious matrons and maidens. They came together in great numbers, and I saw many in that banquet, if I ever did anywhere. The feast was celebrated with various sports and dances. In the mean time, the matrons and the maids go to my lord, and humbly pray him, in the name of the bishop, that my lord, for the sake of the bishop, would lead down a dance with his companions, after the manner of his country. My lord consenting, and beginning to lead the dance, four-and-twenty young men, each in complete armour, and holding torches in their hands,

danced before him. These armed dancers were preceded by four-and-twenty others, each also bearing a torch in his hands. The dances being finished, various offerings of food and drink were brought to my lord. Then my lord, with his companions, was honourably conducted, by the maids and matrons, even to his inn."

Thus, even the simple-hearted Bohemian could not resist the temptation to chronicle the merry-makings at Cologne, after he had satisfied his conscience by describing the relics of the saints; while the more carnal-minded Gabriel Tetzel, having, according to his nature, first revelled in the recollection of the jousting and good cheer, was evidently a little pricked in conscience until he had set down in his commercial, summary way, the saintly items of the account.

It would be pleasant to accompany our travellers through every step of their progress, for the whole journey abounds in quaint and whimsical incidents, highly characteristic of the age; but we must hasten forward on the road to Brussels, where they found the Duke of Burgundy. There they saw excellent pictures, ascended the tower, and had a noble view of the city, and were most honourably entertained. The son of the old duke was absent on a military expedition; and our travellers were entreated to remain until his return. The arrival of the young prince was celebrated with equestrian and other chivalrous games, in which Johannes Zehroviensis took part with his usual success. Johannes seems to have been the sturdiest champion of all the company; whenever there was any jousting, tilting, wrestling, or real fighting to be done, Johannes was sure to have a hand in the business, and generally was more than a match for any antagonist that might be pitted against him. On this occasion, he was put up to wrestle with a brawny fellow, whose equal was not to be found in all the Duke of Burgundy's dominions. A great concourse of the most illustrious persons, including matrons and damsels, was drawn together to witness the spectacle. Johannes made little ado, and thrice threw his adversary as fast as he could get up. The spectators could scarcely believe their eyes; and the duke was so astonished, that he sent for Johannes, clad with the thorax only, just as he had wrestled, and scrutinized his whole body, feeling all his limbs, his feet, and his hands, and wondering greatly that his wrestler was beaten.

These were followed up by other sports and festivities. Of one of the feasts given by the Duke of Burgundy, Tetzel says,—"It was the most costly and splendid that I have ever eaten in all my days." But it will not do thus to linger on the way. They passed through Ghent and Bruges, and at length arrived at Calais, on their way to England. Thence they put to sea, but were driven back and detained three days by a violent storm. Tetzel says,—"One day God gave us the luck, that we had a good wind, and that the master of the ship was willing to proceed, and had already taken the ship out of port. Then my lord must needs sit in a small boat, and go out to the large vessel. Then there fell upon us the mightiest wind, that we were well-nigh drowned, and with great pains we got to the great ship. And had not Jan and Gabriel Tetzel done as they did, then would the Lord Leo, when he would go on board the great ship, have been drowned." However, they proceeded to cross the channel, and saw from a distance the "high, chalky hills" of England. "And the sea afflicted my lord and his companions so much, that they lay in the ship as if they were dead." They landed at Sandwich, and journeyed on to Canterbury, where they has-

tened to pay their respects at the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, "who," according to Ssassek, "was slain in that church, because he firmly resisted the unjust laws which King Henry enacted against the liberty of the Catholic church." The following are only a part of the relics which they saw in that once famous sanctuary:—

"First, we saw the head-band of the blessed Virgin, a piece of Christ's garment, and three thorns from his crown; then we saw the vestment of St. Thomas, and his brain, and the blood of St. Thomas and of St. John, the Apostles. We saw also, the sword with which St. Thomas of Canterbury was beheaded; the hair of the mother of God, and a part of the sepulchre. There was also shown to us a part of the shoulder of the blessed Simeon, who bore Christ in his arms; the head of the blessed Lustrabena; one leg of St. George; a piece of the body and the bones of St. Lawrence; a leg of the bishop St. Romanus; the cup of St. Thomas, which he had been accustomed to use in administering the sacrament at Canterbury; a leg of the virgin Milda; a leg of the virgin Euduarda. We also saw a tooth of John the Baptist; a portion of the cross of the Apostles Peter and Andrew; a tooth and a finger of Stephen the Martyr; bones of the virgin Catherine, and oil from her sepulchre, which is said to flow even to this day; hair of the blessed Mary Magdalene; a tooth of St. Benedict; a finger of St. Urban; the lips of one of the infants slain by Herod; bones of the blessed Clement; bones of St. Vincent. Very many other things were also shown to us, which are not set down by me in this place."

This Canterbury pilgrimage occurred sixty-five years after the death of Chaucer. Having satisfied their pious curiosity, our wayfarers proceeded to London. Ssassek says, "Though the kingdom is of small extent, it is exceedingly populous, and abounds in beautiful women and maids, whom we gazed upon when my lord was invited by the king to dinner." The hints of manners, and sketches of national peculiarities which our travellers give in the portions of their journal occupied with England, are quite curious and entertaining. It was in the reign of the showy and pleasure-loving monarch, Edward the Fourth, and his second wife, the lady Elizabeth Woodville, that this visit was made. The first objects described by the Bohemian journalizer are, of course, the relics; but he found so many of them in London, that he fairly gave up the attempt to record them all, in despair. Among the customs of the people which attracted his particular attention, one was, that, on the arrival of a distinguished stranger from foreign parts, maids and matrons went to the inn, and welcomed him with gifts; another, that, when guests arrived at an inn, the hostess, with all her family, went out to meet and receive them, and the guests were required to kiss them all; and this among the English was the same as shaking hands among other nations. "In no region," honestly adds our authority, "were we held in such honour as there." Erasmus, who was born the very year that Ssassek returned home, describes a similar custom as prevailing in England in his time, and bestows on it his most decided approbation. "Our long hair," says Ssassek, "was a great astonishment to them; for they declared that they had never seen any who excelled us in the length and beauty of the hair; and they could by no means be made to believe that it was a natural growth, but they said it must have been stuck on with pitch. And whenever any of us, thus long-haired, appeared in public, he had more people to stare at him, than if some strange animal had been ex-

hibited." With regard to the entertainments, the Bohemian merely says, " My lord was kindly and magnificently treated, and all his companions, especially Schasco (Ssassek), both in the royal palace and elsewhere." For further information on these points, we must have recourse to Gabriel Tetzel:

" Once upon a day," says he, " the king ordered us to be bidden to the court. Then the queen went in the morning from childbed to the church, with a splendid procession, with many of the priesthood, who bore the sacred vessels, and many scholars, who chanted, and all bore blazing torches. Thereafter came a great troop of women and virgins, from the country and from London, who had been bidden. Then came a great number of trumpeters, and pipers, and others, players on stringed instruments. Then the king's musicians, about two-and-forty, who sang stately chants. Then about four-and-twenty heralds and pursuivants. Then about sixty earls and knights. After these went the queen. Two dukes preceded. A canopy was borne over her. After her followed her mother, and maidens and women, about sixty. And so she heard an office chanted; and when she had entered the church with the same procession, she returned to her palace. And all who had gone in the procession were bidden to remain to the banquet; and they were seated, women and men, spiritual and temporal, each according to his condition, four great halls full.

" And so they gave my lord and his companions, and the noblest lords, an especial banquet in the hall, and at the tables, where the king was wont to feast with his court; and the king's most powerful earl was commanded to sit at the king's table, in the king's seat, in his stead. And my lord also sat at the same table, two steps lower down, and no one beside sat at that table. And all the honour which was wont to be paid the king, with carving and offering of wine, and presenting of the viands, in all respects as if the king himself were seated there, was done to the earl in the king's stead, and to my lord, with so much splendour, that what was consumed there surpasses belief.

" And while we feasted, the king gave largesse to all the trumpeters, pipers, and players; and to the heralds alone he gave four hundred nobles. And all to whom he had given largesse came to the tables, and proclaimed aloud what the king had given to them. When my lord had now feasted with the earl, he led my lord with all his retinue into a hall, most richly adorned, where was the queen, and she was just about to banquet. And so he placed my lord and his companions in a recess, that he might behold the sumptuousness.

" And so the queen sat down on a costly golden seat, at a table alone. The queen's mother and the king's sister must needs stand far down. And when the queen spoke with her mother, or with the king's sister, they always knelt before her, until the queen took water. And when the first dish had been set before her, then the queen's mother and the king's sister also sat down. And her women and maids, and all who served the queen at table, were all of powerful earls' families, and all must kneel as long as she ate. And she ate nigh three hours, and of many costly viands, which were set before her, and before her mother, and the rest, whereof much might be written; and every one was still, not a word spoken. My lord with his companions stood ever in the recess, and looked on.

" After the banquet, there began a dance. The queen remained sit-

ting on her chair. Her mother kneeled before her; at times, she bade her arise. Then the king's sister danced a stately dance with two dukes, and the stately reverences which were made to the queen were such as I have never elsewhere seen paid by such surpassingly beautiful damsels. Among them were eight duchesses, and about thirty countesses, and all the rest the daughters of mighty men. After the dance, the king's musicians were bidden to enter, and were commanded to sing. We also heard them when the king heard mass in his chapel, since my lord and his companions were admitted; and I think that there are no better singers in the world. Then the king permitted us to see his sacred vessels, and many saints who lie in London. And especially we saw a stone which was brought from the Mount of Olives, whereon was a footprint of our Lord; and a girdle and ring of our Lady, and many other sacred things.

"Afterwards, two earls invited my lord with his companions to their house. They gave us an unspeakably costly banquet, about sixty, according to their custom. There we saw the most sumptuous tapestries. Afterwards, my lord invited many earls and gentlemen to his house, and gave them a feast in the Bohemian fashion. They thought it very strange. My lord armed himself, and would fain have jousted with his companions, but the king would not permit it. And so my Lord Leo, Lord Frodner, and Gabriel Tetzel, bestowed all their harness and steeds upon the king, and left all their jousting-gear in England. After this, my lord took leave of the king, and the king paid for my lord at the hostel, and we were there about forty days."

After these festivities in London were over, our pilgrims visited other places in England, under the conduct of a guide whom the king had granted them, "that they might see the kingdom." It is impossible to describe the whole journey; but we must copy a few sentences from Gabriel Tetzel's description of their visit to the Duke of Clarence, at Salisbury.

"He received my lord very joyfully, and paid him great honour and reverence. We remained there over Palm Sunday, and beheld there the most splendid procession, how our Lord rode into Jerusalem. And the Duke himself went in the procession, and took my lord with him. After the service, my lord, with his companions, was bidden to a feast at court; and the duke and my lord ate together, and my lord's vassals with the earls and gentlemen. There they gave us an unspeakably costly banquet, and we ate for about three hours; and at the banquet they gave us a dish that should be fish, which was roasted, and formed like a duck. It has his wings, his feathers, his neck, his feet, and layeth eggs, and tasteth like a wild duck. This we were made to eat for a fish, but in my mouth it was flesh; and they say that it should be fish, because it grows first out of a worm in the sea; and when it becomes great, it acquires a form like a duck, and lays eggs; but it never hatches the same eggs, and is not itself produced therefrom, and seeks its food always in the sea, and not on the land. Therefore should it be a fish." These curious birds are also noticed by Ssassek, who says they are produced in the sea, and have no food except the air!

From Salisbury our travellers proceeded to Poole, whence they embarked for Brittany. Here we leave them for the present, reserving for another paper the narrative of their travels through France, Spain and Italy.

(*To be continued.*)

# REMINISCENCES OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

Lord Eldon was tormented to write an account of his Life and Times. He had two incentives for compliance, leisure and resentment. But the facts were dry, and the line between what might and what might not be told too difficult for a garrulous pen to draw. Of course he declined to write. They then placed a volume of anecdotes before him—anecdotes of events and persons of his time—and blank leaves were inserted between the pages. This the old man could not resist. Each anecdote suggested corrections, confirmation, or contradiction; and the mention of each name called forth an opinion or an illustration; and thus something was gleaned from the storehouse of Lord Eldon's reminiscences.

Without Lord Eldon's eminence or opportunities, I should be glad to hang my recollections upon any row of pegs. Although my first, that is my earliest, were in a world which has long ceased to be. What a mutable time! Our fathers, who saw political daylight through the first dawn of the American quarrel, saw themselves going through the long French war to its very conclusion, associated with the same names, and surrounded by the same faces. Now one generation knows not another. They are swept away, like a service of French dishes, and new ones are laid upon the table, to be admired, discussed, to be devoured, and to disappear in their turn. Think of the two Pitts, father and son, influencing the councils and guiding the fortunes of England for three-quarters of a century, from 1735 to 1807. Look at the Jenkinsons, father and son; the latter starting from nothing, as private secretary to the favourite, Lord Bute, and then creeping gradually up the ladder of office till he soon became its head, and reigned in Pitt's place. Contemplate the Dundases, the Ryders, the Bathursts; some of them brilliant trees, like forest ones, with few flowers and no fruit, but with roots that defied the tempest of opposition. Our friend, Dizzy, may quiz the Tadpoles and the Tapers as he will; but I can tell him, that the Tadpoles and the Tapers of that time had *stamina* in them, more than I can see in the very leaders and flash orators of the present day.

The prejudice seems, that the politicians of the ultimate and penultimate generation were a set of very stupid and very selfish fellows, who established a monopoly for themselves—a kind of official bed of roses, on which they fattened, and where they became monstrously rich, at the expense of the state and out of the bowels of the tax-payers. Now the truth is, that for the last hundred years I know of no family that has acquired wealth by politics, nor that has had anything like that direct promotion or greatness, that the Cecils, and the Russells, and the Villiers had, out of the munificence of Elizabeth, or Henry, or James.

Take all the Pittite families—those who held the destinies and the purse-strings of England all through the most expensive and prodigal of wars — Did they feather their nests? There are few remains now of either nests or feathers; none of them grew rich, at least by politics. No great fortunes in our times or in theirs have been amassed in office; whilst the talents and opportunities for making a fortune in any other walk of life have invariably been thrown away.

Look at Stowe and Wotton, and think of the Grenvilles and the Temples. Can we have a more striking example? Here is a family of gentlemen, brothers, cousins, relatives, obtaining by marriage a chief of great wealth, Lord Cobham, who directs the ambition of the whole family to politics. His ally, William Pitt, the finest genius of the age, who married their sister, became the First Lord and the great Commoner. They rule together, and when they are overthrown, there is another brother, a Grenville, ready to take their places, he having acquired the political knowledge, suppleness, and connexions, which they wanted.

The records of the Grenville family are now in course of publication, and full they are of instruction, a picture of official character and a review of official life. These volumes tell, how George the Third would not permit the great Chatham to humble France, destroy her navies, and conquer the colonies of Spain; and how the same King, who for mere love of peace did this, forced George Grenville to provoke a war with America, by which England lost her own colonies, and her military reputation with them. To this lesson of royal nature, these volumes add many more of political and official bearing. There can be nothing more manifest, than that Pitt made the fortune of the Grenvilles, great and small; and yet these papers contain a long and memorable statement by George Grenville, proving, or seeking to prove, that Pitt owed all to the Grenvilles, the Grenvilles nothing to him.

How remarkable is the liking that George the Third at first took to George Grenville, as a man cold, methodical, obstinate, solemn and ratiocinating as himself; and how the monarch who admired these qualities at a distance, found their influence intolerable in close contact. George the Third became in fact somewhat reconciled to Lord Chatham, whose proud and intelligent spirit exercised a tyranny over him, by finding that a dull solemn fool like Grenville could be just as great a tyrant, and considerably a greater bore.

There is no current sentiment of the present day, that so stirs my bile, as the universal and almost successful effort of the Whigs, to depreciate Lord Chatham. Mr. Macaulay proposes, Lord John Russell seconds, and Lord Albemarle, in his recent "Memoir of Lord Rockingham," carries the condemnation of Lord Chatham. I must own, that when I behold the essays of Macaulay upon Lord Chatham sold at railroad stations for a few pence, and destined to spread a knowledge of English history and English heroism amongst the people; when I see his powerful genius exercise criticism to disrobe, depreciate, and destroy the noblest and proudest name on the list of the political geniuses of the country, I am seized with indignation. The writers of no nation in the world, save our own, would thus befoul their own nest. What Frenchman would devote a book to expose and exaggerate the foibles of Sully, Richelieu, or Colbert, or those capricious weaknesses that marred the true greatness of Choiseul?

And after all, what was the great crime of Lord Chatham? Simply that he would not amalgamate with a body, that called itself exclusively the Whigs. The Dukes of Newcastle and of Bedford, the two great magnates of the Whig party, deserted Pitt in 1761, and sacrificed him most basely to the rising ascendancy of the favourite, Bute. And on that account the Whigs of the present day bear him rancour. The tenacity and folly of Newcastle and of Bedford, who

had no sooner sacrificed Pitt to Bute, than they were sacrificed by Bute to his own vanity, utterly broke up and ruined the Whig party, if that could be called a party, which followed the lead of such non-entities, as the Duke of Devonshire of that day, and the Marquis of Rockingham. Burke, who wore the collar of the latter, was the first who opened the Whig bow-wow at Lord Chatham ; and every Whig writer has re-echoed the same down to our time.

The fault and the curse of George the Third's reign, was the party which he was enabled to form soon after his accession — the party of King's friends, who looked to the monarch seriously as a source of perpetual wisdom, and who placed their loyalty, not in protecting the rights and privileges of the crown, in supporting its dignity and power, but in rendering the personal will of the sovereign, the rule of all things in and out of Parliament. We need not now say, that they lost us America, placed us in antagonism with France and with Ireland, drove from the councils and direction of the state, every man of ability and spirit, and at the most active period of European politics, placed the power and the finances of England in the hands of a man, far too young in judgment and experience, whatsoever his other talents, to be aware of the consequences of his own decision. It is notorious, that the younger Pitt embarked in the French War, with ideas of the present, and hopes of the future, as remote from reality and truth, as the Arabian Nights are from every-day facts.

The personal influence of the King and King's friends begat all this. And these the elder Pitt would have prevented in 1761, had the Whigs been true to him. Is it to be wondered then, that when the Whigs came in, under no more efficient leaders than Conway and Rockingham, and then most completely at the mercy of the King's friends in the carrying of every measure,—is it to be wondered, that Lord Chatham would have nothing to say to them, seeing that they were allowing the King's friends to clinch, in 1766, the nail which they had driven in 1761 ?

What an unhappy king was George the Third? he began his reign amidst a series of unexampled victories. Every post brought a conquest ! a province one day, a West Indian Island the next ; Lord Clive sent him a continent ! But young George turned in disgust from the enjoyment that most sovereigns prize. He scorned Victory when she came to him. And Victory, like a young goddess, offended at the slight, seldom came to the court of George the Third again, at least not as long as George the Third had a sound intellect. What would he have given in 1800, for even a sprig of those laurels, which he rejected in 1761, because culled by the hands of Chatham !

There was breathing-time from the close of the American war to the commencement of the French. The moral thermometer, I have heard, was high in these years. People very soon recovered their disgraces in America, which were after all achieved upon us by our own race. They soon forgot the war, however ; and the grand idea of the age was reform and improvement, in the representation, in political economy, in religion, in finance. There was not a statesman who had not found the philosopher's stone, and in it a panacea for the ills of political humanity. Fox was for converting the East into a ministerial apanage, and removing the home end of the syphon of wealth from Leadenhall to Whitehall. Pitt was refining Parliament by squashing all the boroughs, and filling the house of Commons with "fine old country gentlemen." Wilberforce

was for reforming the luxurious and jovial habits of the rich, and tried to import Puritan independence from over the Atlantic; and clever Englishmen and Scotchmen of that day were embryo Louis Blancs, wild for a Socialist Republic. Stern reality exploded amongst their dreams. Each hoped, at the first outbreak of the French Revolution, to find his account in it. All were sooner or later disappointed. Nor was Pitt less disappointed, who hoped to see the realization of his father's great dream, viz., to throw France on its back, like a turtle. Unfortunately, it was England that was soon to resemble the turtle, more than France. The king lost his reason, the minister his life; around was an ocean of anarchy, which well nigh overwhelmed those who had helped to raise, and dared to embark on it.

My senses first awoke to what was passing in the world, in the midst of that fearful war which had set the Continent in flames, its light and lurid interest being reflected from every countenance in these islands. Very schoolboys devoured the newspapers, and snatched the *Courier*. One might compare England during the first ten years of this century to a guard-house, a very splendid one, in which men delighted to wake and watch, in order to be ready to repel an enemy, still whiling away the night in all the enjoyment that excitement suggested, and that luxury could afford. There was a well of hope now rising in the midst of public despondency; for, however weak the credit of the nation, never were found means more ample—rents great, people loyal, wages ample, plenty to do, and plenty to spend—John Bull never inquired further.

I heard of battles, victories, and defeats, and marked the grave impression that they made. No feat or fortune of war, however, made so great a sensation as George the Fourth's conduct on succeeding to power as Regent. For half a century the political struggle had not been so much between Whig and Tory, though both these rival banners were the most spoken of, as between King's friends and independent Tories. From the commencement of the century Pitt had ceased to be a King's friend. He was succeeded in the royal affection by Addington. The talent of the Tory party thus went all one way, and its loyalty the other.

George the Fourth knew what talent was. None enjoyed it more in social converse; and he had ample choice of it in Tory as well as Whig. He knew Wellesley as well as Moira, Canning as well as Sheridan. But the farther his royal head got into the crown, the narrower did it become, till the once generous prince was a mass of personality and pettiness. He was an Epicurean without the generosity of one; and, although he had not the same idea that his father had, of making his political will a law, which was to rescue the state by every one's rallying to it; he still resented any difference of opinion with him as a personal affront. He, therefore, lost to him the talent of all the parties that had governed England. He that was successful in wars abroad, and in Parliament at home — what need was there of talent? George the Fourth, who had learned to disbelieve in human virtue, now doubted the advantage of even genius. Stupidity and suppleness were better.

How discontented were the minds of young and clever Tories in subordinate places! There was no chance of rising. The official aristocracy of the Jenkinsons and Bathursts was as exclusive and imperious as any whig duke that ever bullied a Hanoverian king. And there were several singing birds in the Tory cage who were forbidden to let a

single note be heard. Amongst these caged birds were Mr. Croker and Lord Palmerston, both ambitious, both eager to be all and everything, and knowing themselves infinitely cleverer than the premier in all the dignity of pigtail. But Lord Liverpool hated Croker, and Palmerston trembled before him like a little boy. As Canning disliked Croker as much as Lord Liverpool did, there was small chance for the Admiralty Secretary, notwithstanding his connexion with Lord Hertford, and through Lord Hertford with the premier. The dislike of the Tadpoles and Tapers to Croker, was greatly owing to his being given to wield that mysterious and vulgar weapon the pen. And although he did use the said weapon with power and malignity, it was always in favour of the Tory cause and Tory party, and in vituperation of their enemies. Still the Jenkinsons and Bathursts were afraid of the penman. Canning's humour and his epigrams were dangerous enough, a *double* of them in the same administration was too much.

The Duke of Wellington was more discerning and generous than any of his colleagues. Lord Palmerston was peculiarly attached to him, and the Duke liked both him and Croker. But the Duke, though supreme in the field, felt himself but a subaltern in the cabinet, did just what he was bid, without daring to have an opinion — witness his mission to Verona,—and left the high matters of state, and state patronage, to men far less capable, far less liberal, and far less honest, to wield them. Had Peel at that time any tact, or any far views, he would have rallied to the side of the Duke of Wellington, inspired him with ideas, and pushed him forward. Instead of that, Peel pinned himself to the skirts of old Eldon; and instead of his arousing the Duke out of the slumberous darkness of pure toryism, it was the Duke who shook him. It was, indeed, his making part of the Bullion Committee, that first destroyed Peel's veneration for pure toryism, and made him disbelieve in the all-sapiency of Vansittart. But it was the military Duke, strange to say, that first taught Peel to look upon questions of religious legislation, for example, with the eye of a practical man and a soldier. Every man must recollect what the Duke said in the House of Lords in 1829. He said, that he had never opposed the Catholics for their believing in transubstantiation; his sole objection to them was their church government, to deal with which was a matter of political expediency. Here all the high church principles of Peel and Gladstone melted down in a very small crucible. These few sentences give a complete idea of the Duke's political theology. Mr. Peel evidently took it as his own, as far more practicable than what he had been used to.

George the Fourth's aversion to Peel was singular. That he should dislike Canning and Brougham for sympathizing with his Queen — that he should hate the Whigs because he had wronged and been ungrateful to them, was natural. But Peel was just the man for the now Tory monarch to have trusted to. But Peel was a political Puritan, awkward and in-kneed. The gentleman Prince considered the walk of Peel across a room as a feat which it was prodigious amusement to get him to repeat. So was he taken by superficials.

This chapter has been rather a serious one, recording more what has been heard and heard repeated than seen. I may close this epoch with 1815, and cannot better terminate it than by relating an anecdote of that period, and of the momentous event which closed it and the war.

When Napoleon made his sudden and startling advance upon Bel-

gium, surprising and beating the Prussians at Quatre Bras, and driving them in one direction, whilst the English retreated in another, there was of course alarm in all those who witnessed the military operations, and gave written accounts from them. Anxiety, not to say panic, was great in London, and nowhere greater than in ministerial circles. Two members of Parliament—Fitzgerald was the name of one of them—had seen the advance of the French, and had come through the retreating masses of the British. They knew not what to make of it, and thought that their rank and importance entitled them to go to the Duke and ask him the meaning of all this. The Duke received the politicians with a moody brow, and did not deign to remove any of their anxieties. He inquired of them all they knew, and they told of regiments lost in high and waving corn, and artillery stuck in the unpaved sides of the high road. The Duke sighed gloomily, and advised our politicians to get out of the way as fast as ever heels or hoofs could carry them, for he could not tell what might happen, or what inundation sweep the country south of Brussels. The M.P.s left Waterloo and its vicinity on the 17th, and came home in a state of mind, which they communicated to all from Westminster to Marylebone.

I do not know whether journals had "our correspondent" in those days. Notwithstanding the wonderful celerity of information, which the *Times* succeeded in procuring and in organizing, I doubt if it yet had bulletins from the field of battle. But the great monied houses had their agents, and their rival agents, while the houses of Rothschild and of Goldsmidt then fought and struggled to procure intelligence, as *Times* and *Chronicle* did some years later. The story goes, that on this occasion the Goldsmidts sent their agent to the field of battle. Perhaps one of the M.P.s was the agent; but probably this was not the case. At any rate the said agent was frightened out of the field by the Duke, and compelled to take refuge in Brussels, where finding panic prevail up to a very late hour on the 18th, he dispatched a courier to his principals with the intelligence that all was, or would, undoubtedly be lost. And hereupon the Goldsmidtians sold stock to an unheard-of amount; and story would of course go on to say, they never recovered it.

The instructions of the Messrs. Rothschild to their agent were somewhat different. He was told to keep away from the field, from the army, and from its operations; to send no courier except with tidings of a fact already past question; and the fact deemed already past doubting in his mind, he was to come home himself, and give his reasons for crediting or being assured of it. The Rothschild agent was not only forbidden to station himself in the field, but he was also advised not to remain in Brussels either, which was soon to be the head-quarters of either exultation or panic, the one perhaps as little well-founded as the other. He was told, on the contrary, to betake himself to Ghent, which was at a fair distance from the contending armies, and on the road to England. In Ghent, too, Louis the Eighteenth had stopped; and *he*, no doubt, would be sure to hear the first intelligence of import addressed to him. If it were good intelligence, his Majesty, or ex-Majesty, would soon divulge it; if bad, it would soon become apparent in the preparations of the King and his suite to move farther off, and embark once more for Old England.

Guided by these instructions, Mr. Rothschild's agent, whose name I forget, but who was a solid old gentleman, very unlike the young go-a-

head newsmonger of our day, stationed himself at Ghent, and kept his eye upon the hotel in which Louis the Eighteenth was lodged, with the keenness of a man whose bread-and-butter is implicated in the success of his procuring intelligence.

Now it so happened that Louis the Eighteenth, who liked to play the king, had consented to do so publicly, in order to gratify the worthy inhabitants of Ghent. In order to do this, he had consented to eat his breakfast in public on the following morning, just as it was the custom at the Tuileries for the Royal family to dine in public on certain days. Their majesties or their princedoms ate their meal, whilst the public marched along a kind of corridor to behold them. Well, our news-agent of course attended this breakfast, as the sight of the day. He walked in and up-stairs with the crowd of Ghentois, entered the room where Louis the Corpulent was eating with good appetite. There was scarcely a partition between his Majesty's breakfast-table and the public; and our agent paused, with anxious and lingering respect, to observe the royal jaws in the very simple, but not sublime, operation of masticating food.

Louis had just devoured his last chop, and our friend devoured the monarch in turn with his eyes, when a clatter was heard in the court below. A horseman had entered at full speed, and with equal speed, it would appear, the said horseman made his way up the staircase, determined to deliver his message into the royal hand. The messenger was neither more nor less than a courier, with short sword by his side, such as foreign couriers wear; and he handed to his Majesty a large envelope, which when opened contained a paper with a very few words. The Duke of Wellington had won a great battle on the field of Waterloo. Bonaparte had fled, and his army was destroyed, routed, and dispersed. The old King handed the paper to be read aloud, and by none were its contents more greedily swallowed than by the agent of the Rothschilds. And then the old King, starting to his not very firm legs, still contrived to walk upon them over to the courier, who stood waiting for his *guerdon*, and bestowed upon the poor man a *guerdon* that he very little expected, viz., an embrace and a kiss upon both his cheeks. Our jolly Englishman, however elated before, was now ashamed, quite ashamed, that, not Royalty, but manhood should inflict upon man such a thing as a kiss. He uttered an exclamation, went out, put on his hat, rushed to Ostend, put to sea in a fishing-boat, and got to the English coast and to London long before a packet, post, or ordinary messenger.

His first care was to inform his patrons, the Messrs Rothschilds, who paid him munificently, and entertained no doubt of his correctness. They then told him, that, after a certain hour of that day (for it was morning) struck by the London clocks, he might make what use he pleased of his intelligence. Accordingly my gentleman from Flanders paced up and down before the Horse Guards until the clock struck (I know not what hour, whether eleven or twelve). When it did strike, he walked into Downing Street, and demanded to speak with Lord Liverpool. His passport, signed at Ghent on such a day, soon got through all the shyness of official reserve, and he was now ushered into the presence of the Premier. He told his story, as I have told it, from the first matter of his instructions, to what he had heard at the royal breakfast. But he never mentioned the kiss—he would have blushed to do it.

Never was man in such a pucker as was Lord Liverpool. He had

been in the lowest spirits, oppressed by previous accounts, and he did not believe a word of his informant's story. It was a stock-jobbing business. The Duke would have sent a messenger from the field to Downing Street much sooner than to Ghent. Had the agent been a breathless soldier from the field, he might have believed him; but a mere clerk, with a tale gleaned sixty miles from the field, and no corroboration. Besides, the news was too good to be true.

In his perplexity, however, Lord Liverpool sent round all the offices to all the people likely to know anything, or to be good judges in the matter. The deuce a one could be found, but Croker. He came and questioned the agent, nay cross-questioned him in his sharp way. But there was no shaking his evidence. "Well," says the Rothschildian to the officials, "you still doubt me, as if I would come here to lie for a paltry reward. If you wont believe what I tell you about the King of France and the courier who brought him the news, how will you believe what I am going to tell you, and what astonished me more than anything else; when Louis the Eighteenth read the letter, he started up, hugged the dusty, dirty courier, and kissed the fellow on both cheeks."

"My lord," said Mr. Croker, "you may believe every word this gentleman says. For no English imagination could invent this circumstance of the kiss; and no possible circumstance could be a stronger guarantee of truth."

Lord Liverpool therefore did believe, and was glad. But many still kept doubting. It was too good to be true; and why was the duke silent? Major Percy, with the dispatches, did not arrive till late in the evening; and when he did come, he could find nobody. His anxiety was to find the King. But no being could tell where his Majesty George the Fourth had dined, or where he spent the evening. At last the monarch was unearthed at Mrs. Boehm's, before whose door Percy stopped with his jaded coach and four; and the Regent was enabled to inform the worshipful company around him, that the star of Napoleon Bonaparte had definitively set on the field of Waterloo.

---

## A LITTLE MISTAKE.

What a world of little hopes and fears may be aroused by a postman's knock!

Are you in love? How your heart palpitates at the sound that announces the longed-for missive! Are you in business? You look calm and imperturbable when that sudden beat resounds on your hall door; you sneer at your wife, and you reprove your infants for their impatience to know "who it's for;" but you are only very properly acting your dignified *rôle* of a man of business and father of a family. Are you in debt? Poor fellow! how you tremble lest the business-like flourish of the hard-hearted Schneider, who *wont* renew, and *wont* give time, should meet your eye—prophetic of dire resolutions to place the affair in the hands of his attorney. And all these varied emotions, and ten thousand others, be your position in life what it may, can be called up by that simple, sudden, startling little "rat-tat!"

Marmaduke Wilmington, Esq., had just heard this same exciting sound, as he sat at breakfast in his lodgings in Bury-street, St. James's. Thereupon, Mr. Wilmington had laid down an uplifted piece of toast, in which a little horse-shoe had already been formed by his grinders, removed one slippered foot from the fender on which it had been resting, and raised his eyes from that highly interesting portion of the "Morning Post," headed "Sporting Intelligence." It was clear that Mr. Wilmington expected a letter.

Mr. Wilmington's valet, however, well-knowing that the street door had a letter-box, and that *he* personally had no interest in any epistle which might arrive, continued in the kitchen his perusal of a critique on last night's new ballet, perfectly undisturbed by the noisy summons which had aroused his master, and in no hurry to attend to it. While he is finishing the ballet, and his master is only restrained from ringing the bell violently, and demanding whether the letter is for him or not, by his sense of the very undignified appearance that impatience always makes, let us examine the latter gentleman with a little attention.

Marmaduke Wilmington had arrived at the age when a man is voted "old" by young ladies of eighteen, "middle-aged" by the young ladies' mammas, and "quite a young fellow," by gouty old grandfathers who wear spectacles, and put their trust in port wine. In the army he would have ranked among the seniors, at the bar he would have been a juvenile junior, in fact, he was about forty. But he was neither in the army nor at the bar, nor indeed in any other profession or calling, for which a name has yet been invented which would be at all gratifying to its members.

And yet he was by no means an idle man, nor a man of independent property. True he lived in plenty, dined well, dressed well, had good rooms, rode good horses, never failed to secure his stall for the season at the French Plays and the Italian Operas, belonged to a good club, frequented decent society, and had the air and reputation of a man of good *ton*. With all this he had inherited nothing in the way of fortune, and yet he never got into debt; he spent money, and must therefore have made it, though few among his most intimate friends could have

suggested the slightest clue to the secret of the worthy gentleman's resources. But we are wandering from the point, which, for the nonce, is the personal appearance alone of Mr. Marmaduke Wilmington.

The distinguishing characteristics of his face were brilliant grey eyes, not the brilliancy which pleases and fascinates, but that which tells of a keen and piercing, though not lofty, intellect; a profusion of iron-grey hair, curling and close cut; for the wearer was neither an artist, a German student, nor a "snob;" those, we believe, are the only characters in the present day who are guilty of hair dangling on to their shoulders. The forehead was large, but not lofty, indicating to the eye of the phrenologist more of shrewdness than of genius. The nose was large and aquiline; the mouth, that truest index to the character, was rather large, the lips being full and well cut; but there was an expression of refined sensuality, of smiling, smooth, polished craftiness in it, that would have told Lavater far more of Mr. Wilmington's moral nature than he would probably have wished to be read by any one. A set of dazzlingly white teeth (his own or Cartwright's), a well-made figure, and an undeniable foot and hand, completed as good-looking a man-about-town as forty-nine in every fifty, whose patent leathers grind the pavement of St. James's.

And now, Mr. Wilmington's valet having arrived at the *bouquets* and the *furore*, &c., in the closing scene of the last night's ballet, has relinquished the paper, and sought the letter-box, and is now entering his master's room with a large, coarse, dirty-looking epistle, bearing many a thumb-mark, and sealed with divers little impressions of the end of a watch key.

"I'll trouble you in future, sir, to bring my letters as soon as they arrive," said Mr. Wilmington, in a dignified and decided manner.

"Yes, sir," was the stereotyped reply of the valet, as of valets and flunkies in general, as he laid the dirty letter on the table and then left the room.

"Well to be sure!" he added to himself as he descended the stairs. "A precious pretty fuss about a dirty letter like that; hang me if *I* shouldn't be ashamed to receive such a thing. 'Pon my soul if any more of them comes, I must resign—*reely* I must—my reputation 's at stake. I wonder who the dooce can have written it? It ain't a dun, for he hasn't got any; and by the by, I reely don't think that 's quite *comifo*,—a gentleman *ought* to have a few duns for appearance's sake—he ought, 'pon my soul; I've one or two myself. There's that cussed little Ben Medex with my little acceptance for the £10 flimsy; the little noosance, he's got almost insolent at last. Then there's Tongs the 'airdresser, with *his* little account for *pommard* and *bookey de rain*, he 's had the impudence to write me a saucy letter for a settlement. Well, it's exciting, *reelly* it is. And Wilmington, dash it, pays ready money; such a nasty beggarly way of doing things! Besides, where 's my commission and perquisites? Tradespeople don't care a fig for *us*, when our governors pay cash. It 's shameful, reelly!"

Such were the valet's reflections as he retired, while his master broke open the dirty letter and read as follows:—

"Mr. Wilmington, "Ventom Hall, Nov. 2nd, 1849.

"Sir.—The filly ain't safe by no means. There's a dangerous looking chap arter her, and the guverner likes him. He means mischiff, I

can tell you. So if you means to run for the plate, you'd better come down and enter at wonce, or I wouldn't back you at no odds soon.

"Your survant to comand,

"JAMES WHIPSTOCK."

Marmaduke Wilmington laid down the letter with an abstracted air, took it up again and re-read it; and then, finding that it emitted a compound odour of stale tobacco, leather, and stable manure, he threw it into the fire.

"A devil of a bore this. To go out of town at this time of the year, and to that slow place, too! Shooting and hunting over! There's fishing enough, to be sure, but I hate fishing — at least *for fish.* Ha! ha! However, this is a matter of business. The girl has her thirty thousand — there's no doubt of that. She's tolerably pretty too, if it were not for that confounded *gaucherie* that all these country-bred girls have. That can be soon rubbed off in town, at all events. Yes, decidedly this is a chance not to be thrown away. The old baronet likes me too, I believe. But who the deuce can be this 'dangerous-looking chap,' as worthy Jim calls him? Hang the fellow, what can *he* want in the country in April? He *must* be a snob. No matter, I'll run no risks. *Allons,* then!"

He seized a pen, and on a neat sheet of note-paper wrote as follows:—

"DEAR SIR THOMAS,

"Availing myself of your kind general invitation, I propose coming down to Ventom for a few days, as I am ordered by my physician to take a little country air.—Kindest regards to the ladies.

"Ever yours most faithfully,

"MARMADUKE WILMINGTON.

"Sir Thomas Ventom, Bart. Ventom Hall, Warwickshire."

"Cool, that, decidedly," he said, as he sealed the letter; "but *he*'ll call it hearty, and so forth; so it's all right, and to-morrow I'll dine at Ventom Hall."

---

Ventom Hall was like hundreds of other halls in England, but in no other country. It was a handsome, convenient and unpretending edifice, standing in a park, with greensward, fallow deer, and tall trees in abundance, besides a fair-sized sheet of water, called a lake, and with kitchen-gardens, flower-gardens, conservatories, &c. In a word, George Robins would have made a splendid description out of it, but neither our taste nor our talent lying in that direction, we wont venture on the ground of the late Prince of Auctioneers.

Its present owner was Sir Thomas Ventom, descended from the Ventoms that came over with the Conqueror—of course. By the way, we are personally acquainted with almost as many lineal descendants of the Conqueror's followers as the numbers of the latter actually amounted to; nay, we are not sure that we could not tell of more names than the Roll of Battle Abbey contains, owned by people who swear their ancestor was one of William's knights. This is decidedly curious and puzzling. However, it is no business of ours. *Our own* family is undoubtedly from the Conqueror's stock. Everybody has heard of the Le Bruns, from which we, the Browns, are descended. But this is digressing.

Sir Thomas was a man of wealth and influence, much respected as a good landlord, and a hard rider, a genuine country gentleman, who often returned his tenants five per cent. on quarter day; had won as many brushes as any foxhunter in the county, and never gave less than eighty-four shillings a dozen for his claret.

His wife was worthy of her husband, and for Sunday-schools, blankets, and soup was unsurpassed by any country gentleman's lady in England.

They had no children; but a niece of Lady Ventom's resided with them, a Miss Julia Monteith. This young lady was one of the *belles* of Warwickshire, and greatly sought after at county balls. She was, unquestionably, pretty and clever, but, as our friend Mr. Marmaduke Wilmington had observed, she had certainly a touch of *gaucherie* about her, if the test of London fashionable manners were applied to her. This was disagreeable to some, and *piquant* to others, in proportion as they were thoroughly conventionalized or otherwise in their own minds. But even those who saw and complained of this want of style and finish, considered the defect amply compensated by her rumoured possession of thirty thousand pounds' fortune.

Marmaduke Wilmington, who had been hunting in Warwickshire last autumn, had been introduced to Sir Thomas Ventom, and by him invited to the Hall. There he had seen and admired the fair Julia; and having ascertained during his stay that she had the above-mentioned thirty thousand attractions, he had determined, as he said, "to bag the game." But well knowing that all kinds of events might happen in his absence to thwart his schemes, he made a confidant of Jim, one of the grooms at Ventom Hall, and commissioned him to let him know if anything occurred likely to affect his interests. The consequence of this confidence was Jim's dirty epistle we have presented to the reader, and Mr. Wilmington's determination to rush off to the scene of action himself. And now let us precede the worthy gentleman to Ventom Hall.

The little family are at breakfast, though it is early enough in the morning. A good substantial repast that same breakfast is, and ample justice is done to its attractions by all four at the table. The fourth person is Mr. Charles Spencer, a guest of Sir Thomas's. This young gentleman is a cornet of a light-dragoon regiment, at present quartered in some abominable place in the wilds of Ireland. But Charley Spencer is absent on leave, and his father, being an old friend of Sir Thomas, the latter has invited him to Ventom Hall. Now, the very idea of a cornet of light cavalry, just escaped from Galway Barracks, in the month of April, spending his time at a dull country seat, is, *primâ facie*, absurd; but then Master Charley has been to the said seat before, and is perfectly aware that there is something within its precincts to compensate for the loss of Rotten Row, the Italian Opera, and that fading remnant of former glories, "Almack's." Is Master Charley's taste so very bad after all?

The letter-bag arrived — that great event of the day in a country house during the dull season. Sir Thomas unlocked it, and drew forth sundry letters and the inevitable "Times." There was a letter on scented paper, inscribed in delicate characters to Miss Monteith, from her bosom friend, who had gone for her first season to London; and astonishing were her revelations of life in the great metropolis. There

was a saucy letter from Jack Flashley of the Blues to Charley Spencer, quizzing him on his *country* predilections. There was a pious-looking epistle in stiff characters, from the secretary of the "Universal Brotherhood and Negro Conversion Society" to Lady Ventom. And, lastly, there was the letter of Marmaduke Wilmington, Esq., to Sir Thomas himself.

"Bravo!" cried the latter as soon as he had perused it. "Now, Spencer, we shall be able to enliven you a bit in this dull place."

Here Charley threw a glance at Miss Julia, intended to be tender; but a man in moustachios casting sentimental glances, is like a hippopotamus attempting the polka, so that what was meant to be softly insinuating, was really simply "sheepish."

"My dear," continued Sir Thomas, addressing his wife, "Wilmington is coming down."

Lady Ventom expressed her satisfaction, for she considered Marmaduke a most well-bred man, and very charitably disposed: he had forwarded a guinea through her to the "Universal Brotherhood and Negro Conversion Society."

Miss Monteith looked pleased at the news, and said she was delighted; whereat Charley Spencer felt irate, and smoothed his moustachios, as he asked, "Who is Mr. Wilmington?"

It was a very simple question; but somehow or other no one could answer it, for no one knew exactly what to call our friend Marmaduke. Sir Thomas ventured to call him a man of independent property, though the worthy baronet had some misgivings as to whether he was telling the truth—at all events he did not know where the property lay. Lady Ventom said he was a finished gentleman, and very charitable; and Miss Monteith wound up the account by adding, "and *so* handsome!" This was decidedly the most unpleasing item in the catalogue of perfections announced to poor Charley, more especially from such lips. He pulled his moustachios about in a most ungrateful way, for really they were very decent ones, and very well *plantés.*

How long Charley continued in the sulks we don't know; at all events he took a ride that afternoon with Miss Monteith, and he would have been the most ill-tempered of mortals if he had not then lost every particle of anger; for Julia rode like an angel (we doubt, by the way, whether horsemanship is an angelic accomplishment,) and smiled so favourably on the soft-hearted cornet, that no young fellow of three-and-twenty could have felt otherwise than ready to worship her with his whole soul.

On their return they found Marmaduke Wilmington in the drawing-room.

"He *is* devilish good-looking," thought Charley; "but then, hang it, he's old enough to be her father,—pshaw! *he's grey.*" But Charley didn't feel comfortable nevertheless.

"A smart young fellow," thought Marmaduke: "and those moustachios, too, are astonishingly attractive to a country girl: but then—pshaw! these *boys* never know how to manage a woman." Nevertheless, Mr. Marmaduke Wilmington was conscious of a certain little misgiving in this vital matter.

What a clever little girl was Julia Monteith! Who could guess which of the two she preferred? Nay, who could have guessed that she cared the value of her riding-whip for either? And yet she did. But

—mercy on us—what woman is deficient in tact in these cases? They are all pre-eminently hypocrites, the little dears, at such moments as these,—and, of course, it's quite correct that they should be so: "maidenly modesty," "lady-like reserve," &c.

At dinner Charley Spencer found out that Marmaduke was intimate with a dozen friends of his, and warmed towards him accordingly. Moreover, he discovered that he was quite *au courant* of all military news and mess scandal; he found that he was a first-rate sportsman, and something of a betting-man, well able to give him good information how to make his little investments on the forthcoming Chester Cup. *N.B.* This was after the ladies had retired, horse-racing being only less horrible than free-masonry in their estimation.

That same evening Charley Spencer and Marmaduke Wilmington were on apparently confidential and cordial terms. Julia behaved so discreetly, that Marmaduke abandoned all fear of Charley's rivalry; while she talked with such freedom and absence of reserve to himself that he felt he was making way. On the other hand, Charley had ventured once to quiz her on her apparent preference for Wilmington, but her stare of astonishment, and her little exclamation "Why, *he's grey!*" completely delighted and reassured him. It is true that he fancied Marmaduke rather "spooney" on the fair Julia; but feeling confident now of the impossibility of his success, he rather compassionated his rival. By degrees, however, even this idea wore away, and so cleverly and prudently did Marmaduke Wilmington act his part, that not one of the party retired to rest that night with the least suspicion of that worthy individual's feelings or designs.

A day or two thus passed away amid a great deal of clever acting on the part of Julia and Wilmington, and violent attempts on the part of Charley Spencer to be equally well-guarded in his manner: but he was too young (at least for a man) to do it well, so that his sentiments were soon perceived by his cautious rival.

But, though Mr. Wilmington was thus cautious in his demeanour, it must not be supposed that he had at all abandoned his schemes, or that he was one whit the less eager in pursuit of them. He was merely a skilful general hiding his tactics from the enemy.

He and Spencer and the old baronet were together in the billiard-room one evening; the two former had played a couple of games in which Charley had been shamefully beaten. The poor youth was getting into that hopeless condition of rapturous love which will not allow its victim to do anything properly, or to think of any subject not immediately connected with itself. The baronet rallied him on his bad play, and challenged him to a game. The challenge was accepted, and Marmaduke left them to seek the ladies in the drawing-room.

When he reached it, Julia was there alone. Auspicious moment! thought Marmaduke Wilmington, Esq., and, of course, his colour ought to have heightened, his pulse ought to have quickened, and he ought to have found himself unable to talk in his usual strain, &c.; all this being the prescribed orthodox way for lovers to behave under such peculiar circumstances. But he was far too cool a fellow to feel any such symptoms of excitement. He had too often staked a year's income on a throw of the dice, and seen it coolly raked up by the *croupier;* he had too often watched the chestnut poking its nose by the winning-post just a-head of the bay which he had been backing to the extent of thou-

sands; nay, he had even too often seen a man at twelve paces levelling a hair-triggered pistol at his head in a case of "honourable satisfaction," to be easily excited by trifles of any kind. Therefore he dropped quietly into a seat near Miss Monteith,—not *too* near, or that would have been impertinent; not too far off, or that would have been wanting in cordiality and intimacy. Then he chatted away on some of the little events of the day, till he artfully wound the conversation round to himself, and candidly confessed that his whole object in coming to Ventom was to see her—Julia Monteith—once more.

We hate love scenes and love speeches most cordially, so we will not give our friend Marmaduke's. Julia was all confusion and blushes; for, be a woman ever so clever a tactician, a downright declaration of love generally throws her off her guard, and makes her as timid as a baby. Suffice it, however, that Marmaduke was beginning to interpret her blushes and tremblings favourably, and was waiting for an answer to *the* important question he had just asked, when Lady Ventom sailed into the room, and immediately after her came the baronet and Charley Spencer; the latter looking rather angry at the close proximity of Marmaduke's and Julia's chairs. (It really seems as if chairs understood these little scenes, by the otherwise unaccountable manner in which they seem to gradually approach each other without any consciousness of a move on the part of the sitters.)

No doubt Wilmington was exceedingly provoked by this sudden interruption, but again his admirable self-command stood in his favour, and no one could have detected his annoyance from external signs. He watched his opportunity to get a word of reply from Julia without success, till at length he contrived to whisper, as he stood by her at the piano. "Write to me, to-night, for God's sake—if only one line,—Will you?" No reply!

Charley Spencer seemed dreadfully abstracted at times during the evening, and yet outrageously gay and noisy withal. Julia seemed unusually timid, but still looked so happy, that Mamaduke felt confident of success. He passed close to her once again, and pretending to show her an engraving, said, "Answer my question, will you ——?"

"Hush, *yes!*"

Cool as he was, he almost started with delight; but he controlled himself in a moment, and the evening passed away without any further event worth recording. As soon as he retired to his own room, Marmaduke sat in an easy chair, and gave vent to his satisfaction.

"*Yes!* yes! by Jove she said so. Thirty thousand! What a lift, after that confounded loss on the Liverpool Steeple-chase! I wanted a start after the vile luck I have had lately. I must keep up a decent establishment of course, for my own sake. But when a man has my *savoir faire,* thirty thousand is a good three thousand a year of income. Decidedly, I am a lucky fellow!"

Such and similar were Mr. Wilmington's reflections. There was nothing in them touching the young lady herself. Marmaduke Wilmington seldom troubled his head about the happiness of anybody, save that most important personage, his own individual self. Julia was simply the incarnation of thirty thousand golden pieces—he would have preferred the latter *without* their incarnation, but as it was, he was contented to incumber himself for the sake of the solid advantages attending his sacrifice.

He slept delightfully.

Next morning a servant entered his room hurriedly, and awoke him.

"Good gracious, sir! — have you heard the news? Miss Julia's gone!"

"Gone!—where?"

"Gone off with Mr. Spencer, sir, to Gretna Green, — and here's a letter to you, sir."

Marmaduke seized it, tore it open, and read.

"Forgive me, my dear sir, if my reply was interpreted wrongly by you, as I fear it was. When I said '*yes*,' I thought your question was, whether I would write to you? not the other question, which you honoured me by addressing to me. Believe me, I fully appreciate that honour, but the step which I have now taken will of itself show you how impossible it would have been for me to do more than thank you for your preference, and assure you that I hope ever to deserve your *friendship* and esteem.—J. M."

"The devil take everybody!" roared Wilmington, to the servant's intense alarm, and losing all his self-control. He paced the room, almost foaming with rage; till at length hearing Sir Thomas approaching, he exerted himself to be cool again.

"So she's gone!" cried the baronet, rushing in. "She's gone, the hussey! And she has written to you, I hear. What does she say to *you*, Wilmington, eh?"

A moment's reflection showed Marmaduke that it would be more galling to his vanity to let it be known that he had been rejected, than painful to let any other surmises be made. He, therefore, quietly declined stating the subject or contents of his letter at all; whereupon the baronet was very savage, accused him of being in the conspiracy, and hinted that he trusted he would not prolong his visit at Ventom Hall.

The first train conveyed the discomforted *roué* to town, cursing his own folly by the way, and everybody and everything in a most energetic manner. He summed up his miseries in these words:

"Jilted—done out of thirty thousand pounds—cut out of one of the best visiting houses in a hunting county,—booked as the laughing-stock of every man who knows me,— and, worse than all, missed the Chester Cup to-day, when I might have made a little money to console me! —What's that?" he cried, as they stopped at a station?"

"Telegraphic dispatch of the Chester Cup, sir."

"Who's the winner?" he asked.

"Blueblazes, sir."

"Of course,— confound them all!—the very horse I meant to back, —and such odds too!—I should have pocketed eight thousand at least. And all this lost for a wild-goose chase after a crafty, dissembling, little country wench, who prefers a popingjay-coated boy to a man like me!"

Very bad taste no doubt, Mr. Marmaduke Wilmington; but the truth is, that with all your cunning you had for once made—"A little mistake."

---

# LIVES OF JOHN STUNNING,

BY J. JUMBELL;

# AND OF THE DUKE OF SMITH,

BY ISRAEL BENONI, M.P.

---

To the Editor.

My dear Sir,

You will doubtless remember that a few months ago I had the honour to be appointed to the proud position of "our own Reviewer." I must frankly confess, that, when first placed on that giddy eminence, I was tempted by my vanity to mention the fact in several clubs and coteries, which I frequent. I have learned bitterly to repent my rashness. Since that fatal hour my privacy has been invaded, my peace of mind disturbed. No rest "from morn to dewy eve" has there been for "the tintinnabulary appendages of my ligneous barricado." I have been called on by authors great and small—the latter class preponderating—some of whom have brought me books that they have just published,—others those which they long ago published,—others, again, manuscripts which they intend to publish, — and one and all have modestly requested me to "give a favourable notice" of their past, present, and future performances. Many have flattered, a few have attempted to bribe, and some have gone so far as to threaten me. I have very strong suspicions that a young man, with a wild eye, pale complexion, long hair, and a pointed beard, who is the author of a small volume of poems entitled, "Bosom-buds and Heart-blossoms" is now the victim of a monomania, which may tempt him to shoot me. My house must be increased to the size of the British Museum or Bodleian, if books continue to pour in at the rate they have hitherto done. I have received translations from more languages than were spoken under the tower of Babel—travels in all countries, known and unknown—treatises on all the "ologies" and "atomies"—German metaphysics and French novels—Sermons, high-Church, low-Church, broad-Church, slow-Church, and no-Church; Pamphlets political, polemical, and practical; comedies that are sadly serious, and tragedies more laughter-moving than farce. But the waste of my own time, and the danger to my own life, are not the least among the pains and penalties of office. My domestic happiness is gone for ever! There has not been a pudding made or a stocking darned since my critical career commenced. My shirts are buttonless; and at the moment I write, my wife is weeping in her bedroom over the third volume of a romance full of fine startling impossibilities, and my daughter making extracts from a pamphlet by the Rev. Ambrose Fudge, "On the duty and privileges of crossing yourself *(and everybody else)* whenever you may feel so inclined."

You may imagine, amidst this never-ceasing arrival of books and their authors, I have had little leisure to fulfil my engagements to yourself. I have, nevertheless, stolen from my hours of rest some time in which to notice briefly the latest works of two authors who have *not* called on me, whose careers are interesting, and whose present utterances have attracted general public attention. They are,

JOHN STUNNING:

A Psychological Biography,

BY JERMAN JUMBELL, ESQ.:

and—

THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF SMITH,

An Historical History,

BY ISRAEL BENONI, M.P.

Now, as introductory to a critique on these two Works, it would be a very "correct thing," and certainly not without precedent, to quote the celebrated maxim that "History is Philosophy teaching by example;" a remark usually attributed by its second and third hand quoters to Bolingbroke, but in reality borrowed by his lordship, and with acknowledgment, from Dionysius of Halicarnassus. I may however, perhaps, be permitted, without expounding this trite observation, to give some account of our two biographers, and their writings. Mr. J. Jumbell is one of the best known, if not one of the most famous authors, of the day. He may be described as belonging to the "Hyper-Scotch-German-high-intellectual-anti-everything school. He is original almost to inspiration, and eccentric to the very verge of madness. As a writer he is eloquent and earnest; as a teacher unsystematic and unsound. His exact place in contemporaneous literature it is difficult to fix. He is, perhaps, a semi-religious, semi-infidel, semi-political, semi-metaphysical, semi-historical, semi-critical, rhapsodical essayist—the prose-prophet leader of the Germanesque cloud-compelling class of thinkers. He has made audacious innovations on our land's language, which must grieve the ghosts of Swift and Addison, while, could we summon from the vasty deep the shade of Dr. Johnson, it would with thin voice settle the matter, "Sir, the man's an idiot." Mr. Jumbell is the author of very many and heterogeneous books. They may be said to be "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis." He has played the part of resurrectionist to a great regicide — penned a long rhapsody on a great revolution—abused our aristocracy—lauded the middle ages—deified brute-force, and written pamphlets which neither he nor any one else can comprehend. Earlier in his career he contributed to the "Censura Trimestris," or Blue Review, a series of articles, which he afterwards republished, and which of all his works I have read with the greatest pleasure, but which, because free from his usual monstrosities of style, he is wont to speak slightingly of "as my grandmother's English." His last lucubration is particularly interesting, inasmuch as it marks an epoch in his mental progress, and proves that, however he may have been hitherto restrained by doubt or caution, he has now become so wise and courageous as to attack all creeds and formularies, and almost in as many words to declare that he is a believer in all unbelief. The book, though professing to trace the career of another, is, to a great extent *auto*-biographical. It might, perhaps, be called "Quorum pars magna fui;" or a work to my own praise and glory, and shows very clearly the importance of a man to himself.

It is not the first time that the life of John Stunning has been written. A dignitary of the Church, whose orthodoxy has been unjustly suspected, and whose orthography has been justly censured, published the remains of this gifted young man, and prefaced them with a memoir which subjected its author to the merciful revilings of certain meek men

who write for Religious Newspapers. The fault of that memoir was that it is the history of a metaphysical sad-dog, with a theological tin-kettle tied to his tail, and this, Mr. Jumbell would tell us, is a false and inadequate view of the man. We will, however, without further remark give in our native tongue, not in Mr. Jumbell's Germanesque, the principal incidents in Stunning's life,—a career, you will, my dear sir, observe to be so extraordinary, so chequered with adventure, so full of novelty and interest, as to merit two biographies. J. S. was the son of his parents. He was born, and what is, perhaps, even more singular, he died. We have every reason to believe that he was baptized; that he wore pinafores until advanced to the dignity of breeches; that he went to school. We know that he proceeded thence to College, whence, with some degree of coolness, he departed without taking any degree. He was a great light at "the Shout-and-Stammer Debating Club," where he astonished "*Romanos* rerum dominos, gentemque *togatam*," which may be interpreted the 'Puseyite Dons and the Undergraduates,' by his daring radicalism. He next resided in London, where he made several heavy contributions to light literature. He was the founder of a society afterwards called "the Stunning Club." This was a kind of free-and-easy for embryo-bishops, archdeacons, M.P.s, and authors, where these great men were used to discuss various topics, and gracefully unbend in free social intercourse as they smoked the pipe of peace, and drank the beer of contentment. It has, however, in consequence of the practices into which they fell, and the dangerous opinions there promulgated, been suppressed by act of Parliament. It is by some suspected that the Betting-offices and Casinos, which now spring up in every corner of the metropolis, were there first projected.

But to return to Stunning. After he had published a novel, which fell dead from the press, and some poems which nobody read, he embarked in an insane political project, in which, though he did not, he deserved to have lost his life. He married—wandered about in search of health,—seems to have walked, talked, slept, ate, and drank very much like other people—and finally took orders in the Church of England. He is described by his biographer as brilliant in conversation; though not one humorous or witty saying of his is recorded. These very possibly may have been designedly suppressed; and as Mr. Jumbell threatens the world with some posthumous poetry of Mr. Stunning's, he may, perhaps, also edit his jokes. A supplement to Joe Miller is a desideratum in literature. On Mr. Stunning's, on one occasion, objecting that some "opinion of Mr. Jumbell's was *Pan*theism, Mr. J., with his accustomed humour, replied, "What if it were *Pot*theism?" This, as of course it was highly calculated to do, much amused Stunning, and his appreciation of it shows that he had indeed a very keen sense of the ridiculous. He appears to have been orthodox enough until he was so fortunate as to meet with the philosopher of Chepsea. This great man was so kind as to assist Stunning in shaking off creeds and formularies as improper checks on mental independence. It is, nevertheless, my firm conviction, that in spite of these aids to intellectual emancipation, J. Stunning died, as for the greater portion of his life he had lived, a sincere Christian. Besides the unread Romance and Poetries, he was an occasional contributor to the "Slow and Steady Review," and also to the "Free and Foreign-thinking Quarterly."

In these articles of his there is a manifest imitation of the style

of Mr. Jumbell, which may account for the philosopher's warm admiration of the young man. You must have observed, my dear sir, what a baneful influence on literature this system of servile imitation is exercising. Certain small authors, now a days, out-Jumbell Jumbell in eccentricities of expression. With them all adjectives may be used in the superlative degree. Everything is "world-wide," every German is a Heaven-sent "great-thinker," or a prophet, or a priest, or something of the sort; and such compound substantives as "time-heights," "fame-temples," &c., meet the reader in every page of their mystic volumes. So much for the *servum pecus,* who worship and imitate the great thinker. One more remark on the book itself. I have been asked by many friends, in whose sound judgment and good sense I have the greatest confidence—"Why was this life ever published at all? Did Stunning write, say, or do anything which very many other clever young men have not written, said, and done? What demand for such a book was made by the public? What disappointment would have been manifested had it never appeared?" But in this enlightened age of discussion, common sense is the virtue of the slow aud the seedy. Away with it! There is a laudable desire to know everything about everybody, which must be indulged, and a craving after originality, which, however morbid, must be satisfied by the great thinkers.

I dismiss the work with this general and guarded criticism, that the book would have been better had the author taken more pains.

I must now notice with brevity the "Life of the Duke of Smith." This book I would fain speak gently of; it has been so roughly handled by some of the Reviews. It presents, in some respects, a very strong and pleasing contrast to the lucubration of Philosopher Jumbell. Though the author was one of the chief personages in the scenes described, he is never egotistical, and its tone is so modest and good-natured that, had it been published anonymously, we should have been quite at a loss to know to whom to affiliate this progeny of the brain. Israel Benoni, its brilliant author, has hitherto been so addicted to saying savage things, and is so justly famous as a writer and speaker of the smash and spatter style, that on this occasion his tameness is shocking to me. He is, however, now in a position in which it is somewhat important to be popular. He has in his orations quite abandoned those "Sadler's Wells sarcasms and melodramatic malignities," with which he used to assail his antagonists, and in this work has entirely laid aside that unwary pleasantry which kept friend and foe alike in alarm, and waxed so sweetly amiable on a suddeu, that almost any one who consults the book will hear of something to his advantage. Many years ago, when the fervour of youth urged him, as it did Horace, in *celeres iambos,* he published anonymously "the Epistles of Funnyhead." They were a dashing imitation of Junius's letters; but with just this difference—that they were more scurrilous and less witty.

In these Epistles he lampooned every public man of the day, with the exception of a chosen few, whom he flattered in terms of fulsome adulation. Among the grateful recipients of his panegyric was Sir Magnus Grand. Mr. Benoni had launched his political cock-boat under different auspices, but he for many years showed a strong disposition to attach himself to the party, if not the cabinet, of the great Cotton Baronet. Now, though Sir Magnus had, according to Mr. B.,

"a dangerous sympathy with the creations of others," he evinced no desire to adopt the theories of Mr. Benoni. The mind of this practical statesman shrank from problems of political economy, propounded in three volumed Romances, in which a chief personage is a Jew *millionaire*, who is omniscient, if not omnipotent, and in which real live ladies and gentlemen, who are to be met this season at balls in Belgravia, are caricatured without, of course, any violation of taste or good feeling. It was said of two of the Greek dramatists, that one painted men as they ought to be, and another as they were. Mr. Benoni has eclipsed them both, for he has painted men as they cannot be, which is going a step farther, either in the right or the wrong direction.

Sir Magnus lived to feel the lash of the man whose services he had not accepted. The rejected friend became the successful foe, and Mr. Benoni at length vanquished Sir Magnus in the very place where he had so long reigned supreme. The progress of that victorious struggle is the main subject of the historical history. He has handed down to posterity the character of the Baronet-leader in sentences which will never be forgotten. They form part of the book whose faults and merits it is my duty to mention.

Its good points undoubtedly are, that it is good-natured and candid throughout, in style excellent, and disfigured by no Jumbellite imitations or extravagancies. It is pure, racy, idiomatic English.

Its faults are that it is over long—too minute in details of Parliamentary transactions—and that it introduces, at least, one of the three-volumed-romance theories, which, I hoped, had died simultaneously with the sarcasms. It is presented here with a show of seriousness and argument in a more matured and noxious form of error. Mr. Benoni being himself of the Hebro-Caucasian race, and having, notwithstanding a few failures (I wont mention the thundering epic with its more thundering preface), a very firm confidence in his own abilities, appears to think that, because inspiration was given to some of his race who were to be the vehicles of truth to the world—that inspiration has lasted among them, and that all of the Jew family are Heaven-sent statesmen, Heaven-taught artists, writers, speakers, &c. Indeed, I am afraid he may imagine that he is himself under a divine afflatus when he is setting the House on a roar by the sallies of his wit and fancy.

My uncle, who is a quiet orthodox clergyman, not prone to dogmatize, informed me that he thought the Hebro-Caucasian chapter blasphemous, and upon a careful review of it I am inclined to agree with him.

Mr. B. is as much attached to *races*, though in a different sense, as the noble subject of his memoir.

The book is too much made up of extracts from the debates. A facetious friend made the following conundrum on it, which you will agree with me is very bad. Why is Benoni's a successful work? Because it's entirely *answered* (Hansard).

I can only recommend that the next edition be curtailed, and that when next Mr. Benoni favours the world with a book, he will not be less brilliant, quite as amiable, and more orthodox.

The knocker is goiug, and so am I,

Your afflicted Correspondent.

## BISHOP BERKELEY AND RATIONALISM.

THERE are few writers of comparatively modern times who have had greater injustice done them than Bishop Berkeley. This profound philosopher and accomplished scholar seems by common consent to have been singled out as the impersonation of all that is whimsical, delusive, and unreal in metaphysical research. His system has been strangely misunderstood, and represented as a visionary scheme, the design of which was to prove the non-reality of external objects; whereas it was framed and propounded for the express purpose of confuting that philosophy, which having *matter*, in the philosophical sense of the word, for its foundation, did in fact convert all the objects of our perceptions into absolute nothings—the mere shadows of the unperceived and unperceivable archetypal world of real things, whose very existence was thus rendered incapable of demonstration; a system which obviously opened as wide a field for scepticism as can be well imagined. The causes of our perceptions being, by it, reduced to a gratuitous assumption, a very slight exercise of ingenuity would suffice to deal as summarily with their effects; a consequence that did not escape the acuteness of Berkeley, though it had eluded that of his less far-seeing contemporaries and opponents.

This singular misapprehension of the bishop's design seems to rest on the point just noticed; that he wrote of *philosophical* matter, and he was understood as treating of something essentially different; popular matter, or body in general; that is, considered apart from its particular existences. That such a misconception should have arisen, and till recently it has rarely been questioned, seems almost unaccountable, seeing that he says expressly (Principles of Human Knowledge, xxxvii.) "If the word *substance* be taken in its vulgar sense, for a combination of sensible qualities, such as extension, solidity, weight, and the like, this we cannot be accused of taking away. But if it be taken in a philosophical sense, for the support of accidents or qualities without the mind, then indeed I acknowledge that we take it away." And, singularly enough, this erroneous view of his system has been entertained both by the learned and unlearned. Not only has it been enunciated by every-day people, innocent of metaphysics, who never having read a line of his writings, in all the confidence of ignorance scruple not to receive and transmit the current phrase, "the *sceptical* philosophy of Berkeley;" but also by those who have either undertaken formally to refute his doctrines, or have run a tilt at them by way of digression from the straightforward course of their own speculations. Both classes agreeing to exhibit him as a legitimate, one would not perhaps say, laughing-stock, but more mildly, *occasion* for lips philosophical and otherwise being wreathed into smiles of mild contempt and self-complacent superiority.

Reid has, as we think, grossly misrepresreted Berkeley. Dugald Stewart has his fling at him, in a quiet, taking-it-for-granted sort of a way. While Beattie, as everybody knows, was at the pains of writing what must, in all justice, be called a blundering book against him. A work which, though it sufficiently manifests the writer's incompetency

for his self-imposed task, yet leaves upon the mind of the reader a feeling of unqualified surprise at its being so badly done. The critic might at least have been presumed capable of understanding his author —the *minimum* of qualification for a disputant—though he might be utterly unable to controvert his positions. But even this was palpably not the case; and in writing against Berkeley, Beattie has only shown how entirely he had mistaken his own powers and vocation. His book we consider an unfortunate one for his reputation, notwithstanding the high degree of favour it has enjoyed; a favour that may be accounted for by the pleasing and popular style in which the Scotch professor gave utterance to the general misconception of, and consequent feeling against, the system of the Irish bishop. The "Essay on Truth" should now, however, be estimated at its just value. The elegant, but it must be said, shallow doctor, like a beautiful, swift-sailing yacht that skims the waters and wheels in graceful circles like a sea-bird, is no match for the stately man-of-war, alongside which he has chosen to lay himself, in the somewhat presumptuous hope of sinking it by a broadside from his pop-guns! which truly make a most alarming report, and might in all probability blow a cockle-shell out of the water, though they have not the smallest chance of damaging the towering structure against which their harmless rage is directed. *Ne sutor*—the doctor should have stuck to his poetry and *belles lettres*, instead of meddling with such stern stuff. It is always painful to see a man of unquestionable abilities so completely mistaking their proper direction, getting so helplessly out of his depth, as does poor Beattie on this occasion. That Frederic Schlegel should have followed in the wake of those who thus misconceived the learned Irishman, certainly fills us with unbounded astonishment.

Of late years, a disposition has manifested itself towards a juster appreciation of the great and good Berkeley. Each adjective is emphatically his due. A writer in "Blackwood's Magazine," 1842—Mr. Samuel Bailey, if we mistake not—seemed to be the first who announced an interpretation of his peculiar doctrines approaching that which we had ourselves been wont to put upon them. Mr. G. H. Lewes followed, and subsequently, Mr. Robert Blakey.

For ourselves we must own, that we were early inspired with a cordial admiration of the bishop; the more so, perchance, that till we became acquainted with his writings, we had duly credited what was told us—that he was a dreamer who had philosophized away that which mankind had ever, on the testimony of their senses, most devoutly believed: that they *saw* the sun, and skies, and blue mountains; handled *bonâ fide* chairs and tables, and received *real* blows from *real* sticks and stones; the whole being wound up with the well-known "no-matter-Berkeley" story! But what a world did they open to our young, and impressionable mind. We thought ourselves in Paradise, entranced like our first parent, when his luckily cold repast was left so long untouched, while he hung on the sweet music of angelic speech. It is a digression, but it occurs to us that, had it been a hot supper, Eve would have take care not to let her cookery spoil for anybody's talking. How did they enchain us by their varied fulness, beauty, and practical wisdom! There was the perspicuous elegance of his dialogues; the profound and far-seeing wisdom of his querist; a fund upon which writers of political and educational contributions to our modern

periodical literature have not inaptly drawn; and above all, there was the magnificent Platonism (we should rather say *Plotinism*) of his Siris, which beginning with tar-water, the good bishop's hobby, gradually rises, in a strain of fascinating speculation, from that humble source, to what perhaps, to our soberer views, looks not unlike a *sort* of Pantheism, though one of the most noble and elevating character. Undoubtedly one of the charms of Siris, to a mind whose youthfulness may preclude those habits of rigid and correct thought, which will at once detect the subtlest boundary line between truth and error, is that slight tendency to the emanative system which it exhibits. A system that may be spoken of as a splendid error; one that lays hold of the speculative mind, in spite of the cold judgment pronouncing against its claims; and that leaves the youthful student, as he struggles against its witchery, half wishing that it were true. Berkeley's *anima mundi*, however, is a very different one from that of the Pantheists; it might be better expressed as *animus mundi*.

It must be borne in mind that we are not about to enter on a detailed examination of the whole of his system, nor to prove its perfect consistency throughout. Our sole design is to exhibit what his views really were; and that for the purpose of showing the injustice of that charge of scepticism, as to the real existence of the objects of our perceptions, which has been so commonly brought against him, with few and incomplete exceptions, from his own time to the present.

His leading position is, that ideas have no existence out of mind, in which they inhere as their proper substance. If we were to write the word in its original form, *sub-stans*, it would make the matter clearer. And this has generally been assumed to mean, out of the percipient human mind: an erroneous rendering, which we would mark as affording some explanation of the severe and unmerited censure that has been heaped upon his system; admitting, at the same time, that *some* of his expressions, taken alone, may appear to countenance it. But his meaning, as he explicitly says, is, that things have no existence out of the Eternal Mind; or, in other words, independent of God. And it must not be forgotten, that to construe an equivocal expression, as contradictory to an explicit one, would be a direct violation of the rules of legitimate criticism.

"The question," he says, "between me and the materialists is, not whether things have a real existence out of the mind of this or that person, but whether they have an absolute existence distinct from being perceived by God, and exterior to all minds." And again, "the only thing whose existence we deny, is that which philosophers call matter, or *corporeal* substance" (sub-stans). Sentences that must surely have been overlooked by many of his critics. Passages similar to these might be multiplied. Now, as is well known, according to the scheme to which he was opposed, *matter*, or corporeal substance, was in fact almost, if not quite, equal to God—a sort of rival god. Qualities proper to Deity were attributed to it — eternity, independent existence; and it was deemed the *necessary* cause and support of phenomena: the independently existing rough material, of which the mighty Lord of All had but the fashioning, of the external world. And we find this objection, that such a system supposes two gods, urged against it by those Christian authors who wrote in opposition to the old heathen materialists. Ter-

tullian (Adversus Hermogenes) says—"You ascribe eternity to matter, and thereby invest it with the attributes of God;" and "that doctrine" (the eternity of matter) "places matter on an equality with God." While the magnificent addition in the Nicene creed—"maker of heaven, and earth, *and of all things visible and invisible*"—may perhaps not unreasonably be supposed to have had a designed reference to this controversy, as it then presented itself.

But not only was such a scheme profane, it was, intolerably absurd, as involving a host of contradictions; for the definition of philosophical matter, amounts to a definition of—nothing! as is well shown in the "Dialogues," which contain the fullest exposition of Berkeley's doctrines. It is stripped of all sensible qualities, and, of course, can have no intelligible ones; this same "nothing"—that which can neither be apprehended by sense nor intellect, is, to all intents and purposes, *nothing*—being assigned as the ground of all the affections of our senses, as the efficient cause of those divers impressions which make known to us the existence of an external and sensible world. Truly *matter* was in evil case in the Bishop's hands. Further, thus reduced to a non-entity, how was its existence to be demonstrated? We did wrong in saying such a system led to scepticism; for they who deliberately and understandingly embraced it, must have been endowed with an amount of credulity far transcending anything of which we could conceive, even in our most imaginative moments. To make a gratuitous assumption, the prop of this wondrous world!

It was against this—literally *non*-sense—that Berkeley wrote. Not against the existence of matter, if matter be taken as the generic name of sensible things. Popularly it is so taken; and hence the popular misapprehension that he—denying the existence of *matter*—denied that of sensible things. But how came the philosophers who dealt with his works, to take this leaf out of the book of the vulgar?

The definition of a writer's terms is one essential towards his being understood. Berkeley took care to define his. He tells us that in his vocabulary the word *idea*, stands for *thing:* so that the proposition "there is nothing in the world but spirits, and ideas," amounts to this—there are only things perceiving and things perceived; or, that every unthinking being is necessarily, and from the nature of its existence, perceived by some mind, if not by a finite, created one, by the infinite mind of God. An affirmation which we think few will deny, seeing it is simply equivalent to this—that created things have no independent existence. The following extracts, in which the italics are our own, will be found a correct, though brief compendium of the Bishop's views and argument.

"That there is no substance wherein ideas can exist besides spirit, is to me evident. And that the objects immediately perceived are ideas, is on all hands agreed. And that sensible qualities are objects immediately perceived no one can deny. It is therefore evident there can be no *substratum* of those qualities, but spirit; in which they exist, not by way of mode, but as a thing perceived, in that which perceives it. I deny, therefore, that there is any unthinking *substratum* of the objects of sense, *and, in that acceptation, that there is any material substance.* But if by *material substance be meant only sensible body, that which is seen and felt, then I am more certain of matter's existence than you.* If there be anything that makes the generality of mankind averse

from the notions I espouse, *it is a misapprehension that I deny the reality of sensible things.*" Surely a sentence like this last should have prevented the current perversion of his doctrines! "I do therefore, he continues, "assert that I am as certain as of my own being that there are *bodies*, or *corporal substances.* Meaning, the things I perceive by my senses."

Further:—"I assert that since we are affected from without, we must allow powers to be without in a being distinct from ourselves. Thus I prove it to be spirit. From the effects I see produced, I conclude there are actions, and because actions, volitions; and because there are volitions, there must be a will. Again, the things I perceive must have an existence, they or their archetypes, out of my mind: but, being ideas, neither they, nor their archetypes can exist otherwise than in an understanding. But will and understanding constitute in the strictest sense a mind or spirit. The powerful cause of my ideas, therefore, is in strict propriety of speech a spirit."

We need not multiply extracts to show that whatever Berkeley's system was, or was not, neither in itself, nor in its tendencies, was it justly chargeable with scepticism.

It is beside our present purpose, but we cannot refrain from remarking that the Romish dogma of transubstantiation rests alone upon this old doctrine of *material substance,* which Berkeley so zealously controverted. It being asserted by the Romish Church that in the Lord's Supper, the *substance* of the bread and wine is alone transubstantiated, leaving the *accidents,* that is, all the sensible qualities by which we know them to be bread and wine, unchanged. But seeing that nobody now believes this old philosophical figment of material substance, what becomes of the dogma whose existence depends upon it?

It may be observed that Berkeley's philosophy was designed to be an eminently religious one, and that it really was so. Based, indeed, upon the apostolic declaration concerning the Creator of the universe, and the relation in which the creature stands to Him: "in Him we live and move, and have our being;" a passage of Scripture which the Bishop quotes in stating his views. To this great truth of the necessary presence of Deity in and with His creation, let there be but added (as has been unconsciously by some, and intentionally by others) this error concerning the mode of that presence,—by *extension,*—and we have the Pantheistic scheme. Another instance of how near to error truth lies. Gross as this conception of the Supreme Being, and of His relation to the work of His own hands, may at first appear, we are persuaded it is one into which a speculative mind, reasoning out its own conclusions on this deeply interesting and sublime subject, may easily slide.

There are two writers essentially differing in their philosophy from Berkeley, of whom the reader will nevertheless be reminded by some parts of his writings, Malebranche and Spinosa, to whom we have just alluded. In allusion to the "seeing all things in God" of the former, —a phrase that looks like Berkeley's "*spirit, the only substance,*"—the Bishop himself says, "I shall not, therefore, be surprised if some men imagine that I run into the enthusiasm of Malebranche, though in truth, I am very remote from it." Then, adding his own entire belief of that Scripture just quoted, he goes on to say:—"But that we see things in His essence, after the manner above set forth" (by a union of the soul with the substance of God) "I am far from believing."

Spinosa's assertion, "God is the only substance; whatever is, is in God," seems, at the first glance, a proposition identical with that of Berkeley; but his own application of it shows it to be a very different one. Setting out with the same truth that *God is all, in all*, the learned Jew of Amsterdam pantheizes, or degrades his deity into a mere *natura naturans;* a sort of soul or life of the world, the complement of whose being is the sensible world. While our Christian philosopher ever bears in mind that God is a *spirit*, intelligent, personal—a God who, though the efficient cause of all phenomena, must ever remain essentially distinct from them. The one gives us a Deity from his own *à priori* reasoning; the other from the only authentic source of man's knowledge concerning the Creator,—a Divine communication to the creature.

How men, in all generations, spoil their philosophy by their neglect of revelation!

Berkeley's Platonism is a noticeable and interesting feature of his philosophical writings. Plato was his favourite author; and the old Greek has left his impress upon the mind and soul of the Irishman. It strikes us, however, that his speculations savour rather more of the later Platonic or Alexandrian school, than that of the master. The magnificent conception and exquisite illustration of Platinus,—"The world being so animated as rather to be possessed by soul, than to possess it; *it lying in that great Psyche which sustaineth it, as a net in the waters all moistened with life*," seems to us, Christianly taken, to express something very like the essence of Berkleianism. There were giants in those days!

To those who do not know Berkeley's writings—if such there be —we would give an earnest recommendation for their study. His style is easy, clear, and graceful; there is no dry philosophizing about him. To speculative acumen he adds shrewd good sense, sound judgment, and excellence of heart, such as has rarely been surpassed; qualities which were pleasingly manifested in his life, as well as in his literary productions. His zealous and judicious efforts to raise and improve his wretched countrymen, entitle him to the sorely-abused name of patriot.

To their faults he was keenly, but kindly alive. They were those of this day, the want of uniform industry, and, above all, of a wholesome spirit of self-dependence, without which neither individuals nor nations will ever raise themselves from their low estate. For neither is there any hope of improved fortunes—we say it significantly—so long as they throw the blame of their misery upon others. It is worthy of remark, that Berkeley did *not*, in any degree, ascribe their wretchedness to their Romish creed.

We are not going to frank his politics, any more than his philosophy; but we must say that his economical and political writings contain a fund of practical wisdom which we should like to see drawn upon in our own times. His "Querist" and "Word to the Wise" have more especial reference to his own countrymen, whose besetting and most ruinous vices he faithfully and vividly points out, indicating at the same time their appropriate remedies. The lower orders he sketches with a graphic pencil:—"The Scythians were noted for wandering, and the Spaniards for sloth and pride; our Irish are behind neither of these

nations, from which they descend, in their respective characteristics." Nor was the welfare of England uncared for by this admirable man. His "Essay towards Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain" is not unworthy of modern consideration.

Of his personal character it is needless to speak. Pope's well-known line attributing

> "To Berkeley every virtue under heaven"

was no mere poetical eulogy. To one of his virtues, disinterestedness, Swift amusingly testifies in his letter to the Lord-Lieutenant concerning Berkeley's long-cherished scheme for christianizing the "Savage Americans," one part of which was the founding a college for the education of a native clergy (he was in advance of his age!) under his own superintendence, in Bermuda; where, says the witty Dean, "he exorbitantly proposeth a whole hundred pounds a year for himself. He will break his heart if his Deanery" (worth 1,100*l. per annum!*) "be not taken from him." While the goodness of his heart led him to prefer the inferior manufactures of Cloyne, the insignificant town that gave name to his diocese, to better ones from other quarters. Whatever could be made there, he would have from no other place; and "chose to wear ill clothes, and worse wigs, rather than suffer the poor of the town to be unemployed." We want a little more of this sort of patriotism now-a-days.

His death, which was sudden, took place at Oxford, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, 1753.

We must repeat at the close of our brief exposition of Berkeley's peculiar doctrines, that criticism upon them is foreign to our purpose. But as a much misunderstood, and inadequately appreciated writer, we have sought to convey to our readers that which we deem his real meaning, and to awaken in those to whom he is unknown, that interest which a character like his is so adapted to excite. If the few lines we have penned should have the effect of leading the student to re-consider views upon which he may have already pronounced the usual condemnatory verdict, or of inducing the young, educated reader to look into pages which he has hitherto passed over as too abstruse or chimerical to be worthy his attention, our end will be satisfactorily fulfilled. To the former we would express our own view, that the old material philosophy is the key to that of the Bishop. To the latter, we can promise both instruction and entertainment from the volumes that we commend to his attentive perusal.

---

## MEMOIRS OF COUNT DE LA MARCK.

MM. de Mirabeau and de la Marck saw each other frequently after the dinner-party at the Prince de Poix's; the latter, indeed, invited Mirabeau several times to dine with him, but he always took care to assemble about him those persons who were best calculated to suit his guest, and were likely to contribute to the flow of conversation by their wit and various information. MM. de Meilhan du Bueq, and the Vicomte de Noailles, for instance, generally joined these parties. The Viscount de Noailles, however, M. de la Marck observed, managed to annoy and irritate Mirabeau, by endeavouring to take the lead in the discussion of any subject, and by displaying such decided preference towards Prussia. When the Duke of Orleans learnt that the Count de la Marck had entertained Mirabeau several times, he expressed a wish to meet him. Mirabeau was much flattered by the duke's desiring to make his acquaintance, and very readily accepted an invitation to a dinner which the Count de la Marck intended to give, in consequence. This dinner-party, however, was not at all a pleasant one, and the guests departed alike discontented with one another. When a few days afterwards, Mirabeau took an opportunity of thanking the Count de la Marck for introducing him into a world, to which hitherto he had been almost a stranger, he did not disguise from him, that the tone of the Duke of Orleans' conversation did not please him, and he remarked again and again that he did not experience the least confidence in this prince, nor feel the slightest sympathy with his tastes. Such was the beginning of the relations between MM. de la Marck and de Mirabeau, and they did not become more intimate with each other till 1789, when they came together again at the meeting of the States-General.

The Count de la Marck shared the general feeling of men of the world at this time, and accordingly sought to be elected a member. He was a subject of Austria certainly, and headed a regiment of German troops, but then these troops were in the service of France, and though he was not a native of France, he possessed a large estate in that country, in right of his wife. Besides, according to the mode of convocation adopted by M. Necker, it was not essential to be a Frenchman in order to be elected; it was sufficient for noblemen to hold fiefs in the kingdom, and for the clergy to exercise some ecclesiastical office; thus for instance, the Prince de Salm, Archbishop of Tournay, and the Count d'Arberg, Archbishop of Yprès, were made deputies of the order of clergy, by the curés of that portion of their diocese which was situated in France. M. de la Marck, therefore, presented himself at the bailiwick du Quesnoy, in which district his estate of Raismes lay. The greater part of the land which belonged to this bailiwick, was the property of noblemen, who had taken up their abode in the Low Countries, which fell under the dominion of Austria; however, he readily obtained their proxies, and it was by means of these proxies and a large number of votes which were given to him by the country gentlemen residing in the district, that he formed one of the deputation of the

Quesnoy, which consisted besides of another deputy from among the nobility, in the person of M. le Duc de Croy. M. le Comte de la Marck was present at the opening meeting of the States-General, and among his papers a document was found, which deserves to be mentioned, as it contains some remarks with regard to this meeting. The contents are as follows:—

"M. de la Fare, Archbishop of Nancy, who was a man of amiable disposition, but possessed of little eloquence, was selected by the King to deliver a speech in the church of Saint Louis of Versailles, on the opening of the Assembly, in the presence of the deputies, and the whole court. In this speech, he enumerated with great vehemence and with much exaggeration, all the misfortunes and grievances which distressed the country people, and then turning towards Louis the Sixteenth, he thus apostrophized him: *and all this misery is allowed to go on in the name of one of the best of kings.* This observation produced exactly the effect which the speaker desired; he was applauded with enthusiasm, nay even with uncontrolled violence by those who contemplated a revolution. Yet this Archbishop believed himself to be a firm royalist, but the thirst of producing effect, and a wish also not to appear ignorant of the philosophical principles of the day, urged him forward in spite of himself, on this occasion, and made him outstep the limits of truth, and commit an indiscretion, nay an injustice also, according to my judgment. The debates which were carried on between the three orders, the first few days after the assembling of the States-General, are in general so familiar to the public, that it will be unnecessary to speak of them here, it will be sufficient to say, that M. de la Marck remained firm to the wish of the majority of that order which had elected him, for, observed he, it has always appeared to me, that a political body shows symptoms of a revolutionary feeling, the very moment that the decision of the majority is incapable of bringing over the minority to its view of the question; it was therefore only with the majority of his class that he joined the other two orders, and this was in consequence of the express command of the King. MM. de la Marck and Mirabeau had not yet met in the Assembly, but a few days after the union of the three orders, Mirabeau went up to M. de la Marck, and said to him, '*Do you no longer remember your old friends? for you have not yet spoken to me.* M. de la Marck reminded him that it was impossible that he could have a chance of recognising him, inasmuch as they were not in the same chamber, but he added with eagerness, that 'he hoped now that they were both to be in the same hall, he should have frequent opportunities of conversing with him.' Mirabeau replied, '*With an aristocrat like yourself, I should soon make myself understood.*' A few days after this meeting, M. de la Marck invited him to dine *tête-a-tête* with him, which invitation Mirabeau accepted with pleasure. He had scarcely seated himself, on his arrival at M. de la Marck's, before he said to him, '*You are very much vexed with me, are you not? with you and with a great many others, if such be the case, you ought rather to have begun by feeling displeasure towards those who inhabit the château. The vessel of the state is severely weather-beaten, and there is nobody at the helm.*' Mirabeau continued talking in this strain for some length of time, he almost worked himself into a passion with regard to the faults which had already been committed, and accused M. Necker of incapacity and ignorance. He maintained it was shameful that this minister had not

brought forward at the opening of the States-General, a universal system of finance, which was calculated not only to cover the miserable deficit of one hundred and forty millions, but to increase in future the revenues of the kingdom. He remarked, that to a country like France, this would be mere play work, but in order to accomplish a similar object, much bolder and profounder views would be required than those entertained by M. Necker, who, according to his opinion, was in every respect unsuited to his post. M. de la Marck, without discussing all these grave questions, contented himself with saying, "But to what will all this lead, now that you have adopted such violent measures, both in the Assembly and elsewhere?"—"The fate of France is decided," exclaimed Mirabeau, the words of liberty, taxes assented to by the people have already resounded through the kingdom, and till a government has been established somewhat like that which exists in England, it will be impossible to extricate ourselves from our embarrassing situation."

But while he vented his anger against the ministers in expressions of disgust and contempt, he nevertheless showed himself favourably disposed to monarchy, and observed many times that it was not his fault if they repulsed him, and if they compelled him to seek personal safety by placing himself at the head of the popular party.

"'The period has arrived,' said he, 'when a man is judged by what he bears in the small space between his eyebrows and beneath his forehead.'

M. de la Marck in vain endeavoured to prove to him, that all that he said did not justify or excuse the audacity of his revolutionary speeches in the Assembly, and that his eloquence, all powerful as it was, did not compensate for the harm he did to his country.

"'As soon as the king's ministers choose to consult me on the subject,' replied he, 'they will find me devoted to the cause of royalty and to the welfare of the monarchy.' Finally he answered his interlocuter's question, 'but what will be the result of the present progress of affairs?' 'France will be lost,' exclaimed he; 'and if there exists an earnest desire to save her, no time must be lost in employing the only means which are likely to rescue her. The system now pursued is absurd; nay, utterly mad. The Assembly is left to itself, and yet the aristocratical party and M. Necker imagine that they shall be able eventually to make it submit to their will,—the former by force, and the latter by a redundancy of unmeaning phrases, by which he thinks he can readily bring it round to his views; while, on the contrary, the government should seek to form a strong party by means of those men who have the power of influencing it, of directing it, and of calming it."

It was towards the end of the month of July that he delivered this opinion. Mirabeau left the Count de la Marck immediately after dinner; but before he took his departure he said to the Count,—"I wish we could often meet in this sociable way."

When Mirabeau had gone, M. de la Marck fell into a long train of thought on the subject which he had just heard discussed. He felt that he had become much more enlightened with regard to the dangers attending the present crisis of affairs. He began to comprehend the importance of the part which Mirabeau might be called upon to play in the extraordinary events which were likely to take place. He resolved to watch him very closely, and to turn to the best advantage the confi-

dence which he (Mirabeau) evidently placed in him, which he testified by the most warm assurances of fidelity and friendship.

Several days passed before Mirabeau went to dine again with M. de la Marck; but the next time he visited him, he found at dinner besides himself, the Duke de Lauzun, the Duke d'Arenberg, the eldest brother of M. de la Marck, and several other persons. M. de la Marck entreated him to speak very little of the present state of affairs, or at any rate to avoid expressing himself with angry vehemence against particular men. He promised to be careful, and kept his word. Before he left he said in a low voice to the Count,

"*Let them understand at the château that I am more disposed to be on their side than against them.*"

This remark, and several others of a similar nature, disclosed to M. de la Marck what the real sentiments were of this fiery and headstrong tribune. He perceived that the best thing the King could do would be to win over to his cause the leaders of the revolutionary party. Now Mirabeau was without doubt one of the most prominent and distinguished of them, and therefore it was most essential that he should be brought over to his side. One fear, however, made him hesitate as to the propriety of the step. He suspected that Mirabeau was somewhat mercenary. Would such a man sincerely and faithfully serve the monarchy? Was he not perhaps already secretly attached to the Orleans party? A circumstance which happened about this time decided his opinion on one of these points, and this was the death of the Marquis de Mirabeau, which took place the night before the storming of the Bastille. He bequeathed to his son a yearly fortune of fifty thousand livres in land, but at the same time left him in a very embarrassing position concerning the division of the property with his brothers and sisters. When Mirabeau apprised M. de la Marck of his father's death, he said to him,

"I shall not draw a single crown from my father's estate, for I have not the time to attend to my private affairs, which would alone wholly engross my mind every day; I stand in need of money even to pay my man-servant."

This speech was certainly an evident proof that he had not received nor was not receiving money from any party,—neither from the Duke of Orleans nor from anybody else. It clearly demonstrated, that, while Mirabeau was occupying himself solely with public affairs, he was altogether losing sight of the advantages which would result to him in the due arrangement of his private matters of business.

On the 15th of July, 1789, the day on which M. Bailly was elected Mayor of Paris, and M. de Lafayette Général-en-Chef of the National Guards, Mirabeau said to M. de la Marck,

"If decency had not prevented me from showing myself so soon after my father's death, I am quite sure that I should have been elected Mayor instead of Bailly."

The justice of this opinion was confirmed at that time by persons who were best informed on the subject; and it is the more likely that Mirabeau would have succeeded in obtaining the post, as the election of the Mayor was decided upon in a moment of popular excitement, and M. Bailly was only chosen on account of his conduct in the National Assembly, particulars of which were given by a few persons who had succeeded in passing through the body of troops stationed between Versailles and Paris. The Hôtel de Ville was blocked up with an enormous crowd,

who got the Mayor elected, not by votes, but by acclamation; yet nobody could for an instant dispute that the name of Mirabeau was much more known, and much more popular, than that of M. Bailly. If Mirabeau had been elected, the King would have found himself obliged to enter into close relations with him, and then he would certainly have inspired Louis the Sixteenth with far different ideas than those which he entertained with regard to the direction which should be given to public opinion in a city which contained the mine of revolution in its bosom. Is it not natural to imagine that Mirabeau would have made himself understood by the King, that he would early have acquired his confidence, and that he would have been able to induce him a long time before the evil became so deeply rooted, to take decided measures for the preservation of monarchy? Now, on the contrary, he could not succeed in gaining the King's ear, for he was looked upon by some with suspicion, by others with fear or envy. He was hated by the Ministers, and consequently scrupulously kept in the back ground.

In order to attain that point after which Mirabeau eagerly strove from the very opening of the States-General, it would be necessary for him to wait a whole year, whereas, if he had been elected to the Mayoralty, no delay in accomplishing his purpose need have taken place. During this year events succeeded each other with frightful rapidity, and compelled him to act a part which was exceedingly violent and offensive in its nature, and which rendered a reconciliation with the King still more difficult, as well as more dangerous to himself to accomplish. Mirabeau had already distinguished himself in the Assembly by his famous speech on the troops' dismission. This speech was not entirely the offspring of his own mind; he was intimately acquainted with three Genevese, who were remarkable for their intelligence as well as for their talents, but they were deeply imbued with republican opinions. Two of these men were employed in the interests of England, and received a pension from that country. The name of one was Dumont, and it was he who drew up this famous address, though the principal ideas contained in it were furnished by Mirabeau, during conversations with Dumont, and the whole received numerous corrections and additions, when it was placed in Mirabeau's hands for revision. The name of another of these men was Clavières, who at a later period, when the Girondins were in power, became Minister of Finance, the other was du Roveray; the last named was a man of wonderful and unceasing activity, who was to be seen everywhere and at all times, and kept himself *au courant* with respect to everything that was said and done in Paris. He contrived to flatter Mirabeau by retailing all that he had heard spoken in his favour at public meetings and elsewhere.

Mirabeau began about this time to prove the power of what he called his astonishing popularity; it was indeed very great and might be dangerous to those against whom it was used as a weapon. M. de la Marck, after noting closely all that passed around Mirabeau, and obtaining his private confidence, as we have before shown, became more than ever convinced that of all the men at the head of the revolution, whom the government ought to secure in its interests, Mirabeau would be the most important convert to make. He resolved, therefore, to discuss the subject with M. de Cicé, Archbishop of Bordeaux, at that time Keeper of the Seals; formerly he had often met him at M. le Duc de Choiseul's, but he had scarcely spoken to him since he had entered the

ministry. He believed him to be a great admirer of Necker, and therefore did not expect to produce much effect on his mind by giving a description of the dangers which menaced France, and by setting forth the absolute necessity of dismissing M. Necker from the ministry. He was, therefore, extremely surprised when, almost at the commencement of the conversation, M. de Cicé said to him, "M. Necker is losing France, nothing can be done with him." He spoke at length on this subject, and confessed that for some time he had been considerably mistaken as to M. Necker's capacity, but that since the opening of the States-General, he had altogether changed his opinion with regard to him, and he now felt convinced that as long as this minister remained in office, matters would proceed from bad to worse. M. de Cicé in short entirely agreed with M. de la Marck, and acknowledged that from the opening of the Assembly, an endeavour should have been made to bring over those members of it who were hostile to the government, and this would have been an easy thing he said to accomplish. He mentioned among the number of these, the Abbé Sieyes, Barnave, and several others, and before them all the Count de Mirabeau, but, added he, "as long as Necker remains in the ministry no one dare hope that this step will be taken, and I have not the least influence over this minister."

M. de la Marck quitted the Keeper of the Seals fully persuaded that no good could possibly be done in that quarter, and he felt the more certain of this because he thought he could perceive that M. Cicé himself overrated his own powers, and believed himself the only person who could replace M. Necker.

The first time that M. de la Marck saw Mirabeau again after this conversation, he frankly confessed to him all the pain which the progress of affairs caused him. Mirabeau seemed to enter completely into his feelings, and spoke in a language very different to that which he used in the Assembly and in the society of revolutionists. M. de la Marck did not scruple to reproach him severely for his inconsistency of conduct. Mirabeau showed himself fully alive to these reproaches, and confessed that he deserved them. "But," added he, "what position then can I possibly take? The government repulses me, and the only thing left me to do is to place myself at the head of the opposition party, which is revolutionary, or I should run the risk of losing my popularity, which is my chief power. Armies are already marching upon us; we must either negociate or fight: the government, which takes neither one step nor the other, is playing a very dangerous game."

Though his opinion thoroughly coincided with his friend's, respecting the line of conduct he should pursue were he in a different position, yet he appeared steadily resolved not to quit the path in which he was now treading, as this he considered the only means of preserving his popularity. It was not easy to condemn his plan of action in the then state of matters; and what rendered it still less so, was that Mirabeau, notwithstanding his opposition to the government, was always sure to uphold monarchical principles when the discussion of any important question took place in the Assembly. Thus he declared very warmly that the right of *veto absolu* ought to be preserved to the King, and if he finally desisted from asserting his opinion at the tribune, it was because M. Necker himself deserted the royal cause in this instance, and seemed satisfied with the *veto suspensif.* Mirabeau, who had in his possession a treatise ready on this subjeet, which had been drawn up

under his direction by a M. Risbasc, did not dream of speaking when he saw the minister abandon this principle of monarchy. He foresaw that he should be beaten if he stood forward alone, and he did not choose to expose himself to a defeat. He openly disapproved of all that passed on the celebrated *séance* on the night of the 4th of August, 1789, which, he said, resembled a Bacchanalian festival. It was during this *séance* that the Assembly, in a state of frantic excitement, voted not only for the abolition of all feudal rights without any compensation, but destroyed by their votes, one may say the basis of all property in France. Mirabeau, who was informed beforehand of all that was to take place at this *séance*, avoided being present; but on this occasion he published in the "Courier de Provence," which paper was then under his superintendance as well as under that of MM. Dumont and du Roveray, an article from which the following extract will suffice to show what he thought of the conduct of the Assembly at this *séance*.

"The *séance* of the 4th of August, 1789, certainly presented an extraordinary scene to a spectator. Men of distinguished rank, who proposed the abolition of feudal power and the restitution of the chief rights of the people were vociferously applauded and received a kind of tribute, which is offered every day to set phrases, which happen to be in fashion, and which of course cannot be denied to patriotic sentiments. To those who have seeu the machiuery of public meetings set in motion, who have witnessed the almost dramatic emotions which can be so easily called into play, who have noted the emulation which each member discovers to outvie his colleague, and his anxiety relative to the honour of personal disinterestedness, who have observed also that kind of noble enthusiasm, which ever accompanies an impulse of generosity, to those, in short, who reflect on this combiuation of causes, all that would otherwise appear extraordinary will consequently seem only an event of common occurrence. The Assembly was completely electrified, and bursts of feeling succeeded each other without interval."

Whatever difference of political opinion existed between MM. de la Marck and Mirabeau, the latter still continued to prove to the former that he placed implicit confidence in him; and, about this time, M. de la Marck received a fresh mark of his esteem, which was highly gratifying to him. But we must now permit M. de la Marck to speak for himself; his notes will, from this time forth to the death of Mirabeau, form an unbroken narrative.

"One day in the month of September, 1789, Mirabeau visited me very early in the morning, and, soon after he entered the room, he said to me rather seriously, 'My dear friend, it depends entirely on you to do me a great service. You have only to speak. I scarcely know where to lay my head; I have not a single crown; pray lend me a small sum.' I offered him immediately fifty louis, the only money I had at hand. He thanked me sincerely, and said, 'I do not know when I shall be able to repay it you, for I have not yet been able to look after the property which I inherit from my father, and my relations are already involving me in a law-suit.' I remarked to him that there was not the least reason for him to make himself uneasy about his debt to me, and that I should always feel very happy to be of service to him in this way, in order that I might thus contribute to the free exercise of his talents and opinion. He seemed to be much touched at the manner in which his request had been received by me, and said to me with con-

siderable emotion, that he had not yet met with anybody in the world who had proved such a true friend to him as I had been. From this time till his death he never ceased to show a profound sense of the gratitude he experienced towards me. Personally, I have never had reason to complain of him; to me he was always a sincere, confiding, and devoted friend: he even has given, not unfrequently, proofs of his deference to my advice or opinions, which astonished me exceedingly, when I took into consideration the impetuous nature of his disposition.

"The Count de Mirabeau possessed, in common with many men, very serious defects, as well as numerous noble and excellent qualities, perhaps rarely blended in such a degree in the same man. The slight service which I have just recorded that I rendered him, placed me in a position to discuss the details of his pecuniary matters with him, and by this means I became fully convinced that this man, who was accused by the world of venality, had never on any occasion sacrificed any principle to money. He had denounced stock-jobbing in several treatises, by which he gained nothing; while, at the same time, stock-jobbers offered him considerable sums, to induce him to write in their favour or to buy his silence, and yet when he refused these terms, he was sending to the Mont de Pieté all the goods and chattels that he possessed. He wrote a pamphlet upon the Banque de Saint Charles; and when it was on the point of being published, this bank endeavoured in vain to make him relinquish his purpose, by offering him very advantageous terms, but he refused even to listen to them. At a later period he was accused of dipping rather deeply into the Duke of Orleans' coffers; and yet it was at the exact moment at which, according to report, these treasures were being showered upon him, that he applied to me with an air of great embarrassment for the loan of a few louis.

"I feel it my duty, as far as possible, to prove the injustice of these odious imputations, which almost all the works on the French Revolution have contributed to circulate; therefore, I must again declare, that Mirabeau never at any time sacrificed his principles to his pecuniary interests. True, he received money from the King; but then it was in order to save the King himself, and not as the price for the surrender of his opinions. On the contrary, it was for the express purpose of being able to carry them out with greater energy; for an observer might have detected in the democratic harangues of Mirabeau, a feeling of attachment to the principles of monarchy far stronger than that which was displayed even by the King's ministers. His opinion in favour of the *veto absolu*, when M. Necker endeavoured to render the King satisfied with the *veto suspensif;* his absenting himself from the meeting of the 4th of August; his aversion to the *déclaration des droits;* his speech upon the right of peace and war; all this will abundantly prove, I think, that his principles with regard to government were more monarchical than democratical. It is well to remark too, that all the facts which I have just related, occurred some time previous to his relations with the court. Above all, it is not correct to say that Mirabeau received considerable sums from the King. We shall soon see to what these are reduced.

"The Count de Mirabeau had strong and ungovernable passions. He was not a little proud of his birth, but experienced much bitter feeling at being unable to live suitably to his rank. His wife possessed a large fortune; he was separated, however, from her, and therefore he

gained no advantage in this quarter. He scarcely received anything from his father, the Marquis de Mirabeau, during his lifetime, and at his death, as I have previously mentioned, Mirabeau found himself saddled with increased difficulties and expenses. He had always stood in need of money, and till this period he had lived very miserably and had contracted numerous debts. In this way he reached his fortieth year, but not without being much soured in consequence of his unfortunate circumstances, which made him appear to hold an inferior position, when in the society of persons whose equal he was in birth, and to whom he felt himself immensely superior in mind and talents. It is well known that the Marquis de Mirabeau was extremely envious of his son's literary endowments, and that in all their disagreements the greatest fault was on the father's side. He procured against his son fifteen *lettres de cachet.* The want of money, the injustice of his father, and frequent imprisonment, all contributed materially to sour and pervert Mirabeau's character, and his whole life was in consequence much influenced by these untoward circumstances.

"From the time of my conversation with the Keeper of the Seals, I became convinced that the minister deceived himself as to the means which should be employed for saving his country, and I bitterly deplored the fate which awaited France. This beautiful country had flourished for fourteen hundred years under a monarchical government, and civilization had not been for one moment checked in its progress. But now, alas! the French nation was corrupted by the doctrines of an idle and shallow philosophy, and was led away by the wild harangues of a few ambitious men, so that in 1789 it began to imagine that it was again plunged into barbarism. It sought suddenly to decompose the elements, from the influence of which it had succeeded in reaching the first rank among nations, and began to plan a new basis, upon which to erect its destiny for an unfathomable futurity. Certainly never was subject more calculated to inspire men's minds with deep thought, nor could there be one which was so likely immediately to touch their own interests under whatever form it presented itself to them.

"Though not born in France myself, it will already have been perceived how entirely my welfare was interwoven with that of this country; consequently I felt myself completely bewildered and awed at events which were daily occurring before my eyes, and watched their result with anxious interest. My conversations with the Count de Mirabeau and several other friends, who were more or less impartial but well-informed with regard to what was going forward, such as Meilhan Dubucq, the Abbé de Montesquieu, the Archbishop d'Aix, all served gradually to enlighten me respecting the true state of affairs; and I think I may venture to say, that from the commencement of the revolution, I was one of those persons who least deceived themselves as to the calamites which awaited France. I did not, however, relinquish the idea of opening the eyes of the King and Queen to their true interests, aud as my visit to the Keeper of the Seals had resulted in nothing, I resolved to take another and more decided step in a different quarter, in order to intimate to the Court the conduct which ought to be pursued with regard to the Count de Mirabeau.

"Ever since my establishment in France I had frequented the society of the Countess d'Ossun, Lady in Waiting to the Queen, who, it will be remembered, was treated with the greatest confidence by Marie

Antoinette. About the end of September, 1789, I begged Madam d'Ossun to say to the Queen for me, that I trusted my relations with the Count de Mirabeau, which must be remarked, would not create any doubt as to my loyalty; that in associating myself with Mirabeau I had two purposes in view, the first was to moderate, as far as possible, his revolutionary flights; the second was to pave the way for him to be useful to the King, when the ministers should find themselves obliged to deliberate with him, as to the measures which should be adopted, and this I already felt assured must be the case. I saw the Queen a few days afterwards, and she herself answered my message.

"'I have never for one moment doubted your sentiments,' said she, 'and when I heard that you were intimate with Mirabeau, I knew that you had only sought his acquaintance with some good intention; but you will never do anything with him; and allow me to say, that I must differ from you with respect to what you think necessary on the part of the King's ministers. I should hope we should never be sufficiently unfortunate to be reduced to so painful an extremity, as to be compelled to have recourse to Mirabeau.'

"This manner of viewing the subject, which was justifiable on more accounts than one, and against which I saw it would be useless to reason, distressed me exceedingly, but I did not lose all hope; my relations with Mirabeau gave me especial encouragement. Each day, for my own part, I found in them matter for greater interest; and on his side, he showed more flattering deference than ever to my opinion. He had faith in my advice, because he felt it was sincere. I asked him of my own accord, if he had need of more money, and said to him that if he would promise to have recourse to no one but myself in such a case, I should have the greatest pleasure in lending him fifty louis a month, which, with the emolument of deputy, would suffice to defray his ordinary expenses. With regard to his debts, I thought I might conscientiously advise him not to perplex himself with endeavouring to pay them at present, but to postpone their liquidation till the time he should be able to put his father's estate in order, which arrangement would amply satisfy his creditors. I concluded by telling him, that I thought if he followed the plan I had laid down for him, he would be able to preserve his independence, and would be able to exercise his talents freely in the furtherance of his own glory and for the public good.

"I should find it impossible to give an adequate description of the manner in which he expressed his gratitude to me on this occasion. He was deeply touched by my anxiety for his future fame, and from the natural and unrestrained eloquence with which he poured forth his feelings, I became more and more assured that in the heart of such a man dwelt many excellent and noble qualities, which only required to be called forth by happy circumstances. It is my duty to say, that his conduct to me was uniformly guided by good feeling and gratitude till the day of his death.

"On several occasions, when I felt angry at the revolutionary language he employed in the Assembly, and did not attempt to disguise from him how annoyed I was at his intemperance of speech, I have seen him shed tears like a child, and confess his error with a frankness which could not be mistaken, yet without the slightest shadow of meanness. In order thoroughly to appreciate the lofty nature of this man's mind, and his many endearing qualities, it would have been necessary to have held

as close relations with him as in my case. I confess that I often forgot all the follies of his life, when I sometimes heard him exclaim in a voice of deep emotion, 'Ah, how the immorality of my youth seems to unfit me for working for the good of the public cause.' Every time he spoke to me of the critical state of affairs, his spirit seemed to groan at the dangers which threatened France. He accused the ministers of the greatest folly, but he always spoke of the King with the profoundest respect. He believed that it was through Louis the Sixteenth's means that he had been elected a member of the States-General. He maintained that he had been informed, on the best authority, at the time he went into Provence in order to be elected deputy, that the ministers had suggested to the King that it would be expedient to arrest him, and despatch him to the East Indies; but he had been told that the King had indignantly refused to listen to the idea. He has frequently said to me that if the nobility had not repulsed him in Provence, his views would have been turned in a very different direction. The bent of his character, and, I may almost say, his principles, were aristocratic; but his wit and his eloquence disposed him to the popular party. Had he been minister, he would have ably defended the principle of authority; but as a tribune, he only excited the minds of the people to an undue worship of liberty. He was a great admirer of the form of government adopted in England, and thought that the steady balance which was preserved between the royal power and the encroachments of the people was admirably calculated to maintain a true spirit of rational liberty. If it had been ordained that he should have been born in England, I am quite sure that he would have made a distinguished figure there, and would have been numbered among those men who have most faithfully served their country; but in France he found himself obliged to live at variance with his natural inclinations. With a view of acquiring popularity and preserving his influence, he was continually driven to attack the government, which in its turn did not know how to defend itself, or to ward off his attacks, by prudently availing itself of his talents and co-operation.

"In glancing over the circumstances of the Revolution of 1789, we must not forget to take into consideration that the National Assembly united in itself the greatest talent, the most unconquerable energy, in short, the brightest intellect of the whole kingdom; while among the men who composed the ministry, are to be found only those who rendered themselves remarkable for their want of foresight, their weakness, and their utter incapacity to adapt themselves to the circumstances in which they found themselves placed, consequently the reins of government slipped from their feeble hands, and the Assembly seized them. From this moment everything was thrown into confusion, and the proceedings of the revolution were regulated merely according to passion and intrigue. Each week heaped difficulty upon difficulty, and danger upon danger; and it cannot honestly be said that one prudent measure was taken by the Ministry to arrest the evil, from the opening of the States-General till that period which decided the fate of France; I mean, when, on the 5th of October, 1789, the populace of Paris, headed by M. de Lafayette, carried off the King from Versailles, and brought him a prisoner into the capital.

"During the conversations which took place between me and Mirabeau every day, I led him to speak of those men who just at this time showed

a disposition to place themselves among the leaders of the revolution, even if they did not desire to control all its proceedings. He held the chief part of them in the utmost contempt, and did not entertain a very high opinion either of M. de Lafayette or the Duke of Orleans. Though it has often been said that Mirabeau was much influenced by the party of the latter, I am able positively to assert that he never held intimate relations with the Orleanist party. Laclos, who was the life of it, understood men too well to bestow his confidence on Mirabeau; therefore, from the opening of the States-General, he had persuaded the Duke of Orleans that Mirabeau would attach himself to the King's cause.

"A few days after the 5th and 6th, the Duke of Orleans came to dine with me at Versailles with the Count de Mirabeau, and I then clearly perceived that they exhibited mutual reserve towards each other, and thus any belief I might have had in their secret intelligence was at once overthrown, for at this time especially there was not the least reason for their attempting to deceive me. Besides, a few days later, I was still more confirmed in my opinion by a question which the Duke of Orleans put to me very abruptly. Suddenly he asked me, '*When Mirabeau* intended to enlist in the service of the court?' I contrived to answer him in a manner which was likely to change the conversation. I quietly replied, '*It appears to me that at present he has not even taken any steps about the matter.*'

"Affairs now began to assume a more and more serious aspect. Towards the end of September, 1789, he was continually saying to me, when speaking of the court, '*What, in the name of goodness, are those people thinking about?*' Do they not perceive the abyss which is yawning beneath them?' Upon one occasion, when he was in a perfect state of exasperation, and much more violent in his expressions than usual, he exclaimed, 'All is lost! You will see the King and Queen will perish; the populace will treat even their dead bodies with insult.' He observed the horror painted on my countenance at the sentence he had just uttered. 'Yes, yes,' said he, 'they will trample even upon their bodies. You do not sufficiently comprehend all the dangers of their position; but these must be made known to them.' Did his clear sightedness make him already foresee the frightful events of the 5th and 6th of October? One would almost imagine so. But it was not only in my presence that he expressed himself in this manner; he did not conceal either his opinions or his fears from anybody. This very fact caused his enemies to say, as well as many other persons who were not his enemies, that he had brought about the proceedings of the 5th of October, and that he had played the principal part on that memorable occasion.

"If the legal proceedings which were carried on against Mirabeau by the Chatelêt be examined, it will be seen that they were based, in a great measure, upon his conversation before this catastrophe. In reality, the greatest mystery exists with regard to the true actors of the scene.

"The excitement and disturbance which reigned in Paris on the 4th of October were quite extraordinary. It was rumoured that a banquet of the Gardes du Corps was to be the signal for carrying out a plan which had for its object the destruction of the Assembly. The morning of the 5th of October, however, passed very tranquilly at the Château

de Versailles, and the King, who did not allow himself to be uneasy at the frightful reports which were arriving every instant from Paris, set out on a hunting party, and did not return till the evening, when he found his guards, which were stationed in the chief avenue of Versailles, being fired upon by the populace, who had made their way from Paris.

"Here I must enter into the detail of a few facts which came under my own observation on that terrible day of the 5th of October, they may in some measure serve to justify Mirabeau, therefore, they will not be altogether without historical interest. If Mirabeau had been guilty of the crime of which they accused him he ought to have been conspiring with his pretended accomplices on the morning of that day; while, on the contrary, instead of joining *patriotic* meetings, which took place for the discussion of the means of attack and defence, he spent the day of the 5th of October with me, and did not quit me till six o'clock in the evening. He dined *tête-à-tête* with me, as he afterwards stated when defending himself at the tribune, in consequence of the report of the proceedings of the Châtelet of Paris. At dinner, I remember, we discussed the affairs of Brabant, which circumstance he also related; we had too under our eyes a map of that country, in order to study the plan of march for the troops, but, in reality, this subject did not occupy us above an hour, and the rest of the time was occupied in speaking of the dangers which must assuredly attend the system pursued by the court, and of the disturbance which reigned in Paris, yet we little knew what was going forward this very day. All that the Count de Mirabeau said on this subject referred to the skill and energy necessary to be used in the present crisis of affairs, and it is much to be lamented that this matter was not weighed as seriously by the King's advisers as it was by myself and the Count de Mirabeau. In all his observations it was impossible to accuse him of being a lover of sedition; he spoke like a good citizen. When, therefore, I declare that this man was an utter stranger, both in thought and intention, with regard to the proceedings which excited such violent effervescence in the city of Paris, it is in the most conscientious belief that I make this assertion. I cannot, however, avoid acknowledging that the disloyal made use of his speeches, and of the principles which he laid down so eloquently at the tribune since the opening of the Assembly, but it is in this way, and in this way alone, that he can be reproached with having contributed to inflame men's minds in France and in Paris, as was more especially said to be the case."

---

# THE LATE BARONESS VON BECK.

The following notice of the Baroness Von Beck was written before the tragedy of her life closed, by one of the saddest catastrophes that ever darkened the last hours of an exile. During the last few intervening weeks, in most circles, from that of the absolutism which rules the Austrian thunder of the "Times," to that of the sheep-minded innocence which follows the dictation of the press of the privileged classes, the name of this heart-broken woman has been a byeword for deceit. Without knowing anything more of her than her eloquent little book and the public prints have told, we have throughout believed her true; for, in our humble judgment, the evidence of a genuine soul which breathes from her pages, is the best refutation of the calumnies under the pressure of which she has perished. England owes something more to Hungary than the common debt of a free to an oppressed nation, were it for nothing else than that England has persecuted this brave creature to death. Can we tell the simple incidents of the story without indignant shame?

After months of the life (alas! for *that* life!) of an exile in London, the Baroness Von Beck, in September of this year, came to Birmingham, seeking subscriptions (what other way for genius, exiled and poor, is there left?) for a forthcoming work of hers. She was there arrested as an impostor, taken to be examined before a police magistrate, and dropped down dead in the police office.

Not for the wealth of worlds would we exchange feelings with those who hunted this poor desolate creature down. Instantly the hue and cry of slander is vomited out over her name; and it was thought that she at least, with all her eloquence and patriotism, was effectually made away with, and extinguished for ever. "The Times," indeed, ceases for a moment to shake its Austrian thunderbolts over her, in order to direct them against other Hungarian patriots, whose literary jealousy is said to be the origin of the slanders against M. Von Beck. Whether coming from the Austrian press of England, or from feminine literary envy, or from the Rev. Mr. Brummagem Dawson, the charge of being an Austrian spy seems about the most absurd and baseless that could by possibility have been brought against our poor authoress. That any considerable portion of our countrymen should have believed it, can only be explained by the circumstance that, under Cardinal Wiseman and the Puseyites, the old Popish dogma, *credo, quia impossibile est*, has again recovered its influence over Englishmen.

M. Von Beck's book, more than anything that had occurred, until the arrival of Kossuth, had spread far and wide the deepest interest in the Hungarian struggle, and given us a personal knowledge of the actors therein,—a knowledge which can never have any other influence over us or them, than that which the best Hungarian patriot could wish.

The book for which she was seeking subscriptions must have been the same in spirit,—one totally irreconcilable with the idea of her aiding the cause of Austria. That so outspoken a person as M. Von Beck might have revealed circumstances and schemes which the actors in the struggle now impending wished to be concealed, is probable enough,

and this alone seems to us to account for the determination to silence her, so ruthlessly resolved on by her foes, and so quietly acquiesced in by the English, who are behind the scenes of the whole tragedy.

The time is now near at hand for her full vindication, it is to be hoped, when she too will receive the common reward which we pay to those who have dared and suffered all for us,—a volley of cheers and a monument from the multitude, and the silent tender sympathy of patriot hearts. Meantime we take leave of her with the words which close her book,—written, one would say now, almost in a spirit prophetic of her end!—

"The dead should rest; they have done their work, and gone to their repose; why should they be recalled, even in thought, to mingle once more in this weary scene of pain and sorrow, of struggle and defeat? Their part is accomplished; they have contributed their quota to the resolution of the great problem of man. They, whether they know it or not, have given all the impulse which God allowed them to give, to human progress; and now let their story be read in history, that the impulse may be prolonged, and propagated far down into time."

Counter-currents may cause the atmosphere of liberty in France to stagnate, at present, as much as it does in Austrian dungeons; but to preserve these prison airs at rest over the countries of the Continent of Europe, while the breezy atmosphere of freedom is playing over England and America, is as impossible as to keep still and stagnant the fluid airs of Heaven.

Liberty, to the baffled patriots of Hungary, seems weak as a breaking wave; but the receding waters, even yet beautiful with foam bells, are but retiring that they may sweep forward with vaster volume and redoubled roar, for the tide of freedom is once more rising, and the equinoctial gales are at hand!

Until the gallant struggle of 1849 Hungary was less known to even intelligent Englishmen than Iceland or Kamschatka. There was a confused idea, we recollect, in a very sensible company wherein we first heard the subject spoken of, that Hungary was a plain country; that it turned back the tide of Mahomedan conquest in the old centuries; that it grew a great deal of corn. Lord Stanley's Tamboff, which was to furnish so many millions of quarters of wheat was somewhere in Hungary; "The Danube runs through it; up the Rhine and down the Danube, you know," said one. "And then the battle of Prague," cried an old gentleman. "But that's in Poland," said his daughter, who had been practising that "batle," for some months past, with her music-master. "Ah, well! Presburg, Pesth, Prague, or some such place," replied her father. And this very confused idea was the Englishman's notion of Hungary in nine cases out of ten. Nor let the Magyars be astonished at this: only a twentieth part of our population is taught geography and the use of the globes, seeing that the teachers are still disputing by what creed, Calvinist or Arminian, these branches of knowledge are to be taught; and while the geography of the poorer classes is neglected, that of the richer classes remains and will remain not far advanced. But Hungary has now won, from the most phlegmatic of Englishmen, a knowledge of her geography and an honourable recognition of her name. Kossuth, Dembinski, and Bem, have made Englishmen turn up their atlasses and study countries, as unknown to them as

the Britons were to the Romans two thousand years ago, "toto orbe divisos."

How rapidly, as years revolve, human sympathies are extending themselves, and what auguries of good in this for the race? What foreign nation sympathised with Philip Von Artevelde, or with Pym or Sidney, in our war of independence two centuries ago. While Cromwell cried, as the sun rose at Preston Pans, "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered!" the most sublimely poetic utterance ever made by chief in closing for battle,—he had no echo from France, Italy, or Germany, and the forests of America then only resounded to the war-whoop of the savage as he drove his tomahawk into the grey hairs of one of the pilgrim fathers.

There was no echo to the cry of our English Hampdens, Vanes, and Harringtons, as they toiled, laying the foundations for the modern world's freedom. Now, the most minute circumstances of a war of liberty, among a people apparently quite isolated, echoes through every house and heart; France rings with it from the Alps to Calais; it sounds through all the mountains of Switzerland, and the streets of the old Hanse towns, England cheers on the patriots, and America, to the far West, echoes back the cry. These are the countries in whose free atmosphere the voice of Liberty can yet vibrate and resound; but even in the despotic countries themselves, though the cry of Freedom is smothered, it rumbles and smoulders along through all the length and breadth of Austria, Prussia, Italy, Poland, nay, even from the icy recesses of Russia, a response like the sullen wail of an imprisoned demon is heard, and that cry is one of such sympathy as the slave can utter to the free. These reverberations, rolling back from every point of the compass, quicker, louder, more startling, prove that the crisis of the tempest is at hand. As the falcon sweeps in more rapid and sudden circles before she strikes; as the shouts become more quick and fierce as the battle closes; as, in any work of human effort, the cries become more cheery and simultaneous, as the obstacles disappear and the object in view is about to be effected, so the spirit of liberty seems circling to her final elevation; the nations seem approaching the goal towards which they have been toiling for centuries, and which they are now nearing with the rapid strides of the courser at the close of the race.

Hungary has been another Poland;—the shriek which "Freedom gave when Kosciusko fell," was again heard when the noble Damjanich perished; it rose with a thrill of agony, that pierced every freeman's heart in Europe, from the butchered patriots of Arad, and it lingers yet in a long low wail, that seems to spread itself out over all the Hungarian plains. The next shout will perhaps be one of victory instead of agony;—probably, alas! of both.

But let us hasten to give such of our readers as are not already familiar with the stirring and eloquent narrative of our unhappy authoress, a brief specimen of the work. The following is from Vol. I., p. 271.

"When the noble Damjanich was led forth to the gallows; when, after all his gallant deeds and sublime dreams, he was to die the death of a felon, and that gigantic and beautiful form was to mingle with the dust in the very bloom of its strong manhood, his way was lined by Austrian officers, who could not suppress some indications of triumph at seeing those herculean arms, before which their bravest had fallen, bound and pinioned, and that haughty and splendid head bowed

in shame at the infamy of the death to which he was condemned. He noticed these cowardly gestures and smiles, and drawing himself up proudly at the foot of the gallows, turned upon the exulting throng, and said, calmly: 'Triumph not, gentlemen. You have not yet arrived at the termination of your career: you know not how your own days will end. The house of Hapsburg rewards its servants after a peculiar fashion.' There was a prophetic warning in the words of the dying martyr of liberty.

"I learn here, in distant England, that even Haynau, who doubly dyed himself in guilt to do the will of the tyrant, has failed to secure his favour, and has been dismissed from his posts; nay, it is reported that he has fallen into entire disgrace. How marvellous are the ways of Providence! that this man, who set all laws, both human and Divine, at defiance, should also furnish a striking example of the worthlessness of the object for which he perpetrated all his crimes; like the scape-goat of old, laden with the sins of a nation, he has been driven into the wilderness, yet without purifying those by whom he has been expelled. He must now bear the curse, and meet the execration of men, wherever he may wander. Distorted and deformed in his moral being by the guilt of his life, his remaining years shall furnish a warning to mankind to flee from the contamination of his presence. His days shall be overshadowed with gloom, and his couch haunted by the gory spectres of his victims, upbraiding him with the treachery that brought them to an ignominious death; and when the terrors of his life shall terminate, and the earth shall close upon his mortal frame, men shall point to his grave and say, 'Here lies the broken intrument of tyranny.'

"For Austria, let her no more dream of peace; the seeds of a thousand wars have been sown within the last two years. Henceforth, the Hungarian people are the enemies of her rule; no offering can expiate her deadly offence against them. The time also may not be far distant when the autocrat will have to set his own house in order; when even the rude tribes over which he rules may grow weary of his irrational sway, and think the time has come to assert their common humanity. Where then will Austria look for help? What friendly hand will be stretched forth to comfort or succour her against her multitudinous foes? Italy is fast advancing to political manhood. The spirit of liberty is steadily rising throughout Germany—imperceptibly, but surely, like the approaches of the spring. The edifice of absolutism is like the icy palace of Catherine; the sun is shining upon it, and penetrating every crevice of the structure, and whilst it looks most brilliant, it is nearest to its fall. To-day it looks strong and massive; to-morrow it shall not be. The silent but genial march of the seasons shall dissolve it, and it shall glide irrecoverably into oblivion.

"But I must pass on in my pathless pilgrimage. I am a plant uprooted from my native soil by the tempest, and cast upon the wild world-ocean to accomplish my destiny, where the winds and currents may impel me. How happy had it been for me had I been laid in my fathers' grave before the sorrows of my country commenced! There this heart might have mingled quietly with kindred dust, unbroken by woe; I should have escaped a thousand sorrows, each more bitter than death itself. But why should I repine? Have I not, in the greatest extremities, had frequent proof that there is an all-wise and all-merciful Being, who never forsakes those who trust in Him? Yes, He who has saved me so often, will still continue to protect me. Haply I shall see my native land again, and see it free; but if it be His purpose that I should lay my weary head in a foreign grave, may He give me strength and resignation to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

Thou weary, noble-hearted one! freed at last from all thy sorrows, and *thus!* While here, thou didst not faint; nor, with this divine cordial to support them, shall any of the children of sorrow long faint or ever fail. Could this glorious and consoling trust in the directing Providence have been replaced by a foresight of the ignominious death she was to die,—how gladly would the poor exile have exchanged the revolting circumstances of her doom, for the lane of sneering Austrian officers and the gallows of Damjanich.

And throughout England, at this moment, in workshops and garrets, with bodies bowed by unwonted toil, or suffering the still greater wretchedness of hope and vengeance deferred alternating with the gnawings of hunger, there lies concealed many a patriot—with heart as

weary as was that of our unhappy Authoress, before it at last burst in agony and shame.

To such, since no longer to her, we would say, "Faint not, noble hearts! — hold up yet a little while; the dawning of a brighter day for you has begun. Meantime, whatsoever concealment of your noble natures may be, in the outward life, made by 'circumstance, that unspiritual god and miscreator,'—so long as the story of Hungary shall thrill the hearts of men, so long shall the names of her heroes be ranged with those, in all time reverenced by freedom's sons. Mourn not, one of you, that you were not sleeping beneath the green sod through all that wild and terrible tempest which shook down the patriots of Hungary, as the autumn thunder-storms strip the oaks of her plains. Look back! Would you have missed one night-march, one stormy bivouac, one battle-field? Never. Look forward! Would you yield up possession of one of those honourable scars of the soul, by which you have earned the sympathy and love of freemen everywhere? No, you would not give up one of your sorrows or sacrifices for the fatherland, nor yield up one claim to the sympathy and honour of the coming time. Nay, as your hearts mount and kindle at these memories, you feel that no wrong so great could be offered you as to deprive you of these cherished treasures, and your only grief now is that your sorrows and sacrifices were not greater, if only this could have saved the perished gallant hearts and national liberties."

Her account of the way in which her narrative of the butcheries by Haynau was received by Counts Esterhazi and Karyoli, from Pesth, and many of the late garrison of Komorn, who had yet received no authentic information of their barbarities, is deeply interesting (p. 317).

"I was obliged, therefore, however unwilling, to narrate to them the bloody and tearful story of Arad, and, in doing so, to tear open my own wounds, and revive all my griefs.

"We were, indeed, a woeful company: strong warriors, who had often braved death in the field of battle, wept aloud, and hands were clenched in agony, as I told the piteous tale. It seemed so inconceivable, so far to surpass the very worst they had apprehended from the rage of Austria, to set all calculation made in accordance with the rules that usually guide the conduct of men so entirely at defiance. What, after surrender under conditions that guaranteed personal safety, to hang and slaughter those who had surrendered! The monstrous iniquity of it overpassed the bounds of human credulity.

"But it was a fact accomplished, and the waters of the Danube could not wash out the dreadful evidence of this great crime. If Austria wished to wring brave and true hearts by these murders, she had her wish, on this occasion at least.

"It is impossible to describe the fierce grief of these men, when the whole history was before them. They called upon their murdered companions and relatives by name. Some walked up and down the saloon, to give vent to their powerful emotions: whilst others sat silently brooding over what they had heard, as if to make a solemn record of it in their souls, and to vow within themselves that the victims of Imperial treachery should not remain unavenged."

We recommend the concluding pages of these eloquent Memoirs to the consideration of the reader. The remarks on the constitution of England, and the comparison between Hungary and England, are just and ingenious; and have been dwelt on much by Kossuth when in England. The similarity in the spirit of the laws, political and social, of the two countries, is very remarkable. These, not less than the energy and courage displayed in the late struggle, show that the Hun-

garian and the "true-born Englishman," both of mixed descent, are kindred in soul, if not in blood. And however our government may, wisely or unwisely, have stood aloof, through the best hearts of England a thrill of fraternal sympathy with the Hungarian patriots has shot, the electric force of which, fusing and harmonizing them into one, will not have been expended in the mere sentiment of the moment, but will be felt in the struggle yet to come. For we agree with this eloquent and illfated lady, that though "the victory of reaction appears complete throughout Europe, the appearance is fallacious. Despotism has fallen back by accident into the place from which the earthquake had moved it for an instant; but the connections of its parts are shaken; it is loose, and rests but on the surface; the second heave will shake it into a heap of ruins."

Throughout Italy, Prussia, Austria, all Germany, nay in Russia itself, the materials for this more terrific shock, even than that of 1848, exist. They are only awaiting till the fuse which ignited that mine shall have burned on to the great magazine,—destined, unless precautions are taken in time, to shake all the despotisms of the continent.. Even Nicholas, "whilst he lays additional burdens upon his scattered subjects to furnish fleets for the Baltic, the Euxine, and the Mediterranean, is troubled on every side by the growth of enlightened opinion."

"And the true children of my country," says our ill fated authoress in conclusion, "where are they? What nameless sufferings do they endure, because they were faithful to the last? . . .

"Our sun rose brightly; it sank in storms and blackness; yet it was but one day in the cycle of time. That sun shall rise again, though we are forgotten; and, in the consolation of this hope, I cease from complaining, and at length lay down my pen."

To "Time the Avenger" we leave the character of the authoress of this book. He will show that her persecutors have deeply earned the exile's curse. May that curse be forgiveness!

---

## ADVICE TO LOVERS.

Lovers, who would your flame declare,
  Trust to the language of the eyes;
Truth ever is imprinted there,
  And the tongue's eloquence supplies.

No clever, well-turned phrases seek,
  List to the heart, and not the head;
Let the true heart its own words speak,
  And such will ever be well said.

Excess in words should caution raise:
  From chosen language true love shrinks;
And he who thinks of what he says,
  Says very rarely what he thinks.

M. A. B.

## ENGLISH ADMINISTRATIONS FROM 1815 TO 1830.

This Miscellany never has been, and never is to be, political. Were we to devise an inscription for its imaginary portals, the Bentlesque warning to readers should be Dantesque in style :—

"Leave all your politics on entering here."

But while thus we escape all the fogs and storms of party prejudice and strife, and, like Lucretius, introduce our friends to sunny regions, so that each of our numbers, like that poet's Olympus,

"Largè diffuso lumine ridet ;

we can give occasionally an impartial glance at the literary labours of those, who both fight and chronicle the battles of the contending parties in the State.

Mr. Roebuck's volumes are certainly among the most remarkable that have appeared for some time past; though first class historical books have lately been unusually abundant. The subject is in itself important; and it possesses peculiar interest at the present moment. The author is well known to be a man who thinks what he speaks, and who is pretty sure to express his thoughts in trenchant and uncompromising phrases. Byron classed among the virtues of Mitford as an historian, his *wrath* and *partiality;* and stated that he called these qualities virtues in a writer, *because they make him write in earnest.*† Byron was right. Earnestness is the great charm in both writers and speakers. No brilliancy or skill can make up for the absence of it; and where it is present it can cover a multitude of defects. This was the real secret of the marvellous ascendancy which Robespierre acquired. Mirabeau discerned this, and said of the destined Dictator of Terror, when many ridiculed his first speeches, "This man will do something; for *he believes every word he says.*" Now, itis impossible to read any one of Mr. Roebuck's chapters without precisely the equivalent reflection arising, "This man believes every word he writes." He is not tampering with our intellects. He is no mere literary gladiator; but a devoted champion, who strives with might and main, and smites without sparing in behalf of what is to him the True Faith. Many may deem him Quixotic; many may think that, blinded by passion, he deals his blows in quarters where he should have rendered homage : but assuredly none will turn away from him as either faint-hearted or insincere.

Indeed, whatever may be a man's politics, this book of the Member for Sheffield will rivet his attention. Perhaps some members of some of the great Whig houses may feel as little relish in reading the caustic sentences of Mr. Roebuck, as the Metelli felt in reading the sarcastic Saturnians of Nævius. But in general, both Reformers and Anti-Reformers will be glad of this History of the birth, struggles, and final success of the memorable Reform Bill of 1832. The first will welcome in it a vigorous and lucid narrative of their great triumph. The others

* History of the Whig Ministry of 1830 to the passing of the Reform Bill. By John Arthur Roebuck, M.P.

† See note to xiith canto of Don Juan.

will appreciate it on the principle, that makes every sensible man desire to know his adversary's view of a question as well as his own. And it is a book that can mislead nobody. The author never disguises his own thorough-going partizanship. He puts his readers fairly on their guard, and, if he conquers their judgment, he conquers it fairly. He filches no converts by affected candour or specious indifferentism. He is not only too honourable, but he is far too confident of the superiority of his cause, to seek to gain dishonest advantages by the suppression of facts, or by the garbling of testimony.

There are some good observations in Mr. Roebuck's Preface, respecting the possibility of the history of any great event being well written by a contemporary. He says,

"Some may deem my attempt premature, because of the passions and prejudices which must of necessity affect a cotemporary—and because also of the difficulty he must encounter when endeavouring to learn the secret history connected with the events he describes. I admit the premises of this argument, but I deny the conclusion thus drawn from them.

"Of the passions and prejudices which affect the cotemporary historian, only a small portion belong to him exclusively. He may, indeed, when speaking of individuals, be influenced by personal antipathies or predilections, but the bias that results from peculiar political opinions—from peculiar views of philosophy and morals, is an infirmity besetting men of every age and country; and we consequently find in our own days as much warmth, ay, as much acrimony evinced, in discussions on the parties of ancient Athens, as on those of modern England. The language employed with respect to Mr. O'Connell is not more bitter than that often used towards Cleon, and the passing of the Reform Bill is a subject not one whit more exciting, not at all more likely to disturb the judgment of au historian, than the conduct of the Long Parliament, or the National Convention.

"To enable posterity to write the history of any period, cotemporary evidence is needed—and that evidence cannot well be deemed complete, unless it have been subjected to cotemporary cross-examination. Now, a cotemporary historian is a witness as well as an historian—a witness, indeed, giving his testimony under the most efficient securities for its accuracy; liability to instant denial and searching cross-examination. If his political views and the acts of his public life are well known, his evidence will be the more strictly scrutinized, and received with that caution and allowance which a known partiality requires. His opinious will be judged after the same fashion, and be the less likely to mislead, because they come from one whose preconceived political views have been long openly avowed and thoroughly well known.

"It must, however, be admitted, that if a cotemporary possess some special knowledge and peculiar means of information, he is nevertheless shut out from an acquaintance of many facts, or precluded from the open use of evidence, which may be freely communicated when all the actors in the scenes described shall have passed away. Every cotemporary history, therefore, must even as evidence be in some degree incomplete. The publication, nevertheless, of a narrative thus necessarily imperfect must, if it excite discussion, criticism, and reply, contribute to bring out the truth, and put it upon record. Many an assertion that has slept for a century in an unpublished memoir, and passed current when

at length made public, would have met with instant contradiction and refutation had it been openly hazarded during the lifetime of the writer.

"The testimony of living witnesses, tried and sifted by persons immediately interested in the matter to which their testimony relates, is far more valuable than ex parte assertions, no matter how authoritative or circumstantial.

"No one, however, who has not attempted such a task as that which I have essayed, can well appreciate the difficulties which belong to it. These difficulties, however, would not be lessened by time. That which is now difficult, would, in a few years, become impossible.

"In every great political crisis, much that is of importance—much that we should desire to know, is not recorded in writing; or, if recorded, the record is often unwittingly—not seldom intentionally—destroyed. In such cases, we must trust to oral testimony, which every year becomes more scanty and faulty, and which, if not seized at once, will quickly be lost for ever. For an accurate estimation of the character of public men, these unrecorded events are often of the highest importance; and as, to enable us to form a just appreciation of the conduct of those who have taken part in the government of mankind, is one of the great purposes for which history is written, it is almost impossible to overrate the value of any process, by which such fleeting evidence is rendered permanent, trustworthy, and available. To make it trustworthy is, indeed, the most difficult portion of the task. Passion not only distorts the judgment, but also misleads the memory; and I have often found half a dozen narrators of the same events, all honestly intending to tell an accurate story, but all, nevertheless, giving very different—and often very contradictory—descriptions of the same transactions. In this conflict of testimony, the only chance of attaining truth is by means of comparison and mutual explanation. While the witnesses are alive this may be accomplished; death, however, renders all such friendly cross-examination utterly impossible; and, where the actors are few, and the events important, the need of an immediate cotemporary record increases; the difficulty, however, of making it, increases with the necessity."

There are valuable truths expressed here; valuable not only with reference to this particular work, but as general literary canons. We have cited the passage *in extenso*, because it shows Mr. Roebuck to possess comprehensiveness and reflection, as well as the acuteness and energy, for which all give him credit, and which every chapter of his history abundantly displays. He commences his work with a general view of affairs, from the end of the great wars with France in 1815, to the close of Lord Liverpool's administration. Then come two spirited chapters on the ministries of Canning and Lord Goderich, and on the carrying of the Catholic Emancipation Bill by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel in 1829. The author then comes to his immediate subject,—the national movement for Parliamentary Reform in 1830,—the downfall of the Wellington administration,—the formation of the Whig Ministry of Earl Grey,—the unsuccessful first reform of 1831,—its equally unsuccessful successor,—and the ultimate carrying of the third Bill, on the 7th of June, 1832, amid the fiercest scenes of excitement that this country ever witnessed since the great civil war of the 17th century. The vehemence of Mr. Roebuck's party opinions, and

the "*sævissima indignatio*" which he showers on all whom he deems either the foes or the lukewarm friends of the Liberal cause, make it almost impossible to transfer any of the most brilliant and powerful passages of his work to the page of a non-political periodical. But there are some remarks on the Duke of Wellington that breathe the true English spirit, in which all Englishmen, whatever be their political bias, ever ought to speak of that great man. Mr. Roebuck evidently feels that the Duke of Wellington's character is national property, and falls not under the narrow tutelage of any party. When describing the Duke's accession to office in 1828, he says,

"So soon as the Duke of Wellington was appointed prime minister, many objections were vehemently urged against what the objectors termed the unconstitutional nature of the appointment. What this meant none of them very accurately described—though the common explanation was, that the Duke being a soldier ought not to be prime minister because of the danger of the thing. A soldier also was supposed not to be skilled in civil affairs. 'The Duke's experience,' said Mr. Brougham, 'has been purely military, not civil.' 'And though I entertain the highest opinion of the noble Duke's military genius, still I do not like to see him at the head of the finance of the country, enjoying the patronage of the crown—enjoying, as he does enjoy, the full and perfect confidence of his sovereign — enjoying the patronage of the army—enjoying the patronage of the church—and, in fact, enjoying almost all the patronage of the state.' This language was natural in the existing state of men's opinions and experience. Since the days of Marlborough no soldier had swayed the councils of this country, and the Duke of Wellington had himself, a few months before, sanctioned the general opinion as to the incapacity of a soldier to rule over the civil affairs of the state. Yet there is no rational foundation for any such belief. No man can be a great soldier unless he possess great administrative talent, and this talent is more likely to be brought forth, and fostered by the business of war, than by the management of cases at Nisi Prius; yet because of his habit of speaking, the lawyer is deemed capable of governing, while the soldier whose life is spent in action and not in talk, is considered unversed in what are called the civil affairs of state. The training of the Duke of Wellington was, however, of a much higher character than any which ordinary statesmen, or soldiers, or lawyers, can hope to enjoy. In India, and in Spain and Portugal, he led armies and he governed nations. To feed his armies, and to keep the people for whom he was nominally engaged, obedient and favourable to his cause, he was obliged to bring into action all those great qualities of mind which are needed for the practical government of mankind. Every intricate question of finance, the various and perplexing operations of trade, the effects of every institution, commercial, political, of law and administration,—all had to be understood, weighed, watched, and applied, while he led the armies of England, and in fact governed the people of Spain and Portugal. The vast combinations needed for his great campaigns, made him familiar with every operation of government; and the peculiar relation in which he stood to the people of Spain and Portugal, and their various rulers, called into action every faculty of his mind, and made him profoundly skilled in the difficult art of leading and controlling men of all classes and of all characters."

Mr. Roebuck's volumes are valuable (independently of other reasons) for the great amount of curious information which is now made public for the first time. Much of this, as the author tells us, has been supplied by Lord Brougham, who evidently furnished the materials for the following graphic and amusing sketch of the mode in which King William the Fourth was induced to consent to the celebrated sudden dissolution of Parliament in 1831.

" But between this adjournment of the Lords and their meeting next day, many events of great importance occurred, and the result was, that the opposition were defeated in their project of checking the onward course of the ministry by means of technical objection, and of difficulties arising out of mere technical errors. The opposition hoped and believed that the adjournment of the House of Commons on Thursday, by delaying the estimates, had delayed also the possibility of a dissolution, and had thus given to the House of Lords time to pass the proposed address of Lord Wharncliffe against the project of dissolution itself, which, from the wavering state of the King's mind, they still expected to avert. On the morning, however, of the 22nd, Lord Grey and the Lord Chancellor waited on the King, in order to request that he would instantly, and on that day, dissolve the House. The whole scene of this interview of the King and his Ministers, as related by those who could alone describe it, is a curious illustration of the way in which the great interests of mankind often seem to depend on petty incidents, and in which ludicrous puerilities often mix themselves up with events most important to the welfare of whole nations. The necessity of a dissolution had long been foreseen, and decided on by the ministers, but the King had not yet been persuaded to consent to so bold a measure, and now the two chiefs of the administration were about to intrude themselves into the royal closet, not only to advise and ask for a dissolution, but to request the King on the sudden — on this very day, and within a few hours to go down and put an end to his parliament in the midst of the session, and with all the ordinary business of the session yet unfinished. The bolder mind of the Chancellor took the lead, and Lord Grey anxiously solicited him to *manage* the King on the occasion. So soon as they were admitted, the Chancellor, with some care and circumlocution, propounded to the King the object of the interview they had sought. The startled Monarch no sooner understood the drift of the Chancellor's somewhat periphrastic statement, than he exclaimed in wonder and anger against the very idea of such a proceeding. ‘How is it possible, my lords, that I can after this fashion repay the kindness of parliament to the Queen and myself? They have just granted me a most liberal civil list, and to the Queen a splendid annuity in case she survives me.’ The Chancellor confessed that they had, as regarded his Majesty, been a liberal and wise parliament, but said that nevertheless their further existence was incompatible with the peace and safety of the kingdom. Both he and Lord Grey then strenuously insisted upon the absolute necessity of their request, and gave his Majesty to understand, that this advice was by his ministers unanimously resolved on—and that they felt themselves unable to conduct the affairs of the country in the present condition of the parliament. This last statement made the King feel that a general resignation would be the consequence of a further refusal; of this, in spite of his secret wishes, he was at the moment really afraid, and therefore he,

by employing petty excuses, and suggesting small and temporary difficulties, soon began to show that he was about to yield. 'But, my lords, nothing is prepared—the great officers of state are not summoned.' 'Pardon me, Sir,' said the Chancellor, bowing with profound apparent humility, 'we have taken the great liberty of giving them to understand that your Majesty commanded their attendance at the proper hour.' 'But, my lords, the crown, and the robes, and other things needed are not prepared.' 'Again I most humbly entreat your Majesty's pardon for my boldness,' said the Chancellor,—'they are all prepared and ready—the proper officers being desired to attend in proper form and time.' 'But, my lords,' said the King, reiterating the form in which he put his objection,—'you know the thing is wholly impossible; the guards, the troops, have had no orders, and cannot be ready in time.' This objection was in reality the most formidable one. The orders to the troops on such occasions emanate always directly from the King, and no person but the King can in truth command them for such service—and as the Prime Minister and daring Chancellor well knew the nature of royal susceptibility on such matters, they were in no slight degree doubtful and anxious as to the result. The Chancellor, therefore, with some real hesitation, began again as before, 'Pardon me, Sir; we know how bold the step is, that, presuming on your great goodness, and your anxious desire for the safety of your kingdom, and happiness of your people, we have presumed to take—I have given orders and the troops are ready.' The King started in serious anger, flamed red in the face, and burst forth with, 'What, my lords, have you dared to act thus? Such a thing was never heard of. You, my Lord Chancellor, ought to know that such an act is treason—high treason, my lord!' 'Yes, Sir,' said the Chancellor, 'I do know it—and nothing but my thorough knowledge of your Majesty's goodness, of your paternal anxiety for the good of your people, and my own solemn belief that the safety of the state depends upon this day's proceedings, could have emboldened me to the performance of so unusual, and in ordinary circumstances, so improper a proceeding. In all humility I submit myself to your Majesty, and am ready in my own person to bear all the blame and receive all the punishment which your Majesty may deem needful, but I again entreat your Majesty to listen to us and to follow our counsel—and as you value the security of your crown, and the peace of your realms, to yield to our most earnest solicitations." After some further expostulations by both his ministers, the King cooled down and consented. Having consented, he became anxious that everything should be done in the proper manner, and gave minute directions respecting the ceremonial. The speech to be spoken by him at the prorogation was ready prepared and in the Chancellor's pocket. To this he agreed—desired that everybody might punctually attend, and dismissed his ministers for the moment with something between a menace and a joke, upon the audacity of their proceeding."

Much of the secret history of the passing of the Reform Bill is yet to be written, especially as to the organization and practical aims of the Political Union. But Mr. Roebuck's work is an important instalment towards that history, and also a valuable addition to our literature.

# LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT.

"I did not think to be so sad to-night."—*King John.*

I WAS born in the year 1802.

On a bleak and blustering evening in the autumn of 1811, a farmer with his family, sat at supper, secure from the rain and howling wind, which battered in fitful gusts against the house, as if not less to arouse their pity for the houseless wayfarer, than to impress upon them the sense of their protection from the fury of the storm.

At length, the wind came upon them, not with its own voice alone. They listened with curious dread, to what appeared at first a mysterious articulation. It was as if one of the "sightless couriers of the air, striding the blast," had arrived at their door with tidings of tragic circumstance. There was almost a distinct knocking, as of one who sought to enter. "But, no," said the farmer, "it is but the wind." The knocking ceased for a minute; but the low moan of the tempest was charged with the tones of some one in dismay. They listened, and a distant voice was unequivocally heard, crying, "Help! help! Help, for God's sake!"

The farmer rose, lifted the latch, and the door flew open. The cry for help was the more distinct; yet there was a word or two which the affrighted inmates could not clearly make out. It was, therefore, supposed these uncertain exclamations might be those of "murder! murder!" The grown *man* hesitatingly sought his hat, as meditating a sally towards the spot from whence the voice proceeded; but his wife and daughter clung to him, and implored him for *their* sakes not to dare the chance of his own destruction. The cry was heard no more. The howling of the tempest subsided. The wind veered round and seemed to depart, as if the danger was over, or as though the means of rescue were no longer available. It came in furious haste and with imploring importunity: it retired as an unheeded messenger, and sank in sorrowing silence, "hushed in the hollow mine of earth."

"Some drunken navigator, I suppose," said the farmer's wife; for their house was in the close neighbourhood of a canal, and the bargemen were "a dissolute and quarrelsome set." So the farmer quaffed his cup of ale, and the family went prayerless to bed.

My mother, that night, sat with only her nine year old boy, drawing the outline of the parish church on the slate, which should perhaps have been covered with figures of a multiplication sum for school next morning. Her husband had gone the day before to visit a friend a few miles distant. He had parted from her with more than his usual affection. He was to have returned this night, and she had fondly hoped nothing would prevent his doing so; but the state of the weather was quite a sufficient reason for delaying his return, and she was comforted in the assurance that he was prudent enough to remain with his friend. She bade me kneel at her feet, and, with my head on her lap, I uttered my prayer for "dear papa, &c.," and went to bed. She remembered the

peculiar tenderness of his leave-taking, and, not staying up beyond her usual hour, retired to rest, thinking of the sweet welcome she would give her husband to-morrow.

Earlier on that same evening, my father was one of a cheerful party at the house of his friend. He was ever the life of his company; and prone to enjoy the present moment, occasionally to the forgetting of his approaching engagements; but on *this* occasion there was an unusual restlessness to keep the promise he had made to my mother, and to return that night. The urgent dissuasions of his kind host were determinately resisted. Though the weather rose in violence, he persisted in his resolve,—perhaps rejoiced in the evidence which his defiance of wind and wet would afford of his manly love,—and started on his walk home.

The following day passed over, and he had not returned. I was not aware of any especial promise made by him, and my mother, though disappointed, was not distressed, for it was an agreement between her and her husband, that he was always to be free to any chance occasions which might cause his continued absence. She perhaps sighed, to think that her own occasion was not always so inducive as it might be; but she let another night pass without any great uneasiness.

The next day I went to school as usual. As a day-boarder, I was not in the habit of returning till after the studies of the day were concluded: but on this day, while playing with my school-fellows, previous to afternoon study, I was summoned to attend my aunt in the master's parlour. I found her in tears. She said I must accompany her home; that my poor mother was in sad distress; that something had happened to my father; that he was not come back, and that she feared I might not see him again for a long time,—a *very* long time. We walked off together; she crying all the way, and I wondering beyond the power or sagacity of asking why she wept. A vague gloom was upon me, perhaps like that which an eclipse of the sun produces on the sensitive but uninformed apprehensions of a bird. When we reached home, my mother clasped me in her arms; and, sobbing, exclaimed, "My dear—dear boy—you will never see your poor papa any more!" His opened writing-desk was before her. It was the one household article concerning which, she said, he was most particular. She laid her head upon its inclined surface, as if it had been the breast on which she was never more to recline her cheek.

I sought no explanation. My mother's sorrow was enough for mine without caring — or daring (I knew not which it was) — to seek the full cause of it. Death was beyond my understanding. I had seen funerals; but they had appeared to me, not as common results, but as peculiar to some state foreign to my own: and when I was told that my father was dead, it was an appeal to my yet slumbering understanding, rather than to my belief His long and frequent absence from my sight had been ever consistent with my assurance of his palpable and breathing existence; and I was still sustained by an unfading conviction that there was some error or delusion in the misery before me, which time would soon dispel.

There were no efforts to make me comprehend the full measure of my loss; but I wept because my mother wept, and yielded myself to her embraces of alternate passion and tenderness, as a thing of some comfort to her; as an "appliance," in short,—as a drug, or balm which acted as a soothing potion or emollient to her agonised soul. The entire truth did

not come home to me till I had learned to give it calm and patient enduring; but it *was* a truth, that my father was drowned on the evening when the farmer heard, without answering them, those cries of "Help, help—help, for God's sake!"

His body was found in an abandoned cutting of a canal, which branched, and was filled with water, from the main stream. When he passed the day before, it was over a decayed plank foot-bridge, which had a style at each end. By the violence of the tempest, or otherwise, the plank was gone; but the style remained. He, doubtless, got over the style, and reckoned upon the footing and hand-rail, which the darkness, as he may have conceived, rendered invisible; or, it is possible the rotten condition of the board may have proved fatal to him. He was an admirable swimmer, but there was more mud than water in the creek, and the unusually high and perpendicular bank afforded him no sufficient hold. The marks of his hands and feet were left on its soft sandy face, and it was evident he had once reached the top or nearly so. Then it was that he called "Help! help!—for God's sake, help!" He had it not from man; but it follows not that he was unheard and unhelped by Him who has His own best way of listening to and aiding those who call in their moment of agony!

---

Among the circumstances in more vivid memory, as immediately following my father's death, were those of my mother's altered appearance, and the altered manners of my father's friends; nor can I tell, now, more than I could then, why her beautiful hair was all concealed under a strange cap, though I can appreciate the mild and melancholy interest which marked their looks and expressions, when they took me between their knees, and, holding both my hands, gazed upon my face, as they tenderly commented on those of my features, whose models were no more. I could not but observe, that we breathed an atmosphere of gentler quality, and were illumined by a softer radiance, than heretofore. Other children were told to be kind to me, and to show me pleasing things and pretty places; but while girls would take my hand, and lead me forth to see their flower-garden or picture-books, the boys would look upon me with hesitating apprehension, and let me go, as if I were something strange to them, or a kind of respected impediment to their mirth. I was "subdued to the quality" of my new condition without knowing what it was; for my dear mother never sought to impress me with a greater sense of it, than came naturally into my perceptions. It was then (few as were my years) that I first recognised WOMAN as the comfort of earth; whose thoughts, words, and actions spring more from sympathy than from principle; whose "ministerings" are so gracefully rendered, that we receive them rather as coming from her "kind" than from kindness, from constitutional sensibility than from cultivated sense: and who truly *is* that goodness with which men have yet to invest their own natures, in emulation of what is hers from her birth.

But, the widow's cap, together with the suffocating abundance of crape in which the bereaved is compelled by custom to show herself,—what a monument of hopeless woe it seemed to my infant sight! and what a sad absurdity does it appear to my fifty years' beholding! My mother looked as if changed into a lady abbess, and I felt as a monastic noviciate. To utter even the most innocent jest before such a figure, should be profanation; to witness a laugh from it, fearful! "Woe" should doubtless

have its "trappings and suits;" but they should be becoming—the occasion; and this they might be without a Hindoo-like expression of the sorrow which "will not be comforted." My mother's transformation was the more startling to me, because, not long before, my grandmother lost her husband; she being with us; he dying in the East Indies. I dutifully presume she grieved as became her; but she mourned in black, as "became" her too. She had not seen "poor dear Alexander" for a long while, and he died a long way off; so she assumed a remarkably handsome bombasin gown, with a minimum garnish of crape; put a black ribbon to a cap of more than ordinary stylishness, and perhaps never looked so well in her life. The wearing of the "widow's weeds" has, it is to be presumed, originated in the same purpose which occasioned the weaving of Penelope's web, and which is the only recorded illustration of an ancient Grecian custom, mentioned in the "Spectator" (No. 606), where we learn that the advances of second husbands were prohibited, until the widow "had woven a shroud for her deceased lord, or the next of kin to him." Thus the durance of the "weeds" was to be the significant prohibition of any coming wooer to the succession of the lady's favour.

But, what *may* be the love of a child—an only child—to its mother, I can truly tell! Awakened to the apprehension of death, while my life knew no joy but her, I used nightly to pray that I might not outlive her! What letters have I since received, even from the after mistress of my desires, which brought with them the perfect joy of those I had from my mother, when I was a boarder in the Wolverhampton Grammar-School, five months at a time, and four times as many miles away from her! What sorrow so purely heartfelt and unselfish as that which tried my fortitude at leaving her! What joy so exaggerated as that which bewildered me on my return to the kiss of her beautiful face; for, strange to say, I had a singular sense of personal loveliness as her distinction among all other women. Though I never complained, I wondered she could send away one who so loved her. I need not say how these feelings gradually diminished; how I became first like other boys, and then like other men; nor need I perhaps add, that the condition of my heart became not much the better for it. But these things are, and must be; and it is only now my best pride to think that the former and purer things are not forgotten.

A few years passed on, and the widow and her son found themselves not deserted nor friendless. Resignation preceded the return of a sobered happiness, and it became time to think of the future destination of the growing boy. He had from his infancy the "bumps of form" and "constructiveness" pretty fully developed on his cranium, and he was ever drawing towered churches and gabled houses. His rocks were exceedingly mural in their stratification, his trees rather wooden than woody, his waters of very pavement-like surface, and his figures of decidedly artificial build. He estimated highly no picture or print which had not a building as its more prominent object. He still possesses (in his fiftieth year) a volume of the "Beauties of England" (not Britton's), in which gentlemen in cocked hats and swords, and ladies in high caps and hooped petticoats, are walking between straight parallels of trees in pots, before the south front of the Royal Palace at Kew; and those plates are invariably the most thumbed which exhibit the most architectural pretension. At length his removal to London was decided on; and the

idea of seeing the veritable realization of the heretofore pictured "beauties of England," swelled his architectural yearnings into a state of the most feverish desire.

---

## SCHOOL DAYS.

"You shall go with me: I 've some private schooling for you."
*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Though my coming to London preceded the termination of my school days, it is fit that all records of the latter should be set down under a distinct and separate head; for no continuous history in progressive chapters is intended; but rather a collection of light and unpretending essays, entire in themselves, though bearing on each other. The acquired habits of an architect are necessarily those which induce the aim of individual perfectness; for he is too painfully aware of the severe judgment which admits no sense of general completeness to plead for partial defect.

Passing over the earliest days of my infant schooling, of which I recollect no incident save that of an affair with a hall-door, which at once did me a fearful wrong and afforded me the *amende* satisfactory. A gust of wind suddenly opened it upon me as I was going out. It struck me on the nose, and the first blood I remember to have shed was the consequence. My kind mistress, however, with a thought, snatched out the great cold key, and putting it down my back, soon stopped the issue of the "crimson flood."

Having learned to read, I was put to a more advanced school, under a master, and began to study the history of my country in the pages of dear Oliver Goldsmith. A paragraph one day fell to my share, beginning with the words, "During this *interregnum*," &c. The meaning of the latter piece of Anglo-Latinity remained for a long while a mystery in my memory; but it was subsequently explained to me in a description I overheard, of an old clergyman, whose costume had often attracted my young notice. He wore no braces. His waistcoat and breeches did not meet; and the intervening object was alluded to as "an *interregnum* of shirt."

I am not perfectly clear as to the amount of my subsequent "Grammar-School" advantages at Wolverhampton. The main impression now remaining on my mind is, that the boys were chiefly engaged in the celebration of anniversaries of the 29th May and 5th November kind, and which, connected with many Saints' days, and thick-coming reasons for holidays of rejoicing on account of Wellington's victories and Bonaparte's discomfitures, left us to look upon our "grammar" studies as little else than an occasional "bore." It was not clear to me whom we were fighting against, or where we were doing battle, but I had an ubiquitous impression that Spain, Russia, and America were so many places in one. Our reverend head master was the greatest and most belligerent boy amongst us. He would come into the school-room with the "Courier" paper in his hand, and stimulate us to a hatred of Bonaparte and an admiration of Lords Wellington and Hill (for the latter was *the* hero of our parts), which utterly threw in temporary oblivion all the great warriors of Homer and Virgil, and sank into nothing Cæsar and his "Commentaries." The names, too, of Marshals Soult and Ney

were held up to our most hostile estimation, while those of Kutusoff and Blucher were made familiar to our honouring respect. Terrible woodcuts, on sheets as large as the folio of a newspaper, were purchased with our pocket-money, instead of sweatmeats, for they represented the victories of our side with the most graphic emphasis. Chief among these, I remember the grand spectacles of the siege of Badajoz, the battles of Salamanca and Leipsic, the burning of Moscow, the battle of Toulouse, and the glorious action of the "Shannon" and "Chesapeak." We exhausted our colour-boxes in painting them up with most positive red, blue, and yellow; greased their backs to make transparencies of them; and wafered them up against the windows on the night of each illumination. Our drawing-master was engaged to paint a huge flag to hang from the front of the school. We were sent to the theatre at night to join in the chorus of "God save the King," and to hoot forth our delight at a comic song (sung, I remember, by one even of the Kemble name), in ridicule of "poor little frost-bitten Boney!" Stimulated by our master's enthusiasm, we drew down the ridiculing opposition of certain other rival schools of the town, and therefore attacked them as "Jacobins," not having an over-clear understanding of the word. We were harangued on the battle of Toulouse, as the "finishing stroke," which left England nothing more to do but to enjoy herself. Then came the news of the visit of the allied sovereigns to London, with more wonderful woodcuts of the Chinese Bridge in St. James's Park, and the Temple of Peace and Concord, all enveloped in an astounding display of fireworks. I heard of old Blucher's kissing all the pretty English women; and, as my mother was then in London, I experienced some distressing sensations of jealousy at the idea of his kissing her.

But, lo!—the battle of Toulouse proved no "finishing stroke," for one day, while we were hard at those resumed studies which followed restored peace, the intelligence of "Boney's" escape from Elba came to disturb our classic pursuits! The holidays soon followed, and the charms of home made me, at least, careless of foreign doings. I was, however, one afternoon, and to my great delight, commissioned to mount a neighbour's pony and ride off to the post-office of the next town for the newspaper, so that it might be obtained some hour or two before it could be delivered by the pedestrian old "Johnny Postman," who, on ordinary occasions, was sufficiently expeditious for the quiet inhabitants of the village in which we resided. I had no idea of the exact purpose of my couriership; but no express ever travelled with less regard for the lungs of his steed, or for the safety of the old apple-women and congregated clodpoles, who crowded the market-place of the post town. They were as busy with their buying and selling as if there were no Bonaparte in the world to come and make his own market in merry England; and when I galloped among them, to the imminent peril of their persons and property, threatening premature death to screaming poultry, and destruction to the brittle crockery which occupied its beds of straw on the pavement, they hurled vituperation after me, thick as rockets over the retreat of an escaping foe. Reaching the post-office, I could hardly get at the door for besieging crowds. I was too absorbed in my own importance to heed the gabbling expressions of the surrounding applicants: but I could see numbers running off with newspapers, and many "reading as they ran."

The important object of my mission obtained, I galloped back again, avoiding the market-place, however, and duly arrived at my return-post,

the panting sides of my plucky little pony "stain'd with the variation of each soil" between the extremes of my accomplished journey. The paper was delivered, wrenched open with all the impatience of eager-eyed avidity, and hurrahs of exultation issued instantly from the mouth of the possessor, who, after gasping for recovered breath, read aloud to his crowding auditors the news of the—BATTLE OF WATERLOO!

Here, then, *was* the "finishing stroke" at last! *Was* it? O, these *were* "school days!" It was well all this occurred during the holidays; for otherwise the "Free Grammar School" would have been free of grammar for a fortnight at least. What with a mad master and a hundred maddened boys, the dark "welkin" of old lock-making Wolverhampton would have been "amazed with the broken staves" of discomfited "Jacobins," and radiant with bonfires which had shamed the ever-burning and adjacent Bilston furnaces!

But I was destined to return to this seminary of classic and political principles no more. My mother had long put off her weeds. Her Penelope's web was woven, and her personal beauty and manners were too marked not to arrest the observation of the susceptible. This is a matter, however, for distinct comment. Suffice it at present to say, that she was shortly after married—to "a worthy man," of course—and we left the neighbourhood.

The first effects of London upon me will duly appear. After a few weeks' sojourn there, I was transferred to a large school at Tooting, where the more earnest purposes of study were much more seriously promoted. The entire machinery of the school was so much more sure, regular, and insistive, that I seemed never to have known before what systematic application really was; and my "little Latin and less Greek" left me to discover that I was justly obliged to take rank among my juniors, and, in fact, to submit to a sort of re-infantine training, before I could form one of *any* class. It is scarcely too much to say, that, until the age of thirteen, my time had been almost utterly thrown away; and I reflect with anger and disgust on the mere educated ignorance of the rantipole man of Oxford, whose business it was to seem to do something for the money he received, and to advance the honour of his country by getting tipsy at Pitt dinners.

The "Classics" were now put down, that some attention might be given to that course of study more immediately fitting my future destination as an architect. The mother-sickness was now greatly cured; and when I became a first class boy, with a silver palatte and a medal, for mathematics, hung round my neck on the "Speech-day," I felt that all "mamma-isms" were out of date. We had, however, yet to do with war; and, in the early autumn of 1816, we had an harangue but only a *half* holiday, in honour of Lord Exmouth's victory at Algiers. The succeeding holidays were enlivened with the sight of George, Prince Regent, going in state to open his parliament. There was a coach of gold and glass, inclosing a portly gentleman, with a capacious order-bedizened red chest, and a pair of snow white breeches on remarkably fat legs. To vary the circumstances which attended his progress through the streets, an occasional flight of stones and other missiles, hurled against the state carriage, gave additional emphasis to the popular feeling, which, having no foreign enemies to vent itself upon, practised a little recreation under the guidance of Mr. Henry Hunt and the Spa Fields Reformers. My "boyish days" were further illumined by the marriage of the Princess

Charlotte, and darkened again by her death! I left school "a sadder and a wiser" youth, to find London all astir with the acquittals of some traitors and the hanging of others.

But, — the battle of Waterloo? *Was* it the "finishing stroke?" A man of fifty asks the question. May the last chapter of these memoirs enable him still to trust in the belief that it was so. The anxieties which swayed the public in my boyish days are coming over us again. Rifles are in vogue, lest we get rifled in verity. "The cry is still, 'they come!'" May the schoolboys of the present day be the peacefully possessed men of the future, and may their studies involve those principles which will form the stable assurance of our blessed, blessed Queen, when she shall be the oldest sovereign that ever sat on England's honoured throne!

---

## THE LATE ROBERT BLACKWOOD, Esq.

The following notice of this eminent publisher appeared in the *Edinburgh Courant:*

We record with much regret the death, on Saturday, February 14th, of Robert Blackwood, Esq., of the firm of Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, the eminent publishers in this city.

An infirm and almost hopeless state of health had occasioned Mr. Blackwood's retirement from active life during the last two years. Until that time, he had sustained, for a period of fifteen years, a most onerous part in the business of his house, giving to the task a degree of application, of energy, and devotion, such as, it is to be feared, may have contributed to the causes of his too early withdrawal from the scene. The deceased gentleman possessed all the facility in business that could be derived at once from uncommon abilities, and from that manly choice of a direct and open course, which is alike the dictate of a simple heart and the sure means of avoiding much toil and trouble. Mr. Blackwood's avocations led him into much intercourse with literary men; and we believe that, while the power and rectitude of his understanding were felt by all, they were most warmly appreciated by those who were the most distinguished of the brilliant circle. He was by nature a man of high mind and fine feeling; and these qualities could not fail to commend him as no unworthy associate to the most cultivated men whose society he enjoyed. A better understanding, indeed, was never exemplified between author and publisher: on the part of the former, unbounded confidence, affection, and esteem—on the part of the latter, the utmost liberality, sagacity, and enterprise. Mr. Blackwood's friendships were sincere, and never disturbed by the shadow of a change. The same high qualities which led to his success in business, with others still more amiable, shed their light upon the circle of his private friends. Mr. Blackwood was in the forty-fourth year of his age.

## AN ANCIENT BRITISH COIN RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT DOVER.

Dover beach for this month past has exhibited, on a reduced scale, the excitement of a California. The local wits have christened the shore in front of the town the "Diggings," from the quantity of gold and silver which the sea, during the late violent gales, has washed up. In one respect the British "placer" surpasses that of America, for the precious metals are found *ready coined*. Not only money, but trinkets are picked up, such as brooches and rings; but the latter are modern, while the coins are of all ages, commencing with the early British, and including the Roman, the Saxon, the Danish, and the Norman periods, down to the reign of George the Third; the same individual frequently finding pieces of Roman money lying in close company with a shilling of Queen Elizabeth, a groat of one of the Plantagenets, or a rose noble of Henry the Eighth, while local tokens, such as those issued formerly by the Cinque Ports Towns, of Sandwich, Rye, Hythe, Romney and Winchelsea are to be had for the trouble of stooping. The money, too, belongs to all countries as well as all ages, if we may judge from what has been already found, for French livres, German kreutzers, Russian kopecs, and other strange coins from the mints of Spain, Portugal and the rest of Europe, have sent their representatives to this singular congress.

It may be reasonably demanded, What strange medley of circumstances brought these coins upon Dover beach? and the only satisfactory answer to this question is, that the harbour commissioners of the port, some time back, cleared out the deposit of mud from the "Pent," which is a large open space in the centre of the town, and flooded by every tide. The contents of the Pent was composed of the deposits brought down by the little river Dour, in addition to such articles as may have been dropped from vessels detained by wind or accident, or other causes of detention, for ages past. The whole of this matter, when excavated, was flung into the sea facing the town. And in this manner, it is supposed, that the bay became the common purse into which the various coins found upon Dover beach have been thrown, as the excavations of the Pent progressed, and which from time to time the sea, during the recent winter gales, cast ashore. There are strong grounds for supposing that the mud flung into Dover bay contained the majority of the coins, from the fact that a blue earthy matter, exactly resembling the Pent deposit in colour and smell is found adhering to their surfaces.

The singular coin at the head of this paper was also covered with a blue mud, and in all probability it had been lying in the Pent, or in that locality, for ages. Its preservation is surprising; the edges of the quaint old head, and of the device on the opposite side, being as sharp as the day it left the hand of its coiner. There are some marks upon it which lead to the belief that it is a Saxon piece, of the earliest period of

that people's dominion in Britain. The cross at the bottom of the uncouth figure of the man's head being one of those symbols found upon the ecclesiastical coins of that date. But there are also some strong evidences that it is an early British piece of money, for we are warranted now in believing, in opposition to the statement of Cæsar, that our pagan ancestors coined in gold, silver and copper. And further, that they charged their coins with various symbols, such as a horse, a wheel, a flower resembling a sunflower, and also a combination of figures of a man, a horse, and a wheel, which, under the fervent heat of a warm imagination, may be hatched into the representative of a British warrior in his formidable war-chariot.

Attempts have been made to explain the meaning of the symbols found upon British coins, by assuming that, like the money of most barbarous nations, they are impressed with devices partaking more of a religious than a civil or military character. And as the Britons could not display magnificent temples, or altars upon their coins, we find them studded with circles of beads or dots, which have been by many numismatists considered to represent their heathen temples, which are known to have been composed, like Stonehenge and other Druidical remains, of circles of massive stones. Viewed through a religious medium, may not the device on the reverse of this ancient coin represent the Kêd or the Ceres of the Britons? for it is rather singular, that this goddess is described in the rites and ceremonies of the Britons as a hen in appearance, as " large as a *proud mare*, and swelling out like a ship upon the waters." Certainly the figure more resembles a bird than a mare. It also has been likened to a cock, and a horse, which induced a facetious numismatist to suggest, that it bore a stronger resemblance to that hybrid, known as a cock-horse of our boyhood, than any other animal.

The curved device encircling the bird or horse has been supposed to represent a serpent, and the balls or beads at its tail the sacred eggs of the Druids. However, we feel that, in the absence of more correct data, than mere conjecture respecting the mysteries and religious rites of that ancient order, we should, if we indulged in the reveries of which this subject is so very susceptible, soon find ourselves in a wilderness of doubt and romantic speculation. It must, however, be admitted, that the subject is full of interest, and that it is very desirable to have a correct classification of all uncertain coins. This interest is also further heightened by national emotions towards those medals found in our own land, as, independent of their historic value, in throwing a light upon past ages, we are by these means gradually accumulating data, that may prove invaluable to our successors, and enable them to arrive at satisfactory conclusions respecting the locality to which they originally belonged.

---

## ENGLAND AND HER HISTORIANS.*

The history of England has been written in every conceivable form, from the comic to the tragic, from burlesque to sublime; it has entered into melodrama and epic, furnished story-books for children, and manuals for theorists; suggested inexhaustible themes for abstract disquisitions on constitutional rights, dogmas of law, morals, and divinity; supplied examples, contrasts, and illustrations to all writers of all other histories all over the globe; and, like the newspaper and the playhouse, which every penny-a-liner and stage-message-deliverer imagines himself qualified to manage, it is the one great subject which all writers believe they can treat with novelty (of which there is no doubt) and impartiality (of which there is considerable doubt) out of a special inspiration of their own. We have in our libraries, consequently, more histories of England than we are able to read, and a great many more than we are likely to derive any real advantage from. The range is extensive, and full of variety; from Miss Corner to Mr. Hallam, from Goldsmith to Macaulay, from Wade to Mackintosh, from Hume to Lingard, from Henry to Grainger, from the catechisms to the philosophies of historical lore, besides the innumerable and infinitely diversified "contributions" to history in the shape of treatises, and memoirs, and sections of research, including the Sharon Turners, the D'Israelis, the Clarendons, the Burnetts, the Whitelocks, the Carlyles, the Vaughans, and a hundred others to say nothing of foreign commentators, such as Guizot and Villemain, Chateaubriand, and D'Aubigné. Looking at the vast pile of books that have been accumulated upon the continuous narrative and vexed topics of our English history, it would appear that we have had enough, and more than enough, of dissertation, analysis, and record. But English readers, like Mr. Softhead in the comedy, who never can get too much of a duke, seem to possess an insatiable appetite for reading books that relate to their own country. The nationality of the English has a wonderful toleration for dullness and repetition. It will bear with a kind of standing enthusiasm to hear the same thing said over and over again, even be it ever so ill said, just as it delights in "Rule, Britannia," and "Britons, strike home," no matter how discordant be the chorus.

This curiosity about our own history, and the sustaining power that carries us through its gratification in whatever shape the familiar pleasure is presented to us, is an excellent thing in itself. The best fundamental instruction, of a practical and enlightening kind, an Englishman can receive, is that which is to be found in the annals of his country. It constitutes the safest foundation upon which to erect the superstructure of more widely extended knowledge in reference to other countries. It is the key to all human policies and political principles. It contains more lessons of statesmanship, of wisdom in the direction of public affairs, of sound elementary truths, and sagacious conduct, than any other history in the world,—including even the Greek and Roman, whose standards of morality and virtue are not always reconcileable with Christian ethics, or possible of adoption by modern societies. It is, therefore, an

* The History of the British Empire, from the Accession of James the First By John Macgregor, M.P. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

excellent thing that Englishmen should be intimately acquainted with English history "from the earliest times," to use the easy phrase of the title-pages.

But we must confess to some perplexity as to the mode and means of acquiring this desirable knowledge amidst the conflicting authorities that display such variegated claims upon attention. If there be wisdom in a multitude of councillors, we must acknowledge, for our own parts, that we have not been able to discover it in this particular case. On the contrary, we own to a little confusion and bewilderment on this subject; and must frankly avow that if any friend of ours, who desired to study our history dispassionately, and really for the sake of unprejudiced information, were to ask us which out of the legion of historians we should recommend him to select, we should hardly know what answer to make to so, apparently, simple an inquiry.

The difficulty consists in this—that each individual history sets up special claims of its own, and every individual historian believes that he has done something that had not been done by anybody else, that he has corrected certain errors, avoided certain prejudices, rendered facts clearer, expanded important details, escaped prolixity, or placed hitherto obscure passages in the broad light of a more advanced intelligence. It is impossible to deny in most cases the justice, more or less, of most of these claims. No man sets about writing over again what has already been so often written by others, unless he imagines he can do something with it that has never been done with it before. Whether his execution of his intentions be equal to his aspiration, or whether, indeed, he has not all along been labouring under a strong historical hallucination, are questions which the doomed reader must find out and determine when it is too late to recall the time he has expended on the investigation. There is one gain, however, if it be a gain, which the public at large derive from the multitude of instructors who have thus devoted themselves to the arduous labour of making books for their delectation—namely, that there are histories of England to be had for every creed, class, age and party in the community, so that nobody need be at a loss in picking out a history that will exactly suit his previous opinions, that will flatter and strengthen his convictions, whether they be true or false, that will furnish him with reasons for the faith that was in him long before he had any reasons to support it, and that will form a convenient armory from whence he may draw all manner of weapons for fighting the battles of the political sect to which, by accident, temperament, or inheritance, he happens to belong. This is, probably, an advantage, even if it be a questionable one. It saves time in a country where time is of the first consideration—and it saves the trouble of thinking, which is a tempting consideration in all countries.

Seeing, then, that there are so many works of this description to be had of all sizes and complexions, the appearance of a couple of weighty and ambitious volumes of British history, at a time, too, when Mr. Macaulay is issuing the fruits of his researches on the same subject with a leisurely dignity that at once stimulates and tantalizes the impatience of his readers, is a circumstance calculated to excite some surprise and not a little curiosity. We are far from desiring it to be supposed from what we have said that we think there is not room for more histories of England. There will always be room for more histories of England, so long as there are men capable of shedding new lights upon the under-

taking, and who know how to avail themselves judiciously of the new sources of information that are constantly opening up in the publication of documents, correspondence, and diaries hitherto locked up in family chests and official archives. The masses of unexpected facts that have been thus developed within the last five-and-twenty years abundantly justify the right of any competent author to reconstruct a history anew with the help of such materials. But we must see that he is competent, and that he has employed with skill and judgment the accumulated means at his command.

Mr. Macgregor, to whom we are indebted for the volumes that have led us into these observations, is well known as an able statistician; and we naturally expected to find, therefore, that the portions, or aspects, of our history to which he would have brought the largest amount of investigation are those which relate to our trade and commerce, our international system as affecting them, our colonies, and our industrial progress. In this expectation his labours have not disappointed us. He enters at great length into all these topics, and draws from the inquiry some results which will be admitted on all hands to be sound and just. It is a main object of his history to show that the peaceful cultivation of her arts and manufactures is the true policy of England, that the civil and religious liberty we enjoy is best and most securely maintained by the freedom of our commerce, and the encouragement of our domestic springs of wealth and power, and that internal feuds and continental wars are no less injurious to present interests than they are impedimental to our future progress. These views are clearly and energetically enforced, wherever the occasion calls for them; and in this respect Mr. Macgregor's history differs from most others, inasmuch as it keeps special and important objects in view which it urges with a fulness of exposition and earnestness of purpose somewhat startling in the pages of history. But history is no longer to be written as it used to be. It is no longer a staid and formal chronicle of events, in which the chief, or only actors are ministers and politicians, kings, generals and ambassadors, whose certificates of character are to be found in treaties and acts of parliament, and who move across the stage only to pronounce, in the manner of the old French drama, long speeches filled with dreary solemnities. It must address itself to the people, or it is waste paper. It must contain that sort of information which cannot be compiled out of the Rushvilles and Thurlows, and which comes nearer home to the actual business of life. It must not, in short, be merely a history of state papers and parliamentary campaigns, but a history of the people themselves, from whose labours and struggles the action of the state draws its vitality. And just such a history is this of Mr. Macgregor's. It is written for the people, and is likely to be extensively read by them.

It embraces in an elaborate introduction, which absorbs the whole of the massive contents of the first volume, a rapid and intelligent survey of our history from the Saxon period, beginning with the mission of St. Augustine, and ending with the execution of Charles I. The second volume, dedicated to the Commonwealth and the Protectorate, carries down the narrative to Cromwell's declaration of war against Spain. In the treatment of the various topics that come under consideration in this extensive field of inquiry, Mr. Macgregor is entitled to credit for great diligence in the collection of facts, and integrity in the statement of them. He leaves few sources of authority unexplored; goes over the old

ground with an elasticity and eagerness of research that is quite refreshing, and that frequently inspires the drudgery of compilation with a new and original interest; and exhibits a boldness of spirit in assailing established views and time-honoured prejudices, that will stir the pulses of his readers, and compel them to think and feel, instead of suffering them to drop quietly into the procession of events. He is open to the imputation of a certain hastiness of tone that may militate against the implicit reception of his judgments; but the reader soon gets accustomed to this broad energy of utterance, and, discovering that it is the northern temperament of the writer, and not the superficial rashness of mere animal spirits, that pours such impetuous eloquence into the book, he is not unwilling to give way to its excitement and to surrender himself to the influence which is inseparable from courageous and vigorous writing.

Mr. Macgregor demands to be accredited for independence and impartiality. So do all historians. But he is neither more independent nor impartial than others. He has his own side of the great questions he discusses, and he takes his stand firmly upon it, believing, as all sincere men believe, that he is thoroughly unprejudiced. It is no deduction from his real merits to say, that he has not produced a narrative of the Civil Wars and the Commonwealth which materially differs in spirit and tendency from some other histories in which similar views are adopted. He is more urgent in his views than most other writers; but we should do injustice to his predecessors if we were to admit that he possesses any superior claim on the ground of fairness and dispassionateness. Few writers are less dispassionate, although none may be more honest. His criticisms on preceding authors, who have devoted their researches to the age of Cromwell, are not in all cases as temperate as we could have desired, and in some instances are too sweeping and decisive. There must be no monopoly set up in qualities which are, in their nature, tolerant and liberal; and if there be anything seriously to regret in this work, it is that Mr. Macgregor does not sufficiently recognize the just claims of others who have laboured with success in the same quarry.

We must not dismiss the work without adding, that the colonial history of the Commonwealth and Protectorate is treated more fully in its pages than in any work with which we are acquainted; and that in all matters relating to our trade and navigation it displays an amount of knowledge and a perspicuity of statement which confer the highest value on the publication, and display to the utmost advantage the ability of the author in dealing with questions of a laborious and intricate character.

---

# THE EMPEROR JOSEPH II.

## REGULATIONS DRAWN UP BY THE EMPEROR FOR THE EDUCATION OF HIS NEPHEW, THE ARCH-DUKE FRANCIS, AFTERWARDS FRANCIS I.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

The following curious documents have just appeared in Vienna for private circulation, and complete the remarkable series of regulations * drawn up by the Emperor, Joseph II. of Austria, for the education of his nephew, the Arch-duke Francis, and given to Count Colloredo and the two Adjutants-General, who were appointed his tutors.

They present a striking proof of the watchful care devoted to the education of the Princes † of the Imperial House, and depict in vivid colours the great, but rash and injudicious, Reformer himself.

The overstrained ideal of his exalted duties which Joseph entertained, and strove to impress on the mind of the future ruler; the harsh severity with which he regards even the most venial frailties of youth; the greatness and the weakness of his character, are all equally strongly indicated.

For the characters and qualifications of the Arch-duke's tutors, the historical student should consult a work published in 1799, entitled, "Observations on the Character and Government of the Emperors, Joseph II., Leopold II., and Francis II." In the same book there is also a curious account of the youth of Francis.

A.

Thoughts on the better education of the Arch-duke Francis.

"That I found the mode of education adopted in Florence towards the Arch-duke Francis, neither suitable to his high destiny nor his personal character, is incontestably proved by my having brought him here to the increase of my own cares, though in accordance with the wish of his parents, who recognized in my so doing the only means of his advancement.

"Looking at him as a youth of seventeen years old, and comparing him with others of the same age; or calling to mind what we were ourselves at the same period, we shall immediately perceive that his physical development has been entirely neglected, his growth and vigour retarded, and that he is very backward in all graceful and athletic exercises. In short, he is presented to our view as a mother's darling, a spoiled child, who considers everything he does, or which affects his own personal convenience, as all-engrossing, and regards as of no importance what he sees others do or suffer on his account.

"Sixteen years and a half passed in such a way must, of course, give rise to the erroneous idea that the preservation of his person is the chief end to be kept in view on all occasions; not because he may here-

* See Schimmer's Kaiser Joseph II., 4th ed. 1850.

† Indeed they still lead lives almost monastic. A very little while since even the court balls began at six o'clock in the evening; even now they commence at seven and end at twelve. The Arch-duchess Marie Louise, who married Napoleon, was a remarkable exception to the general character of her family.

after give hope of becoming a useful and an honest man, but because chance has placed him in a position to be the principal object of every one's notice and of the whole state, whereas the slightest exercise of common sense proves the contrary. Any simple citizen may tell him that when his son turns out well, he will also be useful; and should the boy turn out badly, and have no capacity to fill any employment, he can do no harm. But an Arch-duke, or an heir-apparent, is a very different person; being destined hereafter to the most important offices of state and the conduct of important affairs. It should be no longer a question *how he will succeed?* He *must be* in a condition to succeed. For, on every occasion, when he is not sufficiently acquainted with the course of business, or when his knowledge is not based on sound principles, or where he does not possess a mind or body adequate to execute and govern, his inability becomes detrimental to the public welfare.

"It is the good or bad opinion entertained of a Prince that gives his government its real character,* and the love of his subjects will supply the place of armies and treasure. That such opinions, at least with the multitude, are mostly derived from his outward deportment, daily experience in all countries amply teaches. Few persons have the opportunity of scrutinizing the real qualities of the mind and heart, but every one has the power of judging from outward appearances; of weighing expressions, and observing behaviour in great and sudden emergencies. It follows that, as such things decide the opinion of the world, the most necessary part in the education of the future regent, is not alone the acquisition of knowledge, but its right application and employment; under which heads are included everything relating to external behaviour.

"In accordance with these principles, the Arch-duke must do his utmost to make good this part of his education; its neglect has already affected his moral character, and is generally very detrimental to him. Every one about him must exert his vigilance in recalling it to his mind.

"Count Colloredo must entirely lay aside the system pursued in Tuscany, and continued there up to the present moment. That the system hitherto followed, is by no means suitable to the personal character of the Arch-duke, appears from no affections, not even the commonest and most general, having been excited in his mind by his effeminate and defective physical education. Boundless self-love, apathy in thought and deed, indifference and irresolution of behaviour and conduct, have arisen in their stead.

"The active mind is accustomed to think for itself, and waits not for a prompter: it regulates itself from principle and reflection, without waiting for the instigation of others, or debasing itself by servile imitation. It has an opinion of its own, speaks with decision, is neither timid in asserting itself, nor affects diffidence when the opportunity offers; is neither false, dissembling, nor reserved, the consciousness of its innate power rendering it free, sincere, and determined.

"Immoderate self-love fears and avoids everything that causes trouble, and dreads to hear the truth, so necessary to him who desires to exercise the faculty of self-control.

"The Arch-duke is fond of displaying only those powers which nature has given him, memory and a quick conception. He assumes a

* *i.e.* in absolute countries?

feigned stoicism, but when he is required to exert his real strength, when a claim is made on the sweat of his brow and the marrow of his bones, he is a nonentity, imbecile in body and intellect. He is incapable of attaining greatness, unfitted for a statesman, and gives himself over entirely to the guidance of other people. Such are the consequences of an indolence that leaves it to others to think and to act, what duty bids him do himself. His littleness of mind holds it not only convenient, but prudent, to abstain from interfering; and, in order to incur no reproach, he submits himself blindly to the guidance of others. The man who neither can nor will be his own master, is still less adapted to be the master of a state. Nothing can be indifferent to us if we give ourselves the trouble to reflect and compare, and do not falsely assume a character, or affect an exclusiveness, that becomes troublesome to all around us.

"With a character like the Arch-duke's, partly natural, and partly formed by circumstances and example, it would be highly improper, and a general sacrifice of time and trouble, to continue the former prejudicial and lethargic routine. Count Colloredo, and the two Adjutants-General, should therefore, on all occasions, carefully and strictly urge the Arch-duke to persevere in the way I have here pointed out; for nothing else has been hitherto attempted, save to give him health without vigour, an easy deportment, without the flexibility of limb adapted for emergencies: his mind has been rendered subject and pliant to foreign influence, not vigorous and independent. His memory has been crammed with facts and definitions, without regard to their development and practical application.

"Everything which improves the intellectual or bodily faculties is essential to the education of man.

"To act the Arch-duke on occasions of ceremony, such as audiences, compliments, and etiquette, will follow of itself, and only narrow minds will attach any weight or importance to such miserable trifles.

"Having it much at heart that the education of the Arch-duke should be immediately proceeded with, after so much lost time, on the principles herein laid down as most proper and indispensable, it is my will that, during my absence, he keep a journal, to chronicle in writing from day to day everything which may occur worthy of notice, and that Count Colloredo and the two Adjutants-General also enter in a journal whatever passes, and whether in all these points they find any progress or improvement. Count Colloredo is hereby especially appointed as obersthofmeister, with the superintendence of the household audiences and public ceremonies, but the two Adjutants-General are placed about the person of the Arch-duke, as permanent counsellors for the cultivation of his mind and body; they are also charged with the military instruction of the Arch-duke, which can by no means be dispensed with.

"The conclusion of all this is, that the greater the Arch-duke's opinion of his own exclusive perfections, the more often must opportunities be taken of letting him know the truth. The more deficient he is in all the qualifications a man in his position requires for the proper fulfilment of the duties of his high office, and, particularly, as the Arch-duke is more childish than his years allow, passing his time in trifling amusements; the greater the necessity for removing all unmeaning boys not suitable to his age, and retaining only those who shall tend to the

improvement of his bodily skill and dexterity, so that when he finds the time hang heavily on his hands, he may seek the means of shortening it by thinking, reading, or bodily exercise.

"Reading aloud in different languages is an essential and necessary thing.

"Since he is unintelligible in his speech, coarse in his expressions, loud in his tone, and swallows his words through indolence or negligence, or from unbecoming timidity, he must be admonished, persuaded, and corrected unceasingly, as it is quite necessary for him, not only to make himself understood, but also to express himself creditably on public occasions.

"Vienna, 18th August, 1784." "JOSEPH."

On the back is the following remark written in another hand :—

"Rien au monde ne peut faire plus d'honneur à l'esprit mâle, aux grands principes, au cœur et au jugement sain de l'Empéreur Joseph, que tout ce qui découle de sa plume dans cet écrit admirable et digne d'être transmis pour servir de modèle à tous les monarques futurs, de la postérité la plus reculée.

B.

"J'ai lu avec plaisir et satisfaction, Messieurs, le Rapport que vous m'aevz fait au sujet de mon neveu ; il y règne autaut de clarté que de justesse dans la façon d'envisager les choses comme dans le choix des moyens. Le tout bien combiné, il ne faut que de la patience pour attendre le développement de son physique et préparer avec soin les voies afin qu'il réussisse. Etant convaincu que vous voyez très bien tout ce qu'y est relatif, je ne veux pas non plus faire de démarche sans en avoir préalablement votre avis. Or je me propose de demander à mon neveu et au Comte de Colloredo les journaux qu'ils auront faits et de vous les communiquer ensuite. Ils seront sans doute très matériels, et ne contiendront que l'usuel appliqué aux dates et aux heures ; mais je compte d'en prendre occasion pour demander à mon neveu qu'il réponde lui-même sur les points d'instruction que je lui ai donnés, afin de l'obliger de raisonner là-dessus et de me marquer dans quels points il est avancé et dans quels il se trouve encore reculé, en y ajoutant les raisons de chaque chose. Comme ce travail exigera qu'il relise mon Instruction, qu'il y réfléchisse et qu'il se rappelle en même tems ses défauts : cela pourra produire quelque bon effet. Mais j'attendrai encore ce que vous en pensez.

Vienne, le 3 Novembre, 1784." "JOSEPH."

On the reverse, in the same handwriting as the remarks to letter A, is the following :

"Lettre que m'a écrite l'Empéreur Joseph au retour d'un voyage qu'il fit en 1784, ou proprement sa réponse au grand rapport que je lui avais fait sur S. A. R. l'Archiduc François, après le retour de sa Majesté de ce voyage."

C.

"During a stay here of almost eight months, by the Arch-duke Francis, the indefatigable endeavours of the two Adjutants-General

placed about his person, have been attended with so good a result that a perceptible alteration in his address is noticeable, and in his moral character, an appearance at least, of a more active disposition to serve others has sprung up. But a character, not altogether one of the best, left in neglect for seventeen years, and fostered almost to selfishness by improper management unsuited to his disposition, crammed full of science without knowing how to direct it to any useful purpose, obstinate in retaining false conceptions and slow to seize the means of correcting them, without inquisitiveness as to what would instruct and improve, and only solicitous about such things as offer amusement or afford matter for satirical remark,—a character of this kind, I repeat is not so susceptible of being brought to perfection.

"He shuns communing with his own thoughts, and is silent to others lest he should provoke a truth; his good wishes, which he endeavours to prove by words, and occasionally by deeds, do not arise from any conviction of his faults or desire for amendment, but are a shift to escape annoyance, to stop the mouths of his monitors for awhile, and to enable him to go on his accustomed course without troubling himself farther about the matter. If driven to extremities, or put in a fright, he gives vent to his ill-humour, and having seen how those about him were induced, by his perverseness and silence, to try to please and encourage him, he makes use of similar means not to be put out of his way another time, thinking that people must be grieved when they see him in the sulks.*

"This being the case, the only thing remaining is the employment of an extremely disagreeable remedy, presupposing, as it does, one of the lowest, dullest, and most unintellectual of human characters, namely, to work upon his fear and dislike of any cause of vexation.

"These two feelings, and not the causes which originate them, render him humble and pliant; he even forms good intentions and makes promises, but these slight efforts do not induce him to throw away his false maxims, his ill-understood pride of birth, nor do they give rise to any right manly feeling.

"Indifferent to all things, or perhaps from a desire to be considered eccentric, he cherishes his errors, and he is vain enough to be proud even of his ungraceful manner and awkwardness in society, his uncouth movements, his unintelligible phrases, and even certain trifling points of his dress.

"As neither conviction nor the force of example, desire of information, nay, not even the principles of religion, the love of virtue on philosophical considerations, or for its own sake; neither glory, nor patriotism, nor probity, nor honesty in the discharge of his duties has been awakened in him, though he has been frequently admonished, nor any symptom exhibited, nothing remains but to apply the remedy unscrupulously and rigorously, in order that when a proper restraint is laid upon his actions, his indolence may be mastered by depriving him of all hope of evading his duties, and thereby his intellect be roused to exertion. By these means he will become convinced that compulsion, which must always be vexatious to such a character as his, has been employed only for his benefit.

* The German "Wenn er Pfnottet," a word I never met with elsewhere, and which is unknown both to Thieme and Flügel.

"He should be considered, not by his physical, but his moral age, his neglected education and lost years, the slow growth of his ideas placing him in the condition of a child twelve years old. His education must consequently be continued longer than would be necessary with any other youth. To this there can be no impediment, there being no reason why it should not last more than twenty-four years, or why his marriage should not take place till its completion.

"The House of Austria is not in want of heirs, though it is of great importance to the State that the successor to the throne should be fully qualified to fill it.

"Acting on such considerations, Count Colloredo, in his department relating to public presentations; the two Adjutants-General, in the cultivation of the Arch-duke's character and external graces, as well as in his military education; lastly, the Abbé Diesbach, who has been selected for his extensive knowledge in educational matters, to give lectures to the Arch-duke in mathematics and physics, and improve his style in writing, by dictating to him aloud, are all and each to cooperate with each other for these ends; their only aim being the real benefit of their pupil.

"February 4th, 1785." "JOSEPH."

On the outside, in the same handwriting as the remarks to A and B appears the following.

"C'est principalement dans cette Instruction, qu'on voit la profondeur du jugement de l'Empéreur sur le compte de son auguste neveu qu'il aimait, et voulait être fondé à devoir toujours aimer davantage, raison pour laquelle il mettait un aussi vif intérêt aux soins de son éducation, et à la formation de son moral comme de son physique pour en faire à l'avenir un prince digne de sa tendresse paternelle, ainsi que du trône qu'il lui avait réservé en renonçant lui-même à se marier."

---

Thus ends one of the most singular fragments of history. It would be easy enough to write an essay on it, whether the writer thought proper to dissert on the earnestness and right feeling which are perceptible in so many passages, or the mistaken severity which could reprove a lad of seventeen for not loving virtue "on philosophical considerations."

The life and character of Joseph were both singular. Maria Theresa said of him "I teach my son to love the arts, that they may soften his mind, for he has a hard heart." Yet his passionate grief at the death of his niece, the Arch-duchess Elizabeth, which is believed even to have hastened his end, and the touching letter, written the day before he died, and addressed "To the five Ladies who bore with my Society," and in which he thanks them for their "patience and kindness" to him for so many years, shows that he really had very deep feelings, and that his mother judged him too harshly. It was he who first conceived the idea of the Unity of the Austrian Empire, and he met with such ill success in attempting to realize it, that, worn out and broken-hearted, as his troubled career was drawing to a close, he said, "I would have engraven on my tomb, 'Here lies a Sovereign, who, with the best intentions, never carried a single project into execution.'" The unhappy end of his reign seems to do more even than bear out the Swedish Chancellor's remark, that "it requires very little wisdom to govern the world," and

to show that wisdom is sometimes a positive disadvantage. Joseph was certainly a wise and, in many respects, a good man; he was handsome and amiable enough to win the friendship, perhaps, the love of Catharine of Russia, who was a good judge in such matters, and he possessed almost every brilliant and attractive quality a prince could have, yet neither Austria nor her provinces have much reason to remember his reign with satisfaction.

The Arch-duke Francis, the subject of these letters, succeeded his father, Leopold II., in 1792. He is said, by those who knew him best, to have remained throughout his life just as Joseph has painted him, selfish, dissembling, heartless, vulgar in his feelings and expressions, and without a good or great idea; yet by one of those singular touches of irony, we sometimes meet in history, he has been styled "Der Guter Franzil."

He was the last of the Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire, and by proclamation, dated 4th of August, 1804, declared himself merely Emperor of Austria. Lastly, he was the father-in-law of Napoleon.

The following anecdote is told of the lively conviction entertained by the Viennese of his incapacity.

The inscription beneath the statue of Joseph II. is,

"Non diu sed totus."

It was proposed to write under that of Francis,

"Non totus sed diu."

Some Vienna wit also wrote beneath the fine equestrian statue of Joseph in the Hof Platz, during a period of public trouble,

"Seppel, Seppel Steig herunter und lap den Frauzel reiten."

He died in 1835, after a reign of forty-three years.

---

## A CLUSTER OF NEW NOVELS.

It is often remarked by those who choose to devote a great portion of their leisure to the reading of novels, that they seldom find anything very new or original in these performances. They say, that a sort of family likeness runs through all, that the Augustus Montagu of Grosvenor-place, is somewhat nearer than a cater-cousin to the Charles Mortimer of Belgrave-square, and that the heroines (Heaven save the mark!) are like grist, which, although brought to the mill by different hands, comes forth flour of the same unsullied but undistinguishable whiteness. They observe, likewise, that Oliver Cromwell must have been a much more destructive warrior than is popularly supposed, since so many pic-nic parties are arranged for the purpose of inspecting the picturesque ruins of castles battered by his artillery, and they think it odd that ladies and gentlemen should transact so much sentimental business at her Majesty's theatre.

All this, however, is not uttered in the tone of complaint. When they see grim, impracticable, and purse-proud fathers, as like each other, as the iron safes are, which contain their ledgers and cash-boxes; generals by the gross, who have distinguished themselves in the same campaign; admirals tarred with the same stick; heartless men of fashion, like Brummell (but who keep their wit to themselves), and devoted domestics with the identical gravity and grey hair—when the lack-lustre eye lights upon these familiar persons, they do not exclaim,—"What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?" no; in a spirit of due resignation they arrive at this conclusion, that a delineation of national manners has been the close and anxious labour of so many, that the staple is well-nigh worked up; nay, further, that human nature has been so assiduously ransacked, that nothing either rich or rare is any longer to be expected from her.

There cannot be a greater mistake. Not only have our dramatists and romance-writers not exhausted human nature, but they have not yet carried away any perceptible portion of the harvest. It may be a just complaint, that our modern novels strikingly resemble each other in many particulars; but this arises from a poverty of invention in the authors, or an utter inability to draw characters from life. The man of real genius, however, the true artist, works in a different spirit; operates upon living beings whom he idealizes, presenting us at length with a picture, which, although it may portray passions often before painted, is as fresh, new, and original, as though these passions had never engaged the attention of a predecessor.

Let Shakspeare tell us—notwithstanding that his lines were written with no such purpose—a few of the subjects which lie ready to the hand, and fall under the province of the dramatist and the romance-writer, and then let the reader decide whether any one of them has been worn threadbare.

> "——The whips and scorns of time,
> The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

Surely, there are themes here, suggestive of passions, a thoroughly satisfactory illustration of which might somewhat strain the faculties of any author we have now amongst us. Let us hope that, in some of the works at least which it is now our duty to report upon, we shall recognize an endeavour, more or less successful, to draw something directly from human nature.

And first, we lay our hands upon "Jacob Bendixen, the Jew," adapted from the Danish of Goldschmidt, by Mary Howitt. We have a very sincere regard for the graceful talents of Mrs. Howitt. She has written much, but she has written well, and we do not anticipate the time when we shall not be rejoiced to hear that a work is about to proceed from her pen. To the pleasure we have derived from a perusal of her own works, we must add, the pleasure she has afforded us by her introduction to the English public of the admirable tales of Frederika Bremer. We are now called upon by Mrs. Howitt to give a welcome to another Danish author. Well, we have read the work of Goldschmidt with an attention, which the good word of the translator would be certain to excite within us; and, while we would be by no

means so ungallant as to address Mrs. Howitt in the words of Dr. Johnson to Hannah More,—"Dear lady, before you are so prodigal of your praise, it were well to consider what it is worth," we would fain inquire what Mrs. Howitt understands by the word "genius." Never was word so profaned as this unhappy word of late years has been. Every butterfly is a dragon now-a-days, and "the smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor," has a mane dealt out to him, and is forthwith dubbed a lion, and he roars till he wakes up old Oblivion, who comes quietly, whips him under his arm, and bears him away. Goldschmidt, says Mrs. Howitt, "is a man of unquestionable genius, and originality of mind." No such thing, or the term "genius" is capable of a far wider signification than we have been accustomed to assign to it.

Jacob Bendixen is the history of a Jew, who from his infancy had experienced and been compelled to endure the wrongs and insults which it was the horrible pleasure of Christians to inflict upon that oppressed race. A boy of a very sensitive nature, as a young man pursuing his studies at Copenhagen, he is not much better fitted to bear with patience the ill-disguised aversion with which some of his fellow-students regard him. He falls in love, however, with a young Christian maiden, who returns his affection. He proposes, and is accepted. But here, again, he is doomed to misery. He cannot but perceive a certain constraint in the members of his Thora's family,—a constraint which he, nevertheless, feels is increased (if it has not been created) by his own invincible reserve. He flies from Thora, joins the French army at Algiers, thence proceeds to Poland to fight in the cause of liberty, and at last returns to Copenhagen, where he finds Thora married to another. The end is a pair of broken hearts.

That this work makes us familiarly acquainted with the domestic life and manners of Jews, is true, and that is its chief merit; but to exhibit these demands no exercise of genius. What we should have been glad to see, we do not find, namely, a story constructed with skill, and characters—or even one character—delineated with force and sharpness. The story is exceedingly ill-managed, all such scenes as the author was unable to depict, being, with Hebrew adroitness, left to the reader's imagination. The adventures in Algiers and Poland are tame and tedious.

Again, the author has utterly failed to do what he purposed to effect, that is to say, to raise in the breast of the reader a sympathising interest for the hero, Jacob. Let us see how far this sensitive youth is entitled to our tender consideration. Having seen some Christian boys with wooden swords make an attack upon a mimic fortress, he has a mind to provide a similar sport for himself. He takes the house-cat, ties her to a board in the garden, and commences the siege. After some time, the cat begins to like a game of which her claws enable her to have the better; but Jacob "did not rest till his uncle furnished him with a little dagger." The father appears upon the scene just when "his son for the last time struck his dagger into the breast of his enemy." Being asked what he takes himself for, to do such a thing, the sensitive child answers, "I want to see what more is inside the cat." This is part of "the history of a human soul," as Mrs. Howitt has it, drawn by a man of unquestionable genius with a view to enlist our pity and admiration!

Such a disagreeable presentment as "Jacob Bendixen" is well succeeded by the tale of "The Two Families." This is a simple, but a very pleasant and attractive story, written in a remarkably neat and graceful style. A skill is shown in the conduct of this tale, and an unaffected ease in the mode of telling it, which writers of more pretension would do well to attempt to acquire. If our good word will do it, the real, substantial merit of "The Two Families," so unobtrusively submitted to the public, shall not be overlooked. This is one of those genuine things which only people of a healthy taste can justly appreciate. Happily, there is a daily growing taste for novels which directly inculcate virtue and illustrate duty; and the "The Two Families" is well worthy of a place amongst those works of fiction, the tendency of which is to elevate and purify human nature.

And not less so is "Spiritual Alchemy," a novel which we have read with no ordinary amount of pleasure. The author of this work has braced himself to the portrayal of passions and feelings which it was not the cue of the author of "The Two Families" to lay bare to us, and he has effected his purpose in a very impressive and powerful manner. If it be not entirely true (which it is the object of this writer to enforce) that a constant and consistent practice of the Christian virtues is certain to meet its reward in this world in the shape of external temporal blessings, yet would he be a grudging and ill-conditioned critic who should forbid a novelist to bestow such blessings on his favourite and deserving characters: at all events, it cannot be denied—and the author will doubtless be content if we concede to him thus much—that a perseverance in virtue is always rewarded by an inward happiness of the purest kind, whatever external crcumstances may attend their path in life.

But the author of "Spiritual Alchemy" has had too much taste vexatiously to parade or doggedly to thrust his moral perpetually before the reader. His story is full of interest, and it is, without overflowing, full of characters, all of whom are extremely well drawn. There is, indeed, one character, Passiflora, which may be pronounced a master-piece, and which must of itself set the author in no ignoble rank amongst our best and most popular novelists. There are scenes, in which this girl appears, wrought with extraordinary energy and passion, scenes which, once read, can never be forgotten. "Spiritual Alchemy" is the production of a shaping and original mind.

No one will deny to the author of "Sam Slick" great powers of humour, and all will agree that he is as likely a man as any to detect that quality in others. Accordingly, it was with a sense that no common caterer had been employing himself in collecting materials for our amusement that we took up his "Traits of American Humour." It is observable, that of what is here termed, *par excellence*, American humour, we have no specimens in Washington Irving, and that Fenimore Cooper very sparingly introduced to his readers those reckless utterers of slang, extravagance, lying and audacious nonsense, who are, we suppose, to be found sprinkled over America, but who, at all events, come forth in all their raciness in Justice Haliburton's collection. A few specimens to be found in this collection have already appeared in this Miscellany; but "more than a little is by much too much" of a species of literature which, however it may for the moment engage attention from its novelty and a sort of wild humour (now become mechanical),

which undoubtedly pervades it, soon palls upon the reader. Such things are to be read one or two at a time, and at intervals; we cannot swallow three volumes full at once. It is clear that the author of "Sam Slick" has paid more attention to the language (or rather lingo) of the common American than to that of the lower orders in the mother country, or he would never have set forth a table of words, some of which, he says, belong to New England, others to the Southern and Western States, whilst others, again, are common to various parts of the Union. "Arter" for "after," "bagnet" for "bayonet," "bile" for "boil," "chimbly" for "chimney," "cotched" for "caught," "darter" for "daughter," and many other words enumerated in his list, are time-honoured vulgarisms of Old England. Still more strange is it, that, giving specimens of Southern and Western words, which, he says, "owe their origiu to circumstances and local productions," Mr. Justice Haliburton should have included the words "prairie" and "savannah" amongst them. Surely he must know that the former is a French word, and that the latter belongs to Spain.

We had well-grounded expectations of a more than ordinary pleasure awaiting us, when we saw the advertisement promising a new work from the author of "The Ladder of Gold." Such writers as Mr. Robert Bell have a strong claim upon the gratitude of novel-readers, since not only does he supply them with all that can be desired in the matter of plot and character, but his works are animated with the noblest morality, and heightened and improved by the purest taste. Mr. Bell never stops to ask himself, "What is the taste, or—to use a word which has almost become slang—the *spirit* of the present age, that I may prepare something to their liking?" He knows full well that an author who should seek popularity by such means must either consent to become a servile copier of others, or he must pander to the most vulgar and obstructive prejudices. The first in the collection of tales he has just published, under the title of "Hearts and Altars," is a story made up of such extraordinary circumstances, that it must needs fasten to his seat the most insatiate and experienced fiction-fancier. Mr. Bell tells us, that "its incidents have been interrogated in certain quarters with a certain kind of sceptical curiosity;" but that they are derived from authentic and well-attested sources.

Strange! After this, we had thought of quoting that very old saying which has been gratuitously attributed to Byron; but we shall not inflict it upon the reader. The other tales, "The Armourer of Munster," "Love to the Rescue," "The Bride that the Rain rained on," and "The Careless Word," are full of grace and interest. It cannot be but that "Hearts and Altars" will be warmly welcomed by the public.

In "Jacob Bendixen" we have seen an attempt to delineate the mental sufferings of a sensitive mind, ever smarting under a sense of isolation from that portion of his fellow-men who profess the Christian religion. The author of "Antony, the Deaf and Dumb Boy," has, we doubt not, too accurate a knowledge of the measure of his own powers to proclaim himself "a man of unquestionable genius," and yet it cannot be denied that his "Antony" was a much more difficult character to manage than "Jacob Bendixen," and that he has passed him through all his sufferings, insults and obstructions, with infinitely greater skill and effect.

The purpose of the two authors has been widely different. Goldschmidt has represented a character sustained by no strong principle of religion. Cruel and dastardly as a boy, he is a moody and morbid coxcomb as a man, so that we not only take no interest in his progress, we not only feel no sympathy for his griefs, but we are by no means sorry when he breaks his heart and makes one less in a world, which is only too full of causeless folly and unnecessary long faces. On the other hand, Antony, the deaf and dumb boy, is more than sustained by a strong principle of religion. He derives hope and joy from it. The strength it gives him impels him on his onward course, and its influence fortifies him against all the assaults of adversity and distress.

The early youth of Antony is painted with a depth of colouring, which shows how entirely the author has been in earnest, and how thoroughly he had made himself master of his subject before he committed a syllable to paper. Nor, as we proceed, do we find that he swerves one iota from his original design : his idea is worked out with an inflexible hand. It will have been surmised from the title that this work is composed of novel materials ; and indeed it is so ; but the novelty of the matter does not break through the bounds of nature and probability. Antony is, of course, the character upon which the interest of the story mainly depends, and for whom our sympathies are most strongly enlisted ; but the other persons of the story are drawn with great care, discrimination and judgment, and add greatly to its effect. In a word, Antony is a performance of uncommon merit.

If we are correct in our supposition (derived from the title-page, which makes no mention of a former work) that "Emily Howard" is the first essay of Mrs. Dunlop, we have heartily to congratulate her on her success, and earnestly to request her to let us see something further from her pen. There is more than a promise of better things in "Emily Howard." It is, itself, a very excellent novel, well considered, well pursued, and well executed. It is only when we are under the unpleasant necessity of finding fault that we throw a light, though faint sometimes the ray, upon the mysteries of a plot; and as happily on this occasion unmixed praise is what we are to offer, we shall not forestal the gratification of the reader by telling him what he has to expect, except in a general way—that he will be certain of being amused and interested by "Emily Howard." The heroine is very attractive, and well contrasted with Inez, who, however, retains to the last some hold upon our regard, Arthur Courtenay and Frederick Londale are not galvanized barbers' blocks, such as are too often to be seen in fiction, but breathing and acting men of this world, such as are to be found in real life.

If Captain Horrocks permits us to understand the purpose he had in view in writing "Horace Grantham, or the Neglected Son," we cannot perceive that he has done much towards forwarding that purpose. He is inclined to think that not only the follies, dissipation and recklessness, but also the vices which characterize the youth of the present day, are mainly brought about by the bad example, the total want of feeling, or fashionable indifference of their parents, and he has, he says, endeavoured to trace the all but fatal effects of such conduct on a young man of a sensitive and honourable nature. But to what purpose, we ask—*cui bono,* this revelation ? Mr. Grantham, Senior, is represented as a man so utterly destitute of feeling, that if his son is driven by his neglect

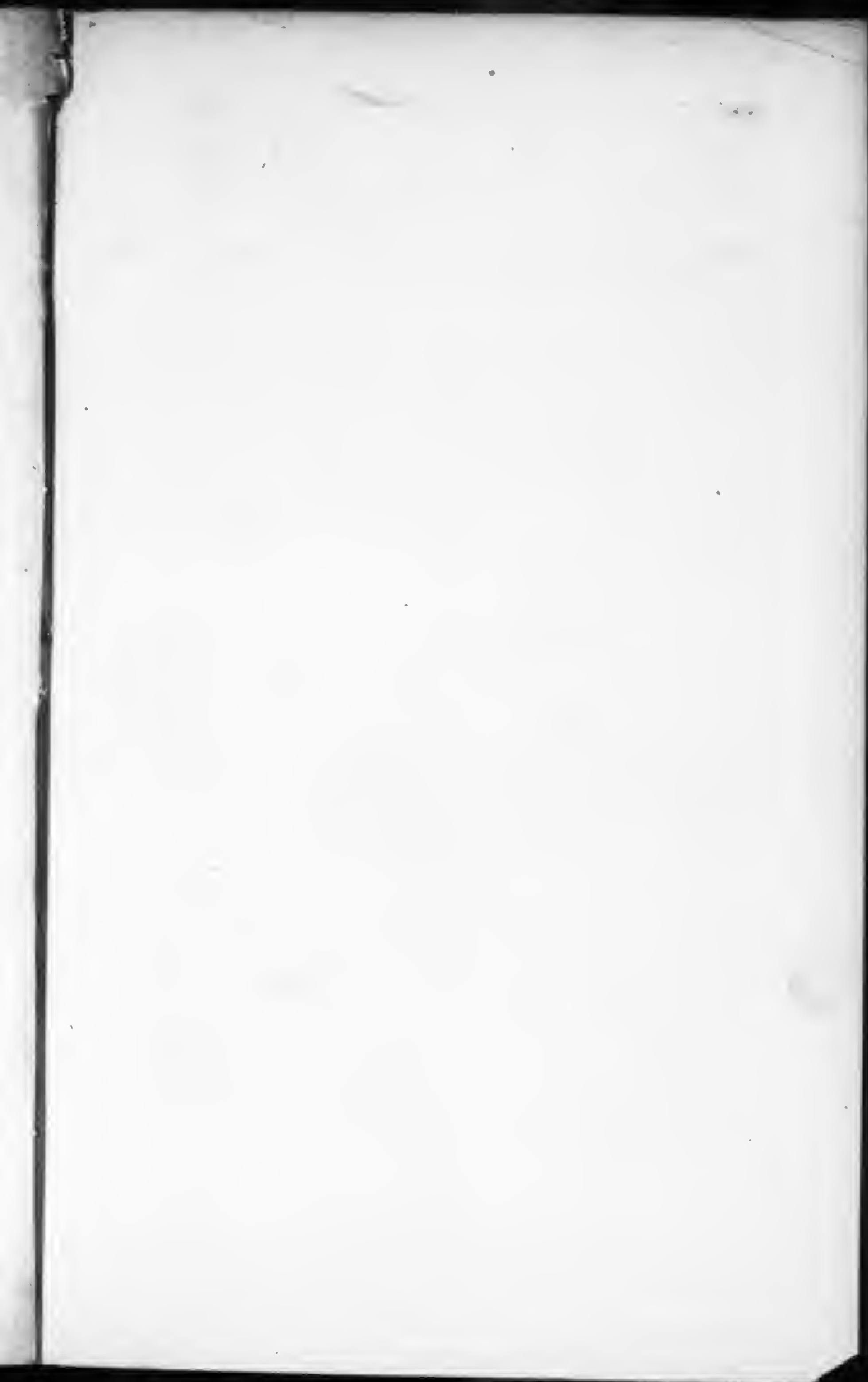
into all manner of extravagance and dissipation, it is a very sad case, but we really can see no help for it. When a man is thoroughly selfish and unfeeling, to expect natural affection from him, and the gracious benefits that flow from it, is about as wise as to hope that a rock will turn into a feather-bed, or as to fill the grate with Wenham Lake ice, and look for crisply toasted muffins. To expostulate with such people, to moralize with them or over them, is perfectly useless—*bouillon pour les morts.*

"Horace Grantham is the first work of Captain Horrocks. Heaven forefend we should be unduly severe upon a first performance; but the author has evidently written in haste, and having been unjust to himself, has no reason to expect more than strict justice from us. We are told that Mr. Grantham was only twenty-one years of age when he became the father of the hero; but we find a few pages further on, that, having attained the age of fifty-two, his son is twenty-four; and two years afterwards, when the elder gentleman should be fifty-four, like a crab "he doth go backwards," and stands fifty. A certain James Foster is twenty in one page, and (no time having intervened) twenty-two in another. It may be urged that these are trifles, by no means sufficient to draw the venerable Cocker from his grave; but it is astonishing what a serious effect these trifles have upon the reality of a work.

Old Foster, the villain of the story, is a wretched failure. This unscrupulous rascal forges the signature of his aged partner to a deed, by which all the capital invested in the concern, and, consequently, all the profits arising from it, are settled upon himself after the old man's death. This deed is witnessed, or rather subscribed, by one of his own clerks. Will it be believed, that this old Foster is fool enough to volunteer a confession to the clerk that he has forged this deed? Further, this same unscrupulous blunderer, on his partner's death, has reason to suspect and to fear that the old man may have left a will, by which the whole of his immense fortune may be left to his grandson, Horace Grantham. He takes an opportunity, therefore, (which, however is seldom afforded on such occasions) of overhauling the papers of the deceased, with a view to discover the will, if such a document there be. He finds one,—all is as he expected—the fortune is left to his grandson. He puts it carefully into his pocket; the funeral takes place, the deed is shown and read—no will is to be found! Horace Grantham is in despair! But what does unscrupulous Foster do with the surreptitiously obtained will? Why, burns it of course. Such evidences are best destroyed. No such thing. "Safe bind, safe find." He secures it in his iron safe. It will be wanted towards the end of the third volume. Besides, the clerk who subscribed the deed, and, having copied the will, knew that one ought to be in existence, is now in failing health, and evidently bears about an uneasy conscience. Is it not quite apparent that Foster, or any other unscrupulous rascal, *ought* to have kept the will? The end, of course, is, that Foster has to refund and fly to America, where he dies penitent.

We need say no more of this work.

---



S Freeman sc

*Major General*

JAMES WOLFE.

FROM [illegible] BY R HOUSTON

London [illegible]

# THE ANGLO-SAXONS IN AMERICA.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF MAJOR-GENERAL WOLFE.

Three European languages have contended for the proud superiority of becoming the language of the New World. One was the tongue in which Cervantes and Calderon wrote and thought; another was the tongue of Bossuet and Corneille; the third was the language of Shakespeare and Milton. This is the conqueror. Already is our Anglo-Saxon race predominant throughout North America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the northern realms of eternal ice, to the tropics; and it is plainly manifest, that ere long it must spread its triumphant influence through Central and Southern America, even to the Straits of Magellan. The Spanish race is giving way. The late Mexican War determined its inferiority. The Hispano-Americans know and feel themselves to be doomed. They are conscious, that even as the native Indians quailed and decayed before them, so they must recede and wither before the superior energy of the men of the United States. Their downfall is only a question of time; and no one can securely estimate how gradual or how rapid may be the ongrowth and the assault of the vigorous Anglo-American Republicans on the effete relics of Spanish and Portuguese transatlantic grandeur.

The rivalry between the English and the French races in America, is now, for us, mere matter of history. We Englishmen feel comparatively little interest in regarding it; and our thoughts dwell more frequently and fervently on other contests between ourselves and France, that have been waged nearer to our own homes, and on the issue of which our national existence has been perilled. But to the Anglo-American the struggle between his race and that of the French settlers in America, is a subject that he never can slight or neglect. He feels that the mighty commonwealth, of which he boasts to be a member, owes its very existence to the conquest of Canada, which the genius of Chatham planned, and the genius of Wolfe achieved, in the third year of the Seven Years' War. A century ago France seemed more likely than England to become the ascendant power in America. The Canadas and, Cape Breton belonged to her in the North of the American Continent; she possessed Louisiana southward: and her rulers were labouring zealously, and, as it appeared, successfully, to extend their colonies and dependencies along the whole course of the Mississippi, so as to gird in, with a band of hostile provinces, the thirteen British Colonies that were scattered along the Atlantic coast, and finally to subjugate and exterminate their inhabitants. The battle of Quebec crushed at once, and for ever, these projects of French ambition. It made the Franco-Celtic inhabitants of America the inferiors and dependants, instead of becoming the lords and masters of the English settlers. It ensured truth to the announcement which Montesquieu, a few years before, had made to the European world, "That a free, prosperous, and great people, was forming in the forests of America, which England had sent forth her sons to inhabit."*

Well, therefore, does the recent historian of American independence make the American scenes of the Seven Years' War prominent in his

* See Bancroft's History of the American Revolution. Vol. I.

early pages. Mr. Bancroft rightly blends the names of Wolfe and Washington, as the heroes of his tale. If his country owes to the last, that she was elevated from being a dependency of England, into the rank of a self-ruling commonwealth; she is indebted to the former, for having rescued her from sinking into the ignominious wretchedness of becoming a province of France. If Wolfe had not defeated Montcalm, Washington would never have received the surrender of Cornwallis.

There is, also, this additional attraction to the early history of American Independence, that its perusal awakens no feelings of party triumph or animosity between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family. On the contrary, it forms an enduring bond of national union between us. The name of Wolfe is one which the liegeman of Queen Victoria and the citizen of the United States may equally delight to honour: and Mr. Bancroft, by presenting us, at the very outset of his work, with a highly-wrought and picturesque narrative of the last campaigns between English and French troops westward of the Atlantic, enlists our sympathies, far more than would have been the case, if he had commenced his History of the American Revolution with the Boston riots, and the bloodshed at Bunker's Hill and Lexington.

A series of disgraceful reverses, in every part of the globe, had darkened the fortunes of the English race, at the time when the Great Commoner, William Pitt, came forward to direct our councils, and to restore energy and glory to our arms. Nowhere was the change, which that master-spirit introduced, more especially displayed than in America. Braddock had been shamefully and disastrously defeated; and Oswego, and Fort William Henry had been captured. Montcalm seemed to be the ruling spirit of the white men; and the Indian warriors had begun to scorn the name of Englishman, and to deem our soldiers mere women compared with the victorious troops of King Louis. At this juncture, Pitt resolved not only that the English colonies should be saved, but that the French colonies should be conquered, and the House of Bourbon stripped of the Transatlantic empire, which the ablest French statesmen, from the days of Colbert downwards, had toiled so unremittingly to secure. Three several expeditions against Canada were set on foot, but the chief one was entrusted to the guidance of Wolfe, whose genius Pitt had discovered, and drawn forth into its fitting station of command.

"James Wolfe," says Mr. Bancroft, "but thirty-one years old, had already been eighteen years in the army: was at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and had won laurels at Laffeldt. Merit made him at two-and-twenty a lieutenant-colonel, and his active genius improved the discipline of his battalion. He was at once authoritative and humane, severe yet indefatigably kind; modest, but aspiring and secretly conscious of ability. The brave soldier dutifully loved and obeyed his widowed mother, and his gentle nature saw visions of happiness in scenes of domestic love, even while he kindled at the prospect of glory, as 'gunpowder at fire.'"

This was in 1757; and the capture of Louisburg in that year, which was mainly due to the gallantry of Wolfe, ratified the judgment of Pitt, and made the young brigadier-general's name a watchword full of hope and gladness throughout England and her colonies.

In 1769, the Great Minister determined that a still more decided blow against the French power in Canada should be struck; and that "the boundless West" of the American continent should be a conquest for his country. For this he again relied on his favourite young general.

"The command of the army in the river St. Lawrence was conferred on Wolfe,

who, like Washington, could have found happiness in retirement. His nature, at once affectionate and aspiring, mingled the kindliest gentleness with an impetuous courage, which was never exhausted or appalled. He loved letters and wrote well; he had studied the science of war profoundly, joining to experience a creative mind; and the vehement passion for immortal glory overcame his motives to repose. 'I feel called upon,' he had once written on occasion of his early promotion, 'to justify the notice taken of me by such exertions and exposure of myself as will probably lead to my fall.' And the day before departing for his command, in the inspiring presence of Pitt, he forgot danger, glory, everything but the overmastering purpose to devote himself for his country."

The events of this celebrated campaign have often been described, but we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Bancroft far surpasses all his predecessors. After describing the first operations of the fleet and army in their advance up the St. Laurence, and the vain attempts to force the French defences below Quebec, Mr. Bancroft thus relates the crowning glories of the enterprise :—

"But, in the mean time, Wolfe applied himself intently to reconnoitring the north shore above Quebec. Nature had given him good eyes, as well as a warmth of temper to follow first impressions. He himself discovered the cove which now bears his name, where the bending promontories almost form a basin with a very narrow margin, over which the hill rises precipitously. He saw the path that wound up the steep, though so narrow that two men could hardly march in it abreast; and he knew, by the number of tents which he counted on the summit, that the Canadian post which guarded it could not exceed a hundred. Here he resolved to land his army by surprise. To mislead the enemy, his troops were kept far above the town, while Saunders, as if an attack was intended at Beauport, set Cook, the great mariner, with others, to sound the water and plant buoys along that shore.

"The day and night of the 12th were employed in preparations. The autumn evening was bright; and the General, under the clear starlight, visited his stations, to make his final inspection, and utter his last words of encouragement. As he passed from ship to ship, he spoke to those in the boat with him of the poet Gray, and the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." 'I,' said he, 'would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow;' and while the oars struck the river as it rippled in the silence of the night air under the flowing tide, he repeated :—

"'The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'

"Every officer knew his appointed duty, when at one o'clock in the morning of the 13th September, Wolfe, with Monckton and Murray, and about half the forces, set off in boats, and, without sail or oars, glided down with the tide. In three-quarters of an hour the ships followed, and, though the night had become dark, aided by the rapid current, they reached the cove just in time to cover the landing. Wolfe and the troops with him leaped on shore; the light infantry, who found themselves borne by the current a little below the intrenched path, clambered up the steep hill, staying themselves with the roots and boughs of the maple and spruce and ash trees that covered the precipitous declivity, and, after a little firing, dispersed the picket which guarded the height. The rest ascended safely by the pathway. A battery of four guns on the left was abandoned to Colonel Howe. When Townshend's division disembarked, the English had already gained one of the roads to Quebec, and, advancing in front of the forest, Wolfe stood at day-break with his invincible battalions on the plains of Abraham, the battle-field of empire.

"'It can be but a small party, come to burn a few houses and retire,' said Montcalm, in amazement as the news reached him in his intrenchments the other side of the St. Charles; but, obtaining better information,—'Then,' he cried, 'they have at last got to the weak side of this miserable garrison; we must give battle and crush them before mid-day.' And before ten, the two armies, equal in numbers, each being composed of less than five thousand men, were ranged in pre-

sence of one another for battle. The English, not easily accessible from intervening shallow ravines and rail fences, were all regulars, perfect in discipline, terrible in their fearless enthusiasm, thrilling with pride at their morning's success, commanded by a man whom they obeyed with confidence and love. The doomed and devoted Montcalm had what Wolfe had called but 'five weak French battalions,' of less than two thousand men, 'mingled with disorderly peasantry,' formed on ground which commanded the position of the English. The French had three little pieces of artillery; the English one or two. The two armies cannonaded each other for nearly an hour; when Montcalm having summoned Bougainville to his aid, and despatched messenger after messenger for De Vaudreuil, who had fifteen hundred men at the camp, to come up, before he should be driven from the ground, endeavoured to flank the British and crowd them down the high bank of the river. Wolfe counteracted the movement by detaching Townshend with Amherst's regiment, and afterwards a part of the Royal Americans, who formed on the left with a double front.

"Waiting no longer for more troops, Montcalm led the French army impetuously to the attack. The ill-disciplined companies broke by their precipitation and the unevenness of the ground, and fired by platoons, without unity. The English, especially the forty-third and forty-seventh, where Monckton stood, received the shock with calmness; and after having, at Wolfe's command, reserved their fire till their enemy was within forty yards, their line began a regular, rapid and exact discharge of musketry. Montcalm was present everywhere, braving danger, wounded, but cheering by his example. The second in command, De Sennezergues, an associate in glory at Ticonderoga, was killed. The brave but untried Canadians, flinching from a hot fire in the open field, began to waver; and, so soon as Wolfe, placing himself at the head of the twenty-eighth and the Louisburg grenadiers, charged with bayonets, they everywhere gave way. Of the English officers, Carleton was wounded; Barre, who fought near Wolfe, received in the head a ball which destroyed the power of vision of one eye, and ultimately made him blind. Wolfe, also, as he led the charge, was wounded in the wrist, but still pressing forward, he received a second ball; and, having decided the day, was struck a third time, and mortally, in the breast. 'Support me,' he cried to an officer near him: 'let not my brave fellows see me drop.' He was carried to the rear, and they brought him water to quench his thirst. 'They run, they run,' spoke the officer on whom he leaned. 'Who run?' asked Wolfe, as his life was fast ebbing, 'The French,' replied the officer, 'give way everywhere.' 'What!' cried the expiring hero, 'do they run already? Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton; bid him march Webb's regiment with all speed to Charles River to cut off the fugitives.' Four days before, he had looked forward to early death with dismay, 'Now, God be praised, I die happy.' These were his words as his spirit escaped in the blaze of his glory. Night, silence, the rushing tide, veteran discipline, the sure inspiration of genius, had been his allies; his battle-field, high over the ocean river, was the grandest theatre on earth for illustrious deeds; his victory, one of the most momentous in the annals of mankind, gave to the English tongue and the institutions of the Germanic race the unexplored and seemingly infinite West and North. He crowded into a few hours actions that would have given lustre to length of life; and filling his day with greatness, completed it before its noon."

This victory decided the war, so far, at least, as America was concerned. Truly and eloquently does Mr. Bancroft say of the Peace of Paris, by which the war was formally terminated, that:

"In America, the Teutonic race, with its strong tendency to individuality and freedom, was become the master from the Gulf of Mexico to the Poles: and the English tongue which, but a century and a half before, had for its entire world a part only of two narrow islands on the outer verge of Europe, was now to spread more widely than any that had ever given expression to human thought.

"Go forth, then, language of Milton and Hampden, language of my country, take possession of the North American continent! Gladden the waste places with every tone that has been rightly struck on the English lyre, with every English word that has been spoken well for liberty and for man! Give an echo to the now silent and solitary mountains; gush out with the fountains that as yet sing their anthems all day long without response; fill the valleys with the voices of love in its purity, the pedges of friendship in its faithfulness; and as the morn-

ing sun drinks the dewdrops from the flowers all the way from the dreary Atlantic to the Peaceful Ocean, meet him with the joyous hum of the early industry of freemen! Utter boldly and spread widely through the world the thoughts of the coming apostles of the people's liberty, till the sound that cheers the desert shall thrill through the heart of humanity, and the lips of the messenger of the people's power, as he stands in beauty upon the mountains, shall proclaim the renovating tidings of equal freedom for the race!

"England exulted in its conquests; enjoying the glory of extended dominion in the confident expectation of a boundless increase of wealth. But its success was due to its having taken the lead in the good old struggle for liberty; and was destined to bring fruits, not so much to itself, as to the cause of freedom and mankind.

"France, of all the states on the continent of Europe, the most powerful by territorial unity, wealth, numbers, industry, and culture, seemed also by its place, marked out for maritime ascendancy. Set between many seas, it rested upon the Mediterranean, possessed harbours on the German Ocean, and embraced within its wide shores and jutting headlands, the bays and open waters of the Atlantic; its people, infolding at one extreme the offspring of colonists from Greece, and at the other, the hardy children of the Northmen, were called, as it were, to the inheritance of life upon the sea. The nation, too, readily conceived or appropriated great ideas, and delighted in bold resolves. Its travellers had penetrated farthest into the fearful interior of unknown lands; its missionaries won most familiarly the confidence of the aboriginal hordes; its writers described with keener and wiser observation the forms of nature in her wildness, and the habits and languages of savage men; its soldiers (and every lay Frenchman in America owed military service), uniting beyond all others celerity with courage, knew best how to endure the hardships of forest life and to triumph in forest warfare. Its ocean chivalry had given a name and a colony to Carolina, and its merchants a people to Acadia. The French discovered the basin of the St. Lawrence; were the first to explore and possess the banks of the Mississippi, and planned an American empire that should unite the widest valleys and most copious inland waters of the world.

"But New France was governed exclusively by the monarchy of its metropolis; and was shut against the intellectual daring of its philosophy, the liberality of its political economists, the movements of its industrial genius, its legal skill, and its infusion of Protestant freedom. Nothing representing the new activity of thought in modern France, went to America. Nothing had leave to go there, but what was old and worn out. The Government thought only to transmit to its American empire, the exhausted polity of the middle ages; the castes of feudal Europe; its monarchy, its hierarchy, its nobility, and its dependent peasantry; while commerce was enfeebled by protection, stifled under the weight of inconvenient regulations, and fettered by exclusive grants. The land was parcelled out in seignories; and while quit-rents were moderate, transfers and sales of leases were burdened with restrictions and heavy fines. The men who held the plough were tenants and vassals, of whom few could either write or read. No village school was open for their instruction; nor was their one printing press in either Canada or Louisiana. The central will of the administration, though checked by concessions of monopolies, was neither guided by local legislatures, nor restrained by parliaments or courts of law. But France was reserved for a nobler influence in the New World than that of propagating institutions, which in the Old World were giving up the ghost; nor had Providence set apart America for the reconstruction of the decaying framework of feudal tyranny.

"The colonists from England brought over the forms of the government of the mother country, and the purpose of giving them a better development and a fairer career in the Western World. The French emigrants took with them only what belonged to the past, and nothing that represented modern freedom. The English emigrants retained what they called English privileges, but left behind in the parent country, English inequalities, the monarch, and nobility, and prelacy. French America was closed against even a gleam of intellectual independence; nor did it contain so much as one dissenter from the Roman Church; English America had English liberties in greater purity and with far more of the power of the people than England. Its inhabitants were self-organised bodies of freeholders, pressing upon the receding forests, winning their way farther and farther forward every year, and never going back. They had schools, so that in several of the colonies there was no one to be found beyond childhood, who could not read and write; they had the printing press, scattering among them books, and pamphlets, and

many newspapers; they had a Ministry chiefly composed of men of their own election. In private life they were accustomed to take care of themselves; in public affairs they had local legislatures, and municipal self-direction. And now this continent from the Gulf of Mexico to where civilised life is stayed by barriers of frost, was become their dwelling-place and their heritage."

These noble expressions of Mr. Bancroft, on the ascendancy of the English language, bring back to our memory the fine lines of the old poet Daniel, in the Elizabethan age, who, in his enthusiasm at the success of Raleigh in founding our first colonies beyond the Atlantic, exclaimed,

"Who in time knows whither we may vent
The treasures of our tongue? To what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent
T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds, in th' yet unformed Occident,
May 'come refined with th' accents that are ours?"

Assuredly, if ever verse was prophetic, these lines of the Elizabethan bard have proved so.

The memory of the elder Pitt is, like that of Wolfe, regarded in America with even more fervent admiration than it commands in England. Many of our writers on this side of the Atlantic, have lent themselves lately to the unworthy task of depreciating the character of the great statesman who smote the House of Bourbon in every quarter of the globe, and raised England to the highest pinnacle of power that she has ever attained. This malevolence towards Lord Chatham has not indeed been universal among our historians of the present time. Lord Mahon is an illustrious example to the contrary. But there has been far too much of it; and both English authors and English readers have been too prone to adopt the party scandals that were circulated by the jealous contemporaries of the great statesman, and to regard him as a man, certainly of consummate intellectual powers, but destitute of consistency, mainly actuated by personal vanity, and capable of disingenuous trickery, which was not unaccompanied by taints of selfish meanness. Mr. Bancroft has in his first volume done much to clear away these clouds from the reputation of the minister whom, above all others, the English nation trusted and loved a century ago, and whom the Anglo-Americans idolized, first as their rescuer from French conquest, and afterwards as the champion of their rights against the injustice of the British Crown. The official situations which Mr. Bancroft has filled at several European Courts, have given him opportunities of searching their archives, and thus bringing to light documents which explain and justify many points of Pitt's policy, which have been made the subjects of cavil. The next biographer of Lord Chatham must draw largely from Mr. Bancroft's pages.

Besides these original sources of new information, the American historian shows an accurate and extensive knowledge of the writings of the French, the Spanish, and the German, as well as of the American and English authors, who have furnished memorials or discussions respecting the events of the close of the reign of George the Second, and the opening of the reign of George the Third. We may cite as an instance of Mr. Bancroft's successful vindication of Pitt, his remarks on Pitt's secession from office in 1761, because his advice for an immediate war with Spain was not followed. Pitt has often been censured as actuated by mere ambition and pride, in recommending hostilities with Spain at that crisis. Mr. Bancroft proves that Pitt

had received information of a secret convention between the two Bourbon kings, which made a prompt attack by England upon the treacherous sovereign of Spain, not only justifiable, but imperatively necessary.

He says,—

"On the same 15th of August, and not without the knowledge of Pitt, France and Spain concluded a special convention,* by which Spain herself engaged to declare war against England, unless, contrary to all expectation, peace should be concluded between France and England before the 1st day of May, 1762. Extending his eye to all the states interested in the rights of neutral flags, to Portugal, Savoy, Holland, and Denmark, Choiseul covenanted with Spain that Portugal should be compelled, and the others invited, to join the federative union 'for the common advantage of all maritime powers.'

"A war with Spain could no longer be avoided by England. To the proposal for the 'regulation of the privilege of cutting logwood by the subjects of Great Britain,' the Catholic King replied through Wall, his Minister, by a despatch which reached England on the 13th of September. 'The evacuation of the logwood establishments is offered, if his Catholic Majesty will assure to the English the logwood! He who avows that he has entered another man's house to seize his jewels, says, "I will go out of your house, if you will first give me what I am come to seize."' Pitt's anger was inflamed at the comparison of England with housebreakers and robbers; and his vehement will became 'more overbearing and impracticable' than ever. He exulted in the prospect of benefits to be derived to his country, and glory to be acquired for his own name, in every zone throughout the globe. With one hand he prepared to 'smite the whole family of Bourbons, and wield in the other the democracy of England.' His eye penetrated futurity; the vastest schemes flashed before his mind,—to change the destinies of continents, and mould the fortunes of the world. He resolved to seize the remaining French islands, especially Martinico; and to conquer Havanna. 'You must take Panama,' he exclaimed to a general officer. The Philippine Islands were next to fall; and the Spanish monopoly in the New World to be broken at one blow and for ever by a 'general resignation of all Spanish America, in all matters which might be deemed beneficial to Great Britain.'

"But humanity had reserved to itself a different mode of extricating Spanish America from colonial monopoly. On the 18th day of September, Pitt, joined only

---

"* Of this special convention Pitt was correctly informed. He knew, also, that the court of Spain wanted to gain time, till the fleet should arrive at Cadiz. Compare the letters of Grimaldi to Fuentes, of August 31st, and September 13th, in Chatham Correspondence, vol. ii. pp. 139—144, and the private note of Stanley to Pitt, of September 2nd.

"The existence of this special convention, so well known to Pittt and so decisive of his policy, appears to have escaped the notice of British historians, with the exception of Lord Mahon. In the edition of Adolphus's History of England, published in 1840, that writer assumes that Pitt was misinformed, and hazards the conjecture, that, 'the communication made to Mr. Stanley was a refined piece of finesse in the French Ministry.'—Adolphus, vol. i. p. 46, note. Yet in the second edition of Flassan's Histoire de la Diplomatie Française, vol. vi. pp. 322—326, an abstract of the convention itself may be found. I endeavoured to obtain from the French archives an authentic copy of the whole paper; but was informed that the document had been misplaced or lost. The allusion of Grimaldi, in his letter of September 13th, 'to the stipulations of the treaty between the two courts,' is also to the special convention; though the editors of the Correspondence of the Earl of Chatham, in their comment on the passage, refer it to the Family Compact.

"The accurate knowledge of this transaction is essential to a vindication of the course pursued by Pitt towards Spain. He did not insist on war with that power, till he had evidence in his possession, that Spain had already made itself a party to the war by a ratified treaty with France. The advice of Pitt on this occasion was alike wise and just. The error comes from confounding the Special Convention, regulating the conditions on which an immediate war was to be conducted, with the General Treaty of alliance between the princes of the House of Bourbon. The last was no ground for war: the first was war itself.

by his brother-in-law, the Earl of Temple, submitted to the Cabinet his written advice to recall Lord Bristol, the British ambassador, from Madrid. At three several meetings, the question was discussed. 'From prudence, as well as spirit,' affirmed the secretary, 'we ought to secure to ourselves the first blow. If any war can provide its own resources, it must be a war with Spain. Their flota has not arrived; the taking it disables their hands and strengthens ours.' Bute, speaking the opinion of the King, was the first to oppose the project as rash and ill-advised; Granville wished not to be precipitate; Temple supported Pitt; Newcastle was neuter. During these discussions, all classes of the people of England were gazing at the pageant of the coronation, or relating to each other how the King, kneeling before the altar in Westminster Abbey, with piety formal but sincere, reverently put off his crown as he received the sacrament from the archbishop. A second meeting of the Cabinet was attended by all the Ministers; they heard Pitt explain correctly the private convention by which Spain had bound herself to declare war against Great Britain in the following May, but they came to no decision. At a third meeting all the great Whig lords objected, having combined with the favourite to drive the great representative of the people from power. Newcastle and Hardwicke, Devonshire and Bedford, even Ligonier and Anson, as well as Bute and Mansfield, assisted in his defeat. Pitt, with his brother-in-law Temple, stood alone. Stung by the opposition of the united oligarchy, Pitt remembered how he made his way into the Cabinet, and what objects he had steadily pursued. 'This,' he exclaimed to his colleagues, summoning up all his haughtiness as he bade defiance to the aristocracy, and appealed from them to the country which his inspiring influence had rescued from disgrace,—'This is the moment for humbling the whole house of Bourbon; if I cannot in this instance prevail, this shall be the last time I will sit in this council. Called to the Ministry by the voice of the people, to whom I conceive myself accountable for my conduct, I will not remain in a situation which makes me responsible for measures I am no longer allowed to guide.' 'If the right honourable gentleman,' replied Granville, 'be resolved to assume the right of directing the operations of the war, to what purpose are we called to this council? When he talks of being responsible to the people, he talks the language of the House of Commons, and forgets that at this board he is responsible only to the King.'

"The Duke of Newcastle was never seen in higher spirits than on this occasion. His experienced hand had been able to mould and direct events so as to thwart the policy of Pitt by the concerted junction of Bute and all the great Whig lords. The Minister attributed his defeat not so much to the King and Bute as to Newcastle and Bedford; yet the King was himself a partner in the conspiracy; and as he rejected the written advice that Pitt and Temple had given him, the man 'whose august presence overawed majesty,' resolved to resign.

"On Monday, the 5th day of October, William Pitt, now venerable from years and glory, the greatest minister of his century, one of the few very great men of his age, among orators the only peer of Demosthenes, the man without title or fortune, who, finding England in an abyss of weakness and disgrace, conquered Canada and the Ohio Valley and Guadaloupe, and sustained Prussia from annihilation, humbled France, gained the dominion of the seas, won supremacy in Hindostan, and at home vanquished faction, stood in the presence of George to resign his power. It was a moment to test the self-possession and manly vigour of the young and inexperienced King. He received the seals with ease and firmness, without requesting that Pitt should resume his office; yet he manifested concern for the loss of so valuable a minister, approved his past services, and made him an unlimited offer of rewards. At the same time he expressed himself satisfied with the opinion of the majority of his council, and declared he should have found himself under the greatest difficulty how to have acted, had that council concurred as fully in supporting the measure proposed, as they had done in rejecting it. The great commoner began to reply; but the anxious and never ceasing application, which his post as the leading minister had required, combined with repeated and nearly fatal attacks of hereditary disease, had already completely shattered his constitution, and his whole nervous system was becoming tremulous and enfeebled. 'I confess, Sir,' said he, 'I had but too much reason to expect your Majesty's displeasure. I did not come prepared for this exceeding goodness; pardon me, Sir, it overpowers, it oppresses me;' and the man who by his words and his spirit had restored his country's affairs, and lifted it to unprecedented power and honour, to extended dominion and proud self-reliance, burst into tears."

# REMINISCENCES OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

The last person to believe the great consummation of Waterloo was the Duchess of Angoulême. She had come to England while Louis had stayed at Ghent. And she had passed a life so steeped in misfortune, that she could and would not believe in the success of the English. Even the official dispatches did not convince her. "When you bring me a dispatch from Wellington, dated half-way to Paris, then I will believe you," said the despondent and incredulous princess. He whom she addressed went out, and soon returned with a dispatch dated Binch, showing the advance of the allied army after the victory. Then, and not till then, did the Duchess believe; then, and not till then, did she fling herself on her knees to return thanks to Heaven. Poor woman! she had so often been betrayed into vain exultation by fallacious hopes and unfounded stories, that she distrusted and questioned everything, save disaster.

The fate of poor Bird, the artist, in connexion with these triumphs, is well known, and is worth repeating, as elucidatory of the character of George the Fourth. The Prince commissioned him to commemorate in a picture the circumstance of his conducting Louis the Eighteenth to the shore, on his re-embarking for France. Bird exerted all his powers to render the parting scene as effective and pathetic as might be. In order, however, to represent the enthusiasm of the crowd as great, he depicted some of the people, in their eagerness, climbing on the back of the Regent's carriage to get a sight of their Sovereign. This indecorum shocked the Prince. It was a gross outrage upon his dignity; and the way in which he received the picture was so ungenerous, and marked by resentment and contempt, that poor Bird was foolish enough to fall sick of it, and die. His unfinished picture of "Chevy Chace" will be long remembered.

The peace of 1815 let England loose. Every one hoping for government favour or promotion, hurried abroad, and the old stagers of office began to consult their physicians about old ills, such as, if well furbished up, might require some foreign mud-bath or forgotten spa. There was as yet, however, no eminence abroad save that of kings and tetrarchs. Paris had been brought to the Russian doctrine, of considering nobody to be of the least import, if he were not of official eminence; and that constitutes the most formal and dull kind of society or of aristocracy.

It was my great good fortune to know one, whom Prince Talleyrand loved, and indeed whom every one loved for his simplicity, honesty, and intelligence. Although not exceedingly *au fait* as to some of the political events and personal intrigues in progress, some anecdotes and circumstances made a great impression on me, as they aroused and created interest in those around. Few accounts struck me more than that given of the meeting between Talleyrand and Fouché for the purpose of making these implacable enemies act in concert for the cause of the Restoration. Both these men had traversed the whole course of the Revolution, had seen its first stir, and joined in its full excitement. Fouché had been a Jacobin and a Terrorist; and if he was degraded by having been the comrade of Danton and Robespierre,

Talleyrand was scarcely less so for having been the instrument of the Directors Rewbell and Barras. They had intrigued and counter-intrigued against each other during Napoleon's reign; and now one represented the party of the old *régime*, the other held in his hand the threads of the Imperialist and revolutionary parties. Both were indispensable to the security of Louis the Eighteenth, and though the monarch's *entourage* turned pale at the sight of Fouché, the latter had done such good service in tracking and besetting Bonaparte, that to discard him was impossible. Fouché, too, could terrify the King into mildness, or give arguments for it against the violence of his brother and the ultras. So Fouché and Talleyrand embraced, and were put into the same *coupé* to agree upon the terms and mode of cooperation. The countenances of neither betrayed the least emotion. And the most curious part of the scene was the complete immobility of these two pale masks, each covering more hate and more artifice than any two men in Europe perhaps could combine.

Talleyrand used to say, that the most unhappy and despondent men were monarchs, and never more so than in the hour of triumph. Whether it was, that this raised them so high as to make them behold the nothingness of honour, greatness, and even that of royal or imperial prospects. Never was a gloomier *cortege* than that formed by the crowned and laurelled heads of the conquerors of 1814 and 1815. The Emperor Alexander was *desolé par le victoire.* He lamented Napoleon's fall much as Elizabeth did Essex's, and wondered the fallen chief had not sent him his ring. When Louis the Eighteenth declared he owed his restoration, after God, to England and the Prince Regent, the Emperor was scandalized, and could not foresee how completely ascendant Russian power was likely to become under the elder Bourbons. If Alexander's was a sentimental gloom, the King of Prussia's seemed a constitutional and material one. The recovery of his dominions did not arouse him, neither did the acquisition of half Savoy content him. The Austrian Emperor was more dissatisfied with the fall of Napoleon, and the substitution of the Bourbons than any, though he did not gainsay it. It is said, that George the Fourth considered all his royal visitors and allies bores. He disliked *le haute politique*, and Lord Castlereagh did not comprehend it. So that the Metternichs, the Talleyrands, and the Hardenbergs set down the English as exceedingly *bornés;* and old Maximilian of Bavaria was esteemed the only happy and contented sovereign.

The best time to see an English statesman is after dinner; the best time to see a French statesman is at his toilet. Englishmen unbend after dinner. But as the business of conversation, and of the whole *entregens* begins with the Frenchman in the evening, or becomes more extended and serious at that epoch, he buttons up his mind, and puts off his frankness just at the hour when an Englishman does the contrary. I have seen most French statesmen at the toilet, when no Englishman of the same rank would certainly give audience. I have seen the old school in the hands of their valets, and the more modern school performing the part of their own barbers, which would have been beneath the dignity of their predecessors. The putting on of Prince Talleyrand's neckcloths was a very serious affair. One would say, to see them put on, that he had at least a score, or that his throat was swathed as voluminously as any mummy ever was. Though appar-

ently but rising, it was evident that he had seen a host of people at earlier hours; that he had made himself master of the cream of the papers, as well as of the reports and news which circulated. He never read anything himself, but was well informed of all that appeared in print. He kept within a select circle, but was perfectly cognisant of all that was said and done beyond it. His power had been great, I was told, for six weeks after the second restoration ; but it ebbed from him. He stood too much upon his dignity, and had not the requisites to support it in the new order of things. He was not even wealthy. His savings he at the time invested in a banking-house, which was to make its fortune and his own. The head of the house was an honest German from the Rhine, whom Talleyrand greatly trusted. The pecuniary convulsions of 1825 ruined him. He had not the courage to face Talleyrand with the truth, and so he flung himself into the Seine. With him perished the greater part of Prince Talleyrand's fortune.

Talleyrand had all the world for acquaintances, and a score of personal friends, whom he chose, like a simpleton, for their worth. But he had no political followers, no useful friends, no party to stand by him, to make himself feared and courted amidst ministerial doings or undoings. No man was so sagacious, and yet his sagacity was useless and at fault under a constitutional system. He did not and would not comprehend it. The science of politics, in a constitutional state, is the art of combination amongst men so as to form parties. Politics under a despotic monarch allow statesmen, like Choiseul and Talleyrand, to become each a power in the state by the mere force of intellect and character for ability. Talleyrand depended upon these, whilst acting on a system in which majorities and minorities were everything; these majorities consisting of country squires and attorneys, who had no more idea of politics than of fluxions. So Prince Talleyrand was at fault. Louis the Eighteenth sneered at him, and made him Grand Chamberlain, which the other accepted, as if it was the place of his selection and the object of his desires. The two old men afterwards assailed each other with epigrams, and received each other with bows and smiles. Talleyrand coquetted with the Liberals; but he was for the English alliance, which they could not comprehend. The old Legitimists and Ultra party leant to Russia and Alexander ; whilst the Liberal party had already come back to Imperialism, and professed admiration for the memory and the deeds of Napoleon. Talleyrand was out of both their books.

No monarch could ever have delivered himself up with greater satisfaction and delight to the guidance of a Prime Minister than Louis the Eighteeuth. Could he have found any one capable, he would have retired to his repose, his epigrams, his chosen library, his *billets-doux*, and his gouty-chair. His Chambers did not give him much trouble, but court parties fought round his gouty chair with a ferocity that disturbed him. He tried a variety of ministers, but found them the instruments of different court parties, and making no account of him. Louis grew indignant, and resolved to take some young man of a good head, no fortune, and no connexion either of family or party; and out of such material, Louis said he would make a minister. The old King chose for the subject of his experiment certainly one of the handsomest youths of his time. He had been secretary to the mother of Napoleon; and had actually contrived to please that avaricious and capricious dame, whom

no one else could please. Chance, and the character for pleasing testy, old persons, brought M. de Cazes to the knowledge of Louis Dix-huit, who employed him, found him pliant, intelligent, and without prejudices. The King determined to fit him, by a few weeks' private instruction, for the premiership: and so he did. De Cazes made an excellent Prime Minister; managed the Chambers just as well as any of his predecessors, and managed the King a great deal better. Louis never called him anything but *mon enfant* (my child); and many of his lessons to his *élève* have been preserved.

De Cazes, I forgot to say, had been chief of the police before Louis took him in hand. In the fulfilment of Fouché's duties, he had not been, like all his predecessors, an alarmist; although in time of real danger and conspiracy, as in the affair of Grenoble, he had proved himself cautious, sagacious, and firm. What Louis the Eighteenth however liked best in the police, was its revelations of private scandal. These he once more enjoyed, as Louis Philippe enjoyed the same kind of tittle-tattle sent by his envoys from the different courts of Europe, and which formed a more onerous duty than those political dispatches.

Louis persuaded the Count of St. Aulaire, a nobleman of the old *régime*, well known afterwards as ambassador at London, to give to M. de Cazes his daughter in marriage. The bridegroom was created a duke; and Louis had then a minister after his own heart, and of his own making, indebted to him personally, for power, *prestige*, rank, fortune, and political knowledge. Louis was as unfortunate in such a scheme, as Talleyrand himself could have been. For of course both parties in the state and parliament, hated the man who was minister by the king's favour. Louis, however, upheld him bravely, until the assassination of the Duke of Berry at the very time that M. de Cazes declared that there was no danger to be feared from Revolutionists or Bonapartists, gave such force to the clamour of the ultras, that the king was forced to sacrifice the duke.

It was impossible to see a more handsome form and face than these of the Duke de Cazes. And these advantages were the more conspicuous, from the very ill-favoured features of the personages who attended Louis's court. The Legitimists and the rallied Bonapartists, however they comprised the loyalty, did not monopolize the beauty of the nation; the Duke de Richelieu was an exception. And so, we need not say, were the Duke de Guiche and his duchess. But the Bonapartist generals and their spouses, together with the exhumation of the Faubourg St. Germain, were not replete with fascination. Still there was an attempt on the part of a certain set, to re-establish the morals as well as the *régime* of Louis the Fifteenth's time. Louis was told that Charles the Second would never have succeeded in ruling the parliament, and winning the acquiescence of the citizens in his reign, if he had not gained the latter by dissoluteness and gaiety. Poor Louis the Eighteenth lent himself to these ideas, so far, as to honour a very fat lady with his particular attention. He built her a very large and very ugly house on the Seine near St. Ouen; and his Majesty used to drive thither and while away an hour. It was something like George the Second and Lady Suffolk. Except that Lady Suffolk had no influence with George, whilst Madame du Cayla, in league with Ouvrard and other well-known French capitalists, turned her intimacy with Louis the Eighteenth to notable account.

There is no book, that gives so true an idea of the early years of the Restoration, as the " Memoirs of Ouvrard." Finance was in truth the great business of the day, and whilst Louis and his ministers thought the police everything, it was the financier who was everything. The three per cents. had gone as low, I believe, as forty-five. What a margin for loans — what room for fortunes! Whilst there was not a statesman who thoroughly understood the interests of the treasury, or who cared for those of the *contribuable.* No wonder that Raincy, the country-house of Ouvrard, was more magnificent than that of princes. No wonder the royal Dukes were nothing by his side; their very *chasses*—much as the Dukes of Angoulême and Berry loved them, with all the *grand vénéries* and *meutes* restored—no wonder they were nothing to a rendezvous de chasse at Raincy. Had Ouvrard stuck to loans and to exchanges, he might have been safe, despite of even royal envy. But he must turn contractor too, and join the habits of money-making, which prevailed in Napoleon's time, to these many different and grander modes, which grew up under the patronage of Talleyrand and the allied sovereigns. The result was, his persecution, expulsion, and finally his ruin. Odd! that no great French financier or banker has ever left a colossal fortune. Ouvrard long played hide and go seek, as a beggar. Where are the Perregauds and Laffittes? where the Perriers? The only thoroughly rich in France were those who, like Count Roy and the Marquis d'Aligre, speculated in land as well as money. The broad acres saved them, when shares and stocks went to nothing, in the severe political convulsions of their volcanic land.

The French Canning, Chateaubriand, I knew later, when he had retired to his hermitage in the Rue d'Enfer near the Observatory, and had dwindled down to extreme littleness, with the exception of his long head. He had then that acquired bend in his side, which Louis Philippe also had latterly. He was full of point, spirit, recollection, and self-veneration to the last. Under Louis the Eighteenth, however, he was a *brouillon*, and pretended to be the only man capable of ruling the state. Like Canning, he was for strengthening the power of France, by exalting that power over foreign countries, in order to advance the principles of the French Government. Chateaubriand did not well know, whether he was an Imperialist, a Bourbonist, or a Constitutionalist. He served all three, worshipped all three, and abused all three. He had strong points of resemblance with Lamartine, poesy and pomp included. His brilliancy was such, that the Royalists had the same hope in him that the Tories have in D'Israeli. He made, however, the great mistakes that Canning, Guizot, and Palmerston have made each in their turn. They thought the world was to be taken and ruled by foreign policy. Whereas no one cares for foreign policy but by fits and starts, and in the interval of these, the statesman who professes them and them alone, is absolutely nothing.

The treasury is the true throne, and finance the true sceptre of empire; without a first-rate financier, no party can be said to be a party, and when the Tories had no one to put forward but Vansittart, they were doomed. The first person in France, who arrived at the comprehension of constitutional statesmanship, was Villèle, an unpromising, ill-built, awkward, lugubrious man. The "Corsair," or whatever the Charivari of the day was called, made an ape of him without much

exaggeration or straining of design. Villèle talked by hints, and had a wonderful ambiguity of discourse, so that there was little to be got out of him. He spoke to the point, however, and pleased the monarch more than any flatterer or courtly address, by securing him an easy majority and a quiet life, without running in any violent current or rapid tide.

Villèle was the Walpole of the day, the first in France who studied the Chamber, mastered it, and made a party in it. He obtained influence over the most rational of the country squires, and talked them over, as Peel tried to manage, and failed. For Peel could talk over nobody in private, and indeed, did not know how to set about it. Villèle understood the French deputy, and contrived to offer to every man, if possible, what every man desired. He held power for eight or nine years, which, considering that he was a mere private gentleman, unknown to politics or party, till he took a leading position, is as surprising on the moveable sands of French politics, as Walpole's twenty years of reign.

Villèle was not a corrupt or a dishonest man. He was a gentleman, which few French statesmen have been, or pretended to be since. When about to convert the five per cents., he kept the secret inviolable. There was one man, very well known then and since, a large capitalist, enjoying the highest reputation and standing in the world of wealth and fashion. He was a friend of Villèle; and the latter knew that the reduction of the rate of interest, if it came upon him unawares, would ruin him. Villèle asked him down to his country-house, kept him with him twenty-four hours, and during the greater part of that time laboured to impress upon the mind of his friend the insecurity of the *rentes*, the superiority of land, or of any other kind of property as an investment. In such a tide of public prosperity as was then flowing, the capitalist thought the minister was talking ironically, or fishing for compliments. He, therefore remained blind and perversely deaf to every hint. Villèle let him go, at last, with an exclamation at his stupidity, which must have awakened any man uot demented by the approach of ruin. And ruined he was; everything he had was sold, and he used to go about to the day of his death, muttering, "I ought to have comprehended the minister; I should have understood Villèle."

There was nothing that so surprised or alarmed a stranger visiting France under the Restoratiou as the evident fact, that throughout the whole of that period, the country was overrun and undermined by secret associations and conspiracies. And the fact is still more astonishing, that the secret organisations, and their hundred-fold schemes for getting rid of the dynasty never produced the least result, except of ruin to its placemen. They never even disturbed the throne of the Bourbons, much less shook it. And this emboldened Charles the Tenth to provoke the country which he found so powerless. But, whilst secrecy could do nothing, open insurrection could do everything. The first part of the Restoration was spent by the enemies of the Bourbons in military conspiracies. The Imperialists looked to the army, and the army alone; and hence the several uprisings planned at Befort, at Grenoble, at La Rochelle, and elsewhere. On one of these occasions, Lafayette had nearly reached the scene of action in a coach and four, so bold and undisguised were his movements. But the thing had exploded prematurely, and Lafayette bowled back to Paris just as he had left it. The government would not face the risk and unpopularity of his prosecution.

Conspiracy took another turn in the latter half of the Restoration. At first altogether leaning upon military co-operation, the Liberals at length ceased to count on the soldiery. Each year the army had become more oblivious of Imperialism; the citizens, the professional folks, and the middle class, therefore, resolved on taking the business into their own hands, and doing without the army. They therefore enrolled themselves in the Carbonari, a secret society borrowed from Italy, with mysterious initiations, language, oaths, and so on. Carbonarism became universal; the question was not who belonged to it, but who were left out of it. All the statesmen, generals, judges, ambassadors, and secretaries of a later period had been Carbonari. And yet the Carbonari did nothing; they did not contribute to or aid in the fall of Charles the Tenth in the least.

It must be confessed that under this government, against which many men were conspiring, and under which, we own, not even the Moderates, such as Martignac, were contented, people enjoyed a very great degree of prosperity. Commerce and manufactures were making rapid strides; Paris, which was induced to make an insurrection to ruin many, was in a wonderful state of prosperity and development; new quarters building, and establishments rising in every direction. The Faubourg St. Germain and the Chaussée d'Antin, the two quarters of birth and wealth, vied with each other, and the Faubourg St. Honoré, in which diplomacy had pitched its court, vied with both. Nor were liberal *salons* wanting. Lafitte received sumptuously in his new hotel. Many noble and most expensive establishments were kept by foreigners, Russian and American, as well as English; and never certainly was there such a *pays de Cocagne* as Paris seemed the last year of the Restoration;

"Fortunati nimium si sua bona nôrint."

The last fête of the Restoration was a brilliant one. It was given by the Duke of Orleans, so soon to be King Louis Philippe, to his relative, the Prince of Salernum. Salvandy, who then considered himself on the high road to fame and preferment, having broken through his dependence on M. de Talleyrand, has left a brilliant account of it in some of his writings. All Paris was there, and never was all Paris gayer. And as the apartments of the Palais Royal would not hold the guests, they spread out on the terraces, newly finished, which covered the galleries of shops, and had replaced the wooden huts, known as the *Galleries de Bois.* There was nothing scarcely in this expansion of good society upon the open terraces, to anger the French mob, if mob could be called the coffee-drinkers and frequenters of the gardens of the Palais Royal. And yet their love of equality was so hurt by the sight of rich people enjoying a splendid fête, which they could only contemplate at a distance, that they began to murmur forth their discontent; and to mark it the stronger, they gathered together the chairs of the garden, piled them by the pedestal of one of the beautiful statues, and made a bonfire of them. The marks are still to be traced, for Louis Philippe would never have the pedestal mended or removed.

Such signs of discontent were ominous, and were directed against what was considered the Court, from which the Duke of Orleans was not, in popular estimation, then distinguished. In a month after the giver of the fête removed to the Tuilleries in triumph, and amid the plaudits of the mob.

## MEMOIRS OF COUNT DE LA MARCK.

"On the 5th of October, then, after we had discussed at length the present state of affairs, I proceeded to the Assembly about six o'clock, accompanied by Mirabeau, and it was not till that time that we had the slightest idea that the populace of Paris were marching down upon us. On quitting the Assembly I went to visit M. and Madame du Châtelet, with whom I was very intimate. M. du Châtelet was Colonel of the Gardes-Françaises, and, in consequence was lodged at Versailles on the same side as the Cour des Princes. Madame du Châtelet came forward to meet me as I entered their apartments; she said to me, in a tone of much alarm, that her husband was running the greatest risk at this very moment, and that she had just been informed that some of the rioters in Paris had proposed to go in search of M. du Châtelet at Versailles, in order to guillotine him. She observed that she knew, by the Abbé de Damas, that my house, which was situated in a retired part of Paris, possessed an outlet from the garden, and she assured me I should do her the greatest service in the world if I would conceal M. Châtelet there for a time. I at once agreed to her plan, and we proceeded to my house just as twilight was setting in. M. and Madame de Châtelet and the Abbé de Damas remained the whole evening; and, in the course of it, the Abbé and I went out with a view of seeing what was going forward around the château. About eleven o'clock the Abbé returned to say that peace and order appeared to him to be established everywhere; therefore, M. and Madame du Châtelet decided to go to their apartments, and thither we accompanied them.

"After leaving them at their door, the Abbé de Damas and I felt sufficient curiosity to visit the apartments of the château. It was about midnight, and an unbroken silence pervaded them; we did not even meet a single person in attendance. On approaching that portion of the building which has to be passed before reaching the Œil de Bœuf, we saw M. de Lafayette talking in a low voice to the Marquis d'Aguesseau, Major des Gardes-du-corps. M. Jauge, a banker of Paris, and aide-de-camp of Lafayette, had joined them, but did not take part in their conversation.

"We had been there about a quarter of an hour, when a garde-du-corps suddenly arrived; he appeared to be quite scared and out of breath, and whispered something in M. d'Aguesseau's ear. The latter, turning to M. de Lafayette, said to him aloud, 'M. le Marquis, all that I had the honour just now of predicting to you, is at this moment beginning to be realized; the people are marching upon the Hôtel des Gardes-du-corps, and threaten to assail it; it is important that you should at once proceed to the spot in order to establish peace.' M. de Lafayette seemed in no hurry to follow this advice; he declared that he had given ample directions for the preservation of public order, and added that he was worn out with fatigue, and must really seek some repose. The Marquis d'Aguesseau persisted in saying that it was Lafayette's duty to rescue the Hôtel of the Gardes-du-corps from the danger by which it was threatened.

"M. de Lafayette at length yielded to the force of his reasoning;

and after offering an arm to the Abbé de Damas and myself, he went with us down the staircase which leads to the Cour des Princes. There I saw my carriage; my attendants had received a general order to be in waiting for me every night at midnight, consequently they were on the spot as usual, for they had not permitted the present circumstances to deter them from fulfilling my orders. My coachman, who was a German, did not understand what was going on around him, and therefore was not the least uneasy at the state of affairs. My carriage was the only one in the *cour;* I was on the point of quitting M. de La Fayette and hastening home, when he asked me to convey him far as the Hôtel des Gardes-du-corps. Accordingly, the Abbé de Damas left us, and I set off with M. de La Fayette and M. Jauge.

"We had scarcely passed through the Cour des Princes, and entered the Cour des Ministres, when, just as we reached the apartments occupied by the Minister of the War department, my carriage was stopped by a throng of people, who were quite tipsy; they were armed with pikes, and were shrieking and yelling horribly. M. de La Fayette put his head out of the window, and made himself recognized by them. 'What do you want, my friends?' 'We seek the heads of the gardes-du-corps.' 'But why?' 'They have insulted the national cockade, and must be punished for it.' 'Again I say to you, be quiet; trust to me, and all will be well.' He gave three crowns to M. Jauge to throw among them; they left off shouting, and allowed us to pass on without further molestation. On leaving the Grande Cour, we saw several groups of people, and some horses which had been killed during the day.

"As we approached the Avenue de Sceaux, we were met by such a crowd that we found it impossible to proceed. I observed to M. de La Fayette that it would be better for him to get out; that, as for me, I could be of no use in this unruly throng. He asked me to have the carriage turned round, and to convey him to the place of rendezvous, which he mentioned, as his head-quarters. I had him driven within a hundred yards of the principal gate; here he got out, and I lost no time in getting home. M. de La Fayette was consequently thoroughly informed with regard to all that took place that day. But did he do his duty on the occasion? As soon as he alighted from my carriage, which he did about a hundred yards off the gate of the Cour des Ministres, he went straight to M. de Montmorin, Minister of Foreign Affairs, instead of taking active measures, which the present circumstances demanded of him. I learnt the following particulars, indeed, from M. Montmorin himself:—

"When he saw M. de La Fayette enter the room, he immediately questioned him as to the state of the town and the château. La Fayette answered, that all proper precautions had been taken; that the peace would not be disturbed; and that, as he felt overcome with fatigue, and could scarcely stand on his legs, he was going to seek a few hours of repose. Accordingly, after a quarter of an hour's conversation, M. de Montmorin accompanied him down one of the staircases of his hôtel, situated on the same side as the town, which considerably shortened M. de La Fayette's way to the Hôtel de Noailles, where he had taken up his abode. I will not attempt to add any commentary or reflections of my own to this fact, for I am not writing an account of the 5th and 6th of October; I am only relating what I saw and heard myself. I shall

confine myself to remarking that Rivarol, in one of his works on the French Revolution, when speaking of these two fatal days, calls M. de La Fayette the *Général Morphée.*

"The day after the King was removed, or rather dragged, to the Tuileries, Mirabeau paid me a very early visit. As soon as he came in, he said to me, 'If you have any means of communicating with the King and Queen, pray make them understand that both they and France will be lost if the Royal Family does not quit Paris. I am now maturing a plan for their escape: are you in such a position as to be able to assure them that they may depend upon me?' 'Weigh your plan thoroughly,' said I; 'and when you have well digested it, I will find means to make them acquainted with it.' Some days after this conversation, he placed in my hands a written document, which will be found among the other papers which I have in my possession, and which is dated the 15th of October.

"This composition is full of eloquence, and remarkable for its clearness and the force of its reasoning. In it Mirabeau paints most vividly the perils which surrounded the throne, the necessity of taking energetic measures, and of withdrawing the King from the servile position in which he was really kept in Paris, and from the imminent personal danger which awaited him. He spoke of the imprudence, not to be repaired, which there would be in quitting France, in separating himself from the Revolution and divorcing himself from his people, in having recourse to arms; and with whose assistance, pray? With the nobility who stood aloof, and whose services consequently would be of little avail? With strangers? A measure not to be entertained for a moment, being at once inefficient, and utterly detestable, and which would at once uproot all belief in his fatherly and generous feelings towards his country. Mirabeau proposed that the King should retire to Normandy, which province was very faithfully attached to his cause, and which, on account of its being near to Bretagne and Anjou, both of which were removed from the frontiers, would afford a safe shelter from the storm. There he recommended that the King should endeavour to win the nation over to himself by proclamations full of encouragement, by reminding it, that he had always shown himself, from the commencement of his reign, the enemy of despotism and of abuses; that he had sought, by all means possible, to ameliorate the condition of his people; and that he was the first King of his dynasty who had endeavoured to anticipate the wishes of the nation, by promising to take decided measures for bringing about the restitution, the increase, and the organization of its political rights. He advised that Louis the Sixteenth should proclaim his intention of taking the public debt into consideration, of renewing the basis of the Constitution, of abolishing parliaments, of calling around him the National Assembly, which would most likely at once answer his invitation; but supposing that the Assembly found it impossible to join the King (for it cannot be imagined that it would voluntarily refuse), a new form of legislature must be adopted.

"The King was at the same time to protest against anything like unnecessary luxury in the maintenance of Royalty; to declare that he would be contented with a million as King and Father of a family; and he was to express his desire that all the revenues of the State might be applied to the purpose of public improvement; but, notwithstanding this wish, he should not make any change with regard to the emolu-

ments of office which were fairly acquired. Mirabeau recommended, above all things, that the King should act with decision, and that no time should be lost, as the peril was imminent.

"According to my opinion, the difficulty of the circumstances, and the manner of meeting them, could not have been more clearly set forth. I have dwelt with considerable attention on this paper of the 15th of October 1789, but I shall avoid lingering as long over the other notes and observations, which will be found among the other materials which I have in my possession, and which will serve to show Mirabeau's ideas on the progress of events. In this instance, however, I have been anxious to prove, once for all, what were the views he entertained, from this period, and how he was able to reconcile his love of constitutional principles with the welfare of the monarchy. Not long before Mirabeau placed the above-mentioned paper in my hands, I had had rather an angry conversation with him. It will be remembered, that on the occasion of the banquet which was given in the Orangery at Versailles by the Gardes-du-Corps to the officers of the Flemish regiment, Mirabeau had with great impertinence attacked the Queen at the tribune, who had made her appearance for a few minutes in the Gallery of the Orangery. I reproached him severely with this unmanly attack, and showed him that he ought to be ashamed of himself to make such insinuations against a defenceless woman, and in a case where no danger was likely to accrue to him, for he could not induce me to believe that in this circumstance he had acted with a view to his personal security. I did not attempt to soften my language or to conceal from him that his conduct on this occasion had filled me with disgust at the thought of my relations with him. At first he endeavoured to justify himself by accounting for his fault by the excitement which he experienced at the tribune, and the provocation which he received from the members on the right side of the Assembly. He was not long, however, before he avowed himself wrong, and begged me to call to mind my friendship for him, in order to forgive him this time; he added, that there was nothing in the world which he would not do to prove to me that he desired my esteem. It was in this frame of mind that he set about writing the document to which I have just alluded. I felt quite convinced, that under the present state of affairs the plan which Mirabeau laid down in his paper was the only one which could be adopted, with a view of preventing the power of Royalty from being quite trampled upon, as well as that of the Assembly; I began therefore to reflect seriously as to the means to be used in order to get this paper placed in the King's hands. At length I came to this resolution: I did not wish precisely at this time to run the risk of going to the Tuileries to speak to the Queen, for she was then particularly, and with reason, exasperated against Mirabeau, in consequence of the attack he had made upon her at the Tribune. Those who were about the Queen, too, had persuaded her that Mirabeau was the author of the tumult on the 5th of October, and consequently might be looked upon as one of her enemies. Though I had never held very intimate relations with Monsieur the Comte de Provence, I knew him to be a man of sense and deliberation, and generally well informed, and I thought that, in a matter of this kind, confidence might be placed in him.

"I applied to M. de La Châtre, the first gentleman of his bed-chamber, to obtain an audience of the Prince for me, which I begged might

be as private as possible, for Monsieur was as much watched at the Luxembourg as the King was at the Tuileries. The audience was granted me, and M. de La Châtre conducted me into the presence of the Prince between midnight and one o'clock.

"I began by explaining to Monsieur that I considered the Comte de Mirabeau a very dangerous man to have acting in opposition to us in the present crisis of affairs, and that I thought the Government ought to take steps to secure him to itself. I gave him a short account of all that I have previously stated with regard to my relations with Mirabeau, and I added, that as I had known him before the Revolution, I had watched all his proceedings from the opening of the States-General, with a view of making him useful to the King's interests, and that all that had been said about his belonging to the Orleans party, and about his being mixed up with the plot of the 5th and 6th of October was utterly false; that, far from approving the violence which had dragged the King to Paris, he considered, on the contrary, that Louis the Sixteenth and France were lost, without chance of escape, if his Majesty could not be withdrawn from that dangerous city; and, by way of proof of what I was saying, I had brought with me a document written by Mirabeau himself, in which he described the means which, according to his opinion, ought to be employed to save the King and the Monarchy.

"Monsieur listened to me attentively throughout, he approved of the manner in which I had acted, and then took the paper which I held in my hand from me, and read it in my presence, making occasional observations sometimes relative to the passages which he thought were involved, and sometimes relative to the measures proposed, when he did not consider them easy of execution. He did not hesitate, however, to say to me that he approved in the main of the plan which was carved out, but he was convinced beforehand that the King would not adopt it. I entreated Monsieur to promise that he would speak to the Queen on the subject, who, if she were once convinced herself of the prudence of the measure, might induce the King to agree to its being carried out.

"'You are mistaken,' said he, "if you think the Queen will be allowed to influence the King's opinion in so grave a matter.'

"I replied that then he must be aware that all was lost if the King's resolution or the Queen's influence could not be relied upon.

"'In order to give you an idea,' said Monsieur, 'as to the King's method of proceeding, when perhaps the Queen would appear to have interfered in an affair of importance, I must relate to you what happened one day when the Archbishop of Toulouse (M. de Brienne) was still at the head of the ministry. M. de Brienne wished to get the Baron de Breteuil, who was in his way, dismissed from the ministry; he spoke several times to the King on the subject, but without success. The more the Archbishop perceived that the King resisted his importunity, the more he felt the importance of removing M. de Breteuil, therefore, he again returned to the charge. At length the King, in order to obtain peace, said to him, "You seem to be very anxious about it! well, I give my consent; you have only to induce him to give in his resignation." In a few minutes he added, with a kind of satisfaction, "It's as well, too, as he is completely under the Queen's influence." The weakness and irresolution of the King,' continued Monsieur, 'are beyond anything one can imagine. In order to have a perfect illustration of his character, you must picture youself vainly attempting to prevent two well-oiled

balls from sliding apart.' After two hours' conversation with Monsieur, which as far as I was personally concerned, passed away very pleasantly, I quitted his presence impressed with a profound sadness. I had become aware that it would be impossible to make the King adopt those energetic measures which alone could save him, and that resolution and firmness were wanting precisely where it was most essential that these qualities should be found. When all hope was abandoned of inducing the King to quit Paris, it was impossible to disguise from oneself, that monarchy stood on the brink of an abyss. Mirabeau was incessantly declaring to me, that if the King and Queen remained in Paris, we might expect some frightful scenes to take place, inasmuch as the populace were likely to be made a tool by the lovers of sedition, and it was impossible to say how far popular fury might be carried; he added firmly, that civil war was now the only measure which would serve to establish the King's legitimate authority. This kind of war did not seem to inspire him with so much dread, as the horrors which he foresaw. 'For war,' said he, 'endows the mind with fresh energy,' and removes the taint which it has imbibed from immorality.' I then represented to him how impossible it was for the King to enter into a war when he stood in need of money.

"'Civil war,' exclaimed he, 'can always be carried on without money; and besides, under such circumstances as the present, it would not be of long duration. Frenchmen are all anxious to obtain either posts or money; if promises were made them, you would soon see the King's party predominate.'

"It will be borne in mind, that the Duke of Orleans, in consequence of a very angry conversation with M. de La Fayette, relative to the events of the 5th and 6th of October, was compelled to visit England, to execute, it was said, an important mission for the King, though this report had not the slightest foundation. The Duke of Orleans was extremely annoyed that he was obliged to undertake this journey, for he foresaw that the public would soon be informed as to the real motive of his departure. It was indeed very humiliating for this prince to be obliged to yield to M. de La Fayette's imperious will, and to admit that he had had some share in the provocations which led to the tumult of the 5th and 6th of October.

"For some time he hesitated how he should act, and the Duke de Lauzun was commissioned by him to consult Mirabeau, as to the manner in which he (the Prince) should proceed. Mirabeau was just then confined by illness to the Hôtel de Malte, where he resided when in Paris. I happened to be with him when the Duke de Lauzun paid him a visit, with a view of relating what had passed between the Duke of Orleans and MM. de La Fayette, and Montmorin. M. de La Fayette had addressed himself to M. Montmorin, to procure his assistance in getting rid of the Prince, upon whom he wished to cast all the consequences of the crimes committed on the 6th of October, which he himself had been unable to foresee would happen, and which he had not prevented taking place.

"Mirabeau, as I have before mentioned, thought very meanly of the Duke of Orleans, but he would have preferred his remaining in France; because if the necessity of his departure from the country had been enforced by La Fayette, the latter would thus have acquired too much importance and power, and this might have rendered him

dangerous to the monarchy, which it was already supposed he was anxious to overthrow.

"Soon after the assembling of the States-General, Mirabeau had penetrated M. de La Fayette's views, and had become aware that if he were successful in carrying them out, they must undoubtedly lead to a republic; he did not therefore desire that a man, who was even at this time all powerful, should be left without a counterpoise, and he believed that the Duke of Orlean's departure would at once confirm his predominancy. After listening attentively to M. de Lauzun, he said that his opinion was, that the Duke of Orleans ought not to submit to La Fayette, who was giving himself the airs of the Maire du palais, and he added, 'that if on the day following the morrow, the Duke of Orleans would make his appearance in the Assembly, he Mirabeau would attack La Fayette, and would speak in such manner as at once to cast aside all his pretensions.' The Duke de Lauzun engaged that the Duke of Orleans should appear in the Assembly, which at that time held its *séances* at Versailles. Mirabeau took care to go early on the day he had mentioned, but he had no sooner taken his place, than he received a note from M. de Lauzun, in which he informed him, that the Duke of Orleans had set out for England. It was then that Mirabeau made the following indignant exclamation, to which an allusion has so frequently been made. 'It is stated that I belong to his party,—why, I would not even have him for my valet!'

"However indifferently Mirabeau thought of La Fayette personally, he did not a moment deceive himself, as to the necessity of taking him into consideration in the management of affairs, for he was fully aware that he (La Fayette) had carved out a position for himself, and had managed to secure to himself considerable popularity.

"Mirabeau had often sought his acquaintance, with a view of planning with him the best means of preserving the country from complete anarchy, into which it was daily more certainly plunging. Besides the number of letters which Mirabeau wrote me, relative to his negociations with La Fayette, especially concerning those which went forward during the month of October, 1789, among his papers will be found proofs of what I have stated on this subject. The letters which passed between Mirabeau and myself during the month of October, 1789, will serve to show what his situation was at this time. Embarrassment of a pecuuiary nature met him at every turn; the advances of money that I was able to make him were some source of good to him, but unfortunately they did not remedy the principal evil. Mirabeau required a large sum to place him out of difficulty; in order to obtain it, he sought at first for a position which would give him the means of employing and improving his talents, and with this view he was anxious to enter the ministry. La Fayette became the confidant of his plans, and at one time he even offered to place in Mirabeau's hands the sum of fifty thousand francs, which was undoubtedly to be procured from the King's civil list; but this sum was never received. He proposed an embassy to him also, which was to serve as a stepping-stone to the ministry, but Mirabeau refused all his offers of assistance.

"The state of affairs appeared to him to be daily wearing an aspect of greater importance, and he believed soon that he would be the only man to prevent the edifice from crumbling beneath our feet. The public supplies could no longer be furnished, and in the ministry dis-

order had reached its utmost height. At this precise moment Mirabeau prepared to attack the ministry, M. Necker was on the point of resigning his post, the general disturbance would most likely be very great, and Mirabeau would alone be the only person to stem the torrent. Unfortunately, all his schemes were overthrown by the proclamation which was issued on the 7th of November, 1789, which forbad members of the Assembly from entering the ministry. The issue of this decree forms an important era in Mirabeau's political career; his ambition received a sudden check; his hope of placing himself at the head of the administration of affairs, with a view of saving the monarchy, at once completely vanished. His contempt for the Assembly continued visibly to increase, and for some time he appeared to be perfectly discouraged and indifferent concerning public affairs. A letter of Mirabeau's sister to his wife, a rough copy of which, written by herself, is in my possession, gives a faithful and simple description of his feelings and political views at this period. It will be found among his papers, and is dated December, 1789.

"Notwithstanding the hopeless nature of my conversation with Monsieur, I learnt that it had not been without useful results, for since the Prince had been aware of Mirabeau's good intentions, he had consulted him on divers matters, through the medium of the Duke de Lévis, captain of his guards.

"The Duke de Lévis was a man of considerable mind, and was endowed with great judgment and tact, which enabled him to form generally a tolerably correct estimate of men. When a member of the Constituent Assembly, his opinions were always full of wisdom and moderation. His conversations with Mirabeau generally took place in my presence; if by any chance I happened to be absent on these occasions, Mirabeau always gave me a faithful account of what had passed, even concerning the minutest details.

"At a later period, during my stay in Belgium, Mirabeau thought of inducing Monsieur to enter the ministry, and he afterwards assisted him with his advice in the affair of Favras. References to these two questions will be found in letters which he dispatched to me when at Brussels. But I must proceed according to the order of events.

"We had reached December, 1789, at the time of which I am speaking, and all Mirabeau's exertions for the public welfare had failed. He bitterly groaned at the position which he personally held, when, with a just appreciation of his powers, he felt himself shut out from all possibility of using them with advantage. The King's ministers, instead of endeavouring to reconcile their views with his, only sought to render him an object of dislike to the public. With this idea they accused him of being the author and one of the principal actors of the scenes which occurred on the memorable days of the 5th and 6th of October. The thought that such an accusation was cast upon him completely overwhelmed him, and on this occasion he again exclaimed, 'Alas! how the immorality which marked my youth unfits me for working in the public service!' How many times since that period has he repeated in different form the substance of these words, and in an accent of uncontrollable grief and remorse!

"At this juncture of affairs I felt completely discouraged and resolved to retire from the Assembly and for the present visit the Low Countries. Mirabeau tried to persuade me to remain, by reminding me of our

friendship for each other, and of the interest which he knew I felt for the Royal Family, and if I were on the spot he thought I might be of use. 'If civil war should come upon us,' said he, 'we might be able to serve the Royal cause; you in a military point of view and I politically.' For a few days his observations had some effect upon me, and I did not carry out my resolution; but I soon returned to my first plan, for I experienced an unconquerable desire to withdraw from scenes which alternately harrowed my feelings and inspired me with disgust. I felt too that at a distance my mind would be less fettered by party opinion, and I should be better able to judge of those events which I had witnessed. I set out, therefore, on the 15th of December, 1789, for my estate of Raismes, which lay between Tournay and Valenciennes, where I remained for several days, and afterwards I started for the Low Countries. Here a revolution had broken out against the sovereignty of Austria, but on widely different principles from those which had occasioned one in France.

"Joseph the Second, Emperor of Germany, the Sovereign of the Low Countries, and the successor of Marie-Thérèse, had not adopted that wise and tolerant system of government pursued by his mother. Marie-Thérèse considered that the institutions and customs of a people, when they did not give birth to anything that was contrary to the laws of morality, ought to be respected, and in governing the Low Countries and the other portions of the Austrian dominions she had always kept this idea in view. Her son, on the contrary, set himself up for a Reformer, and began to make violent changes in the institutions of his people. He was born to shine in society, but he lacked those qualities of mind which are necessary to make a great Sovereign. He entertained the same notion as many people at the time he lived, that of bestowing upon nations, according to their ideas, the enjoyment of increased liberty.

"Joseph the Second, however, could never follow up his schemes; a plan which he had laid down one day was rejected the next, and by this manner of proceeding he made himself enemies, not only among those persons to whom his contemplated reforms were displeasing, but among those by whom at first they had met with approbation. Ever since this monarch had been on the throne, and exactly eight years had elapsed from the death of Marie-Thérèse, he had been endeavouring to abolish all the privileges and to change and reform all the principles and customs which had hitherto prevailed in the various branches of government and administration.

"The Low Countries, which had ever shown such a loyal attachment to his mother, were justly indignant at his conduct, and had openly revolted against his authority. The events which were taking place at this time in Belgium were quite as much calculated to excite interest as those in France. The rank which my family held in Belgium and the property which we possessed in this country were completely at stake, on account of the disturbances which had broken out; therefore it was not merely from curiosity that I turned my attention to the present state of affairs in Belgium, but also because I was personally interested in them."

---

## THE CLARENDON GALLERY.

The history of the eventful contests which convulsed England in the seventeenth century, can never lose its interest. Succeeding events in this as well as in other countries, important as they have been, have served rather to add to, than detract from, the zest with which we peruse the account of those throes and struggles, by which, through much tribulation, our constitution was at last established on the firm basis on which it now rests—the wonder and admiration of the civilized world.

At this time such a contemplation is more especially interesting; for we have lived to see other nations pass, like us, through the fearful struggle for liberty, and, unlike us, let the invaluable prize slip from their grasp, before they had well appreciated its benefits. At this time, when we are well-nigh the sole nation on this side of the Atlantic in the enjoyment of personal liberty and constitutional freedom, it is indeed a task which may well engage our attention, to look back upon the manner in which those liberties were asserted, and trace the steps by which that constitution was placed so securely on its foundations, that, though like the Cornish Logan Stone, it may be made to vibrate to the one side or to the other, it uniformly reverts to a position of security, from which it would seem impossible for the power of man to remove it.

But if such attention is accorded to the labours of the historian, an interest if possible still more lively hangs upon the pen of the biographer. To become acquainted with the thoughts and the feelings, the hopes and the fears, the speeches and the actions of those who moved among such stirring scenes, is indeed to be ourselves present amongst them—to play our own part, to fight our own battles, whether in the field or in the senate, to animate ourselves with the passion of loyalty, with the enthusiasm for liberty, which actuated those in whom we so deeply interest ourselves. To dwell upon the actions of the mighty dead, and make ourselves acquainted with the springs that prompted them, is at all times a profitable occupation; but in many cases when we attempt to detect these last our penetration is baffled; so many hidden motives are brought into play—the force of habit, the power of party spirit, early education, and professional engagements mould the character of so many who, great and powerful in their generation, have yet been content to follow the beaten track, and have shrunk from carving out a line for themselves.

In those days, however, such causes had comparatively little power—the importance of the issues at stake compelled each one to judge for himself, and to bend the powers of his individual mind to the choice of the line of conduct, which it was his duty to pursue. This point is remarkably illustrated by the fact, that many of the greatest and most distinguished statesmen of the time were compelled by the force of their own convictions to break the ties that bound them to their party, and not all together (for that would have been comparatively an easy task), but one by one, as their individual judgment prompted, pass over to the opposite camp. Among the most distinguished of those were the Lords Falkland, Capell, and Hertford, who, all of them originally members of the popular party and opponents of the Court, ultimately became the most strenuous supporters of the Crown,

in whose defence two of them shed their blood, one on the field and the other on the scaffold. They each of them, although of different ages, began their public career at nearly the same epoch—a coincidence, which may probably find a sufficient cause in the fact that up to that time there had been little opportunity for any one, not absolutely a creature of the Court, to take a part in the affairs of the nation.

Disgusted with the conduct of the three first Parliaments of his reign, which had shown a greater disposition to demand a redress of their grievances than to grant the supplies that he required, Charles had for ten years been trying the bold experiment of governing without a Parliament. His principal adviser and coadjutor in this had been Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, a man who, however much his iniquitous condemnation and cruel death may excite our sympathy, cannot be acquitted of the grave offence of conspiring against the liberties of his country. Under his counsel, and with the assistance of a bench of compliant Judges and an unscrupulous Lord Keeper, old statutes had been exhumed from the dust of centuries, antiquated taxes had been revived, and the grievous impost of Ship-money had been collected, till in effect a large revenue had been raised, which, had due economy been observed, and all expensive wars avoided, might in a few more years have been sufficient to keep in pay the mercenary standing army which Strafford desired, and thus keep down and destroy for ever the liberties of the people.

What might have been the fate of the people of England, had that scheme succeeded, can only be matter for conjecture. It pleased the Almighty in his Providence to overthrow it by inspiring the King with a project, which effectually frustrated Strafford's well-laid machinations.

The Scotch had long submitted unwillingly to the Episcopal form of Church Government; but regardless of their prejudices, and influenced by the blind desire for uniformity which has led so many astray, Charles determined to impose upon them the Liturgy of the Church of England. The attempt to introduce this led, it will be remembered, to a riot, the riot to seditious meetings, seditious meetings to rebellion, and the rebellion made it necessary for the King to raise an army and march northwards to suppress it. He summoned his nobles to join him, and it is upon this occasion (1639) that we first hear of Lord Falkland, then about twenty-eight years of age, taking a part in public business. He had once before had occasion to consider himself aggrieved by the King, having, when a young man of nineteen, been deprived of a company of which he had had the command, and afterwards imprisoned in the Fleet, for fighting a duel with his successor. He was now again destined to be disappointed; he had been promised a command — it was given to another. He did not, however, permit his private feelings to interfere with his duty, though he never ceased to look upon the King with personal dislike, even in the latter part of his life, when no one fought harder in his service.

Lord Hertford was also summoned to join the expedition; and although now upwards of fifty years of age, and much addicted to study and retirement, and having suffered "many and continued disobligations from the Court," he did not fail to obey the summons, and he also joined the troops under the command of his brother-in-law, Lord Essex.

The campaign was only partially successful; a treaty was made at Berwick, by which the Scots gave up nothing, and the King disbanded his army and returned to London. The expense of this expedition, how-

ever, made it absolutely necessary to call a Parliament, and accordingly on the sixteenth of April, 1640, one was summoned at Westminster, in which the three statesmen, more immediately the subject of this notice, took part. Lord Hertford was, of course, in his place in the Upper House; Lord Falkland being a Scotch Peer had no seat in the English House of Lords, but being returned Member for Newport, Isle of Wight, he took his seat in the Lower House, as did Mr. Capell as Member for the County of Hertford.

The temper of this Parliament was more moderate than that of any of its immediate predecessors; and it is not improbable that, on the redress of a few of the more pressing grievances, the King would have obtained the supplies that he so much needed; but a misunderstanding was caused (whether intentionally or not has been much disputed) by Sir Harry Vane, then Secretary of State, and the King angrily dissolved the Parliament on the fourth of May.

The King now again marched northwards against the Scots, and, finding the Commons so impracticable, he hit upon the expedient of calling a Council of Peers only, at York.

Lord Hertford was among those who attended the summons, and was shortly after appointed one of the English Commissioners for treating with the Scots. The Scots, however, would not trust the King, and the King would hardly trust his own Commissioners, so that the treaty came to nothing, and was transferred to London, where, on the third of November, Parliament once more assembled, for that long and eventful session, which so justly earned for it the name of the "Long Parliament."

Up to this time, Hertford, Falkland, and Capell, had all acted as members of the popular party. The unanimity of opinion between them was now, however, to cease.

On the eleventh of November, the House of Commons determined on impeaching Strafford, a measure which Lord Falkland supported, although he was anxious that the House should proceed in a more regular manner than it appeared inclined to do. Mr. Capell also voted for the measure, though he afterwards bitterly repented of having done so. It was the one remembrance that weighed heavily on his conscience, when he himself laid down his own life on the scaffold.

Lord Hertford, however, acted differently. Though he bore no good will either to Strafford or the Court, he opposed the Bill of Attainder, as being unwise and unjust—unwise, because the principle of constructive treason therein laid down, was such, that no man holding a responsible situation in the public service, could feel secure from being repaid for his services by the loss of his head—and unjust, because a man was thereby punished under an *ex post facto* law, of which he could not have been cognizant. It is remarkable that Lord Hertford was not present on the last division on this Bill, when nineteen peers out of forty-six recorded their votes against it. It is to be presumed, however, that he was unavoidably absent, or he would have partaken of the censure which Lord Clarendon unsparingly bestows on the Bishops who voluntarily absented themselves.

Their cowardice, however, if such it were, speedily met with its reward. It was not long before Lord Falkland himself attacked them and their conduct in a masterly speech, which want of space alone prevents us from inserting *in extenso,* though we cannot forbear from giving

a few extracts, interesting as it must be at the present time to observe the estimation in which the ultra High Church doctrines were held—not by Dissenters or Covenanters, but by such men as Falkland, who afterwards testified their attachment to their Church and King, by shedding their best blood in their service.

Lord Falkland says,—

"A little search will serve to find some Bishops and their adherents to have been the destruction of Unity, under pretence of Uniformity; to have brought in Superstition and Scandal, under the titles of Reverence and Decency, to have defiled our Church by adorning our Churches; to have slackened the strictness of that union that was formerly between us and those of our religion beyond the sea; an action as impolitic as ungodly; we shall find them to have tithed mint and anise, and left undone the weightier works of the law.

"Some have evidently laboured to bring in an English, though not a Roman, popery; nay, common fame is more than ordinarily false, if none of them have found a way to reconcile the opinions of Rome to the preferments of England, and to be so absolutely, directly and cordially Papists, that it is all that £1500 a-year can do to keep them from confessing it."

Lord Falkland supported the Bill for depriving the Bishops of their seats in the House of Lords, and of their other temporal dignities. Lord Hertford in the Upper House opposed it. And the Bill was ultimately thrown out. Another Bill for totally abolishing, not only Bishops, but all Ecclesiastical dignitaries, called "The Root and Branch Bill" did not receive Lord Falkland's support. Indeed, by that time he had begun to perceive the lengths to which the popular party were being hurried, and his ardour in their cause appears to have very materially abated.

The conduct of the King had moreover undergone a very material change. Strafford being impeached, Laud imprisoned, Finch and Windebank voluntarily exiled, he determined to call to his councils those who possessed the confidence of the Commons; and accordingly in the spring of that year (February 1641), Lord Hertford and six other Peers of the popular party were sworn of the Privy Council, and in the following May, Lord Hertford was appointed to the responsible post of Governor of the Prince of Wales. Charles may undoubtedly have been kindly disposed towards him, for the part that he had taken in the proceedings against Strafford; and, before we quit this subject, it may be as well to mention the somewhat singular coincidence, which Lady Theresa Lewis does not appear to have noticed, that on the very same day on which the Royal Assent was given to the execution of Strafford, it was also given to the Bill securing the permanence of the Parliament, by which Charles was himself eventually to be deprived of his throne and life.

Lord Hertford does not appear to have considered his office as a mark of favour from the King, so much as a token of his power with the Parliament, to whom he seems to have considered himself responsible for the due performance of his trust. Great alarm was at that time felt, lest the Prince should be sent out of the kingdom, and Lord Hertford was constantly receiving remonstrances from the Parliament, to be unremitting in his vigilance. When, however, the Parliament presumed to interfere with the King's power over his own son, Lord Hertford felt that they were going beyond the line of their duty, and uniformly refused to act in accordance with their wishes.

In August of that year, just before the King went to Scotland, Mr. Capell was called to the House of Peers, by the title of Baron Capell of Hadham, an honour which he seems to have obtained by the simple process of paying down a sum in hard cash, and which he does not therefore appear to think laid him under any obligations to the Government. Matters, however, had now reached a point, when Lord Capell considered that he could no longer act with the popular party. The insulting "Remonstrance," against which Lord Falkland had made an eloquent speech, was carried in October, and Lord Capell appears henceforward to have acted with the Royalist party. Lord Falkland himself, with Sir John Culpepper (or Colepepper, as we have been more accustomed to see the name written), was sworn of the Privy Council, and accepted the office of Secretary of State. He did not however altogether cease to act with the popular party, and most assuredly did not approve of the fatal measure adopted by the King, of going in person to the House to arrest the five Members.

After the defeat of this ill-advised attempt, the King left London, never again to return but as a prisoner. He retired to Hampton, from Hampton to Windsor, and finally to York, where he received the famous nineteen Propositions from the Parliament. To these propositions it was manifestly impossible for any sovereign, intending to preserve even the shadow of authority, to give his consent, and it became evident that the war with the pen must give place to stronger measures. Lord Falkland prepared the answer to the propositions in London, and then hastened to York, where Lords Hertford and Capell had arrived before him, and these three distinguished men, who had once been banded together to resist the encroachments of the Crown, and uphold the liberties of the people, now found themselves once more united in the attempt to preserve the balance of power, by defending the prerogative of the King against the designs of an unscrupulous and unreasonable democracy.

The feelings with which they embarked in this struggle were, however, of by no means a uniform nature. Lord Hertford and Lord Capell felt an enthusiasm in the cause, and an ardent attachment to the person of the King, to which Lord Falkland was a stranger. He was bound to the cause merely by ties of duty not of affection; and he never seems to have ceased to regard the King personally with dislike. He served him, however, both with his pen and his sword, to the utmost of his ability; and his behaviour at the battle of Edge-hill, the first in which the two armies met face to face, has called forth the especial commendation of contemporary historians. The subsequent success of the royal arms, the march to Colnbrook, and the pacific overtures from the Parliament that followed, filled him with delight at the expectation that the war might now be soon brought to a conclusion; and the ultimate failure of the negotiations, caused principally by Prince Rupert's ill-timed advance upon Brentford, overwhelmed him with despair, and produced a permanent sadness and melancholy, which he was never able to shake off; and it was indeed a happy release for him, when, early in the campaign of the following year, at the battle of Newbury, a musket-shot put a period to his life on earth at the early age of thirty-three. He was a man of the highest honour and of the most unblemished integrity, conscientious almost to a fault, and one who in happier times would have filled the highest offices of state with honour to himself and advantage to his country. In him the King lost a faithful adviser; and his death, and

that of Hampden, which occurred at nearly the same time, diminished the chances of peace, by depriving the country of the two statesmen, who were most anxious for it.

It is impossible, in this brief sketch of the transactions of that period, to enter into the detail of the movements of the respective armies. Lord Hertford was named Lieutenant-general of the West, and was gaining as much for the King's cause by the high estimation in which his character was held, as by his military talents; when Prince Rupert,* who, gallant and bold as he undoubtedly was, was in this war the evil genius of his royal uncle, was unfortunately associated with him in the command, and ultimately, upon his representations, Lord Hertford was superseded, and the command of the army of the West given to Prince Maurice. It is true Lord Hertford's feelings were soothed by his being appointed Groom of the Stole; but, nevertheless, his recall from the command of the army was productive of incalculable losses to the royal cause. He now resigned the office of Governor of the Prince of Wales, and was appointed Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and for some time his name does not appear prominently in the records of the time.

Lord Capell now began to play an important part. In May 1644, he was appointed one of the Council of the Prince of Wales, together with Hyde, Hopton, Colepepper, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Southampton. Accompanied by these the Prince moved to Cornwall; where he for some time sustained an unequal contest with the Parliamentary generals, and where the greatest difficulty, with which Lord Capell and his coadjutors had to contend, was the King's often-expressed wish that his son should seek safety in France. At length his affairs became so desperate, that it was evidently no longer safe for him to remain in England, and a flight to Scilly was recommended and adopted. The extreme insecurity of that island rendered a further move necessary, and the Prince accordingly retired to Jersey, accompanied by Capell, Hyde, and Hopton. The Queen, who was now at Paris, spared no exertions to prevail upon the Prince to join her there; but his wise counsellors, well-knowing the bad effect which such a course would have upon their cause, opposed it by every means in their power; and great indeed was their grief, when the Prince at last yielded to his mother's solicitations.

They all refused to accompany him, and, as at that time they could be of no use to the King, they remained at Jersey, where Hyde composed great part of the famous "History of the Rebellion." On the occasion of a report that Lord Jermyn intended to deliver up Jersey to the French government, Lord Capell went to Paris to ascertain the truth of it; and finding, apparently, that it had no foundation, he went to Holland, and thence to England, where, the war being now concluded, and the King a prisoner, he obtained leave to reside upon his estates, and seems to have lived unmolested, until, on the occasion of the mutiny in the fleet, when the Prince of Wales took the command and sailed into the Downs, he joined the insurrection in Kent and Essex, and was finally shut up with the forces under the command of Lord Norwich in Colchester.

* The romantic career of Prince Rupert, so graphically related by the lamented Eliot Warburton, will be always referred to, as one of the most entertaining as well as brilliant narratives of the most momentous periods of English history. "Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers" was the only historical work of this fascinating writer, upon which he was engaged for nearly two years.

The siege of Colchester is one of the most memorable events of that disastrous period, when the Royalists, encouraged by the discontent of the Parliament at the power assumed by the military chiefs, and by the invasion of the Scots, who had too late returned to their allegiance and taken up arms in defence of their King, made one last attempt to retrieve their fallen fortunes, and opposed the disciplined and now veteran soldiers of Cromwell and Fairfax.

The defence was most gallant: the town, being originally destitute of fortifications, was, in an incredibly short period, placed in a position to resist all attacks; so much so, that Fairfax, after one or two ineffectual attempts, gave up all idea of taking the town by storm, and sat down before it, determined to starve out the garrison. In this he at length succeeded. After enduring incredible miseries and privations, the troops evinced symptoms of mutiny, and terms of capitulation were offered and accepted. It is a disputed point how far the lives of the leading chiefs were assured to them by these terms. There is no doubt, however, that they thought themselves secure; and to us it appears that nothing but a most violent straining of language can justify the proceedings, by which shortly afterwards, Lord Capell and others of his companions were put upon their trial for their lives, and finally executed.

Lord Capell made a most energetic defence, and ceased not to protest against the injustice of his sentence; but it availed not. Those, who had just embrued their hands in the blood of their sovereign, were not likely to feel much compunction at the execution of a few of his faithful followers. Lord Capell suffered with the meekness of a Christian and the heroism of a martyr; stating on the scaffold, that the only remembrance that lay heavily on his conscience, was the consent that he had given to the execution of Strafford.

In the meantime Lord Hertford had not been idle. He had not indeed taken up arms in the last unfortunate rising; but he had been in attendance on his imprisoned sovereign, and had aided him with his counsel and advice during the treaty of Newport, the last occasion on which Charles acted with even the semblance of being a free agent. Before that treaty was concluded, the King was seized by the military, conveyed to Hurst Castle, thence to London, where, in a few weeks, he was tried and executed. During the Commonwealth, Lord Hertford was permitted to reside peaceably on his own estates, whence, from his diminished resources, he afforded pecuniary assistance to the young King, and various of his exiled followers. Cromwell had always regarded Lord Hertford with the highest esteem, and on one occasion even condescended to ask his advice on the state of the country. Lord Hertford endeavoured to excuse himself; but, as the Protector would take no denial, he frankly avowed that the only course that he could recommend, was the recall of the rightful sovereign. Cromwell merely observed, that he had gone too far to be able to adopt that measure, and does not appear to have been offended at Lord Hertford's frankness.

At the Restoration, Lord Hertford and Lord Southampton, two old and faithful followers of the late King, were among the first to welcome his successor. They were most graciously received by Charles, and at Canterbury were both invested with the Garter. Shortly afterwards, the title of Duke of Somerset, which had been forfeited by his great-grandfather the Protector, was restored to Lord Hertford, the attainder

being removed by Act of Parliament; and, in the course of the same year, loaded with years and honours, he sank into his grave, happy to have lived to see the Restoration he had so ardently desired, happier still to have died ere the day, that dawned so brilliantly on the second Charles, was obscured by clouds raised by his own misgovernment.

We have been unwilling to interrupt the narration of events of a public nature, by dwelling on the private histories of the subjects of these memoirs. Of Lord Capell and Lord Falkland, but little is to be said. They each, singularly enough, married a Miss Morrison, but it does not appear that they were in any way related. Certainly their worldly circumstances were very different; for, while Lord Capell derived from his wife the magnificent estate of Cassiobury, now the residence of his descendants, the Earls of Essex, Lord Falkland incurred the heavy and permanent displeasure of his father, by marrying, at an early age, a young lady, who, though unobjectionable in other respects, was entirely destitute of fortune. Both of these ladies appear to have made most devoted, affectionate, and exemplary wives, and to have been every way worthy of their high-minded and honourable husbands.

Lord Hertford's early life, however, was signalized by an attachment of a far more romantic and eventful nature. It is possible that some of our readers may never have known, and that many may have forgotten, that the Lord Hertford, so distinguished during the annals of Parliamentary contests and civil wars, was no other than the identical William Seymour, whose marriage with the ill-fated Lady Arabella Stuart constitutes one of the most romantic stories of the age. The story is too well-known for us to dilate upon it here, and our limits warn us to be brief. We therefore merely enter our protest against Lady Theresa Lewis's assumption, that Seymour was actuated by purely mercenary motives in first seeking Arabella's hand. The whole tenor of Lord Hertford's subsequent career is so opposed to such a supposition, that we confess we are inclined to side with the elder Disraeli, who suggests that Seymour's avowal of such motives was probably made "to cover his undoubted affection for Arabella, whom he had early known." After her death, he married a sister of Lord Essex, but the remembrance of his early love appears in the interesting fact, that his eldest child was christened Arabella.

We can confidently recommend these entertaining volumes to our readers. They will find much that is new, collected with great pains and research from a variety of different sources. The authorities for every statement of importance are uniformly quoted, and much valuable matter is contained in the Appendices. The biographies are agreeably written, and convey a distinct and pleasing idea both of the characters of their subjects, and the part they played in the scenes of that eventful time.

The work is prefaced by an interesting introduction, containing an account of the manner in which the pictures and MSS. of Lord Chancellor Clarendon have been preserved or dispersed, which we recommend to the notice even of those readers who are wont to skip "prefaces and introductions." There are, indeed, we confidently believe, few classes of readers, who would not find both entertainment and instruction in the perusal of the "Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon."

# A VISIT TO BAALBEC,

## THE BAALATH OF SOLOMON.

Of the numerous cities which flourished in the beautiful region first inhabited by the human race, where then the ferment of passions was rife with virtues, vices, glories, revolutions, and decay, though now so silent in desolation—some present a curious contrast in the aspect they assume, for the teaching of posterity. Their historical traces are in inverse ratio to the actual remains of their monumental splendour. Memphis, Nineveh, Babylon, Sidon, Tyre, &c. are bright in the pages of history, though their utter destruction, has fulfilled the denunciations of sacred verse. While others almost, or entirely "unknown to fame," have left silent testimonials of their magnificence, which in parts look as fresh as if really chiselled for eternity. Thus Tadmor "of the desert," though retaining the name given to it by its founder Solomon, in history only flashes forth during a short-lived zenith, under the name of Palmyra, when it almost rivalled Rome, and then sank as speedily into oblivion.

Thus, also, with the very ancient city of Baalbec; its different stages in prosperity and decay are utterly unknown to us: but the present state of both these cities, attesting their former beauty and extent, sheds a halo over the past, tinged with mystery, which strikes the mind with a feeling nearly akin to awe, and cannot fail to afford subjects for deep meditation, causing every visitor to regret the little time that is usually devoted to them. This was so completely my feeling, that, not satisfied with having seen the ruins of Baalbec in the autumn of 1850, I eagerly seized an opportunity, in the following spring, of returning to them; though again to be disappointed in not having time enough for a careful examination. This having been the case with the majority of travellers since the time of Wood and Dawkins, but little as yet is known of this very interesting city; and it seems therefore a sort of duty that every one should add his gleanings, scanty though they be, to the general stock of information.

Baalbec is situated at the head of the remarkable valley, running between the two mountain ranges of Libanus and Antilibanus, anciently Cœlo-Syria, now called the Bekaa, which, though its rise is almost imperceptible from its uniformity, attains an elevation at Baalbec, of between three or four thousand feet. The highest part of the range of Lebanon, called by the Arabs Gibel Libnan, is distant about twenty miles and bears about north-north-west. The valley is watered by the Leitani (anciently the Leontes), which has its rise just above the town, and at its birth even is a considerable stream. A remarkable feature in this basin is, that it is divided by a very slight elevation from that of the river Orontes, which flows in an opposite direction, to the north. Both of these streams resemble the Jordan in the rapidity of their current, and the great fall in proportion to their length of course.

From its position, whether in a military or a commercial point of view, Baalbec must have risen early to wealth and distinction.

Many writers have supposed that the town called Baalath, in the historical books of the Old Testament, is the Baalbec to which we refer and it would seem with reason. We read that "Solomon built Baalath,

and Tadmor in the Wilderness, in the land" (1 Kings ix. 18); "and Solomon built Tadmor in the wilderness, and all the store-cities, which he built in Hamath, and Baalath, and all the store-cities, that Solomon had, and all that Solomon desired to build in Jerusalem, and in Lebanon, and throughout all the land of his dominion" (2 Chron. viii. 4, 6; also 2 Chron. ix. 17, 20). From these passages we may infer, both etymologically and geographically, that Baalath and Baalbec are identical. Sacred Writ informs us that Solomon in his old age forsook the worship of the true God, and followed the idolatrous rites of other nations. What can be more probable than that Baal was among the number?

It has been frequently shown that Baal, or Bel, a generic name for the deity of those countries, yet more particularly signifies the sun, the earliest object of idolatrous worship among Eastern nations; and that the Sun was worshipped in Syria, we further know from the fact that the Greeks changed the ancient name of Baalbec into the Heliopolis, the city of the Sun, also that the celebrated temple in Palmyra was dedicated to the Sun.

The evidence derived from its geographical position is very important, as associated with Hamath, in the preceding quotations. This town corresponds to the modern Hamah lying to the north, while the mention of Lebanon clearly identifies Baalath with some place in the vicinity of these mountains.

Another very important argument that would lead us to the same conclusion, is in the preservation of ancient names, by modern inhabitants. Thus, the land of Egypt is called in Scripture Mizraim,—and El Mesr is the name given by the modern Egyptians to Cairo, their capital. Palmyra, the city of palm-trees, was the appellation used by the Greeks for the scriptural Tadmor of the Desert: it is now again known by its more ancient name,—the Arabs call it Tedmor. We have also the Hamath of Solomon changed to the Emesa of the Greeks, and restored in the Hamah of the Arabs.

Thus Scriptural allusions, geographical position, etymology, and tradition, alike concur in fixing the identity of Baalath with Baalbec. The Arabs believe that Baalbec was built by Solyman Ebn Daoud, or Solomon, the son of David, who employed the agency of genii. While, however, the traditions of this unchanged and unchanging race, though hampered by absurdities, are entitled to respect, in ascribing the whole work to the great king, they are clearly mistaken; as the most casual observer could not fail to see that this immense group of ruins, as various in form as in purpose, has been the work of several periods. The principal feature distinguishing these ruins from all others, of every age and people, is the enormous magnitude of the stones that form the basement wall, on the northern and western sides of the substructure of the great Temple. These stones were first noticed in modern times by Maundrell in his work entitled "A Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem." His words are (page 137), "Here is another curiosity of this place, which a man had need be well assured of his credit, before he ventures to relate, lest he should be thought to strain the privilege of a traveller too far.

"That which I mean is a large piece of the old wall or Peribolus, which encompassed all these structures last described. A wall made of such monstrous great stones, that the nations hereabouts (as it is usual

in all things of this strange nature) ascribe to the Architecture of the Devil. Three of the stones, which were larger than the rest, we took the pains to measure, and found them to extend 61 yards in length, one 21, the other two 20 each. In deepness they were 4 yards each, and in breadth of the same dimensions. These three stones lay in one and the same row, end to end.

"The rest of the wall was formed also of great stones, but none of so great a magnitude as these. That which added to the wonder was, that these stones were lifted up into the wall more than twenty feet from the ground."

These measurements are rather understated. I measured them with Captain William Allen, R.N., and found that two of them are a little above 63 feet each, and the third above 62 feet in length. These, again, rest on another tier of stones, averaging more than 30 feet in length, while they exceed in deepness those above them. When we contemplate masses such as these, lying in a wall at so great a height from the ground, we must confess that in practical knowledge of mechanics the ancients were fully our equals, and perhaps our superiors. What power could they have applied to transport blocks, weighing about twelve hundred tons, from the quarry, a distance of nearly half a mile, to their present resting place? The three great stones lie in the western wall of the temple basement, and extend nearly to the north-western angle, while those of the lower tier turn and continue along the northern side for a distance of three hundred and thirteen feet, but are separated from the present northern wall of the temple area by a court or corridor, twenty-six feet wide, and in length nearly equal to that of the outer wall. The stones comprising it are none less than thirty feet long, while their average height is twelve feet, and thickness ten.

These are all the remains of the first period of the architectural history of Baalbec; but a similar stone, of larger dimensions than those in the wall, lies in the quarry unfinished, the under side not having been detached from the rock; the measurements (made in my first visit, and confirmed in the second) are, 68 feet 10 inches, 13 feet 8 inches, and 14 feet three inches. Who then could have carried on works on such a gigantic scale, but the great King who excelled all the kings of the earth in wisdom and knowledge, and who is said to have prepared "great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones?" *

On contemplating these few vestiges, we are naturally led to wonder whether the stupendous fabric of which they would have formed a part was ever completed; but as it is not easy to believe that either time or the brief fury of man could cause the entire disappearance of such enormous masses; it would be reasonable to conjecture that the works had been stopped by some local cause, as an invasion, and, in support of this, we read, that when Solomon followed strange gods, the Lord raised him up enemies on every side, and among them Rezon, king of Damascus, who "was an adversary to Israel all the days of Solomon, and he abhorred Israel, and reigned over Syria." †

Now Baalath being an important post, and not far from Damascus, we may readily believe that it would be one of the first cities attacked by Rezon and the Syrians; this might have caused a suspension, or a total cessation of the works, which is corroborated by the large unfi-

* 1 Kings xvii. † 1 Kings xi. 25.

nished stone in the quarry; and that the portion remaining was, at a remote period, in the same state as that in which we find it, and yet had excited the wonder of the world, may be inferred from this passage. "This same Theodosius destroyed the temple of Heliopolis, the great and renowned, called the Trilithon, and made of it a church for the Christians." * Here the term Trilithon, or three-stoned, seems fully to justify Wood and Dawkins, in their referring its origin to the three great stones so often mentioned. On the other hand, if the supposition of the sudden interruption of the work is untenable, we may adopt the following hypothesis: that this most ancient part formed two sides of a rectangular court, of which the others are buried by the superincumbent mass of rubbish. For the difference of level between the platform of the temple and the upper surface of the great stones is not much less than twenty feet, and at the southern extremity of the western (ancient) wall, the last stone in the lower tier projects beyond the great stone above it, half of its length, and might be supposed to form the angle, where another great stone (perhaps the one in the quarry) was intended to have been placed. And again, the eastern extremity of the northern wall is crossed by the more modern building, here running at right angles to its original direction; but whether built over the ancient work, or forming its termination, it is difficult to say, though the former is the most probable supposition, and if excavations were made in the direction of this supposed continuation, and at the point before-mentioned it is not at all improbable but that they might lead to some interesting discoveries.

After the era of stones several hundred years pass without any allusion in history to the town of Baalbec; yet must it have risen to great importance, and was probably adorned with splendid temples and public buildings. The first notice of the building of the temples is that given by John of Antioch, commonly called Malalas, in the eleventh book of his Chronicles:—"Elius Antoninus Pius built a great temple to Jupiter in Heliopolis, near Libanus, in Phœnicia, which was one of the wonders of the world." † This testimony of John of Antioch is corroborated by an inscription on the pedestals of two columns, at the entrance leading to the courts of the great temple. They are raised about thirty feet from the ground, and, as the letters are small and narrow, I found considerable difficulty in obtaining a copy; but on comparing it with that given in Wood and Dawkins' work, I find they agree in every particular, except that, as they copied it a hundred years ago, the letters were not quite so much defaced then as now. The names of the Emperor Antoninus Pius and of his mother Julia are contained in it, and that he built, or embellished, it at his own expense; but which of the two, the imperfect state of the inscription did not enable us to determine. But as John of Antioch expressly mentions that Antoninus Pius built a great temple near Libanus, we may safely

* Οὗτος ὁ Θεοδόσιος καὶ κατέλυσε καὶ τὸ ἱερὸν Ἡλιουπόλεως, τὸ τοῦ Βαλανίου, τὸ μέγα καὶ περιβόητον, καὶ τὸ Τρίλιθον, καὶ ἐποίησεν αὐτο ἐκκλησίαν Χριστιανῶν.—Κατέλυσε δὲ καὶ τὸ ἵερον Ἡλιουπόλεως τὸ μέγα, καὶ περιβόητον, τὸ λεγομένον Τρίλιθον καὶ ἐποίησεν αὔτο ἐκκλησίαν Χριστιανοῖς.

† Ἥλιος Ἀντωνῖνος Πίος ἔκτισεν ἐν Ἡλιουπόλει τῆς Φοινίκης τοῦ Λιβάνου ναὸν τῷ Δῖι μέγαν, ἵνα καὶ αὔτα ὄντα τῶν θεαμάτων.

"Magnis Diis Heliopolitanis pro salute Antonini Pii Fel. Aug. et Juliæ Augustæ Matris Domini Nostri castrorum senatus Patriæ.—Victoriis columnarum dum erant in muro inluminata suâ pecuniâ ex voto libenti animo solvit."

conclude that the temple there spoken of is the same that bears his name as the builder or restorer in the inscription.

That this portion of the buildings was not erected earlier than the time of the Roman rule in Syria, may be inferred from our finding the semicircular arch frequently introduced, not only in the architectural decorations, but also in extensive vaults that pierce the mass of masonry beneath the courts, running generally from east to west. But before alluding to the subsequent history of Baalbec, it may be well to give a brief description of the principal objects of interest.

There are the remains of two magnificent temples, of which the smaller is in the better state of preservation. The approach to the grand temple appears to have been at the eastern end of two courts, by a handsome flight of steps, flanked on either side by a high square tower, ornamented with pilasters in the Corinthian style of architecture. The steps have disappeared, and a wall, composed of ancient stones, irregularly arranged, and probably built up by the Arabs, from some former ruin, now occupies their place. The entrance into the first court is by a principal and two side portals; the length of the court, hexagonal in form, is 190 feet, and its width 266 feet. Beyond this you enter the second quadrangular court, 440 feet wide by 405 feet, profusely ornamented; which must have presented in ancient times a very magnificent appearance. The two opposite sides correspond, and have each five recesses; three of an oblong form, and two semicircular; the niches, with which they are all provided, having alternately triangular and semicircular pediments. On the left side, and in a line with the front of the recesses, are fragments of the bases and shafts of red granite columns, highly polished; they would have formed a handsome colonade; and, although there are no such remains on the right side of the court, yet as they correspond in everything else, they must have also corresponded in this.

About sixty feet from the entrance to this court, and extending opposite to it for some distance either way, is a kind of platform of masonry; and beyond, are detached masses at regular intervals forming a species of avenue, or nave, leading up to the portico of the grand temple; the first on the left hand side served as the door, the rest might have been pedestals for equestrian statues, as they are oblong in form. The avenue terminates in a building containing a large semicircular recess turned towards the entrance, and leading (probably by a staircase) to the portals of the grand temple—perhaps one of the most glorious edifices ever erected by the heathen world. Only six columns remain, but so beautiful are their proportions, so rich the carvings of the capital, the entablature, and cornice, that they rivet our admiration. All the bases of the columns remain on the northern side, either in *situ*, or replaced; there were nineteen, and ten in the portico.

The length of the temple is 290 feet, and its breadth 155; the total height to the top of the cornice 82 feet 4 inches, of which the shaft itself is 54 feet 6 inches, and is in only three pieces, their lengths being respectively 25 feet, 17 feet 6 inches, and 12 feet, the pedestal 7 feet 6 inches, and the capital 7 feet in height; the shaft is *not* fluted, but the want of ornament here is counterbalanced by the richness of the parts above. The stone is a compact limestone, approaching to marble; time and weather, without wearing it away, have heightened the original delicate tint, to a rich golden brown, which, when lighted up

by the rays of the rising or setting sun, renders the whole effect unspeakably glorious.

As before said, only six columns remain, and as nine are represented in the engravings given by Maundrell, and Wood and Dawkins, even since their time, this splendid edifice has suffered by an earthquake, or by the insidious attacks of the Arabs, who, to possess themselves of the iron with which every two pieces are clamped together, chip half of one side of the shaft away, reducing it to such a state, that would require but little force to overthrow it.

Many visitors imagine that it was never completed, and there are several reasons that would lead to this conclusion; as, for instance, the bases of the columns in the north side are rough and unfinished, very different from the beautiful finish of those in the south peristyle. Again, the fragments strewn on the ground, of columns, capitals, cornices, &c. are small in number, compared with what there would have been had the temple been ever completed. For, if we could believe that subsequent builders had not made more free with the materials of one temple than of the other, then the quantity of ruins on the ground would be the relative measure of the state of completion. Thus, the smaller temple, is much more perfect than the larger, yet the amount of ruin lying on the ground is very much greater.

That the Mahomedan masters should have taken all to build with, is not probable, for there are no large cities in the neighbourhood, and why should they have taken the fragments of one, and not of the other temple?

The smaller temple stands on considerably lower ground, a little to the south of the other. Its extreme length is 190 feet, and breadth 120; fourteen columns in each peristyle, and eight in the porticoes, reckoning those at the returning angle in each case. The height to the top of the cornice is 68 feet 6 inches, the shaft itself being about 48 feet high, in three pieces, their length are, 22 feet, 15 feet, and 11 feet. In its principal features, and particularly in the character and arrangements of the ornaments (which are in every respect as rich and as beautiful), this is, perhaps, a diminished copy of the great temple, or the original conception of the architect on a diminished scale. The walls of the cella stand entire, and are prolonged a few yards beyond the portal, where they are connected by a rough wall built across by the Arabs, shutting out a view of the entrance, which, in the profusion, exquisite finish, and variety of sculpture, can hardly be surpassed. The portal is thus described by Maundrell:

"On the nethermost side of the portal is carved an eagle hovering over the head, as you enter, and extending its wings two-thirds of the breadth of the gate; and on each side of the eagle is described a Fame, likewise upon the wing. The eagle carries in its pounces a caduceus, and in his beak the strings and ribbons coming from two festoons, whose other ends are held and supported on each side by the two Fames, the whole seemed to be an admirable piece of sculpture."

The gate is spanned by three stones, whose under surfaces are sculptured in the manner just described by Maundrell; but since his time, an earthquake has displaced the central one in such a manner, that it has slipped down between the other two as much as three or four feet, and hangs suspended by the pressure of the adjoining stones, and is seemingly ever ready to fall on the head of an unwary traveller. This

architrave over the portal is supported on two bold consoles, and all round the sides and above are festoons of flowers, grapes and vine leaves, with little cupids climbing about, and ears of corn; all are admirable representations of nature.

As the interior of the temple was more perfect in Maundrell's time than it is at present, let us again refer to his work for a description of it, in order to show the progress of dilapidation. After mentioning that the interior walls are ornamented with eight half columns fluted, and supporting magnificent entablatures and cornices, he proceeds to say,—"About eight yards distant from the upper end of the temple stands part of two fine channelled pillars, which seem to have made a partition in that place, and to have supported a canopy over the throne of the chief idol, whose station appears to have been at a large niche at this end. On that part of the partition which remains are to be seen carvings in relievo, representing Neptune, Tritons, fishes, sea gods, Arion and his Dolphin, and other marine figures. The covering of the fabric is totally broken down; but yet this I must say, of the whole as it now stands, that it strikes the mind with an air of greatness beyond anything I sever saw before, and is an eminent proof of the magnificence of the ancient architecture." The "partition" has since fallen, and none of the sculptures are now to be seen, but other parts which remain are amply sufficient to justify the praise given by this most accurate writer.

On either side of the entrance are two stone staircases leading to the top of the building; that on the left broken away, that on the right concealed by being built all round, and having no apparent entrance. As we were roaming about the temple by moonlight, one of our companions discovered a small hole broken through the wall; by lying flat on the ground, he managed with considerable difficulty to worm his way through it, when he found himself in a small chamber, perfectly dark; after a little groping about, he found a staircase. On hearing the result of our companion's explorations, some others of the party, laying aside their outer coats, followed his example; of the rest, one was satisfied with the report of our discovery, while the other, having made the attempt, and failing to insinuate himself much beyond the shoulders, began to reflect on the awkwardness of being half immured for the rest of his days, prudently made a "sternboard," that is, he backed out of it. The staircase wound round the sides of a square tower, and the stones of the steps had evidently been trodden by few persons. On reaching the top, we carefully examined the upper tiers of stone of the walls, in order to ascertain whether there were any vestiges of a roof, but nothing could we find to indicate that there had been one; we, therefore, supposed the temple to have been hypæthral.* Having no other means of descending, we returned by the way we came; but, on reaching, as we thought, the bottom of the staircase, we were, at first, unable to find the aperture; which our friends, who had been unable to effect a passage, had stopped up with stones and coats; we could well afford to join in their laughter, as we had seen that which certain weighty considerations had prevented them from attempting.

* Upon consulting the plates of Wood and Dawkins, it will be found that in their time parts of the pediment and of the roof remained, which, if correctly drawn, would prove that the temple was not hypæthral, as the examination of the roof had led us to believe.

As there was no visible entrance to this staircase but the forced one we discovered, possibly there might have been some secret access to the top of the building, which the priests would employ to aid them in the mysteries and deceptions, wherewith they sought to enslave the people.

In a building so remarkable for the beauty of the architecture, and the richness of the ornamental parts, it is curious to find anomalies in the want of symmetry of some proportions, which would not strike a casual observer. In Grecian temples of the best period of architecture, the inter-columniations increase and decrease by a fixed rule, but upon measuring the spaces between the columns that are still standing in this temple, we obtained the following results, beginning from the centre inter-columniation in the western portico, we have 11 ft. 2 in., 8 ft., 8 ft, 1½ in., 8 ft. 6½ in., and in the north peristyle 8 ft. 10½ in., 8 ft. 9 in., 8 ft. 11 in., 9 ft. 1¼ in., where no rule of increase or decrease is observable. Also, on standing on a heap of rubbish adjoining the great temple, we observed a considerable variation in the heights of the capitals, that still surmount the columns in the north peristyle, for by drawing an imaginary line through the top of any one of the shafts, the others will be found sometimes above, sometimes below it; this we corroborated by measuring the height of the prostrate capitals, taking them at random, we found them to be 5 ft. 10½ in., 5 ft. 9 in., 6 ft. 1 in., 5 ft. 10 in., 6 ft., 6 ft. 2 in., 6 ft. 4¼ in., the greatest variation being not less than 7¼ inches, a very great difference, if we consider the exactness which the Greek architects in the age of Pericles showed in the corresponding proportions of their buildings.

The irregularity in the inter-columniations, the unequal heights of the capitals, and therefore of the columns, together with their nearness to each other (their separation averaging but little more than a diameter) these three circumstances independently of all other considerations, would lead to a supposition that the temples and the adjoining buildings were erected at a period when the strict rules of architecture were beginning to be replaced by a love of richness in the ornaments, which led, step by step, to the overcharged style of a later epoch.

Of the excellence of the workmanship we have a sufficient proof, and the accuracy with which the stones are fitted, is such, that even a knife blade would not pass between them, and all this is effected without mortar, an iron plug being the only connection between them. Against the southern wall of the cella leans a fractured column, probably thrown into that position by an earthquake, and although the force of the blow has been sufficient to displace several stones in the wall, yet the stones that compose the shaft are so firmly united that they seem to form but one piece, and as more than one hundred and fifty years have elapsed since it was first disturbed, ages to come may behold it in the same position, were we able to guarantee it against earthquakes, and the destructive cupidity of the Arabs, who have already contributed to the downfall of so many.

Probably to the same period belongs a small circular temple, hardly two hundred yards without the wall. It is surrounded by a peristyle of eight columns, many being perfect, others tottering to their fall, the rest prostrate. In the interior walls of the cella I observed pictures of

Greek saints, partly obliterated, which show that it was used as a place of worship, as Maundrell tells us, in these words, "The Greeks use it as a church,—and it would be well if the danger of its falling, which perpetually threatens, would excite those people to use a little more fervour in their prayers than they generally do: the Greeks being seemingly the most undevout and negligent at their divine service of any sort of people in the Christian world."

The walls of the ancient city joined those surrounding the temples, ran up the slope along the side of the adjoining hill, and down again, including in its course a considerable area; after extending for some distance along the plain, they joined on again to the walls above referred to, which, with the fortifications and adjacent buildings, formed the citadel.

Beyond what has been already described, there is little, of the same date, to interest an antiquarian.

With the exception of the brief notice given by John, of Antioch and Sozomen, we find no further accounts of Baalbec till the time of the conquest of Syria, by the Arabs, of which Gibbon thus briefly gives us the history. A.D. 632, "Abn Bekr sent a circular letter to the Arabian tribes, calling them to the invasion of Syria. First Bozra was attacked and betrayed by the Governor Romanus. They then laid siege to Damascus (A.D. 633), which was obstinately defended. In the mean time the Emperor Heraclius, had assembled 70,000 men at Emesa, under the command of his general Vardan. The armies met at Aiznadin; the Greeks were utterly routed, and the Arabs returned to the siege of Damascus, which fell after an obstinate resistance, in A.D, 634, about July or August. After some irregular exploits, which served to show the undaunted valour and fanaticism of Khaled, and to strike terror into the Syrians, the conquest of the country was completed by the reduction of Heliopolis, or Baalbec, Emesa, and other important towns." A great blank in the history of Baalbec again leaves us almost in the dark, with respect to its condition, until the wars carried on between the Franks and the Arabs, called by us the Crusades; where Baalbec played a prominent part; but more particularly in the conflicts between the sovereigns of the different principalities, into which Syria was divided, by its Arab conquerors. It is said that the Crusaders once held possession of it; and contributed not a little to its present state of ruin. This is highly probable, for Baalbec must have been at all times an important military post, commanding the fertile plain of Bekaa, and the upper valley of the Orontes, as well as the pass that leads through the range of Antilibanus to Damascus. It was therefore in the high road of all armies on their march from Antioch and the northern parts of Syria, to the central and southern provinces, and, as it would have endangered the safety of any army to have left such a strong fortress in the hands of a hostile power, we may conclude that it has endured as many, or more, sieges as Syria has seen changes in her masters, and has been alternately pagan, Christian and Mohammedan. Now, as every assault would have materially weakened the fortifications, by breaches made in the walls, aided in many cases by severe shocks of earthquakes, the ruler for the time being, whether Pagan, Christian, or Mohammedan, acting on the principle of defence of the fortress, and the preservation of his garrison, would have deemed it no sacrilege to lay hands on the abundant material supplied by the ruined

buildings around him. Henee the variety in the style of repairs; and it is easy to separate these parts from the rest, by the irregularity with whieh the stones are laid, and the introduction of pedestals, columns, fragments of corniees, &c.

These are prineipally found in the western and southern walls; with towers oecasionally at the salient points. In the western wall the great quantity of masonry lying above the tiers of great stones may be assigned to the period we are now considering; they are surmounted by battlements, and pieread with loopholes. In the southern wall, at the east end of the small temple, is a large square tower, built of bevelled stones; in point of finish, and the exactness with which they fit together, rivalling the more aneient structures; the walls are no less than eleven or twelve feet thiek; and on their exterior may be seen one or two Arabie inseriptions, giving the name of the builder and the date of its ereetion. The entranee is opposite to the east end of the small temple, by a handsome portal, resembling those of mosques at Cairo, and leads by several passages and staircases to two vaulted chambers in the tower, in which are loopholes.

Within the walls of the town are the ruins of many small buildings, with vaulted roofs, that probably served as quarters for the soldiers, magazines, and store-houses. Here and there may be seen tablets, bearing long Arabic inseriptions: a translation of them would, doubtless, throw a great light on the history of Baalbee, under its Saraeen masters.

The skill displayed in many parts by Arab masons, may be contrasted with the irregularity in others, where the defenees have been hastily raised, and fully bear witness to the many sieges that, as Aboulfeda narrates, were sustained by the fortress; and, as a few extracts from this author may prove interesting, I select some that bear principally on the subject, premising, that as Aboulfeda was himself an eyewitness, and lived when some of the events he describes oceurred, we may plaee the more credit in his statements.

The first mention of Baalbee is in the year of the Hegira 526, A.D. 1131, and introduees to us the quarrels of two brothers, Schams el Moluk Ismael, the elder, ruler of Damaseus, and Sehams el Daula Muhammed, the younger, ruler of Baalbee; whieh provinces were bequeathed to them by their father; not long after whose death they began to quarrel. The latter seized upon two castles, Hesn al Rad and Hesn al Labural, belonging to his brother. Upon Ismael's demanding their restitution, Muhammed refused; whereupon his brother attacked and took them; and afterwards proceeding to Baalbee, laid siege and took it by assault. Having in this manner sufficiently punished Muhammed, he restored Baalbee to him, and returned to Damascus.

In the following passage we have a seeond siege described, and, with the name of Baalbee, a term expressive of the high estimation in whieh it was then held, Emadeddin Zenki marehed against that renowned city, *laudatam urbem*, then in possession of Morimeddin Ator, and having immediately arranged the order of the siege, moved up fourteen engines to the attack. The rich inhabitants being terrified, surrendered the town, but the citadel still held out; but, after a time, it also was obliged to yield, A.D. 1173.

Towards the close of the twelfth century a terrible earthquake shook

the land, and overthrew Damascus, Homs, Hamah, Aleppo, Baalbec, and several others. As this town suffered so much, we may suppose that the temples would also be greatly injured by the earthquake. The walls were rebuilt by Malek el Adel. In the ensuing year the great Salah-ed-deen, or Saladin, is presented to our notice, attacking and obtaining possession of Baalbec, A.D. 1228, A.H. 626. In this year Malek-es-Saleh, the Arab ruler of Bozra, besieged Baalbec; the inhabitants resisted bravely, but, after a siege that lasted more than a year, the town was obliged to surrender, having been governed for forty-nine years six months by Amgad.

The following anecdote is characteristic of the times* and the people. A prince, named Eiub, being sovereign of Damascus and the adjoining country, was collecting an army for the purpose of invading Egypt, and had stationed himself at Nablous to facilitate the assembling of the troops, but knowing the character of his uncle, Ismael the ruler of Baalbec, and fearing that during his absence he would attack Damascus, from which the greater part of the garrison had been withdrawn to increase the invading army, he delayed his departure; especially as he learned that Ismael was also collecting troops. He sent a trustworthy adherent, a Hakim, to Baalbec, with instructions to gain the favour of Ismael, and ascertain the real object the latter had in view in levying an army.

Eiub was afraid to associate a second person with the Hakim in the embassy; but, as he was anxious to obtain the quickest intelligence of the movements of his uncle, he sent with his agent a basket of carrier pigeons. Ismael was, however, early informed of the ostensible and secret objects of the mission, and therefore determined on a counter-plot. The more thoroughly to deceive the Hakim, he received and treated him with the greatest courtesy and attention, pretending to make him a confidant in all his plans. At the same time he took care to have the carrier pigeons brought by the Hakim, changed for others that had been born and bred at Baalbec.

When the unsuspecting doctor thought he had collected a sufficient mass of information, he wrote a letter, and tied it to one of the gentle messengers, which had but a short flight to its own home in Ismael's palace. This crafty prince then dispatched one of the Nablous birds with a letter, written by himself, in the Hakim's name, stating that the troops he was levying were to reinforce the army about to invade Egypt. Letter after letter was written by the doctor; but all met with the same fate. In the meantime Eiub had been warned by others of the real intentions of Ismael; but such complete confidence had he in the abilities and integrity of his agent, that he distrusted all information except that which he believed the doctor had sent him. All suspicions being thus gradually lulled, he commenced his march to the south but had not been gone many days when Ismael suddenly sent one of his generals with a body of troops to besiege Damascus. Couriers were immediately dispatched to Eiub, who, as soon as he received this intelligence, retraced his steps, but arrived too late — Damascus had already fallen.

About A.D. 1259, A.H. 658, hordes of Tartars invade Syria; possess themselves of Damascus, and pillage it. They then besiege Baalbec, and after a time compel it to surrender, having ruined the fortress.

* A.D. 1237, A.H. 685.

In A.D. 1317, A.H. 717, a terrible calamity befell Baalbec: an overwhelming flood, that destroyed great part of the town. It has been mentioned, that the Leitani has its copious source at a short distance, above and behind the hill on the slope of which the city is partly built. The river must have been prodigiously swollen by rain and the melting of snow, to have produced the disasters narrated in the passage that follows:—"On the 27th day of the second month that terrible flood took place, which overwhelmed Baalbec. It came from the east of the city in the afternoon, and for a time was resisted by the solidity of the walls, but gaining strength, it tore from its foundations a tower that rose considerably above the walls, together with the adjacent bulwarks. It proceeded, dreadful to relate, spreading with blind fury, and wherever it went prostrated everything before it. Breaking into the temple (? mosque), in which many had taken refuge, not a few perished in the flood, which overthrew the pulpit and part of the walls, and rose to the top of the columns. Spreading itself over the public baths, multitudes were drowned, great riches were lost, houses and bazaars were swept away by the all-absorbing element, and neither sex nor age were spared."

Here ends Aboulfeda's account of Baalbec; but, in the many calamities that befell the city, we cannot for an instant suppose the temples to have been spared the general ruin. Since this period Baalbec must have partly recovered, for we find it sustaining a siege against the celebrated Emir Fakr ed Din; but it was again obliged to surrender. This completed its ruin. Pocock says, that "the fortress was demolished by Ferkardine, and mounds of unburnt brick still remain in some parts which were put up at the breaches, and against the walls, as if they were designed to resist the force of cannon." The same traveller tells us that in his time the town contained five thousand inhabitants; it now does not contain as many hundred. No words can describe the desolation, increasing yearly, of this once proud city. The modern houses are the most miserable hovels, built of stones piled together so loosely, that they resemble the heaps of ruins, which on every side attract the eye, and one would think the slightest shock of an earthquake would topple them all down on the heads of the unfortunate inhabitants. The mosques share in the general decay, and as they are neglected, so are they deserted. No wandering Arab is now seen to spread his mat on its marble floor, silence reigns around, broken only by the barking of a dog, or the passage of a caravan of mules.

The great mosque consists of two hypæthral courts: in the interior of the second are three colonades running from end to end, and supporting elegant pointed arches. The capitals of the columns are in the Corinthian style of architecture, and of white marble, but having been brought from other buildings, they are disproportioned to the size of the shafts, that are indifferently of marble, red granite, and limestone. At the further end of the court, is a solitary tomb, adorned with little bits of rag, and said by Lord Nugent, in his "Lands Classical and Sacred," to be the tomb of the great Saladin, who, history informs us, died in Damascus. There is a long inscription in ancient Arabic characters, which I was at the pains to copy, but have not yet had translated. In the first court is a reservoir with several handsome porphyry columns lying by the side of it.

The population is almost entirely Mohammedan, and of the sect that

follows Ali, from whom they have derived the name of Metouali; hated by all orthodox Mussulmen, and persecuted accordingly.

Baalbec was formerly renowned for the beauty of its women, but our philosophical researches in this interesting department did not justify its former character; on the contrary, both men and women, are a dark, suspicious-looking race, turning on the Christian traveller an eye expressive of distrust and hatred. Besides the Metouali, there are about fifteen Greek Catholics, under the spiritual guidance of one priest, Padre Bartone, who entertains strangers in the Convent, the only decent building in the town; though on our arrival not a soul was to be seen, and it was some time before we could get its sole occupier to welcome us to his sorry resting-place. The chapel attached to the convent is the only Christian place of worship now standing in the whole of Baalbec.

At the Ras el Ain, the sources of the Leitani, is a ruined mosque, surrounded with meadows, fertilized by streams, that ever flow abundantly. Nothing can be more refreshing than the water, bubbling up as transparent as crystal from among the many-coloured pebbles: a few willow-trees, the only ones in the neighbourhood, flourish on its banks; and in their turn nourish large quantities of misletoe, growing in finer branches than I remember to have seen elsewhere. On our return to the convent from these living waters, we gazed with farewell admiration on the ruins, lit up by the rays of the setting sun; the mountain range here and there rising up in snow-capped peaks, formed a fitting background to the goodly prospect that too soon vanished from our view.

---

## COLUMBUS UNVEILING AMERICA TO HER SISTER CONTINENTS.*

WHAT happy thought inspired the artist's hand?
  What dream poetic visited his soul?
  Grace in each form pervades the perfect whole,
And judgment executes what genius planned!
  To Sculpture here e'en Poesy must stoop;
  No!—for 'twas *she* herself *inspired* the group!
  High stands the great DISCOVERER!—while, around,
  The sister nations hail the newly found!
He lifts the veil!—she shrinks, astonished, back!
  Europe, with cross and sceptre, greets her here;
  And turban'd Afric—jewell'd Asia—there.
No charm doth each of garb or emblem lack!
  Yet, SCULPTURE! thine no undivided throne—
  Thou art but POESY—*exprest in stone!*

ETA.

---

* This exquisite miniature group has been recently executed for the Grand-duke of Tuscany by that admirable sculptor Signor di Costoli.

# MY FIRST COMING TO LONDON.

"I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the *buildings* of my fancy."
*Coriolanus.*

I HAVE alluded to the "change" which was to "come o'er the spirit of my dream." The mother who, since my father's death, some five years past, had been all to me; and the son, who, during the same period, had been all to her; were now to experience the first relaxation of undivided regard by the engrafting of new affections, additional cares, and more world-wide pursuits. A strange gentleman—"neat, trimly dressed, fresh as a bridegroom,"—appeared to my wondering eyes, before I had the most incipient conception of his purpose; and, for the first time in my life, I found myself occasionally "in the way." Gentle intimations were given me to "go and play with the young Jacksons," for, that "I was now becoming a big boy, and ought to join in their outdoor, healthful sports," &c. This was true enough; but I saw something like design in the suddenness of the discovery, and did not *quite* like the halfcrown which the strange gentleman gave me as a douceur for a somewhat compulsory act of solicitude. I soon observed, too, that my mother was becoming a little perplexed in manner, and that a kind of hysterical emotion manifested itself, when she looked upon me, but evidently thought of something, or somebody, besides. My aunt then told me, that the strange gentleman was very fond of me; that he lived in London; was rich; kept a horse and gig; and had been heard to say, I ought to have a pony! I was next informed, that he had once had a wife; that she was dead; but that he had a nice little boy for a son, and a very nice little girl for a daughter; this being prefatory to the question, whether I should not like to have a brother and sister? The pony unquestionably stirred my ambition: the brother and sister touched my yearning sympathies; but I became a little uneasy under an undefined sense of the conditions that might possibly attend my being possessed of these accessories to my happiness. Then it came out, that the strange gentleman was not only "very fond of *me*," but of my mother also! Then I saw enough to make me feel more; and, retiring to my bed-room, I wept bitterly. More observation brought with it more certain conclusions. A first-born indignation sent my foolish tears "back to their native spring;" and, when my mother sent for me to come into the front parlour, I incontinently walked forth into the back garden. She followed me. I sought the shade of the nut-bush walk. She overtook me there. "Why did you not come to me?" said she. "Who's that MAN that comes to see you?" said I. It was a pertinent question, *im*pertinently urged. "You're a naughty boy," said my insulted mother; and so she left me to pursue my reflections in all the pride of manly assumption, and all the luxury of moody discontent. This was my first touch in the heroic line. "O wonderful son, that could so astonish a mother!" I was a young Hamlet, without

knowing it. If the strange gentleman himself had then met me, I should have astonished *him!* Never, since my mother's retreat under the "withering glance" which accompanied my proud interrogatory, have I experienced such a temporary sense of moral elevation. The "child" was then, indeed, "the father to the man;" and he maintained his rule with unassailable authority.

In due time, however, as "the savage bull doth bear the yoke," so the indignant boy waxed submissive, and became conciliated. As the gentleman became less strange, the pony and the brother and sister became more seductive; and, in addition to all this, there was the prospect of a speedy transfer to London. Many "Beauties of England" were to be taken in the way; and, at the end of the way, were St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey! Maturely, therefore, weighing all the circumstances of the case, I "gave my consent," left the lady-mother to the attentions of the gentleman-wooer, and joined the young Jacksons in a jolly game of cricket.

But the child and its mother were no longer one and the same! The cord—or, rather, the *chord*—of inseparability was broken. The loss of the old, in all its certain fulness of possession, was only to be made good by the doubtful chance of speculative gain in the new. A holy charm was given up for a worldly chance. The fond boy looked forward to the future man. The maternal hearth was no longer his high altar-stone. He had left it, as the "one small consecrated spot" of his sole devotion, to look along the multi-peopled-pavement of the busy sons of fame and fortune.

I look back, then, upon that hour of my heart's struggle with no shame nor remorse. There may be many who will feel with me; and none, I trust, who will not understand, that such feelings, under the same circumstances, might have been their own. There is a tyranny in childhood, not less honourably selfish, than is exhibited in the punctilious exactions of older claimants to exclusive regard; and, whatever may be the merits of any "strange gentleman," who, however rightfully, advances to claim a husband's sovereignty over any young gentleman's widowed mamma, they must still be subject to a little show of fight on the part of the juvenile lieutenant, who has heretofore occupied the most important male position in the ship.

On a fine August morning, a smart post-chaise came to our door. My mother and another lady entered it. It was driven off, and, in an hour, returned, with both ladies, accompanied by the gentleman, who, "strange" no more, had become my *father!* There was a great deal of bell-ringing, and a breakfast which appeared to me very like a singularly early dinner. There was also a strange jumble of laughing and crying, the latter predominating, as my aunts took their farewell. When all the trunks were corded to the chaise, it was by no means clear where I was to sit, for my new father's sister-in-law made the third "inside," and the residue room unoccupied by the luggage was rather to be "imagined than described."

At this period there were no box-seats to postchaises, but a simple narrow board, or rather "bar" (as it was properly called), which extended across between the two front springs of the chaise. On this (or rather against it) the driver ordinarily sat, with his feet on a flat board below. Now, however, the postilion rode one of the horses, as more stylish, and fitting the occasion; so that I shared the "bar" with some of the other luggage; and well remember the difficulty I had to keep my seat when

we rattled over the rough pavement of the towns through which we passed. The jarring vibration was incessant; the occasional jolting fearful! It was only just possible for so light a Phaëton as myself to hold on; *not* possible for the heaviest one to hold steady. Even a limpit could not have maintained an unshifting position. The "parched pea" is an old simile; but it is the only one truly illustrative of my restless condition. I shook from head to foot like an universal ague. I slid from side to side, with a compound motion, like a palsied pendulum; and my new hat, which was as hard as a quoit, and much too small, danced upon my agitated hair like a cork upon the feathered top of a water jet. My hands were ever engaged in a "divided duty" between the bar of the chaise and the brim of my beaver. The transit through Birmingham nearly exhausted every retentive contrivance; but I continued to hold on till we arrived at Warwick, where we stopped for the night.

And here *was* one of the "Beauties of England,"—the Castle! It was the first grand baronial residence I had seen; and where have I since seen such another? What visions of romance came o'er me as we walked through the rock-cut approach, and contemplated the frowning towers of this majestic structure! It seemed to go beyond *architecture.* It was as if Nature had taken man's work in hand, and transformed her own grandest substances into artificial shapes, at once to suit his knightly purposes, and baffle his constructive emulation! It seemed rather a thing of mural rock, than of walls built by masons. Then, the interior! With what breathless admiration did I look on the wonders of black oak and gold around me, or see myself mirrored in its polished floors. Never shall I forget the first appearance of Charles the First, as he sat on his horse in Vandyk's great painting, at the end of one of the galleries! Picture blazed upon me; poetry enchanted me; the solemn cedars in the garden threw shadows of mystery over my apprehension; and the Warwick vase at once awakened me to a hitherto dormant sense of sculptural perfection.

I have since had countless occasions for observing how rare is the natural enthusiasm which possessed me in reference to the æsthetical charms of architecture. Long ere my mind was in the least degree informed, in respect to that conventional knowledge which forms so large a part of the architect's staple, and so small a part of his employer's care, I found, in buildings, an eloquence which addressed sentiments and excited sympathy in feelings, such as have ever, in a great degree, insulated me from participatory companionship. Boys, while I was a boy, and men, since I have been a man, have wondered *what* I have seen, in things of mere artificial form, to stimulate me to emotions such as they have not experienced even in the pictured truth of Nature's most beautiful and impressive creations. Even painters and sculptors have rarely shown towards the finest architectural examples, that sensibility which the less remarkable works of their own class have ever found in me. Nay, even architects themselves have as rarely manifested so intense an innate recognition of that breathing and speaking vitality which constitutes the very "*life* o' the building."

I remember wondering how all, except my childish self, (for several other parties went the round of Warwick Castle with us,) lingered upon the upholstery, porcelain, and "nick-knacks" of the spectacle, while the majestic substance and scenic grandeur of the lordly mansion were simply glanced at, as if they had been the evanescent forms of the rolling clouds.

Yet, even those clouds had not awakened in them a just sense of the romantic in form. I had not then looked into Shakspeare; but I had read in the clouds the prophetic of Warwick Castle. In the capricious varieties of the skyey "vapour" I had often seen

> "A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
> A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
> With trees upon it, that nod unto the world,
> And mock our eyes with air!"

I had seen "black vesper's pageants" rising and disappearing in the ever-changing scenery of the heavens; and, when I beheld Warwick Castle, these gorgeous phantoms of the ethereal ocean were realized in stone! To descend from the imaginative of heaven to the *iron*-ical of earth, I may conclude this passage in "my travel's history," by stating, that, according to custom, I got into Guy Earl of Warwick's porridge-pot, "crouching" therein like *Ariel* in the "cowslip's bell;" or, like a newly-hatched aspirant to architectural flight, in the nest of its father—*Wren*.

Of our remaining journey to London I remember nothing, except that we passed through Banbury, where a phase of my school-boy-being re-asserted itself at the recollection of the fame attached to Banbury cakes. As we changed horses, a plate of these renowned delicacies was placed before us, and my good-natured new father had them put into a paper-bag, that the rest of the "weary way" might be rendered "sweet and delectable" to my impatient appetite.

We approached the metropolis *viâ* Hampstead; and with an exultation not less bounding than that of the pilgrim at first sight of Jerusalem, I exclaimed,

"*There's* St. Paul's!"

Then I recognised the towers of Westminster Abbey, with spires after spires, and successive joys leaping to greet long retarded expectations! A mystery of suburban bewilderment followed. On and on, and through and through, and amid throngs "thick as the motes which people the sun-beams," did we pass, till the postchaise drew up at the door of a quiet house in the comparatively quiet street of Hatton Garden; and the boy of the Wolverhampton Grammar-school was one of the 1,253,881 denizens of the city of London!

Five minutes in the house, and I was out again. My mother lost me. A glance of St. Paul's dome beckoned me from the bottom of the street. Plunging into the populous tide of Holborn Hill, I went with the stream till I was brought up by the gloomy rock of Newgate: on I went, till, turning instinctively across the end of Cheapside, I found myself opposite the dream of my infancy—St. Paul's! I gazed with more than my eyes, for my entire soul sprang up to look through them. What a nothing was my subsequent beholding of St. Peter's, when compared with my first emotion on seeing the more mountain-looking bulk of the London temple! I was instantly pushed into the gutter, of course; just escaping being run over by a hackney-coach, I ran up the steps to the north porch. The door was ajar. I pushed, to enter: a chain prevented me. "Tuppence!" exclaimed an ugly official, in rusty black. I had not a penny! I said I was a poor boy just come from the country; the reply intimated that I might "go back again." I retired discomfited, but not despairing; ran round the building, unconscious of the impulse which doubtless prompted many to cry "stop thief!" ran and looked, and looked and ran, distressed by a vague apprehension of being, as it were, helmless at

sea, but urged onward by the sails of my enthusiasm. Pre-informed by picture, I took observation of every leading feature. I leaned, physically exhausted, against a wall at the east end of the churchyard; but my convictions were stronger than ever. They rose, like the camomile, to the pressure of the awe under which I laboured; and when, panting, I restored myself to my anxious mother, the die was cast which made me an Architect.

My first night in London was peculiar. I found, that men and horses were not the only live things that formed its swarm of population. I do not refer to that microcosm of "little atomies" which the solar lens has developed in the "great globe" of a drop of Thames water; but to the existence of a world of things whose nocturnal maraudings are made conspicuous on the bodies of sleeping new-comers from the country. I arose from my Hatton Garden bed under the impression that I was about to suffer from an attack of small pox. The impression was false; but the fact was sufficiently unpleasant, and very irritating. We will not dwell on this subject; but it cost my young person many sleepless hours during very many nights, and emptied several bottles of an antidotal lotion.

Without any such irritants, however, my excited thoughts would on this night have kept me waking. During my brief fits of sleep I was still running round St. Paul's; while awake I was speculating on its interior. The first "London cries" found instant entrance into the open "porches of my ears." I waited—how impatiently!—for the assembling at the breakfast-table. The cloth was laid; the tea-urn was brought steaming in; but I was the only one yet in the room. Looking wistfully out of the window, I saw a hackney-coach arrive. A little boy, and a girl a little less, were lifted out. They ran up-stairs, and in a few seconds stood in the room doorway—still, silent, and abashed. My ready-made brother and sister were before me! If a couple of little, half-fledged chickens had jumped out of the eggs which were on the table, I could scarcely have been more surprised, for they were not expected till the afternoon. Their schoolmistress had purposely sent them early home as a breakfast relish for their new mamma. They did not precisely question their natural parent, as I had before presumed to question mine, but admitted my mother's embracings with the most readily yielding duty. I felt instantly inclined to them; but they only seemed the more inclined to one another; looking at me as if I had been a young Indian, warranted harmless, but wearing an aspect of covert mischief.

But, brother and sister were as yet nothing to St. Paul's; and, aided by voluntary subscriptions at the breakfast-table, I soon left it for the worship of my idol. Quickly reaching the cathedral, I walked round it again with a more patient devotion, and more particular observation, than on the preceding evening. Warwick Castle was forgotten. The vast bustle of the busy world around, (and which, under other circumstances, would have occasioned the liveliest interest,) was unnoticed, except as a most unworthy fact; for it only seemed to imply a gross insensibility to the majestic presence of the "solemn temple" before me. I wondered how people could pass on, without even one upward look, or any apparent care in reference to it; and—I wonder so still.

But, now for the interior. I presented myself and my "tuppence" at the door. The Cerberus looked at me through the cranny, and my coppers worked upon his understanding as the cake used to do upon the dog of Pluto. The chain fell. I walked, or rather moved in, like a

ghost entering Hades; for I felt as if my body had been left, like a hackney-coach, in waiting for me, outside the threshold. Coming under the dome, I remained for many minutes a thing of mere abstract perception rather than of thought; a "bodiless enjoyment," sensible of immaterial existence in another world. A new firmament was above me, a new atmosphere around; I had till now looked *at* simply appreciable objects: I now looked *up* into the dim distance of o'er-canopied space. Man was forgotten in his work: and, on lowering my eyes again to man's level, I was (still more than in the former instance) astonished to find him walking about, as unmoved by the grandeurs above and around him, as a rat on the floor of a barn. While I was gazing upon what was already too much for my mind's estimate, a showman in black came crawling towards me like a slug, and asked me if I wished "to see more?" intimating certain prices of admission to various parts of the building. I felt as if he had impiously offered to anatomize my deity,—to expose the trick of a miracle. Young as I was, the low vulgar twang of the copper-covetor disgusted me; but I thanked the fellow with boyish modesty and declined; for I felt that anything which *he* could be taught to appreciate could not be worth seeing. He retired with a sulky expression of retaliative contempt, as if he had read my thoughts as my words have pronounced them. I stealthily moved about, as fearing the profaning sound of my own steps; resuming and preserving my upward gaze, lest I should see more of these base crawlers upon earth. Not a monument even arrested my attention, save the simple marble slab over the choir entrance, which proclaimed the renowned name of Sir Christopher Wren, and bade me, "if I sought *his* monument, to look around!"

"Si monumentum quæris, circumspice!"

When I had been some twenty minutes in the cathedral, the intonings of the priests began; the harmonious "A-men" of the choristers came o'er me as, indeed, "the music of the spheres;" the organ pealed forth, ringing through the vaulted perspectives, and reverberating in the vast concave of the dome; "the place became religion;" my heart was beginning to run over with worship of the spirit which filled the hallowed air, when my attentive friend the slug, with more than a slug's pace, came up, in all "the insolence of office," and ordered me out, "as no walking about was allowed during divine service."

I have thus, in one chapter, exhibited the total change of scene, circumstances and feelings, which, like the successive dissolutions and appearances of the same picture in a diorama, began with the hearth of a widow and her son in the remote country, and ended with a family circle of husband, wife, and children, in the centre of the renowned metropolis. I had now a father-in-*law*, who behaved towards me very like an affectionate father-in-*fact*. My so-called "brother" was a gentle boy of the most delicate health, and I treated him with fraternal tenderness. My so-called "sister" was a blooming girl of the most lively spirits, and I treated her with fraternal freedom, to the occasional tingling of her ears in return for value received, of merry impudence. The once talked-of pony never came, but the horse and gig were a truth, and I occasionally rode "bodkin" round Clapham-common. To say truth, the pony became a theme not to be mentioned, since, during a visit to Brighton, which we shortly made, I somewhat lost that reputation for horsemanship which

my courier gallop with the Waterloo dispatches had previously obtained for me. I hired a donkey; and was seeking to "witch the world" of young ladies with "noble neddy-ship," when my rugged little rascal of a quadruped turned sharply off from his direct progress along the Parade, and deposited me in the midst of a long line of school-girls, just as my self-satisfaction was about to culminate in its most finished perfection! This was fine fun for the little mischievous sister, who unfortunately saw the performance, and led off the applause, which, in spite of the frowns and forbiddings of Miss Properell, the governess, came sweeping over my prostrate form, like the laughing wind over a fallen weather-cock. I never mounted a donkey again. My experiences of that animal have been such, as to give me much more belief in its obstinacy and cunning than in its patience and docility. The former properties were once presented to me in common with "a whole theatre of others" at a representation of—I think "The Forty Thieves." A donkey came on, as intended, near the centre of the proscenium. It was soon required of him to move off again. He would not stir. After much unavailing trial on the part of the actors, his groom came forward in a hastily donned theatrical dress. It would not do. The man retired, and came on again in his ordinary stable costume. It was still of no use. Neither the urgings of the whip, nor the inducement of a handful of food would make him move a step. It therefore only remained to close the front scene upon him. The whistle was given; the two halves of a splendid drawing-room were gliding to their junction; when, in an instant, the animal stepped forward towards the foot-lights, and the inappropriate scene closed behind him. Never did laughter "hold both its sides" with such painful excess. One of the stage-doors was then opened, and he quietly walked off with all the placid condescension of wilfulness triumphant.

---

## STOP THIEF!

A PEACH I had, unmatched in hue,
In form, and size;
A robber to despoil me flew,
And stole the prize.

The thief upon her person wears
Spoils from it rent;
Chloe, thy balmy breath declares
My peach's scent.

Its velvet bloom on thy cheek laid,
Soft charms impart;
The stone itself, ah, cruel maid!
Lies in thy heart!

M. A. B.

## CRETINS, AND THEIR BENEFACTOR.

One of the most remarkable triumphs achieved by science in any age is the victory gained over that distressing and humiliating deformity of body and mind to which the term *cretinism* has been applied. A name, alas! but too familiar with those whom pleasure or science has led into the mountain wilds of Switzerland, or the not less wild districts of Styria. In many of the valleys of those countries, especially attractive by their natural beauty, the cretin has stood in all his hideous deformity like a blot upon creation, marring by his presence, and the associations inseparable from it, much of the pleasure which would otherwise be derived from the grand combinations of scenery. Almost every writer who has travelled in those parts has mentioned this sad race.

Speaking of the village of Vaux, Professor James Forbes says, "there are several other villages, and Olloment itself, composed of but a few scattered houses, distinguished by a church, is pleasantly situated. But here, as at Aoste, the enjoyment of natural beauty is rendered impossible by the loathsome deformity of the inhabitants. We were really shocked to find that none of the villages through which we passed seemed to contain one reasonable human being,—goîtres and cretinism appeared universal and inseparable: repeatedly I tried to obtain an answer to a simple question from the most rational looking of the inhabitants, but in vain. This astonished and shocked us, for we were still at a height of four thousand English feet above the sea, where these maladies commonly disappear, and we looked forward with despair to the prospect of obtaining a guide for the difficult and unknown country which we were next to traverse, from among such a population." Thus it is in Switzerland, and along the banks of the Danube. In Austria, according to Dr. Schausberger of Steyer, there are vast and populous parishes, where, in the annual recruiting, there cannot be found a single man capable of bearing arms; at Cros-Pechlaru, and in the villages about Pechlaru and Brunn, not a single family can be found without at least one of these unfortunate beings, and many families are entirely composed of cretins, or semi-cretins.

Cox, in his travels in Switzerland, made many inquiries relative to cretins, and especially as to the point whether these unfortunates are held in regard by the people generally; for it has been asserted by some that they are considered positive blessings from heaven. He says, "upon my questioning some gentlemen of this country at the baths of Luck, they treated the notion as absurd and false; but whether they delivered their real sentiments, or were unwilling to confirm what might lower their countrymen in the opinion of a stranger, will admit perhaps of some doubts; for having since that time frequently inquired among the lower ranks, I am convinced that the common people esteem them blessings. They called them *souls of God without sin;* and many parents prefer these idiot children to those whose understandings are perfect: because, as they are incapable of intentional criminality, they consider them as certain of happiness in a future state. These idiots are suffered to marry as well among themselves as with others."

A similar condition to that which obtains in Switzerland, exists in

that part of Tartary which borders on the great wall of China. Cretins and goîtres are very common there, and their persons being considered sacred, they are maintained by their families with peculiar care.

Reisbach says, that the number of those who have the goître, and the size of it, is more remarkable in Styria than in Carinthia, Ukrania, or the Tyrol. By some the disorder is thought owing to the snow and ice-water, and to the particles of earth and stone with which the wells of the country are impregnated. Others will have it that it arises from the custom of seasoning the meat a great deal and drinking cold water afterwards, but the worthy Baron begs leave to add a fourth cause, which is cold. "You know," says he, "that the solar rays being reflected on all sides by the hills which encompass the valleys, occasion an extraordinary heat. I recollect, as I have been wandering through narrow valleys, to have breathed an air so glowing, that it seemed to come from a furnace. Whenever, therefore, there is the least motion in the air, the pressure will make it more sensibly felt than on higher vales or hills, where it can expand more; the cold is consequently greater. Now, as these people commonly go with their necks and throats bare, whenever there is a cool current, the weak part of the throat is first attacked by the moisture and the perspiration there is stopped." Reisbach adds a very extraordinary illustration of the bigotry of this part of the country where cretins are reverenced. A certain class, called the *Windes*, who are mixed with the Germans, distinguish themselves by a superstitious custom, which, he says with truth, does little honour to the human understanding, and would have been incredible, if he had not had the most unequivocal proofs of the fact before his eyes. "Many years ago they set out, in company with some Hungarian enthusiasts, to Cologne on the Rhine, which is about one hundred and twenty German miles distant, to cut off the beard of a crucifix there. Every seven years this operation is repeated, as in this space of time the beard grows again to its former length. The rich persons of the association send the poorer ones as their deputies, and the magistrates of Cologne receive them as ambassadors from a foreign prince. They are entertained at the expense of the state, and a councillor shows them the most remarkable things in the town. I know not whether we ought to laugh most at the remote town of Cologne, or at those poor peasants. There is, indeed, some excuse for the former, as the farce brings in large sums of money at stated intervals, and may, therefore, deserve political encouragement; but still, however, it is the most miserable and meanest way of gain that can be imagined. These *Windes* have alone the right to shave our Saviour, and the beard grows only for them. They firmly believe that if they did not do this service to the crucifix, the earth would be shut to them for the next seven years, and there would be no harvest. For this reason they are obliged to carry the hair home with them as the proof of having fulfilled their commission, the returns of which are distributed amongst the different communities, and preserved as holy relics. The Imperial Court has for a long time endeavoured in vain to prevent this emigration, which deprives agriculture of so many useful hands. When the *Windes* could not go openly they went clandestinely. At length the Court thought of the expedient of forbidding the regency of Cologne to let them enter the town. This happened six years ago, and the numerous embassy was obliged to beg its way back again without the wonderful beard, which, without doubt, the Capuchins,

to whom the crucifix belonged, used to put together from their own. I do not hear but that since this accident the corn has come up as well as before; but whether the beard is still growing or not, I cannot say."

In a recent number of an American periodical, there is a curious account, by Dr. Foote, of the prevalence of goître and cretinism in South America. The goître was a frequent disease in every part of New Granada visited by him, prevailing equally in the *Tierra Caliente ad Tierra Templada.* In some small towns full one half of the adult population were afflicted with it, in a greater or less degree. In some cases, the deformity was enormous. The old and now deserted city of Mariquita was terribly afflicted with it. This city was situated at the base of a low range of mountains, but the new town of Mariquita is on the plain, a league or more from the mountains: bright cool water runs through all the streets, the climate is delicious though warm, and the town is embosomed in the most luxuriant tropical vegetation. In the few hours spent there by Dr. Foote, he did not see *one* grown-up person of the common orders free from goître! He ascribes its frightful prevalence to innutritious and insufficient food, sleeping in close, ill-ventilated rooms, and intermarriage for more than a century. Much was said to him of the efficacy of a wonderful balsam gathered from the forests in the mountains on the confines of Ecuador and Peru. This substance resembled crude bees-wax, was slightly aromatic, with a pungency of taste, and became very soft with a little working in the hand. It was applied externally, and was said to act with great effect in diminishing the bulk of the goîtres.

Whilst at Bogota he was told a very curious fact in natural history by Dr. Davoren, which, if true, is worthy of attention. Some years before Dr. Davoren had in his possession a handsome Newfoundland bitch, which was attacked with goître. Whilst suffering from it she had a litter of puppies, all perfectly well formed, but all canine cretins! As they grew up they showed no signs of intelligence, were harmless, and knew how to eat, but that was all. Every pains was taken with them, but without success, for they were as thorough idiots as could be conceived. The mother being very valuable, was placed under medical treatment, which speedily got rid of the goître, and soon afterwards she bore another litter of puppies, every one of which displayed the characteristic qualities and keen sagacity which especially distinguished the mother.

It is not every one of our readers who has had the fortune, good or evil as it may be thought, so see one of these said cretins, and in order that an idea may be formed of them, we give a rather favourable portrait, drawn by an able observer, Dr. John Forbes. The patient was a boy thirteen years of age, the son of very respectable parents. "He is a heavy lumpish idiot, nearly deaf and quite dumb. He can drag himself about the room on his knees, but can neither stand nor walk. His head is large and angular, and of irregular shape, but his forehead is of fair size, and not stunted, as is so commonly the case in common idiots. He amuses himself with little playthings like a child of two years old, placing the pieces in line and figures and so forth. He manifests a certain degree of affection towards his mother and his brothers and sisters. He was exhibited to me without the least reserve, and his own mother spoke of his condition and doings with apparent unconcern, if not with positive levity."

The poet Juvenal alludes, in his twelfth Satire, to the prevalence of bronchocele, or goître, among the people at the foot of the Alps, and Pliny attributes it to the corruption of the water, an idea which, though erroneous, is still extensively entertained. Goître, though not mentioned in reference to the cretin just described, is a usual accompaniment of the malady.

Until within the last ten years cretins had been abandoned as a set of mental and physical pariahs, outcasts beyond the pale of humanity and of skill. But there arose a man with the heart of Howard, and with talents well fitted to second his philanthropic wishes. To these miserable cretins he turned a pitying eye, and determined to devote his talents and his energies to the amelioration of their condition. Modest and humble though he be, simple in manners, disinterested in motive, the name of DR. GUGGENBUHL will be inscribed hereafter in the honourable list of benefactors to their race. It may, perhaps, add to the interest of his acts, if a slight sketch of the man is prefixed to his deeds.

The scene in which we most distinctly picture Dr. Güggenbuhl was at one of the fullest and most interesting of Lord Rosse's *conversaziones*, —meetings replete with interest, and crowded with men of every calibre, from the heaviest artillery to the lightest skirmishers; though such skirmishers must have fired a shot or two to some purpose.

Imagine in the crowd which swept through his lordship's suite of rooms, a small foreign-looking man, with features of a Grecian cast, and long, shoulder-covering black hair; look at that man's face: there is a gentleness, an amiability combined with intelligence which wins you to him. His dress is peculiar in that crowd of white cravats and acres of cambric shirt-fronts. Black, well-worn black, is his suit; but his vest is of black satin, double-breasted, and buttoned closely up to the throat:—it is Dr. Güggenbuhl, the mildest, the gentlest of men, but one of those calm, reflecting minds that pushes on after a worthy object, undismayed by difficulties, undeterred by ridicule or rebuff.

The mention of his peculiar style of vest recalls to our mind an anecdote now current, which is said to have had its origin in the divisions which at present agitate the Church; divisions giving rise to peculiarities of costume, significant or harmless according to the mental capacity of the wearer.

The story goes, that not long since a severe-looking gentleman called upon a fashionable clerical tailor, and intimated his intention of patronizing him to the extent of a suit—"but," said he, as the man of tapes flourished those symbols, "I wish them made in a particular manner. The coat-collar must be short, the waist long, the buttons rather far apart. The waistcoat, which must be of the best black silk, must be double-breasted, to button close up to the neck, and —".—"Oh, certainly, sir," said the foreman, "I know your style pre-cisely, sir!—Now, John! take down the gentleman's address. What name, sir?"

"THE REVEREND BARNABAS COWL,
Rectory of Saint Blasius,
Little Peddlington."

"Very good, sir.—*Eleven, three—four, nine.*—Lightish about the neck, sir? Yes, sir; M.B. style. *Seven, eleven.*"

"*M.B.* style!" said Mr. Cowl; "what d'ye mean by that?"

"Oh, nothing, sir! Mere term in trade, sir. *Well* over the hips, I s'pose?"

"Of course, but not too tight in the waist. But what *do* you mean by M.B. style?"

"Mere term, sir, I assure you. Head well up — thank ye, sir — *Seventeen four and clerical front—easy.* Pockets at side, sir? *and* watch-pocket—That 'l do, sir!"

"But," said Mr. Cowl, whose curiosity was thoroughly aroused, "I insist upon knowing what you mean by M.B. style. What is it?"

"Well," said the knight of the shears, "if you really *must* know, sir, why, we calls those high double-breasted waistcoats and long frocks, the M.B. style, and M.B. stands for '*Mark of the Beast.*' That 's it, sir!"

The Rev. Mr. Cowl departed with his curiosity thoroughly satisfied.

To return from this digression to the point whence we departed.

Dr. Güggenbuhl, having turned his mind to the investigation of cretinism, soon collected sufficient data to enable him to arrive at the conclusion, that the mind, though existing independently of the body, is dependent for its due manifestation on the healthy condition of that, its material envelope; and he traces the origin of morbid symptoms which exist in cretins to defective or improper nutrition in early childhood. The patients then deteriorate from year to year, until the human dignity becomes entirely degraded.

Among the causes of cretinism, local circumstances are the most powerful. Dr. James Forbes mentions the valley of Aosta as a great seat of cretinism. Now it has been shown by the researches of Dr. Fódeŕe, that in this valley the atmosphere is maintained in a state of humidity by the exhalations from the marshes, and from the river which flows slowly through it; the lofty mountains by which it is surrounded serving at once to reflect the heat of the sun, and, with the curvatures of the valley, to retard the free current of air; and he further found that the most humid situations contained the greatest number of cretins. It was known that the progress of cretinism in the constitution can be arrested, by removing the individual to a locality where the air is drier, purer, fresher, and more favourable to healthy nutrition.

Dr. Güggenbuhl, then, having satisfied himself on these points, determined to make an experiment to the utmost extent of his means,—and the means of a physician in Switzerland are not exactly those of a Rothschild,—as to whether, by bringing to bear upon cretinism the whole battery of physical and mental cultivation, it might not be made as amenable to treatment as other bodily and mental infirmities. He, therefore, established a model institution on the Abendberg, of which we propose to give some particulars, principally derived from Dr. John Forbes's charming work.

The Abendberg is one of the green barriers inclosing the plain of Interlachen; it lies to the south-west of the village, its northern base abutting on the eastern extremity of the lake of Thun. Its elevation above the level of this lake, and the plain of Interlachen, may probably be three thousand five hundred English feet, that is, about five thousand three hundred above the level of the sea. The cretin establishment of Dr. Güggenbuhl is situated on the southern slope of this mountain, within about a thousand feet of its summit; the mountain from its

base to the hospital is completely covered by trees, chiefly fir and beech, which agreeably shade the steep zig-zag path.

The mule-path terminates at a small open terrace surmounted by a green slope, stretching a considerable distance up the mountain, and surrounded on all sides by the forest. It is on this small terrace, which looks like a step in the mountain, that the cretin establishment is built, and the green slopes above serve the double purpose of meadows for pasture and hay, and as an exercising ground for the patients.

On the green slopes Dr. Forbes encountered some twenty of Dr. Güggenbuhl's patients, or pupils, climbing the hill for air, exercise, and amusement, under the superintendence of a well-dressed young man and two of the Sisters of Charity, who belong to the establishment. They were all children, from the age of twelve or thereabouts down to three or four; one was carried by a servant, being incapable of walking. They were running and waddling and tumbling on the grass and playing in their own way with the servants, with one another, and with a fine good-natured dog, who made one of the party, and who was probably of nearly the same intellectual calibre as some of his poor biped companions. They were all neatly and cleanly, though plainly dressed, and, like most individuals of the pitiable class to which they belong, were cheerful, and apparently happy. The motherly care shown to them by the excellent sisters was delightful to witness. Sitting down in the sun on the beautiful soft grass, or trooping about with that social instinct that seems so strong in idiots, with endless shaking of hands, and the same monotonous greetings repeated again and again, they renewed a scene which the narrator had witnessed—and which is daily to be witnessed—at the Asylum for Idiots at Highgate Hill.

In making his selection of the Abendberg, Dr. Güggenbuhl wisely bore in mind the importance of external influences in developing the slumbering faculties of his patients, and he therefore took into consideration, not simply its air and sun, its dryness, its sheltered exposure, and facilities for exercise, but also its local charms, and the grandeur of the scenes which surround it, and which force themselves incessantly on the senses of the pupils, without any effort on their part or that of others.

Besides these general influences, which are constantly and steadily at work, there is a steady employment of measures intended to act directly in developing the mental faculties, and which comprehend everything included under the term education. When of a fitting age, the pupils must attend the school-room for certain short periods of the day; and there they are carefully disciplined by teachers, and by the Doctor himself, in exercising their feeble faculties of thought, and in acquiring such small modicums of knowledge as their respective capacities can grasp. By this judicious combination of influences, the result is in many instances arrived at, so happily described in the following lines of Wordsworth.

> "Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe!
> Thou soul that art the eternity of thought
> And giv'st to forms and images a breath
> And everlasting motion! Not in vain,
> By day or starlight, thus from my first dawn
> Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
> The passions that build up our human soul:
> Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,

But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature: purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear—until we recognise
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart."

Through the kindness of a friend we are enabled to lay before our readers the latest information which has been afforded on the subject of Dr. Güggenbuhl's labours, and of the results which have sprung from them; but, before doing so, we must for a moment pause to pay a tribute to the memory of a dear friend, now no more, through whose zeal, and the liberal support of his family, most important pecuniary assistance was rendered to Dr. Güggenbuhl, when his means were painfully cramped. The late Dr. William Twining—a member of a family ever distinguished by its generosity—visited the Abendberg in (we believe) 1845, and on his return to England, wrote a pamphlet, in which he earnestly and successfully advocated the cause. His valuable life was closed soon after, but his name ought never to be forgotten, as one of the earliest and staunchest supporters of the system of education of cretins and idiots.

The following is an extract from a very interesting Report made at the meeting of the Swiss Natural History Society at Glarus, in 1851, by Dr. Güggenbuhl.

"Since this Society first took into consideration the cause and cure of cretinism in 1840, a strong impulse has been felt for this important cause throughout Europe. The King of Sardinia appointed a special commission to inquire into it. The Academy of Medicine in Paris brought the subject to a scientific examination, and the British Association has considered the cause of cretinism and the model institution of the Abendberg at several of its annual meetings. It is one of the valuable results of the labours carried on in the Institution of the Abendberg during the last ten years, to have proved that *one third* of the miserable cretins are curable, and the remainder capable of considerable improvement in mind and body. A period of ten years is, however, too short to obtain a complete knowledge of the subject; we must wait until the longer continuance of studies in this disease may enable us to effect a much larger and more favourable result. Cretinism founded on a dormant state of body and mind is obvious from its very commencement, and the treatment of it succeeds best in the earliest periods of life. The cretin possesses generally *feeling*, even when all other powers, mental and bodily, are wanting. Kindness and benevolence are therefore the chief means by which we can gain an influence over them, and endeavour to open the intellectual world to them. This is most practicable in the sphere of domestic life; for this reason we have adopted in the Abendberg the system of apportioning a small number of children to one of the religious Sisters who serve the Institution, and take the place of mothers to the afflicted little cretins.

"The necessity of erecting the hospital upon a mountain spot has lately been confirmed by the experiments of a French physician, Dr. Niepce, who applied all the remedies he had learnt to employ during a residence on the Abendberg, to the poor cretins in the Department of the Hautes Alpes. The attempts were entirely without success in the valleys. It was only when the children were removed to the mountains that the means used produced any good result. It is now to be

hoped and expected that similar Institutions will be established throughout Europe, to lighten the darkness of the benighted cretins.

"The latest practical inquiries have taught us the true difference between cretins and idiots. The idiot is weak in mind without of necessity infirmity of body; the cretin suffers many bodily defects added to the weakness of the mind. The more regular the bodily formation of the child, the more difficult is the treatment for cure.

"A very interesting course of experiments has been carried on in different countries on the water fit for drinking. Dr. Grange, a Frenchman, has maintained that goître and cretinism depend on the magnesia of the water. Chemical analysis, however, proves this to be an error. At St. Vincent, a village of Sardinia, where cretinism prevails to a fearful extent, the drinking water is perfectly pure and good. At Coir, in the French department of the Isère, there is a spring which is said to cause goître, and yet contains no magnesia, and, on the contrary, one spring which cures goitre, is found to contain 0·052 of salts of magnesia.

"During a journey which I made through England and Scotland last year I discovered some cretin children in several villages of Somersetshire and Lancashire. In the annual meeting of the British Association, held at Ipswich this year (1851), the subject was again brought forward, and it is to be hoped that statistical and other inquiries will be established throughout the Kingdom of Great Britain."

We will conclude with a passage from Plato, so apposite that we cannot resist the pleasure of laying before our readers one or two of the recorded thoughts of that wise and great philosopher.*

"When a body that is large and superior to the soul in power is joined with a small and weak intellect — there being naturally two classes of desires in man, one of aliment on account of the body, the other of wisdom for the sake of our most divine part: in this case the motions of the more powerful, prevailing and enlarging what is their own, but making the reflective part of the soul deaf, indocile, and oblivious, thus induce ignorance, the greatest of all diseases. There is one safety then for both: neither to move the soul without the body, nor the body without the soul; in order that by mutually resisting each other, they may be equally balanced and in perfect health. The mathematician, then, or any one else who ardently devotes himself to any intellectual pursuit, should at the same time engage the body in gymnastic exercises; and the man again, who is careful in rightly forming his body, should at the same time therewith unite the motions of the soul in the exercises of music and all philosophy; if at least he intends to be one that may justly be called beautiful, and at the same time right good."

* Plato, Scripta. Timæus. lxix.

---

## TO A FEW VIOLETS

ENCLOSED IN A LETTER FROM "LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE."

[Upwards of five centuries have elapsed since Petrarch wrote his Sonnets. They breathed the very soul of romance and tender sentimentality, but were wholly devoid of pure religious feeling. Shakspeare in the sixteenth century was not less defective in this latter point. Let us try our hand in the nineteenth, and emulate the sweetness of both poets, while almost imperceptibly, yet most touchingly, infusing some particles of diviner matter.]

I.

Blest flower! Of all that thy Creator's hand
Hath given to earth most fragrant and most pure,
Where art thou not endear'd? What clime or land
The sunbeam feels, where thou dost not allure?
And earnest seekers would not fain secure
The earliest enjoyment of thy scent
And heav'nly hue? In icy covert sure
Siberia culls thee oft! and sweetly blent
With Persia's rose thou deck'st the Affghan's mountain-tent!

II.

I press thee to my lips, and in thy blue
Celestial tint reflected see the rays
That beam from Love's own eyes! In thee I view
The harbinger of bright and happy days!
Thy rich aroma I inhale, which strays
Now here, now there, as though my Viola moved
Beside me, and I question, with amaze,
How the sweet breath of one so fondly loved
Could woo me thus, and she invisible still have proved!

III.

Come! let me in some precious casket store
Thy fading form! and with a lover's grief
Bend o'er that beauty which one hour more
Will doom to swift decay? Oh! why thus brief
Must ev'ry dearest treasure prove! Thy leaf,
Now drooping, is the emblem of Life's toys!
Thy death portrays that fell and ruthless thief
Who temple, shrine, and worshipper destroys,
And cries, "Seek not on earth for everlasting joys!"

G. M. M.

## FERDINAND DE CANDOLLES.

Of all the social miseries of France, none are more fruitful in catastrophes of every kind than the idle uselessness of the well-born, and the over-education of those who are not so. France being, as one of her writers observes, the China of Europe, her habits, customs, and traditions, endure, in fact, through the organized destruction of succeeding revolutions, and whilst throne after throne lies in the dust, the prejudices of that fictitious universe called the world, are standing still, fixed, firm, and uprising in inflexible strength from roots that plunge deep into the soil. For instance, the old idea that a *gentilhomme* or a *Grand Seigneur* should not know how to spell, although obsolete as far as grammar and orthography are concerned, lives on yet in the notion that a gentleman *must not work.* This has hitherto proved an uneradicable opinion, and the general incapability and instinctive laziness of the upper classes in France, can, alas! amply testify to its prevalence throughout the country. It is not that the aristocracy of France are wanting in talent or intelligence; on the contrary, they have far more of what may be called native capacity than the classes beneath them —but they are unpractical, unbusiness-like, unused to anything in the shape of affairs. They are admirable if always in the first place, but rebel at the bare thought of helping on the governing machine in its hidden wheels; and whilst with us every public office counts gentlemen by the dozen, and noble names are to found even in the most unconspicuous, though useful places; in France an ancient family would think itself degraded if one of its sons were to be discovered amongst the workers of a bureau.

The following tale, the circumstances of which are yet uneffaced from many a memory in Paris, will perhaps serve to exemplify the sad truth of what I advance, and give a slight notion of the immediate action of certain false principles upon our neighbours' mind. The hero of the ensuing pages, Ferdinand de Candolles, was the last scion of one of the most ancient houses in France. Ferdinand's father died whilst the boy was in early infancy, and the entire charge of her son, whom she idolized, fell upon Madame de Candolles. At eighteen, Ferdinand was a tall handsome youth, prodigiously proud of his name, highly romantic in his notions, ready to do battle with any given number of individuals in honour of *Dieu, le Roi, ou sa fame,* making a terrible quantity of bad verses, but as incapable of explaining to you M. de Villèle's last financial measure, or the probable influence of the increasing growth of beet-root sugar upon the colonial markets, as he would have been of expounding the doctrines of Confucius in Chinese.

The Revolution of 1830, fell like a thunder-bolt upon France, and the Bourbons of the elder branch allowed themselves to be driven from their post. The elements of revolution had been for the last seven or eight years fermenting far more in society, in the arts and in literature, than in the political sphere; and Ferdinand, with all his heart and soul a devoted royalist, as far as the government was concerned, was naïvely and unsuspectingly in everything else, a determined revolutionist, overthrowing intellectual dynasties, spurning authority, mock-

ing at control, gloating over Victor Hugo, George Sand, *e tutti quanti*, and fancying the whole was quite compatible with the political faith he would sooner have died than resign. Sometimes Madame de Candolles would think very seriously of what could be the future career of her son, and the word *Nothing!* emblazoned in gigantic ideal letters, was the only answer her imagination ever framed. In 1832, it so happened that the new prefect named in the department, was an old friend of the widow's family—a *bourgeois*, it is true, still a respectable man, whose father and uncle had, in very difficult times, rendered more than one signal service to Madame de Candolles' own parents. M. Durand and his wife drew Ferdinand and his mother as much about them as they possibly could, and whenever he found an occasion of insinuating anything of the kind into the widow's ear, the well-intentioned préfet would talk seriously, nay, almost paternally, of her son's future, and the little it seemed likely to offer to him. One day, after a conversation in which Madame de Candolles had more freely than usual admitted the barrenness of the lad's prospects, M. Durand contrived to lead her insensibly towards the notion of some employment whereby a becoming existence might be ensured, hinted that there were positions where political opinions need be no obstacle, to which the nomination even did not emanate directly from the government, and ended by proposing to invest Ferdinand with the dignity of head librarian to the *Bibliothèque de la Ville*, a place yielding some hundred and fifty pounds a-year, and just left vacant by the death of Madame Durand's nephew. Madame de Candolles' surprise was scarcely surpassed by her indignation, and, though she managed to cover both by a slight veil of politeness, there was in her refusal a degree of haughtiness that went well-nigh to disturb the honest préfet's equanimity. As to Ferdinand, he did not exactly know, when the offer was first made clear to him, whether he ought not to take down a certain sword worn at Marigny by his ancestor, Palamède de Candolles, and punish M. Durand with positive loss of life for his audacity; but, when what he called *reason* returned, he determined simply by the frigid dignity of his manners in future to make the *bourgeois* functionary of Louis Philippe feel the full extent of his mistake, and bring him to a proper consciousness of the wide difference between their relative positions. Nor was this all; one day, some six months after, Madame de Candolles took occasion to pay a visit to the préfecture, and leading M. Durand aside, to solicit him for the still unfilled post of librarian, in favour of Ferdinand's foster-brother, a market-gardener's son! He was, she said, an exceedingly clever young man, knew Latin, Greek, and all sorts of things, had just served his time in a notary's office, and would be the very thing for the situation proposed!—(successor to Madame Durand's own nephew!) The prefét was sufficiently master of himself to refuse politely, alleging that he had already made choice of a librarian; but when Madame Durand heard the story, she vowed undying hatred to all aristocrats, and whenever she afterwards met Madame de Candolles, tossed her plumed head as though she had been a war-horse. So ended our hero's first and only chance of official employment, rejected, we have seen with what disdain. He had then attained the age of twenty-three.

In the course of the following year General de Candolles died, leaving all he possessed to his nephew. This "all" was not much,

still it was something,—some twenty-odd thousand francs, or so,—and if the widow had lived long enough, it might have increased; but, unfortunately, before Ferdinand had reached the age of twenty-five, his mother also died, leaving him completely—positively "alone in the world." With what Madame de Candolles left (her chief resources had come from a small annuity) Ferdinand found himself at the head of about two thousand pounds sterling. With two thousand francs a year, which this would yield, he might have lived comfortably enough in any part of the provinces, and indulged in a quiet laugh at the préfet, who wanted to make a *bibliothécaire* of him. But of course such sensible arrangements did not enter into his head. He was (the *naïf* royalist and aristocrat!) wild with admiration of "Hernani" and *le Roi s'amuse*, and for the moment thought of little beyond the soul-stirring delights of seeing Bocage in *Antony*, or Madame Dorval in *Marion Delorme*. To Paris, of course, tended all his desires, and to Paris he accordingly went, as soon as the first months of mourning were expired, and he had put what he termed order into his affairs.

We will not dive into the details of his existence in the great capital during the first period of his residence there. Suffice it to say, that the literary mania soon possessed him entirely, and he dreamt of little short of European fame. Here, indeed, thought he, was a career into which he might throw himself with all his energy. Lamartine and de Vigny were gentlemen like himself, and there was in poetry nothing to sully his escutcheon. Unfortunately, Ferdinand mistook for talent the means afforded him by his purse for drawing flatterers about him, and for some time he bought his most fatal illusions with his positive substance. Dinners to journalists, and parties of pleasure with all the world, soon reduced his capital considerably, but what did that matter? when he should be famous, publishers would besiege him, laying thousands at his feet for a fortnight's labour. He was already the acknowledged idol of certain *salons*, and when the tragedy he had written should be performed, his name would be glorious throughout the world. By dint of pecuniary sacrifices, the performance of this play at the Théâtre Français had been obtained, and what with newspaper scribblers, *claqueurs*, actresses, and human leeches of every sort who fastened upon his pocket, the author found himself, half an hour before the curtain drew up, on the fancied dawn of his glory, literally deprived of every farthing he possessed, except one solitary five-franc piece in his waistcoat pouch. Ferdinand smiled gaily on perceiving this, and thought what a strange thing fortune was, and fame too, and how, on the morrow, he should be on the high road to riches!

Well, to cut the matter short, the tragedy was a dead failure, as it merited to be, and before the last act was ended, Ferdinand's golden dreams were rudely dispelled, and he clutched the *pièce de cent sous* in his waistcoat-pocket as though it were to save him from going crazy. When the curtain dropped he escaped from the theatre unseen, muffled up in his cloak like some criminal flying from detection. But his fate was lying in wait for him. As he turned round the corner of the house which led into the least frequented of the surrounding streets, he perceived three or four carriages waiting for their occupants and he stood for an instant, hesitating whether to go backwards or forwards. At that moment, a ray from the *réverbère* fell upon the face of a lady who, enveloped in mantle and hood, was waiting for the arrival of her

equipage. Ferdinand had never seen that face before, but he stood riveted to the spot, for something in his heart whispered, *it is she—the one!* The preceding carriages received their respective charges, and whirled them off; the last one drew up, and the door was opened by the footman — the lady dropped her glove, whilst turning to bid adieu to her companion. Ferdinand, unconscious that he had sprung to her side, raised it up, and offered it to its owner. "Thank you, Armand," said she, "what a wretched stupid play, was it not?" and then turning round,—"A thousand pardons, Monsieur!" she exclaimed; "I mistook you for another person;" and so, with a bow, she entered her carriage, and the door closed with a bang.

Ferdinand stood upon the spot where he had seen her stand, until a *sergent de ville* touched him on the arm, and told him to move on. *What a wretched stupid play!—was it not?*" the sentence rang in his ear, but brought with it the echo of the tone—that magic sound that had struck upon the chords of his secret soul, and under whose vibration they were still striking their response,—the honeyed voice, not the hard words, had wounded him, and he confessed that, though deadly, the poison was nectar to the taste.

Day after day, hour after hour, did Ferdinand spend in the vain attempt to discover his unknown idol, and the less he succeeded in the enterprize, the more the object of his pursuit became lovely in his eyes, and was surrounded with ideal charms. It would be useless to enter into the painful details of Ferdinand's life during this period.

The day after the failure of his tragedy, the Marquise de Guesvillers, an ancient dowager of the Faubourg St. Germain, and his chief *prôneuse*, sent to beg the discomfited author would come and dine with her *tête-à-tête*. Ferdinand had a reason now for desiring to explore to the utmost extent the upper regions of society, and he accepted the invitation. The old lady greeted him with a half-benevolent, half-mischievous smile—"My dear child," said she, when the servant had closed the door, "now that Providence has saved you from becoming an *homme de lettres*, we must try to make something of you. Heaven be praised! pen and ink must have lost its charm for you at last" (a pinch of snuff), "it seems your play was as bad as your enemy could wish; Madame de Rouvion was there, and has just told me so—poor dear Hector de Candolles" (another pinch of snuff), "if he could have guessed that a great-grandson of his would write a play! But, however, that is over now, and we have only to rejoice that things were no worse: when the recollection of your *aventure* shall have quite subsided, we will find a wife for you, and settle you in life! Thank Heaven! you are cured of your taste for pen and ink!" and these last words the good lady repeated over and over again in the course of the evening, and each time with remarkable satisfaction. Once or twice Ferdinand was tempted to shake the monotonous little dowager to pieces, and shout in her ear —"Woman! I must *live* by pen and ink, or starve!" but the remembrance of *the face* he had seen the night before, froze the words on his tongue, and he submitted to the torture in silence.

For months in the *salons*, whither Madame de Guesvillers carried him, he sought out the object of his dreams, but she never appeared, and Ferdinand went on leading *la vie de Bohème*, until hope began almost entirely to fade away. One evening, he had, for the fiftieth time, accepted an invitation to some *soirée*, where his indefatigable patroness

insisted upon his going; and he was, as usual, looking on whilst others amused (or fancied they amused) themselves, when the conversation of two ladies near him attracted his attention—he knew not why.

"So Blanche Vouvray is come back, at last?" said one.

"She is coming here to-night?" replied the other.

As the two talkers moved away, a certain movement might have been observed towards the middle of the room, and many and loud greetings welcomed a new comer, who seemed to have been long absent. Mysterious magnetism of the heart! Ferdinand knew what had happened, and was prepared, when he turned round, to recognize at last—standing in the midst of a group who were pressing eagerly around her—the *one*, so long, so vainly sought; the vision that had risen over his ruin like a star over the tempest-torn sea, that had come and vanished in the momentous night when it was proved to him that his sole resources for a bare existence must depend, in future, upon hard, ignoble, unavowed and insufficient toil!

There she stood! bright, beautiful, and glad, beaming on all about her, dispensing favours in look, gesture, and smile, and inflicting wound after wound on Ferdinand's heart by the incomparably sweet voice that, do what he would, seemed to his ear always to repeat—"*What a wretched stupid play!—is it not?*" It was the only link between them—the one sole sign whereby she had acknowledged his existence.

How long the *soirée* lasted, was what M. de Candolles never knew, he simply thought it a time—it might be one protracted moment—during which there was light; then, the light went out, and darkness spread over everything around. He would not ask to be presented to Mademoiselle de Vouvray; he was content to watch her, and, when she was gone, he mechanically closed his eyes, locked up his vision within his inmost self, and then, re-awakening, went forth, to be once more alone with his idea!

Time passed on, and Ferdinand's passion increased with every hour. Three or four times in the week he found means to feast his eyes upon the object of his adoration, and the remaining days and nights were spent in trying to draw poetic inspiration from what threatened to be the source of something very nearly akin to madness. Ferdinand's actual talent, however, was of such a perfectly ordinary stamp, that it profited in no degree by the strong element love afforded it, and one fine morning, when he least expected it, a blow so stunning was dealt him that his whole fabric of existence was well-nigh shivered to the earth. The proprietor of the paper wherein, for the last year or two, M. de Candolles had published anonymously the chief productions of his pen, suddenly told him that he should in future be obliged to refuse his contributions unless *signed by his own name!* M. de Candolles, he urged, was known in many *salons* of the *beau monde*, and probably what he might write would be read by a good number of people, whereas the lucubrations of *Jaques Bargel* (Ferdinand's *pseudonyme*) only occupied space, and brought neither fame nor money to the journal! M. de Candolles received the announcement, which went near to show destitution staring him in the face, with becoming fortitude. He would sooner have died than allow his name to be dragged forward into publicity; and at the thought of the elegant, aristocratical, disdainful lady of his worship discovering that he lived by writing *feuilletons*, he felt the very ground fail beneath his feet.

Ferdinand was, after the circumstance we have just related, reduced to a species of misery even he had as yet not suspected. Unable to pay for the lodging, small and dirty as it was, that he had hitherto inhabited, he was now reduced to rent a small attic belonging to the collection of servants' rooms in a tolerably good-looking house. The one thought that absorbed him was fear lest Blanche de Vouvray should discover the necessities of his life. This, and this alone, combated the wild passion wherewith she had inspired him. But he reckoned without feminine instinct and feminine curiosity. Blanche de Vouvray had not been half a dozen times in the same *salon* with M. de Candolles, before she felt she was adored, and her next feeling was one of considerable anxiety to know how she should bring her slave to confess the charm. Blanche was a person of irreproachable conduct, but still, it was tiresome to be so evidently worshipped, and yet know nothing at all about it!

Poor Ferdinand! the struggle for existence was rapidly wearing him out. The want of almost every necessary of life, the constant recourse to a morsel of bread, or a little rice, and a few potatoes, for daily food, coupled with the perpetual tension of the brain, required to secure even these, miserable as they were — all this was doing its deadly work, and M. de Candolles' health was visibly failing every day. One evening, this was so plain to all eyes that, at Madame de Guesvillers' house, many good-natured persons told Ferdinand he really must take care, or they should hear of his going off in a galloping consumption. An hour or two later, some one opened a window behind where he was standing,—

"Do not remain where you are,—*pray!*" said a voice beside him.— It was timidly yet earnestly said; the sweet voice was unsteady, and there was such an expression in the last word, "*Pray!*" Ferdinand turned without answering; his eyes met Blanche de Vouvray's,—she looked down, but not before she had involuntarily replied to his passionate and melancholy glance.

M. de Candolles soon left the room. His brain was on fire, and he rushed homewards like one possessed. Part of his prudence was gone. He snatched up pen and ink, and *wrote!* wrote to *her!* — All that Ferdinand had never yet found, was found now — the hidden spring was reached, and the tide of eloquence gushed forth, strong, rapid, irresistible.

Such a letter as few women have ever received was put, the next morning, into Mademoiselle de Vouvray's hands. The first effect of it was electrical,—she became confused, and like one in a dream; but almost as soon, the feminine instinct awoke, and involuntarily she admitted that *her end was gained,—he had spoken at last!* What lay beyond was uncertain—might be dangerous, and had best be altogether set aside. She would avoid M. de Candolles in future. This was not so easy; that very night she met him in the vestibule of the *Grand Opéra,* with little old Madame de Guesvillers on his arm. He bowed to, but did not look at her; was cold, silent and reserved, and really did seem as though he had one foot in the tomb. He would, perhaps, not live another year, —that was a shocking thought,—and Blanche shivered as she rolled over the *Pont Royal* in her comfortable carriage. There could be no harm in answering his letter from a certain point of view she now adopted and accordingly she did answer it, and a very virtuous, and consoling, and amiable composition her answer was. From this moment the possibility of writing tempted both; and from time to time they availed

themselves of it, though it never degenerated into a habit. Ferdinand's pecuniary resources growing less and less with every day, he literally *starved* himself, in order to cover the extravagance of his *heart-expenses.* For a bouquet dropped in at her carriage-window, as she drove from the *Italiens*—for a perfume to put upon his own handkerchief, that she should inhale, he constantly observed a four-and-twenty hours' fast, broken only by a crust of bread and a glass of water.

There were days, it cannot be denied, when the fair Blanche de Vouvray admitted to herself that it might have been better for her never to have seen M. de Candolles. His strange adoration captivated and pre-occupied her by its very strangeness, probably far more than if it had followed the ordinary method in such cases.

One day, after saving during three weeks, and Heaven only knows with what pains, the sum of fifteen francs, Ferdinand therewith secured the loan of a really handsome horse, from one of the dealers in the Champs Elysées. When the carriage came in view, than which there was no other in the world for him, he made his steed execute certain evolutions gracefully enough, for he was a remarkably good horseman, darted off upon the road to the *Bois de Boulogne*, crossed once or twice the path of the *calèche* he was pursuing, received *one* look of recognition, *one* sign from a small gloved hand, and was over-paid! That evening they met in the same *salon;* a lady who was standing by the piano whereon Blanche had just been playing a new waltz, asked Ferdinand whether she had not seen him on horseback in the Champs Elysées. "I thought I would try how it might suit me now," was his reply, "but I find it will not do; the exercise is too strong, and I am unequal to it."—Blanche de Vouvray grew pale, and bent down to look over some music.

"If riding is too much for his nerves," observed, later in the evening, to his neighbour, one of the beardless *lions* who happened to be present, "I should imagine such a monstrous quantity of cake must be equally so!" and jumping forward to Ferdinand's side, "*Halte là, mon vieux!*" he exclaimed, with all the elegance and atticism of *Mabille* in his intonation,—"leave a little of that *Savarin* for me, will you? *que diable!* why, one would swear you had n't eaten since yesterday!"

Ferdinand turned round suddenly upon the ill-bred youth, and in his haggard glance there was a flash of positive ferocity; it was but a flash, but to an observer it would have sufficed to testify the truth of the horrid words uttered in jest. An instant after, the impression was chased away, and a laugh was the only visible result of the incident; but any one who could have decyphered what was engraven on M. de Candolles' countenance that night, would have seen that a convulsion so violent had passed over his whole being, that reason was almost shaken from its throne.

The constant recurrence of these violent emotions, acted more and more visibly each day upon Ferdinand's wasted frame, and at last a moment came when he disappeared altogether from his habitual haunts. Few remarked his absence, except a few women, in whose albums he wrote bad verses, and for whom he procured autographs from great theatrical celebrities. Upwards of ten days passed, and M. de Candolles had not yet been heard of. His old friend, Madame de Guesvillers, drove herself to his door, and the answer at first was, as usual, that he was "*out;*" two days later, however, the porter admitted that he was

in reality very ill, but that the doctor had forbidden any one from visiting him, as the slightest agitation or exertion might produce the worst effects. That very evening, whilst her circle of *habitués* was around her, Madame de Guesvillers received a note from Ferdinand, expressing his gratitude for her enquiries, but saying that his illness was little or nothing,—a cold! and that he hoped in a few days to be able to resume his place at her tea-table. Blanche was present, heard the contents of the note, and if it had been any one's interest (which it luckily was not) to watch her, would have betrayed by many little signs, her involuntary joy. But on returning home, that joy was turned to dismay. There was a letter, too, for her,—such a letter!—it was written from a death-bed, and contained a last farewell. She dismissed her maid and sat through the first hours of the night, with the letter lying before her. Eevry feeling of commiseration, of womanly sympathy was touched, and the true womanly wish to comfort and console aroused.

When she arose the next morning, it was with the determination to afford the last sad alleviation in her power to the sufferings she had caused. She accordingly, after attiring herself as modestly as possible, sallied forth, and, on foot reached M. de Candolles' abode. Here for a moment she paused, and her courage began to fail.

It was a bright sunny morning, and it would have seemed that all the shopkeepers in the street were determined to take their part of air and light, for Blanche thought they were all congregated upon their respective thresholds to see her pass. She blushed at every step, and felt so confused, that more than once she had nearly stumbled. Before entering the *porte cochère* she stood an instant still, all the blood rushed to her heart, and she was ready to faint, *lest she should be too late!* When she had mastered this first strong emotion she began to reflect upon the means of gaining the sufferer's presence.

Blanche commenced her ascent, but when she reached the topmost stair of the fifth flight, and saw before her the narrow, winding, dirty steps that led to the last story, she paused, and began to wonder whither she was going. How strange that M. de Candolles should live in such a place! M. de Candolles, who was "one of her set," and whom she had pictured to herself surrounded by the same elegancies of life which, to the small number of individuals she called *everybody* were indispensable!—what could it mean, and where was she going?

She mounted the flight of stairs, and found herself in a long, winding corridor, lighted by skylights placed at stated distances. Doors were on either hand, and they were numbered. Blanche de Vouvray drew her silk dress and her cachemire shawl closely round her, to avoid the contact of the greasy looking wall. She was hesitating whether she would not return at once, when a low moan, followed by a short, hollow cough struck her ear—all the woman's pitying sympathy were instantaneously re-awakened, and she advanced, her hand raised in order to knock.

But, reader, let us in a few words depict to you the scene that is yet hidden by that closed door. On a miserable bed stretched upon a *paillasse* of straw, lies the invalid, upon whose pallid features a ray of light falls mournfully after having filtered through a ragged piece of green calico hung up before the dim pane of the roof-window. The walls are dingy and bare; in one corner only hangs something in the form of clothing, covered by an old square of ticking. On a broken-backed straw chair at the bed-head, rests a broken tea-pot, apparently

filled with *tisane;* whilst upon a small table near the door are crowded together papers and perfume-bottles, inkstands and soiled gloves, a wash-hand basin and a candlestick, a hair-brush and two or three books,—the heterogeneous symbols of all the wretched inmate's wants, vanities and toil!

The night had been a bad one, and the morning sun brought but small alleviation to Ferdinand's sufferings, whilst the malady itself held him prisoner in its clutches; the want of proper sustenance so weakened his frame that it could oppose no resistance to disease. The brain, without as yet precisely wandering, still from time to time created for itself fair illusions, gentle dreams. *One* form ever floated before Ferdinand's mental vision—far, far off, as in another sphere—and he would stretch forth his arms towards the image and, longing, cry to it for a look, a sign of recognition.

A knock came at his door, uncertain, timid, loud;—why did they disturb him?—Another knock!—He groaned forth the word to enter, and a hand was laid upon the key.

"Come in!" he again peevishly repeated. The door opened!

To describe what passed in the minds of the two thus suddenly face to face to one another, is impossible. All the squalid, ugly, poverty, and apparent degradation we have tried to depict, flashed like lightning over Blanche de Vouvray's comprehension—she stood aghast, but the involuntary scream that escaped her was drowned in the violence of the exclamation, that burst from M. de Candolles' lips. With one hand drawing over him convulsively the blanket that was his only covering, and waving the other imperiously,—"Depart hence, depart;" he shrieked in bitter agony, and with eyes that started with horror from their sockets.

The terror was mutual; and she who had come to console fled in dismay, and he, who would have paid with his heart's blood a touch of her hand, drove her from him as ruthlessly as though she had been his deadliest foe!

Ferdinand de Candolles did not die then; he went raving mad, was confined at Charenton for many years, grew to be a harmless maniac, and died in the year 1848. Blanche de Vouvray is still a reigning beauty in the *salons* of Paris, universally respected, and only known by a very few as the heroine of this sad tale.

---

# THOMAS MOORE.

It is an unpoetical and money-grubbing-age—poets live in it unheard, and unstriving to be heard—and die out of it unnoticed, without leaving a void, or exciting a regret. Thomas Moore has just expired, at a little village in Wilts. Three mourners, names unknown, followed his remains to the grave. Ireland, that for half a century has been enraptured in his songs, and whose best claims to being considered a nation are to be gathered from his verse, Ireland has said nothing. In Dublin, the birth-place of Moore, no sound of public sentiment is heard, save the airs which the "brass-band" of its orators are giving themselves. Deafened by the vulgarest bray of vulgar politicians, the Irish have not a tribute for their national bard, who rendered their country's politics what they never were before, and never will be again, something elevated, intelligent, and ennobling.

Ireland, indeed, may retort, that for many years, Moore had turned his last look upon her and upon her politics, and that he lived and died a Whig; a kind of party which pursues a middle line, and which, consequently, is unpopular and abhorred in a country of extremes, like Ireland. Moreover, if England be unpoetical and money-grubbing, the genius of Ireland is without an idea in its head, or sixpence in its pocket. Of all those fair dreams and hopes, with which Moore peopled his Irish Olympus, not one survives. Patriotism, in that country, is represented by Mr. Birch, and heroism by Mr. Smith O'Brien. Even rebellion, put to the proof, has turned out to be a humbug; and though Moore's poetry once showed a mirror up to Irish nature, the nature is changed; and it is no longer for the poet to shed the light of Muse upon it, but for the statistician to chronicle its details by the light of his own little farthing candle. A "Union" is, in fact, Ireland's Temple of the Muses, a Sydney Godolphin Osborne, not Moore, its laureate. His prose beats poesy hollow, as do his facts far distance even Irish imagination.

We cannot say, that we much admire the politics of poets, and much might be said against Moore's, Byron's, Southey's, and even Scott's. But that their susceptible minds should be impressed by that, which made necessarily so large a part of the mental atmosphere and social commerce in which they lived, was inevitable. And we may attribute more to their chance position in life, than to either the natural bent of their minds or the colour of their judgments.

Moore's birth, childhood, boyhood, youthhood, went through the most stirring and exciting period of Irish history. He first saw the light in May, 1780, when the Irish, even the better Irish, inspired by American example, were in regiments as volunteers, and claiming independence with arms in their hands. The son of a respectable grocer, living at the corner of Aungier Street, Moore had the excellent and classic education which was within reach of the Irish middle class, at least in the metropolis; and he made the most of it, showing himself a most precocious youth, fond of spouting, reciting, acting, and, singing, and whilst yet a pigmy boy, even composing songs, which the risen generation could not equal. His precocious qualities and early claims to arrive at celebrity and excellence, made young Moore an acquaintaince and favourite of even

the highest classes of Dublinians. Lord Moira noticed him, and that was sufficient to induce Moore's parents to fit him out for the London Temple, and destine him for the bar.

These low browed gates, which stand cotemporary neighbours of Temple-bar, and which lead down to the hall and crypt, and cellar of legal study and research, were, to the young Irishman of that day, the gates to the Temple of Fame. It mattered little how the goddess was to be worshipped or won, by pleading or by poesy. Young Moore might have heard tell of the law, and its honours, but he had already become a secret votary of the Muse, and had never heen delivered of a couplet without the satisfaction of soon seeing it in print. He had cultivated two fields, the classics and conviviality, both favourites of the Irish mind. A translation of Anacreon naturally presented itself to both tastes. The idea not only pleased Moore, but the men of rank, who regarded his precocious talents with favour. Lord Moira spoke of the work to the Prince of Wales, to whom it was first dedicated in the year 1800.

If a Greek Anacreon pleased, why not an English one? The tone of English writing was Epicurean. The Court was the great cynosure, to which all looked, and there was enshrined a gay, voluptuous Prince, to whose vices, when young, the English public were indulgent, however merciless and inveterate to the same qualities in a sovereign when old. Women and wine were the natural subject of a poet's idolatry in 1800, however at present a bard might eschew the theme. The Prince drank, the Prime Minister was nightly drunk, the Bar drank, some of the bishops were funny fellows. Nothing so natural as Little's poems in the London atmosphere of that time, although a voice from more moral Edinburgh was afterwards heard to chide the wanton muse. Such poetry, at such a convivial time, at least answered the grand purpose of procuring patronage; and the Prince, provided for Moore some fiscal place, under the name of Registrar, at the Bermudas. All the world now exclaims against the preposterous idea of sending a poet to keep accounts in the Bermudas, as of exposing him, if he did not remain there, to the faithlessness of the agent whom he might select. But the Prince was not yet all-powerful. Sinecures were not to be obtained for poets from such a minister as Addington, and the Registrarship was thought a nice thing; though, like princes' favours in general, it was but a trap for the loss of peace and independence.

The appointment sent Moore to travel, bore him away from that wide held of dissipation—though too narrow a one for a poet's imagination —London, opened the great book of Nature to him, and gave his fancy what it then altogether wanted, and what it never was very rich in, the local and the palpable, in the airy sphere of his poetic limnings. How beautiful are some of his first impressions at the Bermudas struck into hasty verse? Being so far across the Atlantic he continued his voyage, and visited Canada and the United States. The best known fruit of his excursion is the "Canadian Boat Song," of which he caught the music as well as conned the rhyme on the waters of the St. Laurence. The names to which Moore addressed verses in poetic epistles during the course of his wanderings, mark the friends whom he most prized. They are chiefly to Lord Strangford, to members of Lord Granard's family, to those of Lord Moira afterwards Marquis of Hastings; and he continually compared the scenes at Donnington, the seat of the latter, with those on the American lakes.

"Where the blue bells of old Toronto shed,
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed."

The moral impression made upon Moore by America is not that which we would have expected from one, in whose breast the seeds of Irish, that is, of extreme liberalism, were sleeping, if not germinating. The Americans are, indeed, as much annoyed at Moore's judgment of them in verse as they are of Dickens's opinions of them at a later day. His sentiments upon the Americans as a people are expressed in a poetical epistle from Washington, addressed to Lord Forbes. The poet complains that all the foul philosophy of France has overspread America,

"Blighting the bloom of every social grace,
And all those courtesies that love to shoot
Round Virtue's stem—the flowerets of her fruit."

If people had but the errors of youth, exclaims the poet—

"But no, 'tis heartless speculation's ill,
All youth's trangressions with old age's chill;
The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
A slow aud cold stagnation unto vice."

He then accuses the American of loving money, as if industry were a vice, and stigmatizes—

"—— The factious race,
Who, poor of heart, and prodigal of words,
Born to be slaves and struggling to be lords,
But pant for licence while they spurn control,
And shout for right, with rapine in the soul."

The Americans may forgive this juvenile effusion of the London man of fashion, spurning the horny hand and the coarse speech of the backwoodsman, a hand that Moore would have grasped a few years later, when he had come to form a due estimate of London fashions, princely friends, and the refinement of Tory rule.

The critic Jeffrey, who came out in June, 1806, with one of his Thug articles upon poor Moore, never said a word on this precipitate judgment of the Americans. But the poet, being patronized by the Prince and Lord Moira, was too tempting a subject for critical anatomy. And accordingly his erotic couplets were held out to public anathema as likely to corrupt the women of the empire, although the poet was represented as having no other claim to attention but the amorous nature of the subject. As Jeffrey never handled or tried to appreciate a writer of genius and immortality, in his first essays, without branding him as a stupid fool, and as he every year sought to puff some stupid fool of his acquaintance or his party into eminence, we may leave Jeffrey as the Thersites of criticism to the award of posterity. Moore, however, was not for abiding this tardy judgment. He challenged Jeffrey. They met at Chalk Farm, and because the two purblind men of letters did not slaughter each other, the malignant world said the pistols had no balls; and Lord Byron was ungenerous enough to copy the calumny. The Edinburgh reviewer, however, may boast of having cured Moore of any further indulgence in the purely erotic vein. He began the series of the Irish melodies in the following year, 1807. But the poet, as indeed was but natural to his more manly age, mingled a purer spirit with his nectar.

Never was task better adapted to genius than the Irish melodies to Moore. The current of his mind was music, and his thoughts ran to that

current. His ear was as delicate and as well tuned as his fancy was inexhaustible. He had been familiar from boyhood not only with Irish airs, but with that peculiar beauty which the union of power and pathos in the native voice and mind can give them; their rudeness required some refinement to suit them to a less prejudiced ear, and the Irish music required an introducer like Moore to render it at once the denizen of the English drawing-room and the companion of the English piano. This Moore did with little sacrifice of originality or raciness, and with the addition of the "words that burn." Whilst considering the great success of the melodies even as music, it should not be forgotten at how low an ebb was music in those days, although the town was full of glee-clubs and Anacreontic societies. Dibdin and Incledon were the heroes of song; but the style of the music was so poor, that without their jollity and lungs, it would scarcely have excited a cheer even at Vauxhall. Rossini had then scarcely appeared above the horizon, and the opera was limited to its simple old masters. In short, a happy and original air was as rare in music as anything that might be called poetry during the laureateship of Pye. The muses of song and verse were, however, rising together. Scott was publishing his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and Southey his "Thalaba." The poems and operas which soon burst upon the world were already in preparation; Moore heralding them with the first number of the "Irish Melodies."

If Moore did much for Irish song, the task had no little and no unhappy influence upon him; it awakened in his breast feelings that had long lain dormant, or been compressed as not harmonizing with the ideas of that English society in which he lived. The effect of that society upon his taste and political feelings has been seen in his judgment respecting America, when Ireland remained, if not a forbidden, at least an untouched subject with Moore for many years. When the Prince Regent discarded all the professions of his past life, and openly avowed his preference not only of governing Ireland with Tory politics rather than Whig, but his desire and determination to keep the Irish Roman Catholics still bound down beneath an oppressive yoke, the liberals of all ranks exhaled their bile against the Regent. Moore felt his natural feeling again set free; his melodies offered a natural sentiment as well as vent to it, and a deep and passionate denunciation of English oppression, came to be blended by him alternately with the song of amorous sentiment or bacchanalian gaiety. In his second number the poet accuses himself for making love, when he ought to have been sounding the trumpet of rebellion. Still all these, which would have been too serious, and would have been found so even by liberals a year after the events of 1798, were now tolerated, and passed as a very legitimate and warrantable species of opposition, at least for a poet.

Love and rebellion form the staple of the Irish Melodies; both, too, if the verses are to be taken literally, *au pied de la lettre*, as the French say, are neither warrantable love, nor rational insurrection. The excuse is, that in neither is the poet serious. There reigns a half earnestness, half jocoseness throughout, sufficient, we should think, to assure the loyalist and the puritan, that no great affront was intended to either of their susceptibilities. The sword of the rebel is too thickly wreathed with roses to be formidable, and the warmth of love's passion is meant merely to figure and express those evanescent moments and trains of thought that faint as soon as they are born. There is evident insincerity in the immorality

of Moore, and still more of Byron. Neither, we are certain, ever meant seriously the Epicureanism of many of their verses; which were meant merely as a foil to take off the too keen edge of those in which they are warmly and sincerely passionate. Who ever took

"It is sweet to think that wherever we roam,"

to be serious, aptly set as it is to the tune of "Thady, you Gander," any more than they took panegyrics on drunkenness in a hundred esteemed poets and songs, to be aught but banter? Unfortunately, Byron abused this licence of the poet to be jocosely immoral and ironically licentious. His laugh and his sneer became so intermingled that one knew not which was which; and whilst some of the good public took his sublime for Satanism, others took his Satanism for the sublime.

Moore, however, had nothing of the Sardanapalus, or the Mephistophiles in him; his philosophy was simple, and his ideas pellucid—he had floated very happily upon the current of life—friendship had wafted him on his prosperous path—love cheered and comforted as well as inspired him. There was nought in woman's heart, or man's spirit, or his own fate, to make him turn in disgust from any, or convert them into hells by the force of distorted imagination. He saw nothing in life, but that same smiling surface which all cheerful men see—nothing in misfortune deeper than the common calamities that affect all men with more or less intensity. These were ample materials for his muse, sufficient groundwork for his fancy, which loved to select the simplest subject, to elevate and adorn by the most exuberant charms of poesy.

The race for poetical pre-eminence then began to be keenly contested. Every month brought forth its poem — every year its epic. A few songs, or a brief tale, had become unsatisfactory and disrespectful to the public. Even poets addressed them in goodly volumes, and what with notes and verse, weighty missiles began to be, bandied about by the Muses. Moore was not a man to be left behind; he, too, felt himself fully equal to a poem *de long haleine*, and he determined to fling himself into it. Mr. Perry, of the "Morning Chronicle," brought Moore to talk to the heads of the firm of Longman on that subject; and they were induced to hold out a sum of three thousand pounds as the price for a goodly quarto or octavo of verse. An epic, however, could not be written in Bury Street, after nights spent in lobster suppers, or in worse dissipation, as Byron's Life depicts. Tom Moore, therefore, now a married man, having espoused Miss Dyke, the object of his affections, retired to Mayfield Cottage, in Derbyshire, no forlorn or deserted spot, as some biographic sketches pronounce it, but, on the contrary, surrounded by some of the most beautiful scenery and the gayest haunts in England. A walk's distance from Matloch, a drive from Chatworth as from Dovedale, Moore found himself in view or in reach of all the charms that English rural life affords.

Here Moore composed Lalla Rookh, not without frequent and fidgety visits to London, and dives into its life and gaiety. The events of 1814 were such as might well derange the composure, and disturb the seclusion of any muse. The poet, however, stuck to his task; in 1816 the volume was delivered to the bookseller, and the price paid. However large the latter may seem, it was but the remuneration for five years of incessant intellectual labour. Lalla Rookh appeared in 1817, and answered all the expectation formed of it by a then fastidious and almost satiated public. No production of either Scott or Byron excelled it,

however they may have equalled it in popularity. And if the judgment which an enlightened public gives upon its first unbiassed impulse be a test of merit, then may Lalla Rookh be set down indisputably as one of the first productions of English genius.

It is an opinion very generally entertained, that a writer's own age is not the best judge of his merits, and that the palm of literary and poetic excellence and immortality are to be awarded, not by it, but by succeeding or, perhaps, successive generations. However true this may be of very rude or very debased ages, it is impertinent to an age in the very foremost rank of civilization and intellect. The first characteristic of genius appears to me to be to please, and captivate, and command its age. All great geniuses have done so. Milton's case is no exception. He wrote for a generation of men, and of ideas which had not indeed passed away, but which were politically oppressed, and which had not the power to award popularity.

"Paradise Lost" was written in a proscribed language, and durst not be listened to. Very few years passed, however, before it assumed the place in literature which, but for political and violent revolutions, it would have attained on its first appearance.

There was one peculiarity about all the poets that sprang up in this country with the opening century. They were all, with the exception of two or three who formed a school apart, men of the world, lived in society, enjoyed it, were considered in it, breathed and shared its common feelings, its excitements, its prejudices. They wrote for society, and did not set up as writers any of those pretensions which in a member of society would not be tolerated. They did not come forward as philosophers to reform, or pedants to instruct it. To amuse, to delight, to interest, to dazzle, were their objects; and to attain these they made use of those veins of thought and feeling which ran through the intellectual and cultivated portion of their cotemporaries.

There is nothing, however, in which the flow and ebb of attraction and repulsion are so strongly felt as in matters of taste. There never was a generation which liked to follow the taste of that which preceded it. It may come from a natural tendency of the mind to renovate itself and be content with nothing but new ideas, or at least renovated ones. We do not like the politics of our parents, nor their philosophy, still less their poetry. And when this poetry has been the product, or the reflex of a peculiar state or phase of society, the repugnance is still stronger, for the reaction of taste is felt more in the ways of society than perhaps in all else. No wonder, then, that there is a rising generation who esteem not Moore, who have an aversion to Byron, and even affect to be blind to the merits of Scott. When the second half of the last century commenced, the world had grown so sick of Pope and of his couplets, that the poetic taste ran anywhere to get out of the reach of rhyme. The world then drank deep of Thomson, and Gay, and Akenside, and Cowper, all of whom were considered far superior to Dryden and to Pope. The fact is, that what fastidiousness can least tolerate in poetry is the penultimate.

We have said enough to show how far we are from joining in the anathemas which the school of Young England criticism throws upon Moore and his cotemporaries. We cannot but humbly opine that the poetic taste as well as genius of the present age and generation are immeasurably inferior to those which preceded it; so much so, indeed, that

we cannot but wonder at the audacity of existing pigmies in daring even to measure the colossi who moved amongst their fathers. The last age of writers, whether in prose or verse, had one great defect, which detracted and detracts from their universality and greatness. They wrote for an educated class. They did not, like Homer, and like Shakspeare, write for every class—the vulgar as well as the refined. Perhaps it was not their fault; perhaps it was the fault of society, its divisions, and the parking off of high from low in all matters of education and of taste. The most popular of the writers of the last age is Scott; but even his prose writings demand a certain cultivation of intellect and gentilization of habits of thought, that render far poorer writers of imagination greater favourites with the people.

But the critics and poets of the present day who pooh pooh Scott, Byron, and Moore, do not object to, or complain of this their really weak point. On the contrary, they would augment, aggravate it. Instead of addressing a wider range of intellect, they seek to please a less extended audience. If Scott wrote for gentlemen and yeomen, Moore for society, Byron for what was *blasé* in society, the English bards of 1850 write for an audience of poets. No plain man can comprehend them; their modes of thought and diction require a study so understand, and an apprenticeship to admire. Now this is progress in a wrong, that is, in a backward direction. To be exclusive is not to be great, except in one's own opinion. This may do for the aristocracy of birth and wealth, but not for that of talent or genius, which must be judged and appreciated by other voices than those of its own retainers. The best characteristic of true genius is its universality, its speaking to all men in their own language, and its winning all men. This is the great characteristic of Greek literature: the beauty of all, whether epic, dramatic, lyric, historic, showing forth the universality of the audience which all address. There was nothing affected, nothing stilted, nothing exclusive about it, no wordy sublime, no mysterious originality, no Italian conceits, no German nonsense. And this was because Greece allowed no closet work, no hide and go seek expressions of sentiment. Had there been, Aristophanes would have soon held it up to inspection and derision in one of his "Clouds." In the way, therefore, that Moore and Byron sinned, the poets of the present day sin more. They have gone further from nature, from life, and from the wide audiences of their fellows to glean applause in corners, and win immortality from coteries.

We know of no nobler aim for the poet than to take a sublime and intellectual philosophy, which is too abstruse for the vulgar and too ideal for plain exposition, but which, by being adorned and illustrated, may be brought home to the imagination, and rendered clear to the intelligence of the general reader. That is what Pope attempted; although whether he chose his philosophy wisely, or expounded it to any purpose, may be doubted. But the bard who takes or who conceives a very abstruse philosophy, and who, instead of illustrating it, renders it ten times more abstruse in his verse, has small effect as a poet, and less influence as a philosopher. For our own part, if we place little value by the politics of poets, we place still less by their philosophy, which is always second-hand, never digested, and generally ill-chosen. We are for the division of labour in intellectual pursuits, and like to go for philosophy to philosophers, and for politics to politicians. We admire Byron in despite of his philosophy, and can enjoy even the powerful expression of

his philosophic sentiment, although we know it to be nonsense. We can grant full indulgence to the epicureanism of Moore's songs. But if the great merit of Byron lay in his negation of virtue and happiness, and of Moore in his recommendation to enjoy the present hour, we could point out prose works where these doctrines were more rationally set forth, and more logically proven.

Lalla Rookh recommends itself by no metaphysics. Love of woman and of freedom formed its plain staple. We may wonder at the interest that is created out of such thread-bare sentiments. But the poet believed in those sentiments, felt them, was inspired by them. He is more in earnest than the youth of eighteen. Nor is there lover or patriot who must not feel their warmth increased and influenced by the living verse of Moore. Its strength and spirit are unflagging, the imagery brilliant, the language and ideas beautiful. It is said that Moore was not dramatic. This is a mistake. His characters, indeed, have not the originality required of the drama. But such as they are, can any be more dramatic? What more spirited than the dialogue, more passionate than the soliloquies. An "Eastern Tale" cannot develope difference of character. The East knows no such; all are Azims, Hindas, and Mokarmahs. None look for character in an Eastern tale. But to breathe life into these is even more difficult than to light a lurid flame behind the mask of a Childe Harold or a Don Juan.

In the midst of this deep and unfeigned admiration of Lalla Rookh, there is one merit universally allowed to it to which we altogether demur. It is so perfectly Eastern, people, nay critics, say, that it has been translated at Ispahan, and is acknowledged as genuine Persian by Persians. When an Englishman who has never travelled, quoth another critic, can send forth a poem so perfectly Oriental, of what use travelling at all? Cannot the East be known and learned from D'Herbelot better than from personal inspection? Unfortunately for this critical enthusiasm there is nothing Oriental in Lalla Rookh, but the vocabulary, the imagery, and the notes. Its morals, its sentiments, its habits, its events, are good, interesting, beautiful, but they are not Eastern. A lady within the walls of a harem, who calls even voluptuousness vice—a potentate who seeks to win the services of a gallant youth by exposing him to the fascinations of the women of his own harem—the early and innocent loves of youths and maidens wandering together in groves—a prophet who comes forward, like a European reformer, with promises of his determination to free mankind—and an Emmett, or a Lord Edward Fitzgerald in the disguise of a Gheber—all these are so utterly and diametrically opposite to Oriental possibilities, that, with whatever amazement and delight such poems may be read at Ispahan, no Persian can for a moment acknowledge their fraternity.

Nor does the scenery strike as more Oriental than the sentiment. It is very beautiful, very brilliant, more of the splendour of sentiment than an Oriental imagination could conjure up. But the local touches, the original characteristics of a region so utterly new and opposed to all our eyes are accustomed to dwell on,—where are they? Book learning could not supply this. Those who travelled, and wrote travels before Moore's day, were, in general, scientific or matter-of-fact foreigners. There is no poesy in their limnings, no actual life in their skeletons, whilst within the last thirty years England has been inundated not merely with accounts, but actual pictures of the East, done by the most vivacious

pencils. Moore had little beyond the vocabularies and road-books to go upon. The similes, indeed, are correct, and the notes give us chapter and verse for them, and also afford instruction as to what they represent and mean. But we regret to say, there is more of the true East in a page of Morier or "Eothen," than in the two heroic poems of "Lalla Rookh." The lesser poems, the "Light of the Harem" and "Paradise and the Peri," are not stamped with occidentalism. And the latter, perhaps, might prove an exception to our criticism, and be received into the Oriental compartment of a library at Tifliz or Ispahan.

The completion and publication of his great poem set the mind of Moore free, and at the same time gratified it with affluence and with success. He seized the opportunity of his well-earned holiday, and set off with Mr. Rogers for Paris. Liberals were at that time more than usually angry to see a long war, the prevention of which they had deprecated, brought to a prosperous close by the most talentless of their opponents. That Castlereagh should have run down Napoleon, and looked from the height of triumph with ineffable contempt on the little men in opposition, who were, after all, the great intellects of the day, was not agreeable to those great intellects. The Whigs, accordingly, put no bounds to their ill-humour. If some courtesy was hitherto shown to the Regent, there was none now; he might have rendered his friends triumphant. There is difficulty in comprehending the writings of Byron and of Moore, at this epoch, without some such explanation. Moore had, indeed, found the Regent to be a fickle friend. But in 1810, in honour of a fête given by Major Bryan, on the Prince of Wales's birthday, his verses were still complimentary. In 1817, it was far otherwise; the Regent had turned his back upon the Irish, began the persecution of the Queen, and persevered in the oblivion of every liberal friend. The Tory government, too, had rendered itself singularly obnoxious, by a recurrence, not merely to the spy system, but to that worst state of it, in which spies act as provokers, as well as denouncers of treason. Full of these current griefs Moore went to Paris, and combining his English experience, Irish reminiscences, and French gourmandise together, he composed his "Letters for the Fudge Family," to the honour and illustration of Castlereagh. Although gastronomy and millinery shared with politics in the working out of this satire, still politics were predominant, and if the "Melodies" had awakened and kept alive the Irish portion of them, the poet's English Whiggism became now equally violent, and continued henceforth to share and to occupy a considerable portion of the poet's thoughts and penmanship.

Political satire is a quality of mind, and a kind of genius indigenous in England. It is difficult to find out a period in the country's annals, when it did not flourish. From Piers' "Ploughman" down, it has always had its representative. Whilst some poets gave themselves to it altogether, and are known by it, as Butler by "Hudibras;" the "Better Brothers," such as Pope and Dryden, invariably recurred to it, made it the hold of their power, and the strength of their profession. Political satire in verse, however, seemed to have died in the last century, with Churchill, and with it our coarseness. And it was employed no longer by the professional lampooners, but by men of social acquirements and political eminence. Grub Street, in fact, had been swept off by the besom, if not of sanitary improvement, at least of social refinement, and the public were captivated with the refined wit of Canning, instead

of being awed by the bludgeon pen of Churchill. The playful satire of the "Anti-Jacobin" amused the town. The voice of the press, too, killed all other modern instruments of political warfare. And capital being required as the motive power, talent and information as the machinery, of journalism, secured a twofold guarantee of respectability. Moore's long connexion and friendship with Mr. Perry, editor of the "Morning Chronicle," tempted the poet to make use of its columns as the vehicle of epigram and satire. One of these effusions was that fiery attack upon Canning, which one would like to see expunged from the literature of the day, and the works of Moore. Canning, certainly, by his impertinent alliterations of the "revered and ruptured Ogden," and in his volunteered defence of the spy-system, provoked it. Nothing so truculent, however, came afterwards from the pen of Moore.

In 1819, Moore went abroad, in the company of Lord John Russell, both bent upon a tour in Italy. They travelled through Switzerland together, and Moore has recorded in his "Rhymes on the Road," the impressions made upon them by that far-famed scenery, which, a few years before, had inspired the muse of "Childe Harold." But if we are to judge from "Rhymes on the Road," the poetic spirit of Moore was awakened, far more by the visions of his imagination or his recollection, than by the actual presence of the great works of Nature. The corner of a post-chaise, or a chamber at an inn, are not the most favourite spots for poetic inspiration. Byron, who inhabited a villa on the Leman, watched its aspect and scenery both night and morn, who wandered and mused at all hours in the midst of all this loveliness, chose the happiest hours and the most enviable moments of the year to form his feelings into verse. He wooed the muse at leisure, and was not hurried into treating her as a bread-earner.

One of the objects of Moore in visiting Italy was to pass some time with Lord Byron, who then inhabited Venice. The poets had made acquaintance in London, had been much together, corresponded regularly, and were cordial friends. The fastidious Byron respected the bard who walked by his side up the steep of Parnassus. There was the *idem sentire de republicâ*, and Moore depending upon his pen, supported as it was by genius, and steeled by pride, was but an additional claim to the friendship of the poet peer. Moore found Byron at La Mira, a villa on the Venetian mainland, a *villegiatura*, whither persons escape in summer from the not sweet odours of the canals of Venice itself. He conducted Moore, however, to his own palazzo at Venice; and after kicking open the doors of his apartment for want of a key, installed in his *sanctum*, Moore, who all the time was thinking that although his welcome might not be so warm, his comfort would be greater at the inn. Byron says that he and Moore did nothing but laugh whilst they were together. And laugh no doubt they did; but as they spoke of his lordship's marriage, and his present *démêlés* and connection with the Guiccioli and Gambas, and also of "Don Juan," the third book of which was then in progress, the publication of which was deprecated by Moore, they must have had serious converse too. Moore gave an amusing account of the rides on the Lido, and of Byron's gallop to escape two English Cockneys who with breathless haste arrived to see him, but whom he disappointed by outgalloping, and ensconcing himself in his gondola.

Moore, in giving an account of his parting-dinner with Lord Byron at La Mira, writes—

"A short time before dinner he left the room and in a minute or two returned, carrying in his hand a white leather bag. 'Look here,' he said, holding it up; 'this would be worth something to Murray, though you, I dare say, would not give sixpence for it.'—'What is it?' I asked.—'My 'Life and Adventures,' he answered. On hearing this I raised my hands in a gesture of wonder. 'It is not a thing,' he continued, 'that can be published during my lifetime; but you may have it, if you like—then do whatever you please with it.' In taking the bag, and thanking him most warmly, I added, 'This will make a nice legacy for my little Tom, who shall astonish the latter days of the nineteenth century with it.'"

Every one of the prognostications and hopes of the two poets were unhappily falsified. However Moore might prize the "Life and Adventures,' Mr. Murray did not. They will never astonish the nineteenth century: even Moore consented to burn them. And as for little Tom, after being obliged to quit the British regiment, in which he had procured an ensigncy, owing to some deuced love-scrape, he took refuge as officer of the French foreign legion in Algeria, and died there of the climate, added to a disappointed career.

I remember the poet with his bright-eyed son, then emerging from boyhood in Paris, the father urging him to dust his coat and make it look spruce. The son pleaded for a new one with a kindred archness and merriment between them that loudly bespoke the affinity, although the boy was for careering his way through the world with sword, not with pen.

With respect to Lord Byron's autobiography, the fault lay in his reserving and not reserving them for posterity. Had they remained sealed up completely until the death of all parties, squeamishness and susceptibility might not have succeeded in procuring their total destruction; and the world might have had what Moore's memoir of the poet has not given, an intelligible explanation of Byron's great domestic quarrel. The loss of the manuscript was occasioned by the permission of Byron for its being shown to a certain few. The certain few were the interested few, when Murray got hold of it. They remonstrated. Mr. Moore was delicate on money matters, refunded the two thousand guineas he had received, took back the MS., and burned it. He fulfilled his duty to Lord Byron by rewriting the memoirs, and making the man autobiography as nearly as possible by the insertion of his letters to himself and Mr. Murray. These stand as a monument of the two poets, and not the least interesting of the works of Moore. And yet, we are told, that with regard to the sale, they were the least successful of the author's works.

Moore had already removed his penates from his Derbyshire cottage to a Wiltshire one, and meditated setting up his inkstand at Sloperton on his return from his lengthened tour in Italy. He did not make much of this tour in the way of materials for rhymes. Byron had been before him. Classics were at a discount; and Moore knew nothing of art. He asked Wilkie to give him a lesson as to how he was not to appear ignorant, and know a Rubens from a Raphael. Had he put down the lesson in verse, it would have formed not the least telling of his rhymes on the road. But the fatal gift of princely patronage, the registrarship of the Bermudas, now came to interfere with his domestic comfort, and it drove him from his English home. His deputy had absconded, and left some thousand pounds worth of claims, chiefly in the hands of Americans. They amounted to six thousand pounds. Unable to raise such a sum, Moore stopped in Paris on his return from Italy, and took up his abode

first at a cottage in Sèvres, overlooking the town, and over against the park of St. Cloud. From thence he afterwards removed to Passy, where he was still residing, in the summer of 1822. His "Melodies," the "Loves of the Angels," and "Fables for the Holy Alliance," were the fruits of his Paris sojourn. He had then not only to provide for the usual expenses of an increasing family, but the weight of his Bermuda engagements. There, although the merchants brought their demands considerably lower, still they formed a monstrous "cantel" out of a poet's earnings. Yet he was resolved to pay off the debt by his own exertions, rather than by the generosity of friends. And in this he persevered and succeeded, so as to be enabled to return to England towards the close of 1822. Though living a merry, yet a simple life, surrounded with all that was valuable in English acquaintance, Moore never cottoned to the French. He was not the mysterious and poetic hero to them that Byron was. And although they worshipped Beranger, so like to Moore in most respects, still Moore himself either in a translation or in half-understood English, did not claim from them that just appreciation which the English bestowed. Moore lost more in a foreign dress than either of his great competitors.

But whatever Moore's feelings towards France, his muse was never more happily inspired; his best Irish melodies, perhaps, were written there. There is no strain of his peculiar poesy, more pure, more spirited, more tender, or more original, than the "Loves of the Angles;" nor has anyofhis satiric effusions surpassed the "Twopenny Postbag." But however beautiful and imaginative the "Loves of the Angels," people did not run and talk about them as much as about "Lalla Rookh." Love had been conjugated by the poet throughout all its moods and tenses: nor were these confined to Moore; all the great poets of the day had, towards the close of the first quarter of the century, exhausted their peculiar themes; and it was most evident a change was coming. Prose was superseding poetry even in works of imagination; pictures of nature, not fancy; veins of humour rather than bursts of passion, were in request; young writers of imagination looked to the novel, not the epic, and instead of concentrating their spirit in a canto, diluted it through many volumes. When Moore, therefore, was enabled by the settlement of his pecuniary difficulties connected with the Bermuda Registrarship, to bid farewell to the Continent, he returned at once to Sloperton and to prose.

Sloperton was a modest little cottage, close to a by-road side, not very far from the bald pate of Round Way Down, and about half-way between Calne and Devizes. I was once on a visit in the neighbourhood, and set out in early morn to find Sloperton. I walked and inquired with great assiduity, and wandered round and round, far from the object of my search, until towards evening I was compelled to give up the quest, seek the high road, and return to whence I came. I was much taunted for my want of skill in the Wiltshire dialect and topography, but was consoled by the remark that, "had I asked for Slauperton I could not have failed to be set right."

I succeeded better the next morning, and found the gayest and most hospitable of men, overflowing with mirth and sense, jollity and shrewdness, but with a conversation far more full of the world than of poesy. He had then very little, if at all, declined from the zenith of life. The once clear blue of the youthful eye was, however, already turning to the dull turquoise colour, and did not so fully illumine the ruddy though intellec-

tual countenance as it had done even at Passy. The hair was greyer and thinner, over his Atlantic of a scalp — he had an exuberantly large head for its substructure, which was still graceful and agile. It was in convivial hours that Moore shone to most advantage, especially when enjoying the companionship of a friend. Luttrell, author of the "Advice to Julia," happened to be of the party when I met Moore in Wiltshire; and his dry and placid humour acted as such a happy provocative to Moore's more active and exuberant wit, that the friends enhanced each other ten fold.

Moore, for the same reason, went well in company with Sidney Smith, another joker of the dry and solemn kind. A party of connoisseurs, amongst whom was Sidney Smith, went with Moore to inspect a portrait of him that Newton, the American artist, was then engaged in painting and had nearly finished. The portrait being placed on an easel, in a proper light, each connoisseur gave his opinion very freely, praised the likeness, and suggested this and that correction—this and that mode of increasing the likeness and the effect. Sidney Smith having said nothing, Newton looked to him, as it were for an opinion. "A striking portrait, indeed, Mr. Newton," said Sidney Smith; "but don't you think you could throw into it a little more hatred to the church establishment?" The artist was at first a little posed, but soon joined the laugh with the rest of the company.

In 1825 Moore visited Scotland, and passed some time both at Abbotsford and Craig's Crook, with Scott and with Jeffrey. They seemed more delighted with his singing than with all else; and it was no wonder. Although his voice was not powerful, yet there was an indescribable sweetness in his mode of singing the melodies, or, indeed, any of his favourite songs, rendering intelligible to every hearer the intensity of that double feeling for music and for verse, which, at the same time inspired the bard, and directed his taste. When Moore visited Byron at Venice, the latter had been estranged from all society. Looking with his friend from a window of his parlour, and seeing some Englishmen pass in a gondola, he put his arms akimbo, and exclaimed, "Ah! if you two knew what a pair of fellows you were looking at, how you would be amazed!" Scott brought Moore to the theatre in Edinburgh, where both were soon known. "Eh!" exclaimed a man in the pit, "yon's Sir Walter, wi' Lockhart and his wife; and wha's the wee body wi' the pawky een? Wae, but it's Tam Moore, just!" "Scott, Scott! Moore, Moore!" immediately resounded through the house. Scott would not rise; Moore did, and bowed several times with his hand on his heart. Scott afterwards acknowledged the plaudits of his countrymen, and the orchestra, during the rest of the evening, played alternately Scotch and Irish airs.

Politics about this time began to attract the attention, not merely of politicians, or of the busy public, but the idle public also. Canning gradually separated from the rest of the Tories, thus liberalizing our foreign politics, and uniting with Moore's friends. Then came another batch of Tories, seeking to outdo even the Canningites in liberalism, by granting Catholic emancipation—all these must have excited a man in Moore's position to an extraordinary degree. It was no longer the loves and falls of angels, but of politicians that haunted and affected him. Hence, besides a number of squibs that now began to appear in a corner of the *Times*—Moore, after Perry's death, having transferred his allegiance to Barnes—the "Memoirs of Captain Rock" employed his pen. Those of

Lord Edward Fitzgerald were composed later. In "Rock" the poet depicted how the monster of Irish agitation was created; and his limnings told half the truth. He attributed all to religious inequality and political oppression, but omitted all consideration of the physical fact, that Ireland had more mouths than the capital applied to its soil could supply, or consequently feed. Political economy, however, had made no part of the poet's studies; and if any one had told him that in less than twelve years the murderous habits of Cork and Tipperary would be cured by the simple remedy of depopulation, who would have exclaimed with greater horror and incredulity than Moore?

The Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald was the canonization of a political saint, of good family and great disinterestedness, respected as a hero, but despicable as a politician. What such things have led to, we see fully in our time. What such independence would lead to under present auspices, were easy to divine. Nevertheless, those of us of the present day, who are most convinced of the absurdity of a pure republic, have still more than charity for the hot rebels of that day. And we see no more treason or absurdity in Moore's making a hero of one of their chiefs, than in Scott's idolizing and sanctifying the effete cause of the last drunken descendants of the House of Stuart. Poets must have their license, and they are free to pass even beyond the bounds of common sense at times. Moore now and then made use of this liberty, especially before the act of Catholic emancipation. After that he cooled, not to Catholicism, but to the political use to which it was turned by designing men.

All Moore's biographies were subjects that required delicate treatment. None was more difficult than that of Brinsley Sheridan, whom Moore must have loved for his wit, his energies as a comic writer, and his truth as an historian; but whom, as a recreant Whig, a trading politician, a courtier of the Regent, he could not but heartily despise. The Regent, however, saw Sheridan starve, which redeemed the past subserviency of the latter by his subsequent destitution. It was a life for a friend to write, that it might not fall to foes, and Moore has acquitted himself well of the biography of Sheridan. But there is no political feeling in the work, no view that looks over the park-walls of aristocratic party. Moore says, in this very work, that literature never places a man on a level with the worldly great, but that political eminence or acquirements in a man, however plebeian, does so in an instant. It is with regret one reads such a statement from such a man; for it suggests a host of contradictions to many received opinions. But Moore was mistaken. Politics can no more fill this chasm than literature. Impudence alone can fill it up, and walk across it.

None of Moore's works have caused more disappointment or regret than the "Life of Byron." Uninteresting it could not be; the mere epistolatory matter form alone a mine of treasure. But these jewels are not set in the gold that Moore might have furnished and shaped. The work is decorous, and that is all. And it is plain its writer was thinking more or less on his good behaviour and doing the proper thing than in giving the world the portrait of his matchless friend. Never did a poet give so cold an account of a brother poet.

Moore is more fortunate in his own person—we should say more praiseworthy—than his brother bard, whose biographer he undertook to be. In his life there is much to admire, and little to excuse. Blameless in all the relations of life, and proof against its worst temptations, Moore's

career is an example of genius that rises into the highest ranks of life as an associate and a friend, without acquiring, or indeed caring for, that wealth which all expect to be the natural concomitant. This contempt for wealth, however, was never carried by Moore to a reckless disregard of decency, and to a reliance on his character and position to shield him from the consequences of extravagance. Moore had a nobler idea of the dignity of the poet and the man of literature. And if the sight of the just man struggling against adversity be worthy of the regard of the gods, those circumstances under which Scott and Moore were placed, and against which both fought so manfully, honestly, and proudly, present pictures, which cannot but elevate and ennoble all who shall hereafter either possess or admire high intellectual power. Our literary history, or rather the lives of our great literary men, in the age just elapsed, go far indeed to contradict the long-received opinion of the weakness of men of letters as men of the world, and their inability doubly to preserve or observe self-respect. The mistake may be owing to things, as well as men, to the larger prizes and profits which a wealthy and extensive public can now hold out to the writer who pleases them, as well as to the many varieties of literary earning, unknown in the days of Goldsmith and Johnson. But men, like Moore, have also their claim to the merit. To the last he laboured, and when poetic inspiration grew more rare, with advancing years, he gave himself to the composition of a History of Ireland, for the Cabinet Cyclopædia. In the commencement of this he lingered too long upon antiquity, and was thus obliged to curtail or hurry through the more interesting period of later times. But as even this work advanced too slowly to keep the poet's humble *pot au feu* regularly boiling at Sloperton, her Majesty, through Lord John Russell, was pleased to confer upon him a pension, out of the Civil List, of three hundred pounds per annum. A part of this is settled on his widow. Moore, in his latter days had no children left to cheer his domestic fireside. His eldest son died in Algeria; his second son at the Charter House. Four daughters also went to the grave before their parents. The intellect of the poet himself, as was the case with Southey, had given way some time before his death. The health of his bodily frame survived his mental, and occasioned his seclusion at Sloperton, for these few years past. He expired at the advanced age of seventy-one.

We should not have omitted to mention, that in making choice of Sloperton for residence, the poet had been greatly influenced by its vicinity to Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, where, in the English *villegiatura* he was sure to meet all his old and eminent friends of the liberal party and the intellectual world. The Rev. Lisle Bowles also was a neighbour, being rector of a neighbouring parish. In those days the distance to London had not been shortened by a railway, but Bath was but a drive's distance, and placed the poet as near to the busy haunts of men as he desired.

It is seen that Moore has left copious memoirs, consisting of a diary when at home, and correspondence with his family when from home. It seems a prudent legacy laid up by his care, and as good a policy of life assurance as a man of his eminence could effect. Moore will have thus taken as good care of his own memory as he did of his friends whom he biographized; and the world will learn something interesting of the workings of his muse, the struggles of his life, and somewhat, no doubt, of its gaieties and pleasures.

# EVERY MAN HIS OWN MONUMENT.

**"In truth your worship," said Sancho Panza, "I could think of dying with more patience, were it not for being buried."**

WELL, we confess that honest Sancho is right. There is something provoking in the idea of being crammed into an ugly damp corner anywhere, and all because one just happens to be dead. It is so like getting rid of us. We seem to suffer another loss—a loss after death too, as though by dying *we* forget the world, but when we are buried, the world returns the compliment and forgets us.

Now while we admit, that there may be tolerable good reasons for burying us after we are dead, yet there are equally good reasons to be given, why we should not be forgotten. Indeed it is our distinct opinion, that but few men ought to submit to oblivion tamely; and we propose, without noticing any of the sterling and enduring bases of renown, to say a few words on the comparative value of those small investments in which many of us may trust the precarious fortunes of our after-lives and dignities.

We might go off into any amount of enthusiasm about that mighty passion of high and low—that love of notoriety—that thirst for fame, which works its way with a diamond-point upon a tavern window, and loads the earth with pyramids—founds new creeds like *Mahomet*, and invents infernal machines like *Guillotin* and *Fieschi*—converts a wilderness into a flourishing state, like *Penn;* or manufactures a *Bowie* knife, a *Paixhan* gun, a *Congreve* rocket, or a *Colt's* revolver — we might, we repeat, go off into any amount of rhetoric on a subject so subtle in its workings, but we will restrain ourselves within the narrow bounds of our project, which we will elucidate in a few sentences.

The part of the scheme we most pride ourselves upon is, that it is not necessary to have a monument made expressly for oneself, with an immediate reference in all its parts and intentions to our persons and merits. For, by the consent and courtesy of society, it often happens that some of the ready-made monuments of "still life" are appended to us. Or rather, by the transference of our names, we may adopt and identify ourselves with a popular idea—a navigable river—a tasty dish—a tight little island—a new creed—a queer hummock—or a bluff headland, and so go halves with them in the notice of the world. At the same time it must be admitted, that monuments of this class are not so personal as a "Statue," or even as an "Epitaph," but then they can be strongly recommended for cheapness and durability. But to those who have not sufficient interest to get such honours conferred upon them, we would recommend more perishable objects to their consideration, taking care that they compensate for their greater frailty by their increased liveliness, and their more constant and intimate communnion with the eyes, tongues, and thoughts of our fellow men.

For this reason we would prefer being a "street," or a "town," rather than mope out our immortality as an "island," or even as an active "volcano" in some desolate and unfrequented sea, where our grandest eruptions would be exhibited to empty benches. We should have our difficulties to contend with as a "street," no doubt. We might be

"burnt out," or "expunged" by an improvement committee; but then while we did live, we should have more homage done to our name in a month, than would be bestowed upon us as an "island" in a century.

A town (think of Romulus and Washington) is sometimes a sound investment of our after fame; for, independent of mere durability, a city is associated with a sentiment, and becomes dear to our feelings on that account. But in the old world it is now a very difficult affair to start in this way. One's only chance consists in commencing in the locality of some of the new lines of railway, or in America, where people go ahead in this particular walk of fame in a most remarkable manner. That seems to be the land where a man of limited attainments can raise a respectable fame with bricks and mortar. Indeed it is nearly impossible to predict any limits to the duration of Washington's renown, if our transatlantic brethren go on naming city after city after their great founder, as they have done. The same may be be said of Franklin, Penn, Jefferson, Adams, and scores of others. But we enter our distinct and solemn protest against all such doings — such puzzling anomalies — such vicarious representation of ourselves. It is unfair to allow a man, even a Washington—and we admit his to be a hallowed name—to stand proxy for himself in so many places. His fame is secure on another pedestal, and it is but justice to others to make a little standing room.

A ship is a good official, particularly a man-of-war, and any man might be proud to confide his name to a British one. How long will the "Arethusa" be remembered, doubly immortalised as she is by Dibden's song, and one of the most dashing frigate fights on record? Like the "Shannon," and brave Sir Philip Broke, she is mixed up with the great events of history, and *booked*, as we say of a parcel, to the end of time at least.

The days of coaches are already numbered, and we do not remember one that is likely to have a durable fame. It is true that visions of the "Berkeley Hunt" and the "Shrewsbury Tally Ho," occasionally flit across one's memory, but their admirers are in the main restricted to a narrow circle of "cut-a-way" coats, top boots, and brass buttons, and will be quite forgotten when the present generation has passed away. Nevertheless while a coach lasted, it was a jolly, rattling sort of proxy, and was as capable of making a man notorious over some hundred miles or so of country as a "stable mind" could desire. But in the nature of things it could not be lasting, not to mention the wear and tear of wheels, there could be no comfortable reliance in the fidelity of coach proprietors, who were ever prone to be truckling to every flashy novelty of the passing hour. Paradoxical as it may seem, a man must not trust himself upon wheels if he wishes to roll down to posterity in safety.

At first a portrait, or a bust, seems a ready mode of adding a few years to the natural term of life, and within the reach of common men. Besides, it gratifies one's vanity in leaving our fame in the hands of a representative so exclusively personal. We leave our very smile behind us, as well as the cut of our coat and the tie of our neckcloth. But really this is a most deceitful case, and one which is more likely to swindle us out of our time and money than any other mode we know of. There is no security to be had in these sort of trustees, for while they preserve one's face, they are apt to forget our name. Go into any picture-dealer's, or into that "charnel house" for *deceased* portraits, the marine store-shop, and look at the shadowy host of melancholy individuals in

court suits, regimentals, bag wigs, and canonicals, and after that if you trust yourself to canvas or stone, you deserve to be forgotten.

"All very well," somebody says, "with respect to portraits painted, and busts chiselled by artists of no great reputation—go to a *Lawrence*, a *Canova*, or a *Flaxman*, and you are sure of a distinguished fame at once." That we contend is an error. The artist will carry you to posterity it is true. But how? Why as a Lawrence, a Canova, or a Flaxman, as the case may be. His name will be so prominent and absorbing, as to swallow up yours. In a century, or perhaps half that time, your identity will be clean gone, and then you will be mortified to find, that you have only let your face out for the benefit of another. And in the majority of cases, this is only fair, for in general, a portrait or a bust, is a memorial more for domestic affection than public fame. Round the family hearth, it may give a man a sort of immortality, at least hold him in preservation to the end of colour and canvas, as a curious looking old quiz, worth something for the cut of his nose, the set of his pigtail, or the blink of his eye. But once out of doors, and at large, once cut your family ties and connexions, and you are no longer a portrait, but a painting; no longer a bust, but a piece of sculpture. You become a fine piece of colour, a glorious conception, a magnificent head, or a noble design.

There is one mode of introducing a name to the public, that seems to us rather strange is not more frequently adopted. We allude to a tasty dish, such as the *cotelette de Maintenon*, or *picquant* sauce, such as "*Harvey's*," for one of the best secrets for bequeathing a lasting memorial of ourselves is to connect our name with pleasing associations. Let us see now, what has been done in this branch. How old is the Chelsea Bun, or the Banbury Cake? we believe that both are lost in the vapours of culinary antiquity. But as these toothsome compounds are named after towns, that is of no consequence, otherwise than depriving some ingenious cook of a lasting fame. Then, again, there is "*Sally Lunn*," and we wonder who she was.

This, to say the least of it, is a cheerful sort of proxy. We should always be making our appearance at joyous tea-parties, where we should be toasted and buttered, and made the vehicle of sweet compliments to the still sweeter ladies. Made of the best flour and the freshest eggs, only think of that! Why our own name would then be literally, in everybody's mouth, and more homage would be done to us in this way at a single tea meeting, than would be rendered to us, if we carried our heads ever so high as a "mountain," in a thousand years. Surely there is room for a good spicy "Gingerbread nut," or toothsome "Bun," well adapted to carry a masculine reputation of heavy weight over the obscuring mists of the next half-dozen centuries. To speak the truth, we once thought of doing a little in this department of Fame ourselves. We tried our hand at a "*biscuit*" and burnt our fingers. "*Abernethy*," however, has succeeded better, and we confidently reckon upon his reputation, depending more upon his farinaceous compound than upon his *Blue Pill*.

Indeed, we know not what may be thought of our tastes in so important a matter, but we confess we do not fancy an extended period to our existence, through the agency of mere physic. We mean such a distinction does not seem the way to glory. Hobb's Gout Pills, and Dobb's Antibilious ditto, don't make pleasant proxies, they convey

a notion of suffering unsuited to our taste. We have no wish to go down to posterity on the lid of a pill box. However, we should have no objection to be known as a physician, as Esculapius, or Galen, or Harvey, or Jenner, or any other great benefactor of our species.

Some people have an odd notion of stowing themselves away for centuries; hoarding up their fame, as it were, under the foundation stone of a hospital, or a church, as the case may be. They literally bury themselves, in the hope of turning up again among some remote generations of men. Well,—and yet, even this mode of reminiscence has its merits, for on some of the walls of the buried town of Pompeii, the rude scrawlings of the Roman soldiers are still visible. How strange that these insignificant scratches, made perhaps with a nail, during the monotony of military duty, the labour of an idle moment,—these mere hints of ambition—should have lived through more centuries than the proudest productions of human toil!

And is it not strange, knowing how universal this desire for posthumous fame is, that the inventors and discoverers of printing, the steam engine, gas, the electric telegraph, and hosts of others, should not have had the wit to bind their names to their discoveries? Ten to one, but in the course of time they will be forgotten, for it is all very well to talk about that great gossip, the press, keeping the names of these worthies fresh in our memories. It really does no such thing. It preserves them perhaps, in those great pickle jars of knowledge, our Encyclopedias. But what a miserable renown is that! Our notion is, that the thing invented should be chained to the inventor's name. Be bound to it, like a captive to a victor's car, and ought always to be at hand to grace his triumphs. In many instances, this has been done. Everybody knows, that *Jacquard's* loom was invented by Jacquard, and there is an end of the matter. In like manner *Volta* and *Galvani* have bequeathed their names to posterity. *MacAdam* has paved his way to a respectable fame. *Lundyfoot* is not to be sneezed at. *Mesmer* has tacked his name to a notion, that will tickle the fancies of coming generations. *Sir Humphrey Davy's* lamp will burn for ever, and *Daguerre* also is safe as long as the sun shines.

It would be easy to go on multiplying instances of similar contracts between individuals and posterity, but that would be beside our purpose. Our end is gained by showing its practicability. However, we never think of this subject with patience, and as a rule when "*Gravitation*," is mentioned, we bow our head in reverence to *Sir Isaac Newton*. We should be happy every time we look at our watch, to couple the act with the mention of the inventor's name, if we knew it. And when at sea, in a dreary winter's night, near some dangerous but fog-hidden shore, when "howling winds and gathered blasts" are urging the plunging vessel through a boiling sea, we never think of that unceasing wonder, the "mariner's compass," with any other feelings than veneration, and a secret determination to discover the discoverer's name, if possible.

This sort of forgetfulness and ingratitude, in not keeping the names of the greatest benefactors of mankind constantly before us, is the more annoying, when we know, that immortality is sometimes thrust upon a man, as an auctioneer would say, "in two places." Thus the Cæsarian operation will preserve great *Cæsar's* name, when his military exploits are forgotten, and probably *Wellington* and *Blucher*, aided by a posthumous *Day* and *Martin*, will shine in their *Boots* and *Shoes* to the end of leather at least.

# MR. SQUIER AND NICARAUGA.*

"Blessed are the peace makers," and doubly blessed are those who extend their efforts to soften the asperities of races, and to promote a kindly feeling amidst the rivalry of nations! Such are not the benevolent sentiments, however, of Mr. Squier. The demon of discord animates every page of his book, which breathes nothing but rancour and animosity against Great Britain: facts are distorted (not to say occasionally *invented*), and reasonings perverted to gratify this unamiable feeling, which is unworthy of any honourable mind, and seems peculiarly unfitted to the duties of one in the diplomatic station which unhappily he has been called upon to fill. A few ambassadors of the stamp of this gentleman, and the world would be speedily in a blaze! In this instance, however, Mr. Squier's violence and intolerance have injured none but himself; his government declined to assume the responsibility of his partial and prejudiced measures, and judged it necessary to reprimand, and finally to recall him for his hasty and intemperate proceedings. We presume that it is as a relief to his wounded feelings that he has poured forth the torrent of spite, misrepresentation, and anger against the British Government and nation, which we find in the book now under our consideration. He has, however, so plainly shown the violent prejudice by which he is actuated, as to awaken doubts of his exact veracity in the most casual reader; and we feel convinced that a little careful examination of his assertions against British honour and honesty, will prove that the greater number are utterly without foundation, and that the remainder consist of facts distorted beyond recognition, to suit his own purposes and feelings.

On the emancipation of the Spanish colonies on the continent of America, they became divided into various independent states, retaining the same limits which separated them as provinces. As the different interests of these states became gradually developed, the actual lines of contiguous boundaries with each other, and with various races, which in early days were perhaps never very distinctly defined, became matter of much value; hence arose disputes and encroachments by the more powerful on their weaker neighbours. Unhappily, the interests of Great Britain and the United States became mixed up with these quarrels, on account of the preponderance that their settlement, in one way or the other, might give to either of those countries, in the establishment of the best communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; a consideration that was rapidly rising into great importance for both nations. The United States considered their interests very much identified with those of the republics of Nicaragua, Honduras, and San Salvador, whose extreme radical principles most coincided with their own; while Great Britain has been inclined to protect the more moderate states of Guatemala and Costa Rica.

Mr. Squier was the diplomatic agent for the United States at Nicaragua, and was engaged to forward the interests of his country to the utmost of his power. In what temper he executed his mission will be seen in this production. If the British agents were actuated by the

* Nicaragua, by E. G. Squier.

same spirit, we deeply regret it; at all events, they have had the good taste not to display it to the world.

Mr. Squier commences his introduction with a song of triumph, of which the chorus is repeated at intervals of ten or twelve pages throughout the entire work, and which is too good a sample of his peculiar ideas, and bombastic style, not to be given here.

"The judgment seems to have been recorded, that they who should dare to bring to this continent the systems or ideas of the old, should themselves share the doom of the savages which they supplanted, and with them pass away for ever. So, though knights of Spain built castles strong and high upon the shores of both great oceans, though Spain transferred all her force and bigotry to the mountains and plains of Central and South America, though colonial empires north and south were established, though the doctrines of absolutism and systems of feudalism struggled over the entire continent for predominance, all have passed away like the dew before the sun; and to the wise and simple republicans, made up of all nations, equally opposed to superstition and to tyranny, has fallen the dominion of the New World—will fall the control of the Old.

"To us is given, in this modern time, the ability, if we choose to exercise it, of acquiring the rule of the East, of placing at defiance alike the menaces and power of England and Russia, and of transferring into our unarmed hands that passage for which Columbus strove in vain; those eastern conquests, for which Alexander was deified; that power in Asia which won an infamous immortality for Clive and Hastings; that vast and incalculable trade upon which is mainly based the maritime power of England, hitherto the mightiest empire among men. The fortune of war has planted our eagles on the Pacific; across the entire continent from ocean to ocean—for twenty-five degrees of latitude our republic is supreme. Our trim-built fairies of the deep dance over either ocean, and, in conjunction with those giant steamers which push aside the waves along the shores of half the continent, sweep in the trade of Europe on one hand, and on the other bring to the mouth of the Sacramento the treasures of the Oriental world. To gird the world as with a hoop; to pass a current of American republicanism, vivifying dead nations, and emancipating mankind over the continents of the earth, it needs but that one small spot should be left free from foreign threats and aggression, to exercise for itself its inherent sovereign rights. The key of the continent, destined to unlock the riches of two hemispheres, and which eager nations even now are aiming to snatch, with felon hand, from its rightful possessors, lies between the states of Mexico and the disrupted republic of Columbia. It is only by preserving its freedom and its territory inviolate, and enabling and encouraging it to open an inter-oceanic highway, that the republican world can ever hope to reclaim from tyranny and servitude the myriads of Asia, that Americans can ever hope to reach that commercial and national pre-eminence to which their elastic institutions and their individual superiority amongst races of lesser vitality, invite and enable them to aspire."

Mr. Squier here assumes that a degree of deference should be paid by people of other countries to the "acknowledged" (as he seems to think) perfection of the institutions of the United States, and the "individual superiority" of their citizens. With regard to the former, they may have admirers; but we will venture to whisper in Mr. Squier's ear, that the natives of no country in the world, be they French, Russian, German, Spanish, British, or other, ever admit of an "individual superiority" in those of any other, except in derision, to humour some consummate individual conceit. Every people think themselves the finest in the world; but it raises a smile to hear a member of any one declaring his opinion so openly, and having the simplicity to claim the character of superiority from others. In the same strain of arrogance and idle boasting, this self-styled advocate of liberty and equality anticipates very complacently the period when the whole of Central America, the Pacific, its islands, &c., will be absorbed in the great United States.

"The Pacific Ocean, as its name implies, is a placid sea, and upon its quiet waters, as I have already said, that powerful element of modern civilization, which received its first and most important practical application on the waters of our own Hudson, seems destined to achieve its greatest triumphs. This result is indicated by a variety of circumstances. The islands of that ocean have been scattered with a wise reference to the wants of trade, under the new era which steam navigation has wrought in the intercourse between nations; and, by a series of events, the ultimate tendencies of which could not have been anticipated by those who participated in them most actively, those islands have been placed under influences, and in relations, which favour most strongly the interests, and meet most fully the requirements of the United States. The peaceable absorption of the Sandwich Islands within our confederacy, is an event near at hand, and as inevitable as the decrees of Heaven. The elastic power of our system has been fully tested, its vitality proved; and its ability to mould and harmonize vast masses into one consistent, vigorous whole, is no longer a question open to doubt, or admitting of discussion. The annexation of the Sandwich Islands, however pregnant with future results, may therefore be effected without any shock to our political constitution or civil organization; like the purchase of Florida and Louisiana, the annexation of Texas, and the purchase of California, it is an event reserved for the fulness of time, and will occur in the order which has been assigned to it by that Almighty power whose controlling hand is indelibly stamped upon every page of our history."

It seems somewhat unreasonable to expect that all nations are to study how best to co-operate in this *desirable* end; yet such is evidently the idea of Mr. Squier. He writes under the modest assumption, that before any nation undertakes any measure for its own benefit, it must consider well whether it may not militate, some hundred years hence, against the "supremacy of the United States,"—being very much on the principle of the foreigner, who, in broken English, complacently exclaimed, "Everybody take care of myself."

"It was only the superior swiftness of American ships which enabled us to anticipate the seizure of California by Great Britain, under pretext of securing its Mexican debt. On such a small matter as that turned the great question of American predominance in the Pacific, and American maritime and commercial ascendancy throughout the world."

*American predominance in the Pacific and American maritime and commercial ascendancy throughout the world!!!* A very summary conclusion, which is not only to be aimed at by the United States, but which it is to be considered a crime in any other country to presume to impede, even in the ordinary and legitimate course of carying on its own business.

We should like to know how the "free and independent Nicaraguans" relish the following passage, much in the same style, but in which Mr. Squier's views and anticipations are more clearly developed. After declaring that

"The gilded links of triple treaties and joint protectorates, for the general welfare of mankind, will not be bound upon the massive limbs of the great republic of the West, the ultimate regeneiator of the world, until its rulers become corrupted, and the eyes of its people blinded to their tangible interests,"

He proceeds in the following terms:

"The interest manifested by European governments in the international affairs of this continent, is wholly impertinent. It is easy for one nation to stipulate to refrain from doing what she could not do if she would, if thereby she binds her neighbour to abstain from doing what is not only feasible for her, but important to her prosperity and greatness. An instance of this species of tactic is afforded in the Clayton and Bulwer treaty, in which Great Britain magnanimously binds herself to abstain from doing what is both physically and financially impossible,

namely, to 'colonize' Central America, 'control' and 'exercise dominion over it,' provided the United States will assent to the same conditions; that is to say, refrain from annexing that country, or any portion of it, even though it should be desired by each, and be essential to the welfare of both!"

And why is this not to hold good with regard to the "desires" and "welfare" of the British and Mosquitos? It is evident, from his own words, that while affecting to recognise the independence of the republics of Central America, he looks forward with confidence to a time when they will become mere provinces of the United States.

In several passages of the book before us, Mr. Squier complains loudly that the British endeavoured to oppress Nicaragua, Honduras, and San Salvador, while they favoured Guatemala and Costa Rica; he has, however, forgotten to mention that the vigorous remonstrances made by the British towards the three first-named republics, were occasioned by the dishonourable failure of those states to fulfil their engagements to British subjects to whom they were indebted. He must be well aware of the jealousy with which his own government, very properly, guards the interests of its citizens: but, perhaps, Mr. Squier would excuse those states on the principle of the —— minority (we will not trust ourselves with an epithet for it) in the United States, who would justify the propriety of repudiating their lawful debts. It is worthy of remark, that while blaming the British for their "severity" (a severity, as we have shown, not altogether without a cause), he, himself, loses no opportunity of inveighing, in the most violent terms, against Guatemala and Costa Rica, for no other reason than that they are not inclined to proceed to the same extreme of Radicalism as the three other states; and that they are not animated with that implacable hatred towards Great Britain, which Mr. Squier conceives to be one of the duties of an American and a republican.

This hatred induces him to view the minutest trifles with a prejudiced eye. We give as an instance his description of a visit to our ship of the line, "Asia," and the French frigate "La Sérieuse," then stationed in the bay of La Union; in which, comparisons are drawn very much to the advantage of the latter, as may be seen by the following extract.

"The 'Asia' was a great, cumbersome vessel, overstocked with men, and cows, and chickens, and looked like a store ship. Its guns were of the ancient fashion, of light calibre, and, as compared with the heavy 64's and 32's of 'La Sérieuse,' quite childish, and behind the age. As I glanced through its decks, and contrasted its old, heavy, stupid-looking sailors, with the young, quick, and intelligent crew of the Frenchman, I could not resist the impression that England's grasp on the trident was growing feebler every day, and that another war would wrest it from her hands for ever. The commercial marine of the United States now exceeds hers; her vessels are beaten in every sea in the peaceful rivalry of trade; and France is preparing, if, indeed, she is not prepared, to more than regain the glory lost at Trafalgar."

Having quoted Mr. Squier's words, we will now give the facts. The "Asia" is an 84 gun-ship, built after the model of the French "Canopus," reputed by English, French, and Spanish seamen to be one of the handsomest vessels ever launched. The "Asia" mounted, in 1850, when Mr. Squier saw her, seventy-eight 32-pounders, and six 68-pounders. The armament of "La Sérieuse," consisting of twenty-eight French 30-pounders, and two 68-pounders. The "Asia" had on board, at that time, from seven hundred and twenty to seven hundred and thirty men and boys, seven women (the Admiral's family), one cow and *no* fowls, for they had been some time away from any place where

they could be procured. As for the personal appearance of the crew, from which Mr. Squier predicts such dire events, we think that few will be inclined to doubt that when the hour of trial arrives, these "old, heavy, stupid-looking sailors" will defend the "flag that braved the battle and the breeze," and uphold the honour of Old England, with the same bravery and determination that won for us the glorious victory of Trafalgar. The word "old" is singularly misapplied to the crew of the "Asia," since the average age of her ship's company (exclusive of the boys) was about twenty-four years. They were notoriously a remarkably fine set of men to look at, and extremely well conducted, and their discipline equalled that of any vessel in the British navy. Perhaps it may not be out of place here to relate a little anecdote of one of those same "heavy, stupid-looking men," for Mr. Squier's gratification, and for the next edition of his work. One day that the "Asia" was lying at Valparaiso, in company with an American corvette, the Admiral's boat was sent to the landing-place. While lying there, three or four of the American seamen, who had been on leave, were seen coming down to the pier, followed by some of the Chilian police, who were ill-using and threatening them with their swords. It roused the ire of the coxswain of the Admiral's boat to see men who could speak English ill-used by Chilians: so, armed with a stretcher (a piece of wood about three feet long, and two inches thick), he jumped on shore, attacked and put to flight the police, drove off the pier some more Chilians who came to the assistance of the police, saw the Americans into a shore-boat to go to their ship, and then went quietly back to his own boat. He got a bad cut over the forehead from one of the police sabres, but was quite satisfied to have assisted some of the American crew, because his officers were friendly, as he said, with the American officers. It is gratifying to know that among the "old, heavy" crew of the "Asia," there was at least one man sufficiently young and active not only to fight his own countrymen's battles, but to engage in those and effect the protection of some Americans.

The author proceeds to give an account of his ascent of the volcano of Conchagua, in company with the French captain of "La Sérieuse," in the course of which journey he appears to have inspired his companion with that spirit of prophecy which we have just seen so brilliantly shown forth in himself. They have just reached the peak of the volcano:—

"Amongst our equipments was the flag of the United States, which was at once run up to the top of the signal-post, and answered from the port and the French frigate. 'I accept the omen,' said the captain gravely, and, as I then thought, and still believe, prophetically; 'that flag will soon be planted here *en permanence*, the symbol of dominion over two seas, and of a power the greatest the world has ever seen."

The volcano of Conchagua belongs to San Salvador. Why Mr. Squier should insult the government of this State, of which he professes to be the friend, by hoisting the flag (the sign of taking possession of their territories) passes our comprehension. With reference to his assertion that the elevation of the flag was answered from the French frigate, we have the distinct testimony of an officer of the "Asia," who denies most positively that, at that period "La Sérieuse" saluted the American flag on any other occasion than that of Mr. Squier's official visit to her and to the "Asia," when both ships of course saluted him

with seven or nine guns on his leaving. As for the little episode of the French captain and his prophecy, it seems a most improbable incident, when coupled with the following statement made by that officer himself, and communicated to us by one of the officers of the "Asia."

"The officers of 'La Sériceuse' professed themselves much disgusted with the following *smart* conduct of Mr. Squier. They say he went on board 'La Sériceuse,' and requested they would be kind enough to lend him an American ensign, as he wanted it for a pattern, that he might get one made for his own house. His request was of course granted, when he returned their civility by landing immediately at Tigre Island (about which place a dispute was going on), and hoisting the flag on its summit, by way of insulting the British. The French captain came on board the 'Asia' immediately, to say how he had been tricked, and to apologise for the share he had unwittingly had in the transaction!"

Tigre Island lies in the northern part of the gulf of Fonseca. Mr. Chatfield, our Consul-General, in opposition to Lord Palmerston's orders, took possession of it for the British with the crew of the "Gorgon." As soon as Admiral Hornby heard of it he ordered the island to be instantly evacuated. It was done, and a month after, when the "Asia" arrived in the Bay, Mr. Squier, as a sort of defiance to England, hoisted the American flag there, and declared that he meant to take it for the United States. This little circumstance he entirely passes over in the narration of his visit to Tigre Island. Of course, the British had no more right to prevent his taking it than to occupy it themselves; but the captain of "La Sériceuse," thinking himself compromised by his loan of the flag," called on the English Admiral, as seen in the preceding statement, and declared his disgust and anger at Mr. Squier's conduct, and treatment of himself.

Both Mr. Chatfield and Mr. Squier were reprimanded by their respective governments (and with considerable justice, as it appears to us) for their summary proceedings with regard to the coveted island.

We cannot understand upon what principle doubts seem to be raised in this book, even as to our right to Belize and British Honduras. Absolute possession for upwards of an hundred years, in the exercise of every act of sovereignty, throughout war and peace, constitutes, we consider, as good a title as an actual cession. The modern Republics of Central America, however, not contented with the actual possessions which they have wrested from Spain, are spirited up to raise claims to what their predecessors had either never established, or had in fact abandoned.

Thus our occupation of the Island of Roatan is held up as a new act of usurpation, when it has always been deemed a British possession since the time that Admiral Vernon built a fort upon it, and perhaps before; and is occupied by Englishmen. Some twelve years ago it was found that the flag of one of the Republics was hoisted upon the island, which was removed by Governor Macdonald, under instructions from England, and replaced by the British ensign.

The objections urged against the tenure of the King of the Mosquitos' territory, rest upon other grounds. The Spaniards never obtained hold of that country, but at every attempt were uniformly repulsed. No one of the Republics can presume to have a right over any part of it, excepting some coveted portion of its borders. The plea against the Mosquitos is openly declared to be that they are poor

savages, who *consequently* have no rights, and their lands may be legitimately seized in any general scramble by more civilised nations,—a system of morality in which we cannot acquiesce.

The chief of these natives has been usually styled king—a denomination generally accorded to such rulers in all parts of the world; but, in this case, made the subject of many a jest. The claims, however, are not on the part of him, but of the nation who own him as their head. Still, we cannot but express surprise at a stern Republican depreciating him on account of his poor appearance and want of state, qualities which are the subject of pride in comparing the chief of the United States with the monarchs of Europe. The Mosquito Indians first placed themselves under the protection of England in the reign of Charles the Second, shortly after the conquest of Jamaica in 1656. Their independence has been asserted in our subsequent treaties with Spain, and we have not relinquished our right of protection.

In the course of our many contentions with Spain they have invariably acted the part of firm and true allies to our nation. They seek for our assistance only to enable them to retain possession of their own country—a country to which we cannot understand how their right can be denied, since they have successfully resisted every attempt made by the Spaniards to establish a footing there. They look with confidence to us, for a continuance of that support and protection which we have hitherto afforded them; and can it be expected that we should deny them that protection? The Government that would propose so cowardly an abandonment of an inoffensive and honest people, struggling for their own rights, would, with justice, be held up to the execration of mankind.

We seek no exclusive privileges whatever in this act; and, no doubt would willingly admit of the United States, or any other power, joining us in the protectorate; only stipulating for a guarantee that no power should infringe on the rights of the Mosquitos to their own country; its limits should be defined and acknowledged. The only question of any value about them being on their southern coast. They claim down to the Boca del Toro on the shore of Costa Rica, but we only acknowledge their right to the river Colorado or San Juan. Here the State of Nicaragua pretends to intervene by a nook to the sea between the Mosquito territory and Costa Rica, because it happens to be valuable as the eastern entrance of the long contemplated navigation between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. In a similar manner, and for a similar reason, they endeavour to drive the Costa Rica boundary beyond the western termination of the same navigation.

Great value is naturally attached to possessions involving such interests; but they will speedily lose all their force, and dwindle into insignificance, if recently explored lines for such a navigation should possess, as there is much promise they will prove to do, far greater facilities than the Nicaragua route.

The principal point of contention between the Mosquitos and the Nicaraguans is the town of San Juan, at the mouth of the river of that name; and our claim upon it, on behalf of the Mosquito king, has furnished Mr. Squier with the foundation for a calumny on a gallant officer, well known and respected, whose conduct is misrepresented in these terms:—

"In 1841, Colonel Macdonald, the superintendant at Belize, visited San Juan;

seized the Nicaraguan commander of the port, Colonel Quijano, carried him on board his vessel, committed various personal indignities upon him, and then, after procuring his signature to certain documents, put him on shore on a distant coast."

We have the pleasure of Colonel (now General) Macdonald's acquaintance, and it is from his own lips that we have gathered the following statement of the true facts of the case. In 1841, when he visited the town of San Juan, for the purpose of asserting the Mosquito claims, he found the inhabitants of that place suffering under the tyrannical rule of Colonel Quijano, styled by the Nicaraguans, commandant of the port, of whose cruel conduct they complained to Colonel Macdonald, and begged him to relieve them from the presence of one so generally detested. He likewise found reason to believe that Quijano had been concerned in the recent murder of Colonel Galindo and his companion, both Englishmen born, although serving with the Central Americans. All these considerations had weight with Colonel Macdonald; but that which principally determined his course of proceedings was the representation made by the captain of an United States brig, which was lying there dismantled. This American captain assured Colonel Macdonald that his vessel had been plundered by Quijano, and joined in the request that he might be removed from the place. After hoisting the Mosquito flag in the town, Colonel Macdonald had Quijano placed on board his vessel, and sailed from San Juan. He then put him on shore at Cape Gracias a Dios, to find his own way back to Nicaragua. The assertion that he committed any "personal indignities" upon him is utterly false.

This is General Macdonald's own account of this transaction, and we see no reason to doubt it, knowing, as we do, that although firm and determined where duty requires it, he is as kind-hearted and amiable a man as ever breathed. The only fault we would find with him on this occasion is on the score of too much leniency towards Colonel Quijano, who, from his atrocious acts, deserved far more severity than he met with.

In the account of Mr. Squier's first visit to the town of San Juan he gives us a long rigmarole story of a Captain Samuel Shepherd, whom he describes as "old and nearly blind, but hale, cheerful, intelligent, and communicative, and capable of giving more information relative to the coast than any man living." He then proceeds to favour us with the effusions of the Captain's communicative disposition.

"We called upon him, on the second day after our arrival, and were received with every demonstration of respect. The captain was never more eloquent, and although he had always been classed as an Englishman, yet he said he was born in the United States, and meant to claim its protection as a citizen. And as for the pretended English protectorate, and the authority assumed under it, the one was a fraud, and the other an imposition; for whatever title the Mosquito Indians ever possessed, had been formally transferred and secured to him. He regards the British occupation as a direct invasion of his rights and sovereignty, and insists that if the port does not belong to Nicaragua, it certainly does to him; a sequitur which we at once admitted."

It is really like breaking a fly upon the wheel, to notice this type of absurdity and pretension — the circumstance even as related in the volume before us, is clearly as barefaced a swindling transaction as can be conceived. This *respectable* Captain Shepherd passes a long life as an Englishman; as an Englishman he professes to have induced his Mos-

quitan Majesty to make over to him (for what extraordinary services, it would be difficult to comprehend) an extensive tract of territory with a valuable port, by parchment deeds and documents, signed by his Majesty's cross, in presence, it is stated, of a few of his followers, and, of course, the said Captain Shepherd. Well aware that such a ridiculous attempt at fraud would receive little favour from any British authority, the old gentleman, now not in very prosperous circumstances, tries the artifice of suddenly proclaiming himself a citizen of the United States; and hopes, by such a trick, to be able to make a bargain; but the government of the United States was not so simple as to attach value to such pitiful pretensions.

The author professes a strong feeling of sympathy for this worthy individual. Suppose Captain Shepherd had preserved his character of Englishman, and, as such, had desired to retain his acquisition as a *British* possession, would Mr. Squier, in that case, have sympathized with him and his pretensions? most assuredly not.

The most incomprehensible of all the distorted narrations contained in these volumes, is that of the pretended demand by the British Government for some runaway *slaves*, who had escaped from Belize. We give the story in the strong terms used by Mr. Squier:—

"As late as 1840, a claim, enforced by vessels of war, was made against Central America, by the British Government, for slaves who had fled from Belize, and secured their freedom under the constitution of Central America! Yet such is the fact—the black, damning fact!"

It is almost needless to observe that this *must* be an entire invention. Long before the year 1840, the act for the abolition of slavery in our colonies, had passed: it is therefore perfectly clear that there were no slaves acknowledged in British Honduras at that time. If any demand *was* made by Great Britain, the men in question must have been criminals escaped from justice; but General Macdonald, who was at that time Superintendent at Belize, declares that he cannot call to his mind any transaction that bears the slightest resemblance to the circumstance mentioned by Mr. Squier. So pleased, however, does the author appear to be with this ingenious tale, that he favours us with no less than *three* versions of it, each materially differing from the others, either in date or details.

There are some marvellous stories related by Mr. Squier, of the atrocities committed by British Consuls and the British nation; but all bearing a manifest stamp of improbability. At this distance of time and place, it is impossible to trace the particulars of all the circumstances referred to; but wherever we have been able to do so, we find how unscrupulous he has been in treating of them; and thus, from the wilful errors of which he has been guilty in those, we may fairly infer the little reliance that can be placed on his account of the rest.

The real aim of all Mr. Squier's representations, arguments, and abuse, is to obtain a possession, or at least a great preponderance, for the United States, in the establishment of a water communication between the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico. In this view, he is impeded by old rights (pretensions as he calls them) of Great Britain, whose subjects may, perhaps, have entertained equally exclusive views in their own favour. The great difficulty of unravelling the intricate meshes of territorial boundaries amidst the several states, including the

independent kingdom of Mosquito, which is not to be annihilated by a powerful neighbour, on the sole ground of its inhabitants being deemed savages, creates much complexity in this interesting matter.

Mr. Squier is for cutting the Gordian knot, by declaring every British claim, an act of "piracy," "plunder," "robbery," &c. The Government of the United States is happily too much imbued with a sense of dignity and self-respect to adopt such violent courses as seem to be congenial to this gentleman. They may very possibly see reason to remonstrate against the views or acts of the British Government or agents; but in doing so, it would be in a spirit of courtesy and amity, using every endeavour (which we cannot doubt would be met with a corresponding feeling) to reconcile differences, and finally to agree upon principles that would provide fairly for the interests of the community of nations generally, and especially of the two having most interest in the subject. We have no doubt that negotiations are even now under the consideration of both Governments; and we feel convinced that both they and their negotiators thoroughly despise such uncompromising firebrands as Mr. Squier.

We have occupied so much time and space in refuting the author's aspersions on the British, that our limits will not allow us to enter into an elaborate criticism on the style of writing and general construction of the book. Mr. Squier's personal vanity is amusingly evident in every chapter; in the quotations we have already made, he affects to hide it under the veil of patriotism; but the facility with which this latter sentiment yields to his individual conceit is clearly shown by the strictures he freely bestows upon every measure of the Government of the United States, which does not exactly coincide with his own peculiar notions; in other words, which does not carry out to the fullest extent his system of hatred to England. He gives us a detailed account of all the ovations with which he was received in the towns and villages through which he passed; sometimes, in the form of a few lines in verse written by a village schoolmaster; at others, in the *empressement* of a rabble rout to shake hands with the "illustrious object of their homage" (as he modestly terms himself), once, in a grand reception at Leon; but in all and every shape, the source of much pride and self-gratulation to Mr. Squier, feelings which he betrays with the utmost *naïveté*. It is pleasing to see the complacency with which he dwells on the triumphs achieved by himself and his flag, which article he appears to have carried about him in the guise of a pocket-handkerchief; displaying it on the slightest occasion, with the readiness of a mountebank at a fair.

It is probably a deep sense of his own importance, which induces Mr. Squier to lay down the law in the most self-sufficient and offensive manner on all subjects: he evidently does not comprehend that species of freedom which entitles every one to have an opinion of his own. We cannot possibly object to the enthusiastic admiration he entertains for ultra republican institutions; he holds it in common with all his countrymen; but when he goes a step farther, and requires from all the world an entire deference to the same sentiments, he only provokes a smile at his pretension.

A republic is undoubtedly beautiful in theory; but we fear that in practice it is found wanting in conferring the greatest degree of happiness on mankind in general. The tyranny of the multitude is more oppressive even than that of an individual; the latter is felt only within

a limited circle, the other spreads over the entire community. There is no escape from it. Lynch law is a familiar specimen of the horrors and injustice that may be committed under this degree of liberty and equality. The most cruel of slave-masters is your rigid republican; and we regret to say, that this even tells unfavourably on the people in general, who have what are deemed to be the most liberal institutions. There was not, in old times, a more cruel slave-master than the free Dutchman, nor a harder one now than the citizen of the United States. The exclamation of the American slave-holder who found that he was to be restrained in acts of unmitigated severity on his blacks, that it was "a precious land of liberty truly, where a man cannot wallop his own niggers as he chooses," was very characteristic. Next to the republicans, for ill-usage of slaves, were the British. The condition of this suffering class was alleviated under French masters, and (among Christians) the Spaniards in modern times, have treated their slaves the best; but none approached the Turks in their humanity and kindness towards them. Thus, in proportion as people were free in their public state, they showed themselves to be tyrannical at home.

Our own persuasion is, that the happiest constitution is that, which, while refusing to admit of excessive power in an individual or exclusive clan, shall be able to repress the brutal excesses of the multitude. While thus holding our own opinions, far be it from us to blame the different convictions of others; and our quarrel with Mr. Squier is not his advocacy of principles opposed to our own, but the condemnation he lavishes on any who dare to entertain opinions that do not exactly chime in with his particular views and sentiments.

The plates which accompany these volumes are well executed; and, if designed by Mr. Squier, prove him to be a better artist than diplomatist, but we must say that the subjects of some of the drawings are unhappily chosen; for instance, those of the Painted Rocks, to which he appears to attach much value, and which are exact fac-similes of the sprawling figures we find occasionally ornamenting our gates, being the production of the "Hours of Idleness" of some truant schoolboy.

Neither can we admire the fancy map which begins the volumes, in which he has pushed back the limits of Costa Rica far beyond her rightful claim, and has included the whole of the Mosquito territory in the state of Nicaragua. Even taking his own view of the claims of the Mosquitos to their own country, we are at a loss to understand why Nicaragua should enjoy the whole of their spoils, nor does he condescend to explain this circumstance.

In concluding our remarks, we cannot but regret that so objectionable a book should have been written by a representative of that great nation which numbers among its citizens such statesmen as Webster and Clay; such historical writers as Prescott and Irving; and such distinguished followers of both pursuits as Stephens, Everett, Rush, and Bancroft. We lament the existence of a blot upon the otherwise brilliant list; although that blot is too small and insignificant to tarnish in any degree the splendour of that constellation of talent which sheds its lustre over the western hemisphere.

---

## THE FIRST OF APRIL.

There are some stories which begin near the end, and then go back, like a linendraper's apprentice, to fetch up the entire bundle of incidents. Horace recommends that a poem should begin in the middle. Books of travel often begin at the beginning; and there are writers, and old soldiers, and gossiping country wives, who begin a long time before the beginning. This perplexes me very much. I think I can endure a beginning which begins, like a preface, after the end; there is no harm in modernizing. But to begin before the beginning!!

The first chapter of a book often reminds me of the resining of bows, polishing of flute joints, and shifting of benches and books, which precede the final tuning, which precedes the entrance on the stage, which precedes the symphony, which precedes that part of the concert when the public generally begin to be delighted. Very necessary things, no doubt: but pray let it be done (the preface, I mean, as well as the tuning) in a separate room.

Besides, these "antenatal" beginnings, as Shelley would have called them, are often of a theoretical, transcendental cast of composition. And we are Englishmen, not Germans: fond of the real and practical, rather than of the ideal and unavailable: and so we require statistics. We wish to know when and where everything took place, and to be troubled neither with preliminaries, nor, when the story has once begun, with indefinitenesses. Nay, a writer shall tell us of a curious old castellated mansion, situate in a lovely vale by a rippling brook or a sullen river, in county Blank; and that county Blank shall be enough to engender in the clear-headed and decided John Bull a fit of ineffable contempt, and the book shall be thrown under the table. And the worthy old gentleman has more reason on his side than ingenious novel writers or "morning" novel readers are generally aware of; as might be shown by a most satisfactory metaphysical argument, if I were not writing to win the approbation of the same respected John Bull.

No. If writers will help us to pry into our neighbour's affairs, which is what we all want to do, let us be told the date when, and the precise name of the village or town where, all took place; we shall then believe all that is told us, just as some dozen or more years since, we pinned our faith on the school statistics of Snappleton Twistwell, Esq., and, more lately, on the glowing statements of the Peace Congress. But how *can* we satisfy the metaphysical necessity of belief, if we have to ride through three columns of scenery, weather, and reflections, before we arrive at the narrative, and then are full of wonder and perplexity as to whether we are anywhere or nowhere?

By the bye, why do not reflections come at the end of a tale, as was the custom when we were boys and girls and read Æsop's Fables, and as they do now sometimes at the end of a sermon? We should have all the gold together; and, when our time was short, it would be unnecessary to read the narrative.

In the youthful days of my philosophy, when I believed in the autocratical existence of the ideal man, I asked:—What is the use of the scenery in a story? or of the weather? or of the time of day? May not a hero meet his ladye on a palfrey in the highroad as well as on the

bleak, desolate top of a frowning mountain? on a common-place summer or autumn day of fine weather, as well as in a thunderstorm? at mid-day as well as in the evening? especially as the first adventure in a story is usually one of the least importance? Years, however, and the sentiments which I have already expressed, and an affectionate indulgence of those foibles of our fellows which come home to us, as those touches of nature which make all mankind kin, have greatly sobered my views; and it is with great complacency that the reader is informed that it was in the summer of 1845, at the village of Wrose, near Bradford, in Yorkshire, on a cheerful sunshiny evening, that what I am about to relate took place. The reader now has data; it is in his facilities for verifying or confuting my statements; and it is the very consciousness of these facilities which will prevent his taking the trouble to do so. The power of doubt is at an end, and the reign of credulity has begun.

It was, then, at Wrose, in the summer of 1845. Wrose is a hamlet consisting of a few houses on a hill. The hill top is bare, but commands very beautiful and somewhat extensive views on all sides save one. It was there that I once gazed on as charming a sunset picture as I have seen anywhere. Beneath me was a winding, cultivated valley, in which the Aire and another piece of water threw up a blood-red reflection of the sun's rays. Around were hills (not pikes but ridges), rising, not with gentle slope, from the vale, and covered with wood, moor, and corn fields. At the back was the glorious sun, sinking in a purple gray haze towards Skipton; and just under him the scooped-out hill side nearly as black as pitch. The corn had just been gathered, and the foreground was bright with the stubble. However this scenery did not affect my story, and so I resume.

It was at Wrose in the summer of 1845. Bear with me, humane reader, in my digressions. A discursive tendency is inseparable from my nature. I love to turn aside and pick up a daisy or buttercup, or to beat down a thistle, or try the depth of a pond by throwing in a stone. And, oh! ye that are more deeply learned in the analysed lucidities of Scotch metaphysick, will not my naturalness be acceptable to the modern student of mind, as an addition to the statistics from which he derives his theories? Have ye not deeply lamented the losses which mental and moral philosophy has sustained in the self-hidings of our numerous writers? I will, then, represent myself fairly as I am, and if in Modern Athens it should be said, that hereby I left in my writings "a possession for all time," my spirit will ride on a cloud with Fingal and Ossian, and indulge its waywardness in wandering over the whole sky. Ah! if the sceptics had been equally candid, would it not be seen that their apparent lucidness resulted from this, that they anatomized the murdered semblance of a verity, whilst Truth herself was too warm-hearted and full of life incomprehensible to find a sympathetic chord in their hearts? Digression upon digression!

At Wrose, then, in the summer of 1845, a weaver in a blue smock-frock was in converse with a clergyman. Some account of the people mentioned by them will be necessary for the reader's sake. Eccleshill is a village distant some two and a half miles from Bradford, and one and a half from Wrose, and, until the year 1843, rejoiced in the vicinity of a moor named from it. This moor was of an irregular shape, but nowhere more than one mile in length or half a mile in width. Small, however, as it was, it was subdivided into localities. A boggy rise to the south

was called Blake Hill; why, I never inquired. Thither little children would resort in the August, and pry with innocent wonder and eager appetites among the bilberry plants, which grew under the fostering shadows of the closest whins. Merry was the cry of joy, when a berry was found; and thoroughly human the heart of the little being that strung all her prizes on stalks of grass, till she should return home, and give some to her father, some to mother, one to the little thing that could just run uncertainly across the floor, and "now one for baby." In another part of the moor a small plot of ground had been long ago enclosed for a kennel, by one of the owners of Eccleshill Hall, and was known far and wide, when its glories were departed, as "The Dog Kennel." It contained a cottage at the south-west, a pigstye and a donkeyshed at the north-east, both inhabited. Geese also were among the furniture of the kennel; and a solitary, illtempered mongrel cur, renowned both for barking and for biting, was the terror of any village urchin whom curiosity led near to the swamps of the north end of the moor. About the centre, over and above the highroad, were several levels, unbroken by the furze, and almost unbroken by the tracts of the carts which, from time to time, wandered across it, either to shorten a journey or to gather turf. On these the rustic cricketers played in an evening; across these greensward levels the footsore villagers were glad to travel, as they returned from a distant scene of work, or set out on Saturday afternoon, in better dress than their ordinary wear, to make their weekly purchases at Bradford. In many spots were shallow ponds, which children contemplated as of mysterious depth, and on the ice of which in winter they were fain to slide.

Near the north or higher extremity was a well of two troughs, not deep and yet seldom dry, even in the hottest summers—chief of the five wells of the moor. To this at early morn, again at noon, and again about five o'clock in the evening, the village maidens, and sometimes the village youths, came to draw water for all domestic purposes of the dwellers at that end of straggling, skeletoned Eccleshill.

The moor has been transformed into stone-fenced fields; the well and some three thousand square yards near to it are still left to the village; but its glory has departed.

Here I might insert a disquisition by my friend William Smith, on the superiority of stone fences as a work of art to hedges and ditches of whatever kind. It is reserved, however, until the public generally have made better acquaintance with Mr. Price's excellent treatise on the picturesque in landscape gardening. Suffice it to say that, near Bradford, good stone was cheap, and good eyes were rare; and that, except in the time of the rich corn harvests, what was Eccleshill Moor is now a hideous sight.

But, whilst it *was* a moor, and when lovely Ellen Oddy, the carter's daughter, sought the well daily, the favourite even of the other pretty lasses, who half envied her good looks, and an object of respect even to the boisterous and uncivil young men of Eccleshill (and the young men in those villages in Gilbert's Union, near Bradford, *can* be selfwilled and uncivil). Ah! then the sun shone; and the days were bright; and the grass was green; and the whins were covered with flowers; and the keen, clear air rang thrice a day with peals of music from the lips of the laughing, open-hearted water-fetchers; and their watercans jingled, and the whole sky smiled joyously into the hearts and faces of the natives, purging all evil passions, and lighting up cheek and eye; and a frown

(except in jest), or a troubled look was a thing scarcely known. All was life. The damsels that greeted one another thrice a day on their way to the well had little thought even of gossip : it was not activity, it was not exuberant mirth.

And there was food for thought in the sight. These girls that came early and late, girls healthy and plump, girls with rosy dimpled cheeks wherein slept a thousand little loves, girls with a kind word, and a merry laugh, and a helping hand (and, now and then, if need were, with a scolding, which was only half meant) for every one they knew; would they not make the hearts and homes of their future husbands wealthy and happy? And when, day after day, the doubtfully-dressed wife loitered or hurried down to the well about eleven in the morning, was there any difficulty in assigning the true cause of the untidiness of her cottage, or the squalor of her family, notwithstanding the regular full work of her husband?

Far different appeared the town well at Idle, (a neighbouring village), the few times I have passed it. In a little recess from the steep, primitive, unsmoothed, unsewered main street, open to the view of all passers-by, is a diminutive kind of flagged court, with four water-troughs. Go to it in the middle of a summer's afternoon, and you will see three or four water-cans, some full, some empty; and the owners, women of forty years or upwards, in slovenly blue and white dresses, with sleeves turned up, one stooping, perhaps; the others standing with their backs to the wall, and their red brawny arms folded across their breast, gossiping in a droning way for an hour together, and writhing their antiquated faces into violent caricatures of effect, wonder at every incident, however trifling, which is told again for the thirteenth time.

But at Eccleshill well were groups of maidens; and among them, with her merry blue eyes, and her dark brown hair, and round her head the picturesque handkerchief so universal in all those villages, the laughing and yet thoughtful belle of the village, Ellen Oddy. Talk of going to Italy and Greece, to see life in the open air; it is to be seen in the villages of the West Riding, every summer; in some, to be sure, not to very great advantage, but in others to your heart's content. And so in former days it was in Eccleshill. Not a cooling breeze could stir, but it was felt there; not a warm gale could melt, but it stole into the senses and hearts of the inhabitants; and the atmosphere, withal, was keen, pure, and transparent beyond the conception of any one who has not lived among the hills of the north of England, or of Scotland. And the summer sunsets of Airedale and its neighbourhood, all golden and purple, and invigorating and glorious! What wonder, if, under such a sky, Ellen Oddy was blooming, and, in sight of such scenes and of nights not less brilliant, was a partaker ever and anon of earnest thoughts, and carried out of herself into the bosom of the universe, little as she knew of the real nature of her feelings.

It need not, then, be matter of surprize that, notwithstanding a kind and feminine disposition, for a long time she returned no encouraging answer to the many well made, brave, and honest young men, who were glad of the village custom, which allowed *them*, too, to go to the well and show her all manner of civilities. Native instinct, which in a genuine Englishwoman, is truer than the routine of those whom Dr. Chalmers calls "the pinks of fashionable propriety," taught her how to check anything like rudeness, and how to accept civilities without seem-

ing to encourage an offer, and how to raise a feeling of self-respect in a lad, whom his fellows jeered at for his want of boisterousness; and, withal, how to play second to a girl less attractive than herself, in case she saw hopes of witnessing a wedding. But, when she began to know her own heart, (a knowledge in which the weaker sex greatly excel us,) she felt that in none of these was the mate for her.

And yet many of them were sharp-witted, strong men, weavers though most of them were; weavers, not in mills, but at home, or in roomy workshops, of some four looms each, with the windows open all day, and the shuttle flying backwards and forwards (why dont we say forwards and backwards?) and both arms and feet at work, and their tongues meanwhile not idle. And, when they crossed the threshold of their doors to walk out under the evening sun, after their day's work was done, or to fetch water at morning or noon, or to stand, with hands crossed over their breast, or in their breeches' pockets, at some corner which commanded a wide view, was it not a pure air which they breathed? And when they were boys, had they not all day long been driving the one helper of the family, a patient ass, to well and to coal-pit? It is not weaving, but mills and want of fresh air, that corrupt the blood, and develop and perpetuate scrofulous constitutions, the pest of manufacturing towns.

And so the young men of Eccleshill were healthy, and enjoyed rosy looks, and married (almost without an exception) lasses of their own village, and had four or five children in a family, and took the main part of their earnings for the common fund, and were shaved by the village barbers twice a week, (how their chins must have smarted!) and, if a murder or suicide occurred, took it quietly, and said little of what they thought, and read their Bibles and went to chapel (there was then no church in the place), and as they approached their first climactric, grew stout, and read the "Leeds Mercury," and spoke of the editor as Neddy Baines, and debated whether his leaders were common sense, or changeable as the wind; and, in other respects, emulated the mediæval aspect of Romanesque saints, and were not, as Wesley said, a century, but about seventy years behind the age, just as Bradford is said to be thirty years behind it. I wonder what the age means.

It was, then, at Wrose, in the summer of 1845, that an episode in the life of pretty Ellen Oddy, formed the subject of conversation between a clergyman and the aforesaid weaver in a blue smock frock, called in the West Riding simply a "smock." This is partly open in front, buttons over the throat, has no "honeycombing" or chain stitch, as in the south, and reaches about to the hips. Under this, it is their fashion to wear a blue apron tied round the waist, and descending to the feet. A plain blue cap, of uncertain age, something like a Scotch "bonnet," (not a Glengary,) which is seldom off the head from morning till night, completed the costume (as visible in front) of the indigenous hand-loom weaver, a race which has already disappeared from the towns, and is threatened with extinction, even in those villages, where the celebrated Pogmoor dialect still diversifies the open-voweled English of the Riding. And such a blue cap was found to be of great use to the interlocutor of our story; not simply, as the white hat of that familiar embodiment of our youthful imaginings, the miller, to keep off cold, wind, and rain. Even I, who have not roughed it as many have, and who was called a delicate boy,—even I, have found pleasure and little harm, in

refreshing rains upon my head in October and November; and so have the scions of Christ's Hospital; from which it appears that hats, not to mention caps, are unnecessary simply as weather-shields; a conclusion which derives additional confirmation from the fact, that these robust village weavers retain the cap at their work indoors; just, in fact, as we did in our college rooms, when, after a heavy meat breakfast, we clustered round the fire or to the windows for chat, and not merely "sipped" the hot spiced beer, and grew redolent of Lopezes, Queens, and Havannahs. Indeed, my friend William Smith, who has been known to transform a single inhalation of smoke into seven fuliginous rings, of forms mysterious enough to suit the sponsals of a Scandinavian ally of the serpent Midgard, and who sailed thereon past the haven of a first class, into the gloom of the well-known gulf, I say, my friend William Smith has endeavoured to prove the superiority of hats to caps, in an essay too elaborate to be introduced in this place. Suffice it to say, that he entertains sentiments different from those of Ellen Oddy, whose lover—But, in short, the outline of his essay was somewhat as follows:—

Varieties of hats in different countries, also of caps; limitation of the comparison to a modern broad-crowned English hat, and Scotch and English caps of all patterns.—Definition of the hat proper, and of the essentials of a cap.—The *πρὸς τί*, or grounds of comparison.—Rectification of a passage in the Analytics, where the phrase *πρὸς τί* has been misunderstood.—Necessity, utility, convenience, harmony with other dress.—Intrinsic comeliness, antiquity, symbolism.—Argument from the material, the *τί*.—Hats and caps as connected with democratic revolutions.—Argument from soldier's head-dress.—The college cap, part of the old monastic self-denial.—The turban; its origin, an invention of thieves.—Story of Thor and the Giant.—The feathers of the Red Man and the Court ladies.—Difficulty of the inquiry, since every fact admits of contradictory inferences.—Conclusion, which is evolved as by a chemical or galvanic process, from the amalgamation of all the arguments.—Appendix, showing how the hat may be made to contain a faggot of inconsistencies.—Preface, which, as it is written last, should be placed at the end.

An idea of the general tenor of his argument may be formed, from the fact, that he derives the cap, not from the pileus of Ulysses in the painting of Nicomachus, but from the head-pads which must have been in use at the Tower of Babel; and looks on the petasus of Endymion, as the first memorial of a hat; whereupon he advances that the hat, being of more modern origin, must have been the supply of an acknowledged want, and, consequently, superior to the cap.

To return, however, the cap was found useful to one of the interlocutors; not, (as I have intimated already,) for the weather's sake; but because it formed a convenient cushion for the water tin, which, married man as he was, he still, from native gallantry, kept to his own hands, until a younger growth of hands should help him. But why cap, apron, and smock-frock were blue, it would be hard to say. No political prepossessions can be admitted as a sufficient account of the matter; for, independently of his own personal ignorance of, and indifference to politics in general, all weavers wore blue. Nor can I accept a suggestion of the necessities of his trade being concerned in the matter, for the cloth manufacture in those villages is as often white and black, as blue. But this is a digression.

Ellen Oddy, it was reported, had at length accepted a lover. The moor had been enclosed. Stone walls abounded everywhere. Everybody felt cooped up; everyone felt as if the walls were watching them, and prohibiting freedom of tongue. Society was more artificial; the villagers had drawn some five or ten years nearer upon "the age." Formerly, it was right and wrong, and native instinct and sunny skies which had guided their sayings and doings; now, they felt the weight of an invisible, external, straitlaced propriety,—propriety, the incubus of all who are not poor enough, nor yet well-bred enough, to be natural. And no one appreciated this change with more sensitiveness than Ellen Oddy. It hardened her manner. Did it harden her heart? I think not. But so it was; a constant, visible, uneasy consciousness, that distinctions of rank in the village were becoming more numerous and more rigid, burdened her spirits. She felt that she *had been* Ellen Oddy, but *was now* only the carter's daughter. She imagined her sphere of life made narrower, and yet was often at a loss for the one line of duty which might render her way clear. She no longer felt able to stand alone; and sighed for a protector, whose will and counsel should extricate her from this perplexity, and direct and console her. And then, what if he should prove a drunkard or a man gossip? Certainly, times *were* altered. Instead of honest, merry greetings at the well, to which she could accord just as much encouragement as she wished, she heard the sound of footsteps near her father's cottage after nightfall, and would not, "after dark," go to the next neighbour's, but a "lad" who would not be said nay, sprang, as it were, out of the ground, to ask her to accept him as suitor. At length report said, that Ichabod Hardacre, a young plaisterer from the further end of the village, had made an impression on the lonely, unsettled heart of the maiden.

It might be highly entertaining to those who could follow it, to hear a love tale told in the broad home-thrusting dialect of the Riding. William Smith tells me of his having once been greeted by a young farmer, in whose field he was unwittingly trespassing, in words as follows:—"Theear's noa ro-ad thee-ar; hah wod *ye* like, if ah wor ta walk inta yahr parler wun o' thee-as dayas?" in plain English, "There's no road there; how would you like, if I were to walk into your parlour one of these days?" And this is highly characteristic. The genuine West Ridinger loses no time in putting you into his position and appealing directly to your sense of justice, in presuming you have made up your mind to do what he wishes you. There is a good deal of self-will in this; but, at the same time, I am bound to say that, whilst the peasantry in the south conceal the self-will which they have, the Yorkshireman shows signs of more than often he is guilty of. The words "wilt thou be my dearie?" of the Scotch poet, will probably take the following form in this dialect:—"Nah, lass, thahll etta hev ma; thah knaws at ta likes ma." In plain English current of the realm; "Now, lass, you can't help having me, you know you like me." Strangers call it a barbarous dialect; the people of the place do not: and many a well-born gentleman regales himself by addressing the poor in their own tongue. It is superior to most of the south country dialects in this, that it has nothing nasal or dental, two of the most horrible offences that can be committed against a musical ear; Yorkshiremen are not afraid to open their mouths. Moreover, it is purer English than the Somersetshire and other dialects, for these reasons; first, it preserves

the consonantal form of words intact; secondly, almost all words of its own are of Saxon origin; thirdly, many of its provincial words and phrases are identical with those of our early poets, so much so, that scarcely an obsolete word or phrase of English origin in Shakspeare's dramas is unknown to the unlettered Pogmoorian; fourthly, the rules for translating English into Pogmoorian, are almost as simple as for translating common into Doric Greek; fifthly, the order of thought in the dialect is simple, and the result of reflection, beginning with the last idea; and the language, in which it is expressed, is, like John Bull, fearless and uncompromising.

By what means Ichabod Hardacre so softened this broad Doric, as to make it "the moving messenger of love," and how it was rendered musical to Ellen Oddy's ear, is not mine to explain. Indeed, I will not be answerable for the truth of the report. It may well be imagined that the belle of the village would be too closely watched by suitors, to allow of any supposed engagement remaining long a secret. And so, when once the whisper was heard, the name of Ichabod Hardacre stole through the village like wildfire, and envy and wonder were the portion of the lads, and joy of the lasses, who rightly judged, that Ellen Oddy's wedding would scatter over the face of society, a host of men with hearts yearning for an idol, and feelings too excited for them to be over-nice in their choice. A clergyman, then, was asking the truth of this report, at Wrose, in the summer of 1845, when the first-mentioned weaver replied, as the reader has already conjectured, "There's nothing in it"

---

## BETTER THINGS.

During the time of the potato-famine in England, a young gentleman, the eldest grandson, now the eldest son, of an earl, was living in a country village, with his private tutor. He was eighteen years of age; and he had an allowance of fifty pounds per annum. He was intended, as many young aristocrats are, to be a Guardsman—and he is one now. But he was an earnest-minded, thoughtful young man, and he had begun already to think about other things than military mess-rooms, London clubs, operas, theatres, and "the hounds." He had heard that he belonged to the privileged classes, and he had asked himself what, rightly considered, the privileges of his order might be; and he answered that the greatest of all privileges was the privilege of doing good.

He then thought that he would try. He did try; and he found it easy and pleasant. "I have been astonished," he wrote, some time afterwards to a friend, "to find how easy it is to do good, if one is really in earnest." But he thought that there was "no time like the present," and he began at once. "We must not wait," he said, "till we are older, or marry and settle, or get into Parliament." So he began at eighteen to do what he could for the poor.

Perhaps, his private tutor helped him—perhaps he did not. Private tutors do not always think it necessary to educate the hearts as well as

the heads of their pupils. It is not in the bond. Indeed, they sometimes think it their duty to lecture on the subject of low pursuits and low companions, and to suggest that in the houses of the poor infectious diseases may be caught. "And then what would your father say to me?" Latin and Greek, and things of that kind, form the educational staple of young lordlings; it would be rank heresy to indoctrinate them with new-fangled ideas about the duties of the rich to the poor. If moral questions are raised, it is only orthodox that they should relate to the duties of the poor to the rich. How this may have been in the case of the young aristocrat of whom we are now speaking, we do not pretend to know; but if there was nothing done to educate his heart, it was so good an one that it wanted very little education, and soon began to discipline itself. And so, at eighteen, this young aristocrat, whilst undergoing the process of "coaching," in a country village, had been turning over in his mind whether existing institutions have a tendency to eradicate much evil,—whether the Poor-law works well,—whether educational and sanitary commissions have done much good,—whether emigration is beneficial—how steam-power affects the labour-market; and how it happens that gaols are so comfortable, and workhouses so disagreeable. All these things the young gentleman asked himself, and, perhaps, he asked his private tutor. But he had more immediate work on hand at that time. He foresaw that the failure of the potato-crop, and the enhanced price of bread, must greatly increase the sufferings of the poor, throughout the winter then coming on; and he began to concert measures for the prevention of the anticipated distress. The conduct generally of the wealthier classes, at this period, was in a high degree creditable to them. Their sympathies were really excited. A great deal of money was subscribed in a very quiet manner—a great deal of thought was given to the subject, and a great deal of activity was shewn in carrying out the decisions arrived at after this much thought; nay, more, many people, not much given to self-denial, really did, at this time, deny themselves for the benefit of others. What this young gentleman did, therefore, on this occasion, is principally remarkable, because it was done at a period of incipient adolescence, when grave matters of this kind do not ordinarily occupy the minds of young gentlemen of high rank and large expectations. A great number of soup-kitchens were established at this time—a great number of coal-stores were opened; but we doubt whether more than one of each was presided over by the heir to an earldom at the age of eighteen.

It was, at all events, a good beginning. The young gentleman grew out of the leading-strings of the private tutor, and entered the Life Guards. Here was a chance for him to become a man of fashion after the most improved pattern. He had everything in his favour. All the legitimate temptations were besetting his path; and he might easily have so submitted himself to their guidance as to have left nothing to be desired by the fastest of all his fast friends about town. But the thoughts which had disquieted him in the country, followed him to the great teeming Babylon; and he could not get rid of them in the mess-room of his crack regiment, or the bay-windows of his fashionable club. The subjects on which he meditated were not favourite topics of discourse among his ordinary companions; but he did not ponder them the less for that. He had made his election. He might be laughed at by some of his more thoughtless companions; but he had too much cour-

age, he knew his own heart too well, to be disturbed by such apprehensions; so he went about among the poor, where poverty wears its most forbidding aspect, in this great metropolis; saw with his own eyes the evils of which he had read; and instituted earnest inquiries into their causes, and the means of securing their removal. Then he sought the society of men who had given much thought to the great question of the amelioration of the condition of the poor, and were experienced in the workings of existing systems; and he enlisted the sympathies, and obtained the co-operation of one or two men of his own order; and he wrought mightily, according to the strength that was in him for good

Then he thought that he would publish a book. Believing that he could discern a growing inclination on the part of men in high places to interest themselves in matters connected with the social improvements of the poor, and encouraged by recent indications afforded by the popular literature of the day, he enlisted under his banners some earnest thinkers and powerful writers, and took the field at the head of a noble army of contributors, vieing with each other, under the same tegument of blue cloth, to produce the best paper on one of those many social subjects which had interested him so deeply. And the young lord—for by this time, from the grandson he had become the son of an earl—accomplished the task he had set himself, and became the editor of a work, full of much sound practical wisdom, and many excellent suggestions, which must largely contribute to the great end sought to be attained—the amelioration of the condition of the poor.

Now we are not writing a romance. Although a young aristocrat, studying under a private tutor in a country village, and conceiving benevolent projects for the improvement of the poor people surrounding him, is really a legitimate hero of romance, after the most approved three-volumed models, we protest that we are not inditing a narrative of fictitious adventure. This will be the more readily believed, in as much as that we have given no account of the *personnel* of our hero. We have really no knowledge upon this head. Whether the young nobleman be tall or short—stalwart or slight—dark or fair—we have not been able to record. We have never seen him—we have never pictured him. All we can now add is his name; and that is—Lord Ingestre.

The book that he has just edited is called "Meliora; or, Better Times to Come." To the catalogue of noble authors we are glad to add his Lordship's name. It ought not to be so remarkable a thing that a nobleman has written or edited a book about the amelioration of the working classes, but we are afraid that we must, in honesty, compliment Lord Ingestre at the expense of his order, and acknowledge that *it is.* The youth and the profession of the author render his appearance in this character more remarkable. It is not only that this acceptable volume is edited by a lord; it is edited, also, by a young Guardsman. Viscount Ingestre, of the 1st Life Guards, at the age of three-and-twenty, has brought out this noticeable book.

Among those who have ranged themselves under Lord Ingestre's banner, are Lord Gooderich, who has contributed a valuable paper on the "Adulteration of Food, and its Remedies;" the Honourable Captain Byng, who writes "On Improving the Dwellings of the Poor,"—a subject to which he has long given his attention; and the Honourable and Rev. Sidney Godolphin Osborne, whom no one will be surprised to find among the contributors to such a volume as this, and who now writes

upon the "Beer Shop Evil,"—suggesting not a substitute for beer, but for the shop, in the shape of a well-arranged club-room, with fixed rules, under adequate superintendence; supplying all the comforts of the tap-room, without any of the moral evils. These are the fellow-workmen of his own order, whose services Lord Ingestre has enlisted. The other writers are clergymen, as Dr. Hook, vicar of Leeds, Messrs. Girdlestone, Nicolay, Beames, Owen, &c.; popular *littérateurs,* as Horace Mayhew and Martin Farquhar Tupper (who has contributed some lines unworthy of the volume, and of his own reputation), and others, as Mr. Beckett Denison, Dr. Guy, and Captain Fulford, of the more miscellaneous class. Lord Ingestre's own contribution consists of a series of "Letters to a Friend," and there is nothing more interesting in the volume.

There is a manly simplicity about these letters which pleases us mightily. There is no vain-boasting, and there is no affectation of overstrained humility in them. Lord Ingestre says, that he has done his best—and that he hopes others will do the same. "I am not a disciple of Young England," he writes; "for we are too young to be leaders in a great movement. I am not only tired, but ashamed, of presuming on the advantages I enjoy. I say, that every position in life has its duties, and the sooner we find them out and act up to them the better. I tell you, the march of education is so rapid, 'the toe of the peasant gibes the heels of the courtiers so much, that if we do not our best to keep up with it, we shall just quietly (and I even doubt that) be left in the lurch. I can imagine men I know at the Clubs, in the Park, at Oxford, Melton Mowbray, good fellows at heart, all seeking for pleasure more or less, and many of them *blasé,* pitying me for these opinions. I do not wish to abolish all their luxuries, but I would have them used in moderation. It has been remarked, that directly a state becomes too prosperous, she gets luxurious, effeminate, and decays. We can trace this in all histories. The dear old Athenian and Spartan instances for me suffice; only, mind, let us have a modified Spartan—for instance, port wine instead of black broth." And in another letter he says, "I have had great advantages, and I trust I am thankful for them; but does it never occur to you death may come upon us, and take us unawares. My dear fellow, just look at this fact in the face. You must exert yourself. I know you may say to me, that I am inconsistent in conversation, in habits, in every action; and you may, perhaps, prove me to be worse. I admit all these charges you may bring against me; but I ask you, as one whose friendship I value, to believe me, when I say, that I humbly trust I am better than I was; that since I have been occupied, I care less for idle pursuits; and that, perhaps, the very fact of not being ashamed of these very opinions I am now uttering is something in my favour. I know I am ambitious: I know the very credit I have got, and often undeservedly get, is most pleasing to me; but still I believe the more I involve myself in these matters, the more I am ashamed to do wrong. These are my opinions: and though I am inconsistent, these are my colours, and to them I pin my faith." This is manly and straightforward, and we like it. It is rather melancholy, however, to see a young nobleman claiming credit to himself for not being ashamed of declaring his sympathies with his poorer brethren, and endeavouring to ameliorate their condition. But it is not Lord Ingestre's fault; it is the fault of his order, that he should claim credit for

not being ashamed of these things. What he says has truth in it. It *is* something in his favour that he is not ashamed of declaring these opinions. If he were as the fashionable multitude by whom he is surrounded, he would be ashamed of them.

But we hope with Lord Ingestre and his friends, that there are "better times to come." All things must have a beginning, and this appears to us a good one. We do not mean that no nobleman of our times has addressed himself, before Lord Ingestre, earnestly and assiduously to the great work of social regeneration (what Lord Shaftesbury has done, for example, no Englishman ought ever to forget), but we do not remember any *conciones ad nobiles* like these which Lord Ingestre has addressed to his aristocratic cotemporaries — any such manly avowals and exhortations from an aristocrat of such youthful years. Of course Lord Ingestre will find people, in his own rank of life, to sneer at him—as "a very good fellow; an amiable visionary, but rather weak—crotchety—thinks he is going to do wonders, and reform the world;" and others, perhaps, may revile him for "putting ideas into the heads of the working classes—and talking to them about such things as self-respect, and the dignity of labour;" but he may feel assured, that more will respect him for what he has done, than will at first acknowledge their respect, and that he will live to see his opinions openly enunciated by many who sneer at them now, because they are singular and unconventional. The few who now sympathise with him, will in time become many.

> "'Tis on the advance of individual minds
> Mankind must found their reasonable expectation
> Eventually to follow; as the sea
> Waits ages in its bed, till some one wave
> Of all the multitudinous mass extends
> The empire of its fellows; then the rest,
> E'en to the meanest, hurry in at length—
> And so much is clear gained."

We have faith, therefore, in the good results of such example as this. At all events, whether Lord Ingestre succeeds, or does not succeed, he will have deserved to succeed; and nothing can deprive him of that consolation. He is thoroughly in earnest, and he has done his best. Many men in his position, doubtless, could do as much, if they would only take the trouble to try. But they will not take the trouble; and so Lord Ingestre stands out, with a strong light upon him, in bold relief from the mass of aristocratic obscurity which is huddled in his rear.

We have written only in general terms of Lord Ingestre's efforts for the amelioration of the poor, and it may appear, therefore, that there is something of indistinctness in his views, — that he is one of those general philanthropists who aim at everything and accomplish nothing. Lord Ingestre's motto is "*Humani nihil alienum;*" but he has especially addressed himself to the great work of improving the dwellings of the working classes, and is president of the excellent society instituted for that purpose. Of the necessity of a vigorous movement in this direction, writers and thinkers of all shades of opinion are cordially agreed; and if Lord Ingestre succeed in promoting so great an object as this, it need never be a source of regret to him that he has accomplished nothing else.

# MODERN INDIA.

It is a common remark that the world has never seen anything like our British Empire in the East, and is never likely to see it again. And yet people talk about the government of this great empire as though it were the commonest thing in the world to have to administer the affairs of a hundred and twenty millions of Asiatics, including a vast variety of tribes differing as much from each other, as the people of Great Britain differ from the people of Spain.

But it is not a common thing at all. Indeed, when we consider the immense tract of country, the diversity of its inhabitants, the dissimilarity of their creeds, their languages, their institutions, their customs, their feelings, and opinions from our own—when we take a survey of the tremendous *congeries* of Punjabees, Sindhians, Rohillas, Rajpoots, Jats, Mahrattas, Bengallees, Kassyahs, Mugs, Khonds, Gentoos, Nairs, Parsees, *cum multis aliis*, who own the East India Company as their masters, the senses almost staggering under the burden of the conception, the wonder seems, not that India is not better governed by a handful of European foreigners, but that it is governed at all.

Scarcely a century has passed since Clive conquered Bengal. Before that time, and, indeed, for some time after it, we did not think of governing in India. We managed our own factories, or we held military possession of the country; but we did not then trouble ourselves to make laws, or to administer them; we had not begun to think it a duty to do anything for the improvement of the people. Indeed, the Government of India is comparatively a thing of yesterday. The Indian constitution was in swaddling-clothes whilst our own was in lusty manhood. And yet it is hard to find half-a-dozen people to agree that England is well governed. It is but a petty island—the governed speak the same language, acknowledge the same faith, conform to the same customs as the governing; and yet somehow or other Mrs. Mother Country cannot keep her children from growing out of all knowledge; cannot keep a motherly eye upon them, to save them from sorrow and suffering of all kinds; cannot say that, in spite of all that is done for them, she has got a happy family of her own. Her prisons and poor-houses are very full. There is an awful crop of beggary in the streets. A mighty number of wretched children are left to the stern teaching of the pavements, scarcely knowing what the blue sky is, what wholesome food, or fresh air; fortunate if some ragged-school teacher has taught them that there is a God in the world. When we think, therefore, how long in this little island we have been endeavouring to make the people happy and virtuous—how long we have had statute-books, acts of parliament, prisons, police, hangmen, and other like agents in active operation for the improvement of the country, and yet are very far beneath the point of perfection which we might have expected to attain after so many centuries of legislation, we cannot be much surprised, when we come to regard the government of India, that there is a considerable list of omissions and short-comings, not to speak of errors of commission common to all governments, to be summed up by those who feel more delight in harping on failure, than in comment-

ing on success, and never take account of the difficulties and impossibilities which lie in the way of the latter.

But this is not the way to judge rightly the merits or demerits of any government. The question is not whether there remains much to be done for the improvement of the condition of the people committed to its charge, but whether it has made the most of its opportunities up to the present time—whether, indeed, the amount of good done bears any just proportion to the means of well-doing at its disposal. It is easier, we know, to name what has *not*, than what *has* been done; and there is something very humdrum and unexciting in commendation. The revilers are generally on the popular side. The vocabulary of vituperation contains more flowers of rhetoric; and ever since the days of Burke and Sheridan there has been a taste for declamation against the high crimes and misdemeanors committed by the governments of our Indian possessions. But the time is now coming when the question will be fairly tried—when mere words will be held of no account—and the empty declaimers will be tried in the balance and found wanting. A calm judicial spirit must be brought to the inquiry, or we had better not broach the subject at all.

The time has now arrived when such an inquiry ought to be instituted by the legislature with all due formality and circumspection. It ought not to be slurred over. It is only just to the great public Company which administers the affairs of the Indian empire, and to the numerous public functionaries who serve under them, that now, as the charter act under which they have been governing since 1834 is in the last years of its existence, they should be suffered as it were publicly to *take stock* of the measures which they have effected for the amelioration of the condition of the people. For there is an impression abroad in some quarters, mainly, perhaps, among very impressible people, who take a great deal too much of what is told them on trust, that the Company have criminally neglected their opportunities of well doing, and have been very bad stewards at best. At all events this is very often said by people, who do not know what has been done, and what has not been done for the people of India; but who are perpetually declaring, that if we were to abandon the country to-morrow, we should leave no trace of our residence there which the natives would wish to perpetuate.

And then it is a common thing to write and to say much, for the sake of contrast, about the munificence of the Mahomedan conquerors. Even governors-general elect have not thought it beneath them to boast, in London-tavern orations, of their intentions to emulate the gorgeous philanthropy of his Mussulman predecessors. Another party, with an equal earnestness of exaggeration, has denounced the whole race of Mahomedan rulers as a gang of selfish, arbitrary tyrants, improving the country only for their own benefit, and caring nothing for the welfare of the people. Perhaps the truth is not to be found in either of these extremes. The philanthropy of the Mahomedan rulers was dependent upon the personal characters of the reigning monarch. There was something, therefore, fitful and spasmodic in it. It was an accident from beginning to end: of sustained and systematic philanthropy there was none. The benevolent activity of one prince was succeeded by the luxurious indolence of another. The efforts, indeed, of the Mahomedan governments were regulated less by principle than

by caprice. It suited the humour of one prince to parade about the country, with an immense moving camp; to make roads, to dig wells, and to build *serais* for the accommodation of himself and his retinue; and it suited the humour of another to waste his time and his energies in the voluptuous retirement of the Zenana. So we find traces of old roads, and way-side halting places, and reservoirs, and here and there some magnificent regal structures; and better still, there are codes of laws in existence denoting that these Mussulman princes were careful to leave behind them other than material things. But when we come to look more closely into the matter, it is not easy to persuade oneself that these princes threw into their government any great amount of paternal care and affection. An exceptional case might, of course, be found—there always are exceptional cases—and there is very much in the character and conduct of the Emperor Akbar that is entitled to the highest respect, and the warmest commendation. But it is not to be supposed that the Emperor Akbar had the welfare of the people of India as profoundly at heart as Lord Cornwallis, Lord William Bentinck, or Lord Hardinge.

If it be asked, then, what England has done for India, the comprehensive question may be answered in a few comprehensive words. We have substituted moral for physical power; we have given the deathblow to all arbitrary interference with life and property. A single government *chuprassie* (or badge-bearer) is now as influential for the suppression of irregularities as was a troop of horse under the Mahomedan dynasties. There is not a native in the company's territories, however little he may understand the matter, who does not feel that there is no longer any power in the state which can decree his immediate execution, as in the old time, without the formalities of a judicial inquiry. The people may not, according to our European notions, be prosperous, but they are secure. They never were secure under the native governments. "According to circumstances," says an old writer, "without any other rule of action than his own good sense, or his caprice, the Mogul emperor decides causes, and pronounces sentences of death, which are executed on the spot, under the eyes of the prince. The guilty person is beheaded or trampled under the feet of elephants, trained to this species of execution." It would take a great deal of "munificence" to balance this, especially as the princes, who conceived that they had a right to take the lives of their subjects according to their royal pleasure, were not more scrupulous about the property of their lieges.

And as to the prosperity of the people under the British rule, prosperity is a word of comparative significance. Sir Elijah Impey, on first landing at Calcutta, is said to have been struck with horror at the sight of the bare black legs of the Bengallees, and to have said to Chambers or Hyde, that it would not be long, after the establishment of the new Crown Court, before all these poor naked people would be comfortably clothed in shoes and stockings; and only a few years ago Lord George Bentinck spoke in the House of Commons about the hundred millions of Hindoos who were condemned to *drink their tea without sugar*, and contended that Protection would do for their stomachs what the Crown Court was to do for the legs of Sir Elijah Impey's friend. Now, doubtless, here in England we commiserate those who have no shoes and stockings to wear, and cannot sweeten their tea; but in

India bare legs are a luxury in which (but for the mosquitos) our European magnates would fain indulge themselves; and as to the sugarless tea, which Lord George Bentinck deplored, all that he and his Protection could do for the poor Hindoos would only supply them with tea-less sugar—tea being a beverage with which the mass of the people are as little acquainted as our own are with *maraschino*. We are not to measure the prosperity of the people by the standard of worsted stockings and bohea; but with reference to the necessities and habits of the country. The peasantry of India are an indolent and contented race of men. They do little—they receive little—they want little. The Indian ryot enjoys his meal of boiled rice as much as our ploughman his bread and bacon; and nakedness, as we have said, is a privilege in that country of which rich men may well envy them the untrammelled possession. The wealthy natives, recognizing those conventional types of respectability which in Europe condemn unhappy people to incarcerate their bodies in all kinds of torturing attire, go abroad, in some places, in shoes and stockings, and in many more, wrap heavy shawls around their bodies; but in their own houses they reduce themselves as nearly as possible to a state of nature, and revel in the delights of the nude. Spare diet and scanty attire are not types of misery and degradation under the burning sun of Hindostan. The Hindoo labouring man with a rag round his loins, and a handful of rice for his dinner, enjoys life with at least as keen a relish as our field labourers and mechanics with their heavier diet and more stimulating drink. He knows nothing better, and he wants nothing better. His is only a state of semi-vitality; but it is that which suits him best.

"But ought we to leave him in that state?" it may be asked. That is another question. Moral degradation is one thing; political oppression is another. If to want little be, as according to our civilized notions it is, to exist in a state of barbarism, the people of Hindostan are a barbarous people. But how far we should make them happier by teaching them to want more, is a question which opens out a wide field of inquiry. If we could keep down their physical wants to their present low condition, and inspire them with a higher order of moral wants—as an appetite for knowledge and religious truth—we should doubtless accomplish so great a thing that we need not despair of making angels in time. But the misfortune is, that the increase of these physical wants ever precedes the extension of their moral appetences, which sometimes lag behind altogether. Thus the young native gentlemen of the metropolis, who, we observe, are now known by the generic title of "Young Bengal," yearn after beef, and champagne, and top-boots far more promptly and eagerly than after the great gospel truths, which we desire to substitute for the gross superstitions which their reason has ignored. All that we can hope in such cases is, that the Bible will be taken up, in time, with the beef and the boots. Of course this is not to be taken as an argument against the expediency, or rather the duty, of raising, by every possible means, the intellectual character of the people of Hindostan; we merely raise the question whether the simple fact of their wanting little is necessarily a proof of their degradation, and hint our belief that the simple ryot, with his handful of rice, and his rag about his middle, is a less degraded animal than "Young Bengal," with his beef and his boots.

But it is not enough to write thus vaguely and generally of the

ameliorative influences of the Company's government of India; we must point to some specific measures. It will not be denied that many of their humanizing efforts—efforts for the suppression of those ritual cruelties, which, whether sanctioned or not by the founders of the popular religion, have grown into honoured customs under priestly support, and of others, not less revolting, which have had little better than a selfish expediency to maintain them, have been crowned with remarkable success. During the later years of British administration in India, the dreadful rite of *suttee*, or widow-burning, has been abolished. The horrid custom of female infanticide, originating in the difficulty of providing marriage portions for the daughters of high-caste families, has been rooted out. The infernal trade of *thuggee*, or professional murder, with all its hellish formalities, has been suppressed. The human sacrifices which disgraced the Khond country, have been put down, and other foul blots, under our humanizing treatment, have been partially or thoroughly effaced. We have not wholly broken down the barriers of a degrading superstition, which so long have fenced in these priest-ridden people; but we have done something to undermine it, and in some places have demolished it outright.

These are measures worthy of a Christian government, and not the less so that they demanded some courage to carry them out in the face of much presumed danger, and no small amount of real prejudice. To these humanizing measures may be added the virtual suppression of slavery throughout the Company's dominions, without any overt interference with the presumed rights of property, by recognizing in all our courts of justice every applicant as a free man, entitled as such to the full protection of the law, whatever claim may be put in to his person and property as to those of a slave.

Then there is no doubt that much has been done towards the education of the people. With the exception of Lord Ellenborough, every governor-general, under the now expiring charter, has given much time and attention to the subject. We can only glance at so large a matter as this, but we must make special allusion to the diffusion of medical science among the people of India, as a boon for which future generations will have reason to be grateful. We are beginning, too, in another direction to give a more practical turn to our educational efforts by raising up a race of native civil engineers, and are now establishing a college for their instruction.

The advancement of the people in knowledge and capacity has naturally rendered them better fitted for public employment: and among the measures of the Indian government under the now expiring charter, which are most deserving of commendatory notice, may be mentioned the assignment to the natives of the country of a larger share in the administration of its affairs than it was formerly considered expedient to confer on them. Offices of trust and emolument are now held by natives with credit to themselves and advantage to the state; and every year will, probably, see a more liberal apportionment to them of these loaves and fishes of the executive; and so long as these are not denied to them, they are not likely to clamour for a larger share in the administration of the country. They do not seem to covet any legislative power; aud as Mr. Campbell, in his recent work on "Modern India," a book which contains a large mass of authentic information, of peculiar value at the present time, has truthfully observed, "As to self-govern-

ment, the experiment has so far been tried, that the government has long been anxious to establish a system of self-taxation and self-administration for sanitary and municipal purposes in large towns, and has made several enactments to enable the inhabitants of all towns desirous of the privilege to constitute themselves self-governing municipalities; yet, strange to say, the unenlightened Indian public cannot be brought to understand the pleasure of taxing themselves, and resolutely declined the proffered favour:" and where it was not "resolutely declined," but coldly accepted, it soon became a dead letter.

The costly wars, in which we have unhappily been engaged for so many years, have necessarily retarded the progress of those great public works, which tend so largely to promote the development of the productive resources of the country; but when we come to take account of all the labour and all the money which has been successfully expended on works of irrigation, upon roads, and bridges, and other great public improvements, which facilitate intercommunication between different parts of the country and stimulate its internal traffic, the gross amount will be found anything but discreditable to a government constrained by a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances to maintain its very existence by lavish expenditure of money upon the prosecution of wars, which, once undertaken, however unwisely, must be vigorously prosecuted to the end. Of these works, very little is known in England. They do not spring up, in a few months, to become a world's wonder, like the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park. They are prosecuted very quietly; they cover a very large expanse; they are things altogether of which few people can give any intelligible account. It is, altogether, indeed, the misfortune of the East India Company that their ameliorative measures have been, for the most part, of a very unobtrusive character: that they do not furnish themes of eloquent panegyric; that there is nothing in them to dazzle or astound. A popular account, however, of what the East India Company have really done for India would be neither uninteresting nor uninstructive in such a juncture as this.

The most frequent charge brought against the Indian Government is that of overtaxing the people. It is said, that the natives of India are ground down to the dust by the severity of the taxes which we impose upon them; and much of this is said, or written, as though the revenue were collected for the purpose of enriching the members of the Government, or remitting large sums of money to England, to be expended on some incomprehensible objects altogether unconnected with the welfare of the people. And so it is, that one person cries out that the land-assessment ought to be reduced; another clamours for the abolition of the salt-tax; a third is certain that the opium-duty is an unclean source of revenue, and that we ought to wash our hands of it altogether. Some, perhaps, in the plenitude of their philanthropy, would abolish land-tax, salt-tax, opium-duty, all three, and carry on the government without them. But Indian administrations, like English ones, must have revenue. There is no getting on without it. The natives of India are subject to few duties. They cultivate the land, and they consume salt. Scarcely any other impost could be made to reach them. The land-tax is, in point of fact, rent paid to the great government-landlord; it is the main source of our Indian revenue. Now, the cultivators are directly interested in the state of the public treasury, for its impoverish-

ment is always attended by the suspension of those ameliorative measures which, by increasing the productiveness of the soil, go far to benefit the producer. The fact is, that want of revenue has reduced the prosperity, and retarded the social progress of the people; and that they who cry out against the undue taxation of the people, would do much better to inquire how it happens that immense sums of money, the expenditure of which on productive works would have immensely increased the happiness of the people, have been wantonly lavished upon the prosecution of unjust and disastrous wars. It will not then be found that the legitimate rulers of India have sacrificed the prosperity of the country at the altar of a false ambition, or that any lust of conquest or fatuous miscalculation, or rather regardlessness of results, upon their part, has brought on the great disasters from which it has taken the country many years to recover; but that external influences, not to be withstood, foreign interference, not to be set aside — the influence and interference of English statesmen, have drained the treasury of India, and impeded its domestic improvement; and that they, and they alone, ought to be held responsible for any deficit that may occur in the amount of good works, for which the people of England may look when the Indian Government are called upon to give an account of their stewardship.

For "after all," as Mr. Campbell well observes, "the important question in considering any administration is this simple one, Does the country pay? For without money we can do nothing. A government which has plenty of money is generally good, and one which is in difficulties is invariably exceedingly bad. It is very easy to accuse the Indian government of exacting too much on the one hand, and spending too little for public purposes on the other; but we must first show where the money is to come from." To this the objectors may answer —"Show us where the money goes;" and Mr. Campbell does show us where the money goes. He shows that whilst all the expenses of the country are thrown upon us, we do not receive all the revenue; inasmuch as that large sums, which might be advantageously expended on the improvement of the country, are alienated for the purpose of furnishing pensions, &c., to the native princes, whose places we have taken as lords of the land. These are the princes whom the Indian Government is charged with so remorselessly dispossessing of their territories, and whose wrongs are a fertile theme of vituperative declamation, though they were for the most part mere conquerors and interlopers like ourselves. We are said to have utterly disregarded the "rights" of the native princes, and neglected the interests of the people,—because we have expended upon them so small a portion of the revenue which they have paid into our hands. But it is in no small measure, because we have been so chary of the "rights" of the princes, that we have had so little to spend upon the people. If we had robbed the princes a little more, the people would have suffered less.

Of course these provisions for the deposed princes and their families, are a perennial drain upon our Indian resources; but, after all, the terrific accidental drains occasioned by our gigantic wars, have done more serious mischief to the country, and the enemies of India must be looked for among the men who have needlessly drawn the sword from the scabbard. Lord William Bentinck left a peaceful country and an overflowing treasury. Lord Auckland plunged into the war in Afghan-

istan, drained the treasury, and saddled the country with a heavy debt. Then came the "conquest of Sindh," for which there was scarcely more excuse; and then the war in the Punjab, which, when it came, was inevitable, but which probably would never have broken out but for the aggressions by which it was preceded.

The war in Affghanistan, indeed, was the origin of all the evil. Mr. Campbell has clearly shown the financial embarrassments which have resulted from it. It is hard to say what amount of good might have been done with the money thus recklessly expended. When, therefore, the question is asked, why none has yet been done for the improvement of the country, and the amelioration of the condition of the people, since the last charter was granted to the East India Company, it would be well to ask at the same time who is responsible for all the evils of the war in Affghanistan. We are now, it is to be hoped, at peace—though some uneasy murmurings in Burmah have again disquieted the heart of the philanthropist—and the financial condition of the country is improving: and if we can only keep our armies at rest, we may again set our artificers at work, and carry out the benevolent intentions of the East India Company—a Company which has always set its face steadfastly against all unnecessary wars.

The chapter on Indian Finance is one of the best in Mr. Campbell's book. It is worthy of attentive study at the present time. Indeed, the entire book is one which ought to be well and carefully studied. There are some passages, however, to the statements in which we must demur. For example, Mr. Campbell says, "The Progress of Christianity in India, by the influence of private Missionaries, cannot in truth be said to be great. I believe that they have some success in the South, where the Jesuits had preceded them, and where they found a large body of Christians, but even there the Protestants were few, *and in all parts of the Bengal Presidency, it must be admitted*, that the attempt to Christianize the natives had entirely failed." It is very doubtful whether the missionaries themselves will "readily admit" this. We have recently read (in the *Calcutta Review*) some detailed statements of the results of Missionary labour, apparently derived from the most authentic sources, which show that in Kishnagur, and other parts of Bengal, our Christian missionaries have made great progress; and there is every reason to believe that in large numbers of cases the converts are anything but merely nominal ones.

And as Mr. Campbell depreciates the Indian missionaries, so he does something more than depreciate the Indian press. After narrating how Sir Charles Metcalfe, during his brief tenure of the Governor-Generalship, removed the restrictions which had hitherto impeded the free utterance of public opinion, the author goes on to say, "It is certain that the Indian press has become unscrupulous beyond all precedent, and extremely false and libellous, and that it is only tolerable because most of the papers have rendered themselves discredited and contemptible." This is a strong opinion, but it is couched in somewhat general terms, and contains no specific allegations; but further on, Mr. Campbell says, with reference to the trial of Jootepersaud, the great contractor, "I am certain that no rational person, who knows anything about the matter, really suspects the Indian Government of misconduct of this kind. (True.) The editors of Indian papers certainly do not, although it has suited them, *for a consideration*, to make an interested outcry in Jootepersaud's

behalf. They are always willing enough to side against Government, but in the instance alluded to, *they must undoubtedly have been stimulated by bribes*, because the popular opinion in *every* Indian cantonment ran very strong against the commissariat, and they wrote in the teeth of the feeling of the great majority of their subscribers. The accused was rich, in danger, and ready with the money." This is a very heavy accusation. It is as though some four or five Company's judges were charged, by name, with the crime of taking bribes in their individual capacity. We know nothing about this particular case, except that Jootepersaud's counsel was connected with a newspaper published in the North-west provinces of India; but we believe that the charge, as respects the Press generally, is utterly without foundation.

From all we have heard on the subject from competent witnesses, we should infer that the Indian press is as little corrupt as any press in the world. "I cannot take much credit to myself," said a gentleman, for some years the *redacteur en chef* of a daily paper in Calcutta, when we interrogated him on this delicate subject, "I cannot take much credit to myself for never having taken a bribe, for *I never had one offered to me*." Neither is there, we believe, anything very uncommon in the spectacle of an Indian newspaper enunciating opinions at variance with those entertained by the great bulk of their readers. It would be easy to name journals, which have endangered their popularity, and damaged their exchequer, by denouncing unjust wars. All wars are popular with the majority of Indian newspaper readers; but all wars are not supported by the entire Indian press. It is hard to say who would bribe the Indian editors to advocate principles of peace. This notion of bribery seems to run overmuch in Mr. Campbell's head, for he says, with reference to the re-occupation of Affghanistan in 1842, "In the summer, General Pollock advanced by the Khyber Pass, *got through it by the help of bribes as usual*, there (where ?) met the Candahar forces, blew up the bazaar in a kind of triumph to show what we could do, and retreated." Now, the fact is, that General Pollock did *not* get through the Khyber "by the help of bribes." An attempt was made to purchase a safe passage through the Pass, but the negotiations broke down, and an instalment of purchase-money, which had been advanced to the chiefs, was brought back before the army advanced; and we fought our way through the Pass after all.

These, however, are but small defects, considered with reference to the magnitude of the work, and the mass of accurate information it contains. Mr. Campbell has not the art of the practised *literateur*, and, perhaps, he has not manufactured quite as attractive a book as a more experienced hand would have made out of such ample and varied materials, but he deserves the gratitude of the public, for having brought together so large an array of facts, and reproduced them in so readable a volume.

---

## WOMEN OF CHRISTIANITY.*

We consider Miss Kavanagh to have done good service in giving to the world these brief memoirs of women exemplary for piety and charity. We wish we could think that this work would be as popular as her former piquant book on the Women of France in the 18th century; but there is of necessity too much similarity in the career of the good to render their biographies so full of anecdote, gossip, and adventure, as are the accounts of people leading less regular lives.

The work is written in the usual graceful style of the author of "Madeleine." She discovers a nice discrimination in the portrayal of character. There is a reverent tone pervading the book, the reflex probably of her study of the lives of these pious women, and the author has laboured with an evident love of her subject worthy of all praise.

Beginning from the days of the apostles, traversing the period of the fall of the Roman Empire, the Dark and Middle Ages, and coming down to our own day, seeking out examples from all countries, and consulting many forgotten books, Miss Kavanagh has spared no labour, to prove that "in charity and devotedness man has not as yet surpassed woman." The story of the Conversion of St. Augustine from the pleasures and aims of this world, by the tearful prayers of his mother Monica, is one of the most interesting in the book. The account of Elizabeth Fry, too, though we have had so much about her, is good, showing the power of an original mind to invest old themes with novelty.

The following anecdote might be borne in mind with advantage even in this day. There still exist Albinas, and more than one Cerealis, and let us hope many Marcellas :—

"When Jerome came to Rome, Marcella was advancing in life, and had been a widow for many years. Her husband died in the seventh year of their marriage: she was young, and celebrated for the beauty of her person. Cerealis, an old and wealthy consul, wished to marry her. Marcella refused; and to her mother, Albina, who observed, that Cerealis, being aged, would not live long, she replied, 'If I wished to marry, I should look for a husband, and not for an inheritance.'"

* Women of Christianity exemplary for Piety and Charity. By Julia Kavanagh. Smith, Elder, and Co.

---

*** Want of space compels the Editor to omit notices of the following Works: —"Lena; or, the Silent Woman;" "Agatha Beaufort;" "Perils of Fashion;" "Adventures of a Beauty;" "History of Corfu;" "Literature and Romance of Northern Europe;" "Audin's Life of Henry VIII."—They will appear in our next.

# UNSUCCESSFUL GREAT MEN.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

*Τὸ μὲν γὰρ Πέρας ὡς ἂν ὁ δαίμων βουληθῇ πάντων γίγνεται· ἡ δὲ Προαίρεσις αὐτὴ τὴν τοῦ συμβούλου διάνοιαν δηλοῖ.*—DEMOSTHENES, *De Corona.*

Careat successibus opto
Quisquis ab eventu facta notanda putat.
OVID. *Heroid.*

## No. V.—THE GRACCHI.

IT may fairly be doubted whether the writings of Cicero have not been far more prejudicial than useful with respect to our knowledge of the Constitutional history of Rome. The affectionate admiration with which we justly regard him as an orator, as a philo sopher, and as a moralist, blended with the esteem which we feel for his personal purity and probity in an age of foul corruption, make us prone to adopt his opinions as a politician, and to echo his eloquent revilings or eulogies of the statesmen, who were his contemporaries, and also of those who had preceded him in the Roman Commonwealth. A more unsafe guide it would be difficult to select. Not only did Cicero carry into politics the loose-tongued disregard of facts, and unmeasured malignity of invective, which have in all ages been the discreditable privileges of the bar; but he was so completely a party man, he was so thoroughly imbued with all the prejudices of the senatorial faction, as to be incapable of doing justice to any one, who either in the Ciceronian age, or in former ages had opposed the Roman aristocracy; and in particular he was judicially blind to the high qualities and wise statesmanship of the two illustrious tribunes of the people, who had perished in the attempt to reform the Roman republic, at the commencement of its final century of revolution. Moreover, Cicero, after his Consulate, was painfully conscious that he himself was open to attack for having put Roman citizens to death without a legal trial, (however much the notorious guilt of Catiline's accomplices might have clamoured for such punishment); and he therefore eagerly seized every opportunity of eulogizing the slayers of the Gracchi, and of citing the conduct of Nasica and Opimius as laudable precedents for his own. The Roman rhetoricians and moralists of succeeding ages took up the same strain; and whenever a sonorous common-place about sedition was to be rounded off, the Gracchi were sure to be introduced as the very types of the character of the factious demagogue. Hence, and also from the portentous blunders which long prevailed among medieval and modern scholars, about the nature of the Agrarian laws, a cloud of unmerited obloquy has for nearly two thousand years rested on the memories of two of the purest patriots that the world ever saw. The same evil fortune that preyed on them while living, has persecuted them beyond the grave. It is one of the highest honours of modern German scholarship, that it has redressed this flagrant iniquity. Until about fifty years ago, the belief was almost universal, that the Gracchi in their celebrated reforms attacked the rights of private pro-

perty; that their object was to confiscate the landed estates of the rich, and to parcel them out among the populace. They were regarded in fact, as the first levellers and socialists.

It was about the close of the last century that Heyne and Heeren pointed out the real object of the Agrarian laws; but the knowledge circulated slowly and imperfectly before the appearance of the great historical treatises of Niebuhr. But the subject is now well understood; and, at the same time, the assertions of Cicero about the manner in which the Gracchi sought to effect their reforms, his insinuations that they wished to aggrandize themselves at the expense of their country's constitution, and his panegyrics on those who slew them, have come to be valued at their true worth. Cicero, as a witness, is now cautiously scanned. The French historian Michelet (whose eloquent voice in the University of Paris has lately been silenced by the present usurper of France), has done good service here. In Michelet's "Histoire Romaine" the great orator of Rome is depicted in his true colours when viewed as a politician; and generous justice is done to those whose fame has so long suffered under Ciceronian misrepresentations. There will soon be few educated men, or even children, who will regard the Gracchi in any other than their true light;—that of constitutional reformers, who respected the rights of property, and who sought to renovate, not to destroy, the institutions of their country.

The condition of Rome at the time when the elder Gracchus first came forward (about 132 B.C.) is admirably described by Heeren,* and it must be thoroughly understood in order to judge the Gracchi fairly. We must not be deceived by the appearance of tranquillity which we meet with when first looking to that epoch. The favourite maxim of one of our own statesmen "Quieta ne movete," is only conditionally wise. It depends on whether the placidness of the political body is that of healthy action, or whether it is the stillness of decay, and the silent engendering of corruption. There is unfortunately far more truth in Montesquieu's expression respecting the Roman Commonwealth in its best times. "Un gouvernement libre, *c'est à dire toujours agité.*"

When Tiberius Gracchus proposed his first Reform Bill at Rome, she had already reached her seventh century. After a long series of wars, she had made herself mistress of all Italy; and then, engaging in the life-or-death struggles of the Punic wars, she had crushed her great rival, Carthage,—a conquest which placed within her grasp the dominion of the ancient world. Eight provinces beyond Italy were actually annexed to Rome about the time when Carthage perished. These were Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, Spain, Illyria, Macedonia, the best part of Greece, under the title of Achaia, and the fertile North African coast, which had once been the territory of Carthage. The legions had already been victorious in Asia; and the Senate had formed political connexions with numerous Asiatic and other states, which became completely dependent upon Rome, under the title of "Allies of the Roman People." Abroad Rome saw no rival; at home she felt no feud. The old dissensions between the Plebeians and Patricians had long died away; ever since the time when the Plebeians obtained an equality of civic rights; and the Patriciate, though not abolished, became a mere title.

* Geschichte der Staatsunruhen der Gracchen.

But though thus fair and promising at first sight, the condition of Rome had in reality become fraught with the direst perils. The sovereign Roman people was a very small portion of the human beings that inhabited the territories of the Roman Republic. The dominant minority was in imminent danger, from the jealousy of those whom it excluded from power; and it was also itself becoming rapidly divided into two antagonistic classes of paupers and millionaires. It was in Italy that these evils were peculiarly developing themselves. The natives of the provinces (which have been enumerated) had been too recently and too effectually conquered, and the terror of the name of Rome was too heavy on their hearts, for any serious insurrection there to be probable. But the Italians had all formed portions of the conquering armies. They supplied and continued to supply the largest part of the troops whom the Roman consuls and prætors led forth to incessant campaigns. They were trained in the same discipline, and most of them spoke the same language with the Romans. So many generations had passed away since their subjugation by Rome, that all feeling of inferiority had worn off; and had been succeeded by a sense of conscious merit, and by jealous impatience at a system, which, while it compelled them to lavish their treasures and their blood in furtherance of the ambition of Rome, denied them all honour, rank, and power; which subjected them to the capricious tyranny of every Roman officer in war, and every Roman magistrate in peace.

So also (to adopt the just and eloquent words of Heeren*), "As the external condition of Rome was calculated to cause alarm, did her internal state threaten the speedy outbreak of commotion. Notwithstanding their brilliant conquests, notwithstanding the plunder of so many rich territories and towns, the lot of the larger portion of the sovereign Roman people was far from enviable. On the contrary, the conquerors of the world were, as far as the great majority were concerned, much poorer and worse off than their forefathers had been, whose whole territory only extended over a few miles. The diligent culture of their lands secured to the early Romans the means of subsistence; but a career of conquest destroyed that early industry; and the moral which experience has so often verified, was taught here also—that conquerors are not benefitted, but impoverished through their conquests and plunderings. The facility of obtaining booty weans men from regular habits; and causes indigence instead of superfluity, because it at once creates a multitude of new wants.

"In this wise, a class of men had formed itself at Rome, possessing neither property nor industry—*a numerous populace.* So, too, as single families acquired enormous wealth through official employments, and especially through the governments of provinces, did this mass become more and more pauperized; and the hideous phenomenon which a great city often displays, *extreme poverty by the side of excessive wealth,* began to manifest itself at Rome. And there were peculiar causes, that lay deep hidden in the internal constitution of the state, which we must comprehend, in order to form a right judgment of the political effects that were their consequences. The riches of the great families consisted, in a great degree, of landed possessions, which were not, strictly speaking, their property;—not family estates, but state domains, occupied under singular circumstances. As the Romans

* Geschichte der Staatsunruhen der Gracchen.

gradually extended their victories over Italy, they had taken from the conquered nations either the whole of their lands or the greater portion; these being considered the most valuable part of the booty, and the legitimate acquisition of the victors. They then used to plant colonies in the subjugated states, allotting to them a certain portion of the conquered territory as their property. Still, by far the largest part of it, especially the uncultivated districts, became the property of the state, or common land. These state domains were underlet to single citizens, subject to the payment of a quit-rent, which was required to be paid up every five years, for the good of the Republic. But these principles had long been lost sight of. The better the lands were, the more did the rich families crowd to them. The quit-rents were irregularly paid; and the boundaries of public and private estates universally confused. Thus had the great in Rome obtained immense landed possessions; which, although they were, strictly speaking, common property, yet became, as it were, fiefs, the possession of which no one could forcibly take away from those who had once settled in them. Though this abuse, which had placed the possession of almost all the lands in Italy in the hands of a small body of men, was in itself destructive to population and to industry, it must be rated a much greater evil, that these lands were tilled, not by free labourers, but by bond-slaves. This was considered the most advantageous mode; because this class might be harder used, and especially because there was no fear of their being prest for military service in war-time. It is easy to calculate the effects which this must have produced through Italy. The land became depopulated of its native inhabitants, and the number of freemen was diminished as that of slaves was increased. In Rome itself, the numbers of the unemployed and needy populace grew larger and larger; and there was a perpetual influx of the destitute inhabitants of the country into the capital city, tempted by the display of the constantly increasing profusion of the wealthy.

"This numerous populace wanted only a leader, and a definite leading principle, to form themselves into a democratical party; and by the side of them stood, fully arrayed in opposition, a completely organized aristocracy. During the long period of quiet which had prevailed since the expiration of the brawls between the Patricians and Plebeians, the supremacy of the senate had gradually become so firm and unlimited, that one must properly treat it as *the Roman Government*.

"That administration of the senate so long and so brilliant—those wars so gloriously carried on, and brought to still more glorious conclusions—those conquests, those political connections in all parts of the world, had given the senate a dignity in the eyes of the people; had hallowed its power; made reverence to it more than a matter of opinion, made it a religion: for without her senate could Rome have become what they beheld her? The very elections, which were almost the only modes in which the people exercised their rights, seem to have then become almost empty forms. Moreover, during the long and undisputed domination of the senate, a family aristocracy had gradually sprung up, not indeed based immediately upon birth, but upon participation in the high offices of the state, of which a seat and vote in the senate were the legal consequences; but it was an aristocracy which had gradually obtained the firmness and consistency which usually characterize an hereditary nobility. It had gradually come to this, that a number of families

had exclusively appropriated to themselves the high offices of state, and thereby also the seats in the senate; so that, as neither Patrician nor Plebeian origin conferred any right to them, it was almost impossible for a man to attain any of these posts, unless he was a member or intimate connection of one of the chief families, that already styled themselves 'the Nobility.' These houses alone had reaped the fruits of the victories and conquests of the Romans—theirs were the commands and administration of provinces; for them were kingdoms and empires heaped together, as the spoils of war, by the devastating legions of Rome.

"Such was the real internal condition of Rome. And who sees not that a fire was smouldering in her, certain sooner or later to break out? There needed but a leader, who would rouse the masses aud place himself at the head of the movement; and a mighty democratical element must start from chaos into action, to commence a struggle with the senate and the ruling families, the results of which none could foresee.

"The usual lot of states thus circumstanced, is, that some wild ambitious spirit springs forward as the chief of the oppressed, with the desire, not to help them, but to aggrandise himself. Rome was in this respect more fortunate. Two brothers, of pure hearts and high patriotism came forward as the originators of this enterprise; and though their efforts failed, their history is doubly interesting for their own sakes."

The family of the Gracchi (though not Patrician) was one of the Great Houses of the Roman commonwealth. It was illustrious for the achievements of many of its members in war; it was connected with the still more renowned Houses of the Scipios and the Claudii; and its scions, if they only adhered to the party-interests of their Order, had wealth, power, civil and military rank prepared for them as by hereditary right. This is to be carefully borne in mind in estimating the characters of the Gracchi. Had they been susceptible of a selfish, or a sordid impulse, they never would have become the martyrs of the people's cause.

Despite of all the mass of evils that now were rankly germinating in Rome, there was yet much to justly boast of in the name of Roman, and the republic was one in which a great and good spirit might wish to live, and for which it would be willing to die. The celebrated mother of the Gracchi, Cornelia, had in youth preferred a Roman home to a sovereign's crown, when sought in marriage by the Egyptian king. She was the daughter of Scipio Africanus; and in Sempronius Gracchus she found a husband worthy of her exalted and enlightened spirit. After his death, she lived only as it seemed, for the purpose of educating his children, "in the love of their name, the honour of their country, and the resolution to avert the evil days that were at hand. Proud as she was of her father and her illustrious race, she was prouder still of the hopes which were yet to be fulfilled in her sons; and to the two who survived when one after another had been taken away, she clung with an affection that watched every moment of their youth, as though it were the beginning of an age of usefulness or fame. The people, who looked up to her as to a queen, caught something of her enthusiastic confidence in her children; while those who were admitted to her house or were trusted to complete the education she began, appear to have been persuaded, as of themselves, that the mother of the Gracchi was,

as she deserved to be, the mother of sons, who would grow to be heroes as naturally as they grew to be men.*

There was a considerable difference in the ages of the two brothers, which isolated them in their careers, and prevented the co-operation which perhaps might have ensured their success. The elder of the two, Tiberius, first signalized himself by his gallantry in the military service, to which, according to national custom, he was sent at the age of seventeen. When Carthage was stormed he was the first Roman that mounted the wall. He afterwards held the rank of Quæstor in the Roman army before Numantia. He there acquired the esteem both of friends and foes; and when the incompetency of the Roman general Mancinus had placed his legions at the mercy of the Numantines, it was chiefly the personal influence of Tiberius Gracchus, which induced the Spaniards to grant a lenient convention, and to spare the lives of their invaders, on condition of a promise of peace between themselves and Rome. The Roman Senate, with its usual haughtiness and bad faith, refused to satisfy this convention; and ordered Mancinus, the general who had signed it, to be given up to the Numantines. It was proposed that his chief officers should also be given up with him. This would have involved Tiberius Gracchus: but the feeling of the Roman people in favour of saving the young Quæstor, was so strong and so vehemently expressed, that he and the other subordinate officers were rescued from this peril, which fell upon the unfortunate commander alone.

The Roman people seemed thus to have laid Tiberius Gracchus under a personal obligation to devote to their service the life which they had preserved. This may have stimulated him to come forward in their behalf, to rescue the Roman Commonalty from their increasing misery, and to pour into the state the life-blood of a renovated middle class. But he is known to have formed the outline of his measures at an earlier period. It was on his journey through Central and North Italy, when about first to join the army in Spain, that he had been struck by the growing evils of his native land, and had resolved to attempt their remedy.

In that journey of many days he looked around him in vain for the homesteads and little holdings of the yeomanry, and the free agricultural peasantry, who had long formed the staple of the strength of Italy. Far and near he saw nothing but the overgrown estates of rich absentees, on which the only human residents were gangs of slaves in chains, with their overseers and the armed patrols that guarded them. Such were the sights that, in the words of Bishop Thirlwall, "moved the holy indignation of the elder Gracchus;" they had been present to his spirit in the camp; and now on his return to Rome every hour brought with it some fresh proof of the awful condition of the country, but showed him also that the means still existed of arresting it, if promptly and vigorously applied.

It was necessary, in order to carry out his plans, that he should be clothed with some constitutional character; and for this purpose he sought the office of tribune, which gave the power of convening the people together and laying measures before them, which, when voted, became laws: an office which would also render his person inviolable. The people elected him enthusiastically, and he then laid before them

* See the admirable chapter on the Gracchi in Eliot's "Liberty of Rome;" a work that reflects the highest credit on the scholarship of the United States.

his celebrated Agrarian Bill, which he had designed as the engine for saving the state.

It was in the Domain Lands (the nature and tenure of which have been already explained) that Tiberius believed he had found the means for raising the pauperised lower orders from their debased and debasing condition, and restoring to Rome her "gallant yeomen" and her "bold peasantry, their country's pride." In limiting the amount of domain land which should be in the tenure of any individual, he proposed no innovation, but merely revived the ancient law of the celebrated Licinius Stolo, which forbade any man to be the tenant of more than five hundred jugers (about three hundred and twenty acres) of public land. This law had never been repealed, though it had become a dead letter. For the Roman nobles who coveted the occupation of those lands, were also the censors who leased them out, and the judges of the supreme courts, before which any accusation for illegality in such matters must have been brought.

Tiberius Gracchus sought to make these high-born land-sharks give up what they had unrighteously grasped. His bill reenacted the clauses of the old Licinian law, limiting the state-land in any one man's tenure to five hundred jugers, with two hundred and fifty more for each of two sons. He reckoned that by these means a large amount of territory would be surrendered to the state's disposal, out of which he proposed to make allotments to the poorer citizens. These allotments were to be inalienable, so as to prevent the new class of small proprietors, who would thus be called into existence, from depriving their families of them, by their own extravagance, or in consequence of the legal chicanery of their opulent neighbours.

Such were the main provisions of the Bill, which, even if they could be called harsh towards vested interests, certainly violated no law, but asserted the law over those who had long defied it. No man's property was taken from him. The wealthiest of the Metelli and of the other great houses were left in undisturbed enjoyment of the thousands of acres, which, by inheritance or lawful purchase were their own. They were merely told that the State, their landlord, required them to quit the excess of state lands, of which they were unlawful and fraudulent tenants. Perhaps the best way of impressing on our minds the true idea of the Agrarian law of the Gracchi, is to suppose that our own transmarine possessions, such as Australia, Canada, and New Zealand, were either parts and parcels of Great Britain, or that they were so close to this country, that an Englishman could use land in them without becoming an emigrant. The crown lands (*i. e.* the state domains) in those countries would then of course be extremely valuable, and grants of them would be eagerly desired by men of all classes.

Now let us suppose that an old law existed, limiting the amount of Crown lands to be granted to any one person, defining the rent he was to pay, and strictly prohibiting slave labour ;* but that a clique of our aristocracy had contrived to secure the management of these Crown lands, and to make grants of enormous districts on easy terms to members of their own body, so that these ample territories were monopolized by a few great families. Let us suppose also that they employed, instead of English free labour, Hill-coolies or Negro slaves to cultivate

* The old Licinian law requires a certain number of free labourers to be employed for every acre.

them. Let us suppose the masses of our own population to be even in a worse state of misery and want, than is unhappily too often the case. Finally, let us suppose a popular statesman coming forward with a Bill for the resumption of all illegal Crown grants, for more strictly defining the amount in future to be held by each grantee, and for making allotments among the deserving poor of this country out of the lands which would thus be surrendered to the Crown. Such would be in the main a counterpart of the celebrated measure of the Gracchi. And it is to be remembered that the spirit of the old Roman law was far stricter and sterner than that of the English.

The indulgent treatment which in modern times is generally shown to long-continued occupation, even when originally wrongful, was wholly alien to ancient opinions. And even in England, until very recent times, it would have been held that no period of limitation could bar the rights of the Crown, as chief representative of the State. But the mild and equitable character of Tiberius Gracchus is strikingly shown in the clauses of compensation which formed part of his original measure. The dispossessed tenants of the State domains were to be paid out of the public treasury the value of their buildings, their crops, and their agricultural improvements ; and the three hundred and twenty acres which they were permitted to retain, were to become theirs in absolute ownership. Certainly Plutarch is right in saying, that never was there proposed a law more mild and gentle against iniquity and oppression.

It is the peculiar curse of aristocratic bodies, that those, who compose them, lose, when met together, the kindliness and the regard for public opinion by which each individually might have been influenced. At the same time, all their harsh and sordid feelings grow ranker by mutual encouragement. The worst of tyrants and the worst of mobs are sometimes susceptible of a generous impulse ; the best of aristocracies never is. The Roman nobility (with the exception of a few purer and more far-sighted spirits) rose in remorseless rancour against Tiberius Gracchus, and poured forth their invectives on his head, as an agitator and disturber of the public peace, for thus attacking their order, and menacing their pecuniary interests. The excitement of the people in favour of their Tribune grew equally high, and Tiberius was soon hurried, by the violence of his supporters, beyond the limits which his own gentle and just spirit would fain have preserved. The Senatorial party induced Octavius, one of the colleagues of Gracchus in the tribunate, to put his veto on the bill, which thus necessarily fell to the ground. The popular party retorted by a second bill, more severe than the first, for the clauses of compensation were struck out. As Octavius persisted in his opposition, Tiberius Gracchus convened the Assembly of the Tribes, and proposed that the obstructive Tribune should be deposed from his office. This was done, and the Agrarian Bill was forthwith passed. This act of Tiberius in deposing Octavius was certainly unconstitutional, if we adopt the definition which a great historian of our own country gives of an unconstitutional act, " one that is a perilous innovation on former usages." Cicero is copious and vehement in his censures of it; yet the same Cicero eulogizes precisely the same conduct when practised in behalf of Cicero's party by the Tribune Gabinius, towards his colleague Trebellius. Such measures are unquestionably to be lamented, on account of the dangerous precedent they set, and the

extent to which they impair that reverence for the path of ancient ordinance, which Mr. Grote has so well designated constitutional morality. Their excuse must be found (if found at all) in the nature of the emergency which dictates them. There is still extant part of a speech of Tiberius Gracchus wherein he justified himself for what he had done towards Octavius. He urged that the sanctity which hedged a tribune was conferred on him *by* the people, and existed only so long as he availed himself of it *for* the people. He asked whether a tribune who sought to burn the capitol and destroy the arsenals, would be permitted to do so with impunity, out of regard to his tribunitian character. He argued, that if the majority of the tribes had power to make a tribune, surely the whole body of the tribes must have power to unmake one. The whole of this fragment of ancient oratory is well worth studying; but perhaps the fearful problem which Tiberius Gracchus strove to solve when he deposed Octavius, may be best stated in the words of the French Girondin, Vergniaud,—"Is a magistrate to be suffered *constitutionally to ruin the constitution?*"

When the Agrarian law was passed, Tiberius succeeded in nominating the three Commissioners who were to carry it into execution; but the Senate, though they had lost the battle, maintained the war. An aristocracy frequently wins back in detail all, and more than all the advantage wrested from it by the popular party in a crisis of excitement. The duty which the land commissioners had to perform was eminently difficult and invidious; and the Roman nobles threw every possible embarrassment in their way, and lost no opportunity of deriding them as inefficient, or inveighing against them as tyrannical. At the same time the usual reaction in the feelings of a popular party towards its chiefs, that follows a triumph, was taking place. Exaggerated hope was succeeded by unjust and unreasoning dissatisfaction. Tiberius felt that his favour and power were waning fast; and looked forward with anxiety to the close of his year of office, when his person would cease to be inviolable, and he would be at the mercy of any prosecutor who chose to impeach him before a tribunal composed of his inveterate enemies. He sought, therefore, to be again elected, and strove by all means in his power to recall his wavering partizans around him. The election on the first day was broken off, in consequence of violent rioting, and on the second day, Scipio Nasica, one of the chief men in the senate, and who was a large holder of public lands, led a band of senators and their attendants, armed with bludgeons, to the attack of Tiberius Gracchus and his party. No resistance was attempted, and Tiberius, and three hundred of his friends and adherents, were brutally massacred. The dead bodies were stripped by the exulting slayers, dragged in savage triumph through the streets, and then flung with ignominy into the Tiber.

The man of the people had fallen; but his law survived, and there survived also the brother of the murdered man, the young Caius, who was silently maturing a resolution equal to that of his brother, and intellectual powers of a far higher order.

Caius Gracchus was in Rome when Tiberius was killed, and begged in vain of the aristocratic assassins for his brother's body, to pay it the last sad honours. Almost broken-hearted at the misery that had come upon his house, Caius sought to retire for a time from the forum and the dread memories by which it was haunted.

Tiberius had sought to initiate him into public life by nominating him one of the land commissioners; but such functions were now insupportable. He required a breathing space to nerve himself for his own scene in the tragedy of civic strife. He had already served with distinction in the army of Spain, and he now sought and obtained a subordinate command as quæstor in Sardinia, where a revolt had broken out, and some active service might be expected.

In Sardinia he confirmed the high opinion already formed among all who had seen him, of the purity of his morals, his courage, his administrative capacities, and his marvellous power of swaying the will of those with whom he came in contact. The senate watched him like a tiger's whelp, and sought by artifices to prolong his term of office in Sardinia, so as to keep him away from Rome. But Gracchus felt that the Hour was come, and the senate soon felt that the Man was come also.

Caius had long believed himself to be destined to his brother's fate. He often used to tell his comrades of a dream that he dreamed while seeking the quæstorship, and that never ceased to haunt his soul. One night, when, fatigued by the toils of canvassing, and saddened by the thoughts that such scenes recalled, he had retired to rest, he saw in a vision the spirit of his slain brother; and heard Tiberius's well-remembered voice upbraid him for his doubts and delays. "Why linger, Caius?" said the vision; "why shrink back from the appointed path? My fate must be thy fate, and thou must die the death by which I perished." There can be no doubt of the reality of this remarkable dream;* and it proves how deeply Caius Gracchus had brooded upon his brother's melancholy career, and how thoroughly he was convinced that his own life would be the forfeit of his endeavouring to do his duty. But he woke from that dream with pure unclouded soul, "he woke not indeed to joyful hope of future triumph, but to the far more marvellous resolution of employing aright and fervently the life that yet remained before the coming of its mournful end."†

Ten years after Tiberius Gracchus was made tribune, Caius Gracchus came forward at Rome to demand the same fatal honour. His appearance in the eloquent war of the forum, was like that of Achilles emerging from inaction to sway the storm of battle before Troy. So immeasurably did Caius Gracchus exceed all his competitors in eloquence, in strength of mind, and in the prestige which can only be given by the acknowledged union of genius with generous self-devotion. Like Achilles, he knew himself to be a Doomed Man, and voluntarily chose a brief, bright career, that soon was to set in blood, rather than desert his mission for a long life of inglorious ease.

His election as one of the tribunes, and his re-election for a second year of office, were joyously accorded by the admiring people, who sought in idolizing him to extinguish their remorse for having betrayed his brother.

It is truly said by the American historian of the liberty of Rome, that the labours of the Great Tribune are run together on the ancient canvas in masses so confused as to represent a different work to almost every eye. But though the details may be doubtful, we can discern some leading groups, and the hand of a master is visible in them all. One class of the measures of Caius had relation to making his brother's

* See the evidence of it in Cicero's "De Divinatione," l. i. sec. 26.

† Eliot, "Liberty of Rome," vol. ii. p. 245.

Agrarian law more efficient. Another provided for the improvement of the great roads and other public works of utility and magnificence in Italy. A third sought to relieve part of the needy Roman populace, by sending them out as colonists. A fourth regarded the better administration of justice, and, in particular, Caius sought to create a new constitutional order in the state, by transferring the right of judging in the principal tribunals from the senators (who had grossly abused it) to men of the equestrian class. Another law provided for the sale of corn at a low price to the poorer citizens of Rome. This law has been severely censured, but Niebuhr's observations on it are worth attention, both with regard to the character of Gracchus and for the sake of the allusion which this great German writer makes to one of the institutions of England. Niebuhr says of Caius Gracchus—

"His subsequent legislation embraced every branch of the administration, and is of the most varied nature. Those who infer from his legislation that he was a demagogue, are greatly mistaken; the laws themselves contradict such a view. The measure against which most has been said, is that which ordered that corn should be sold at a low price to the inhabitants of the city. In order to understand this law, we must remember that Rome was a republic with immense revenues, a great part of which belonged to the sovereign, that is, to the people, and that a vast number of them were as poor as the poor in our own days. What should such a population of free men do? Were they to beg? or should the state support them? The idea of the dignity of a free state lies at the bottom of many things, and this is, to a certain degree, the case with the poor's rates in England. With a barbarous people this idea has no meaning; but with a free and proud nation it is a duty to provide for thôse members of the community who are unable to provide for themselves. The number of real paupers at Rome must have been immense; many of them were not included in any tribe, and others belonged to the *tribus urbanæ*, but all were descended of free parents;—and were these people to be allowed to starve? Both the Gracchi entertained the idea of turning as many of them as possible into industrious husbandmen; but this was not practicable in every instance. If, in our days, a part of the revenue of a capital town were set apart to pamper the poor, it would indeed be culpable, although capitals are in most cases more favoured in this respect than other towns. But C. Gracchus had no intention of giving away the corn for nothing; he only gave it at so low a price that, with some labour, the poor might be enabled to support themselves and their children."

But the most important of his political schemes was his design to remove the discontent of the Italian tribes, and to pour fresh blood into the exhausted commonwealth, by gradually giving the Roman franchise to the Allies. This was essentially a return to the old principles by which the early commonwealth had continually recruited and augmented her strength. In the olden ages of Rome, the best and most meritorious of the Italian allies were, from time to time, admitted to the citizenship, and it was to them that Rome owed the bulk of her population, and many of the bravest and sagest of her generals and her statesmen. Gracchus sought to revive this wise and generous policy, which had now been neglected ever since the interval between the first and second Punic wars, the date of the formation of the last new tribes. There can be no doubt respecting the wisdom of this proposal of Caius Gracchus. It is demonstrated by what happened some years after his death, when the very measures for enfranchising the Italian allies, which, if passed at the time when Gracchus proposed them, would have given Rome a new population of grateful citizens, were extorted from her at the sword's point, after a war which menaced her very existence, wasted the fairest regions of Italy, and almost exterminated some of the hardiest and bravest Italian tribes.

It was, however, probably this very measure, the wisest of all that Caius Gracchus formed, which was made use of by his enemies to injure his power with the Roman populace. The lowest portion of the Roman mob looked on the scheme for making them share their franchise with the Italian allies in the same spirit as the corrupt part of the old voters in one of our boroughs, regard a proposal for comprehending the neighbouring districts in their electoral boundary. Emboldened by this symptom of decay in the popularity of the Great Commoner, the Roman Senate, now skillfully availed themselves of his absence from Rome while superintending the founding of a new colony, to set up one of their own body to supersede him in the leadership of the people, and to outbid him by lavish promises of boons, far surpassing those which the Gracchi had ever proffered. This unprincipled but subtle policy was successful; and Caius, on his return to Rome, found himself no longer the man of the people, who were wild in their acclamations of Drusus, the crafty agent of the Senate, and the pretended thorough-going champion of the mob.

Plutarch's narrative of the last days of Caius Gracchus, and of the circumstances of his death, is eminently beautiful, but it is too well known and too long for insertion here. When he failed in obtaining the Tribunate a third time, and when he saw Opimius, the most bitter and unscrupulous of the senatorial chiefs, made consul, he knew that his hour was come. Some of the more violent of his friends would have essayed resistance, but Caius refused to shed Roman blood even in self defence. The principle which animated the Gracchi was that which the Girondins of France expressed in their motto, "Mori quàm fœdari." When the high military courage and ability which both the brothers had displayed is remembered, we can only attribute the passiveness of Caius as well as of Tiberius Gracchus in the closing scenes of their career to the noblest and purest of all earthly motives, to a degree indeed of self-sacrificing virtue, of which the heathen world offers no other example.

When the consul Opimius and his armed band of assassins had slain Caius Gracchus and three thousand of his adherents, when the savage proscriptions which had followed the fall of Tiberius had been renewed with tenfold cruelty; when the people were terror-struck into submission; the Senate easily procured the passing of laws which evaded or nullified the chief measures of the two great Tribunes, and restored to the nobility their illgotten gains. But Republican Rome never afterwards knew tranquillity. The stain of bloodguiltiness rested on the conquering senatorial party. They had introduced the appeal of battle into political controversy, and the populace retaliated when opportunity came, and learned to look on insurrection as a right. When the Roman nobles were cowering before the ferocious Marius, the Gracchi were fearfully avenged; but the Commonwealth, for which they had died, perished at last herself amid the strife of armed factions, in which (as the greatest of all historians remarks*) "bloody provocations are followed by still bloodier retaliations; and men in their violence set the example of doing away with those common laws of humanity which all parties alike would fain appeal to in their adversity; and, by their own previous conduct, put themselves out of the pale of those laws, when they themselves might have occasion to solicit their protection."

* Thucydides, 3rd book, 82nd section.

## DON MANUEL DE ROSAS.

If the Great Exhibition of 1851 brought us so many specimens of the produce of nature and industry in the different parts of the world, 1852 seems no less prepared to furnish us with rich and rare specimens of eminent and public characters. There are exiles of all countries and quarters of the world amongst us, with moral, political, and miscellaneous ideas, that would no doubt startle and arouse us, were we to take cognizance of them. We have always thought it a most appropriate act of the great Count De Thomar, when he came amongst us last year, banished from Portugal, to go at once to the Great Exhibition, as Themistocles went to the Household Gods of King Admetus. Count Thomar announced himself the first day to the exhibitors of the Portuguese section, as the minister who had sent all these specimens of Portuguese industry. "I am the Count of Thomar," he said; but he did not add, what he might, that he himself was the rarest of the specimens exhibited.

Thomar was the specimen of the despot minister of civilized countries and constitutional governments. There has just arrived on our shores another famous specimen of a notability of savage life. This is no other than General Manuel De Rosas, ex-Dictator of Buenos Ayres, the conqueror of Patagonia, the victor and slayer of one hundred competitors, the despair of European diplomatists,—English and French,—but the admiration of those who like the Spanish type of the cold, the proud, and the cruel.

Half the stories told of Rosas are no doubt untrue, and the remaining half exaggerated. But still quite enough remains to constitute him one of the most formidable and romantic characters of the age.

General Rosas is accompanied by his daughter, Donna Manuelita, who is said to have kept upon her worktable the salted ears of her father's enemies. General O'Brien, who was here as envoy from Montevideo some years back, used to tell stories ten times more horrible, and swear to the truth and exactitude of them all. But most people have since had reason to accept General O'Brien's accounts with large discounts; and we have known other Englishmen, much respected and long resident in Buenos Ayres, who described Donna Manuelita as one of the most intelligent and not the least amiable of women. One of the peculiarities of the Rosas family was the heroic attachment of each member of it, father, wife, and daughter to each other, and the heroism displayed by both wife and daughter on the most trying occasions.

There are regions and races in which cruelty is not crime. Solyman the Magnificent liked to invite his Grand Viziers to ride with him, and have their heads cut off in the middle of their ride, so that the said heads might roll in the dust before the owners were aware of what was coming, and in the presence of their august master. South America has ever been famed for more Christianity than humanity. The daily spectacles and lessons there are those of blood. In some countries and towns of the world a church is the chief place of resort and of amusement; in others, a theatre; in others, the market-place and forum; in others, the exchange; in others, the promenade, and so on.

In the Argentine Republic the chief establishment of each farm and each town is the *corral*, in other words the slaughter-house. The great work of cruelty, driving, slaughtering, skinning, and cutting up oxen goes on continually. Hides and jerked beef form the great export, the great article of value; and the conversion of the live ox into these interesting materials is the great business of South American life. Is it to be wondered at, if the men are cruel and the women hard-hearted, at least with respect to the effusion of blood? The *corral* is all blood,—a granary of dried flesh, wherein are formed the household ideas of the Argentine Spaniard. Is it astonishing, then, if the rulers of such a country are inhuman and sanguinary in their punishments, rude in their policy, merciless in their vengeance? Like country, like men. Robespierre lived amidst essences, powders, silk waistcoats, ruffles, and pomatum, and in the midst of these sent his victims to the scaffold. This was horrible. Your Argentine Spaniard can be accused of no such inconsistency. Bred in the *corral*, he applies its principles to politics and to life.

Rosas, now about sixty years of age, the son of a large proprietor of lands and oxen, which stretched nearly to the southern frontier of the province, was thus thirty ere the South Americans flung off their yoke. The great proprietors were anxious to sell their hides to some better customers than the Spaniards, and to receive European goods through some cheaper channel. The Spaniards were soon driven from the country, and then such men as Rosas assuming the command of the mounted drivers and shepherds, called *gauchos*, ruled each his district in patriarchal fashion. The people at Buenos Ayres talked indeed of following the old precepts of Athens, opening schools, developing freedom, and civilizing the country. But the *gauchos* were not Greeks — would not go to school; and when they found that civilization, as it was called, required a sacrifice of time and money, they pointed their lances at the town politicians, and maintained the right to be ignorant if they pleased, and ascendant if they could. The Buenos Ayrians employed the army,—a paid, standing army,—to bring these rustics to reason, and did begin by gaining some victories, which they celebrated by the decapitation of those who opposed them.

The *gauchos* in time took a great fancy to war, which opened to them the chance of plunder, and to executions, which were quite to their taste. So they pricked up steed and lance, and, with Rosas at their head, galloped against the city. They took it by a regular cavalry charge, and piked the citizens who displeased them.

This is now some score of years ago, and Rosas has been master of Buenos Ayres ever since, until the other day. How did he manage? His enemies say, by cruelty and terror: his friends say, by good government and skill. Perhaps he himself thinks them synonymous; a fearful but rather a growing political creed.

We have described the *corral* as the great distinguishing feature of the life of the Buenos Ayrian republic. But the slaughter of oxen, carried permanently on there, proved not the only necessary accompaniment of life; two other pastimes or *employs*, still more sanguinary and ferocious, and almost as common, were civil war and the war with the Indians. The civil war is well depicted by Colonel King, who lived many years amongst the Argentines, and he well describes the facility with which any military officer, captain or colonel, from pique or weariness

or any other cause, set up his standard, marched against his neighbour, routed his hordes, decapitated his enemy, and plundered a population under his sway. One of the merits of Rosas was, that he put an end to this. He certainly did so by cutting off colonels' heads himself, instead of allowing them to slaughter each other. But the war of town against town, and of one military captain against another, were effectually prevented.

Another greater merit, if possible, was his delivering the province of Buenos Ayres from the incursions of the Indians. The town of Rosas is at the mouth of the several combined streams, which run south of the Plata. South of these streams, and amongst their sources, lived the Indian tribes, stretching off as far as Patagonia. These tribes never felt themselves pressed by hunger, without at once rushing to satisfy it at the farms of the Spanish settlers. These were accordingly obliged to fortify their abodes and *corrals*. But the Indians, able to watch the opportunity, too often contrived to steal into the enclosure or to scale the wall; and they ended by bringing often the males, but always the females, into slavery. It may be conceived what is slavery with a Patagonian savage for master, said to be the dirtiest and neediest animal of the creation, without a tent, or even a forest, to cover him.

So great were the difficulties and privations in the way of mastering the Indians, and repelling their incursions, that all who undertook the task failed in it, until Rosas was entrusted with the Southern command. He was well acquainted with the localities and the people. He had built himself a kind of fortress at a place called Guardia del Monte, not only impregnable to savage attacks, but most opportune for undertaking expeditions against them. In 1833 General Rosas undertook a huge *battu*. He hunted the Indians into their fastnesses, and did not scruple, when he had surrounded and caught a tribe, to exterminate them to the last man. The natural ferocity of his followers was heightened by the disastrous state in which they found between two and three thousand Spanish captives, chiefly women. These were all liberated. The joy of their relatives was great, and the glory of the achiever proportionate. Rosas drove the Indians farther south, and only permitted a few inoffensive tribes to remain north of the Rio Negro, on which he established the military station of El Carmen. Such a great addition of territory accrued to Buenos Ayres, that the herds and the population of the province increased in consequence to double of what they were.

The same man may prove a blessing to the human race in one position, and a curse in another. Manuel Rosas, living in Guardia del Monte, governing his district, defending it against the Indians, and even protecting its rights against the authorities of the metropolis, used his power for good purposes. But when his power and his merit in this very position raised him to be the conqueror and arbiter, and, finally, the dictator of the metropolis, Buenos Ayres herself, then his very talents became powerful for harm. Accustomed to command *gauchos*, and lord it over Indians, he knew not how to temper authority, though exercised over a town population. His education and life made him think the shedding of blood a venial crime. No civic party indeed, stood out against him. The townfolk gave up its own resistance and freedom to the irresistible country chief. But other country

chiefs arose. And it was amazing, the rapidity and summary vengeance, with which Rosas got rid of them.

The most curious part of Rosas's conduct was his treatment of European diplomatists. He could not slay them, nor subject them to physical torture; but to mental torment he did put them. Diplomatists in general are treated with extreme courtesy and kindness, even by those sovereigns who may dislike and are even hostile to them. But those who have the fortune to go to South America, have to pay in *desagremens* for the comforts and attentions paid to all their fraternity in Europe. In the republics of the East and West, the unfortunate diplomatist is always in contest and hot water. Nothing but the guns of a British frigate in the offing can secure his being respected. Even at Rio, where there is an Imperial Court, a British envoy is hourly compelled to rude remonstrance, touching the slave-trade, and to receive such protests against the severity and illegality of our mode of suppression, that Brazil is the very purgatory of our diplomacy. But, if so, Buenos Ayres was the *Inferno*. He would keep a diplomatist in Coventry for a twelvemonth, and invent a hundred excuses, not even to receive or recognise him. Louis Quatorze never displayed more haughtiness towards them than Rosas, and fortunate were they, if they could get his daughter, Donna Manueleta, to intercede for them.

Such conduct as this speaks little for the wisdom of Rosas. For, however advantageous and fit it might be to repel European dictations and predominance, there was no need of wounding so deeply the pride of so sensitive a country, for example, as France, and thus compelling the French to interfere, from *amour-propre*, even after ambition and interested views were extinct or worn out. Nothing can describe the hatred that they now bore to Rosas, whether it was Guizot, Thiers, or Molé. The only politician or person, indeed, who was disposed to let him alone, was Louis Philippe, one of whose maxims was, never to make an enemy of a Spaniard, who, he was wont to say, can bide his time, and make his spring with the feline patience and ferocity of the tiger. And if Rosas has fallen, he has at least the comfort of thus leaving no French foe of his to triumph. All his enemies had fallen before him. And Louis Napoleon must have had little friendly feeling for the clever and successful dictator, who ruled and triumphed so long. English diplomatists thought it better to humour Rosas. And Mr. Southerne very lately, by order of the Foreign Office, concluded a treaty with him, leaving the French to pursue their hostilities alone. That they did so with some purpose, in concert with Brazil, the late victory attests.

In any contest of the kind, in any war between the Spanish and the Portuguese race, we have one thing to bear in mind, which is, that the Spaniards, though merciless to each other, have universally emancipated the Negro and the Indian race. There are no slaves in all the regions inhabited by the American Spaniards; and this is, strange to say, one of the obstacles in the way of anything like a constitution; in the Carolinas or Georgias, the whites, form a Republic. Were the slaves free, they would find elections and constitutions difficult. Throughout South America, the dark races are free, and the equal of the whites. But to amalgamate them in the suffrage is no easy task; and this is the true reason of the despotisms which succeed each other in Paraguay.

# ANECDOTES OF OSTRICHES.

"Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks, or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?

"Which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust?

"And forgetteth, that the foot may crush them, or that the wilde beast may break them.

"She is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers; her labour is in vain, without fear.

"Because God hath depriveth her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding."

FIELD'S *Bible*, 1653.

THE alleged stupidity of the ostrich and indifference to its young, is, perhaps, the very oldest popular error in existence, and it is principally founded on the above passages in Job. It appears, however, that these passages are open to a different interpretation to that put upon them in the authorised versions of the Old Testament. The word which has been translated "leaveth" her eggs, in the sense of abandoning them, signifies in the original "deposits," and *tehhammem* signifies actively that she heateth them, namely, by incubation, which is indeed the fact. In the sixteenth verse, the bird is said to be "hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers;" and the same want of affection is alluded to in the third verse of the fourth chapter of Lamentations, "the daughter of my people is become cruel, like the ostriches in the wilderness;" but, in fact, the idea is altogether erroneous. Recent observations show that no bird has a greater affection for its young than the ostrich, that the eggs are carefully watched and tended, and when the offspring have chipped their shells and for some days are unable to run, they are regularly supplied with grass and water by the old birds, who are eager to defend them from harm. Thunberg especially mentions that he once rode past a place where a female was sitting on her nest, when the bird sprang up, and pursued him, evidently with a view of preventing his noticing her eggs or young. Everytime he turned his horse towards her, she retreated ten or twelve paces, but as soon as he rode on again, she pursued him, till he had gone a considerable distance from the place where he started her.

The idea of the stupidity of the ostrich seems to have been universally entertained, being taken for granted without investigation. Job, as we have seen, alludes to it; and Pliny, writing from common report, says, 'A wonder this is in their nature, that whatsoever they eat—and great devourers they be of all things without difference or choice, they concoct and digest it. But the veriest fools they be of all others; for as high as the rest of their body is, yet if they thrust their head and neck once into any shrub or bush, and get it hidden, they think then they are safe enough, and that no man seeth them." Many a pretty nursery tale has been written from this, and many a wise saw founded on it; and yet the hiding of the head is, after all, a mere myth. Sparrman, when in South Africa, expressly inquired in those parts where ostriches most abound, and "never once heard mention made of the ostrich hiding its head when it finds it cannot make its escape." The

truth is, the ostrich does nothing of the sort; he tries to escape as well as he can, and continues his efforts, till knocked on the head by the hunter, or driven by him, as we shall presently see, to a place where he may be captured.

Conflicting accounts have been published respecting the whole process of breeding and incubation of the ostrich. Ælian states that as many as eighty eggs have been found in one nest,* fifty or sixty have been certainly discovered, and the question has been whether these are the produce of one female or of many?

The balance of opinion inclines to the belief that one male ostrich attaches himself to three or four females, and that all these deposit their eggs in one nest. This, according to Burckhardt, who carefully investigated the subject, is commonly made at the foot of some isolated hill, by the simple process of scratching a hole in the sand: the eggs are then placed close together, half buried in the sand, and a narrow trench is drawn round this to carry off any water. During the extreme heat of the day, the parent birds are instinctively aware that the warmth of the sun renders their attention unnecessary; but as soon as the shades of evening fall they each take their turn upon the nest. The cockbird, however, sits during the night, and Lichtenstein says that great numbers of the smaller beasts of prey, as jackals and wild cats, who will run any risk to procure the eggs, are found crushed to death around the nests; for the male rushes on them, and tramples them with his powerful feet until life is extinct.

The nests are never completely deserted, and the parent birds relieve each other in keeping watch on the summit of the neighbouring hill. When the Arabs descry an ostrich thus engaged, they conclude that some eggs must be near; and on their approach, the old birds retire, although it is not uncommon, especially in South Africa, for them to show fight. Having discovered the nest, the Arabs dig a hole in the ground near it, in which they place a loaded gun, having a long burning match fastened to the touchhole; the gun is pointed towards the nest, and is carefully covered over with sand and stones. The birds after a time return and resume their places on the eggs; the gun in due time explodes, and next morning the Arab is rewarded by finding one or perhaps both of the ostriches dead. This is the common mode of killing them practised in the deserts of Northern Arabia.

It is said that some addled eggs are generally found outside the nest, and that the flies bred by their decomposition, furnish the callow young with food. Such may be the case, and if so, it affords a striking illustration of that happy adaptation of means to ends visible throughout the whole economy of nature; but probably the primary reason for these being ejected from the nest is, that more eggs are laid than can be conveniently covered by the bird when sitting, and that she therefore instinctively throws out the surplus; thus at once getting rid of a useless superabundance, and providing a magazine of food for her future tender young.

Various are the purposes to which ostrich's eggs are applied:— irst, they are in great favour as a culinary luxury, and are much sought after by the captains of merchant vessels touching at the African ports, being purchased by them of the slave herdsmen, whose perquisites they generally are, for about sixpence each. A good sized egg weighs eleven

* Ælian. Hist. Animal. lib. xiv. c. 7.

ounces, is near seven inches in depth, and holds five pints and a quarter; consequently it is considered to afford a meal which will perfectly satisfy four hungry white men, or eight of the more moderate blacks. The yelk is very rich and luscious, and makes a most enviable omelette, but gourmands agree that the native mode of cooking them is perfect. The Hottentots bury the eggs in hot ashes, and, through a small hole in the upper end, the contents are continually stirred until they acquire a certain consistence, which the sable cooks know by experience indicates the right moment for removing them from the ashes to the sackcloth, which covers the traveller's primitive table. They are then eaten with biscuit and washed down with copious draughts of corn brandy.

The eggs are frequently found to contain small oval pebble-like bodies, about the size of a marrowfat pea, of a pale yellow colour and exceedingly hard. Barrow found as many as twelve in one egg: and they are converted into buttons by the dandified Hottentots, and perhaps also the Boers.

The porcelain character of the shell and its shape, well adapt it for cups, and such vessels are frequently elegantly mounted in silver, and sometimes in chased gold. The ancient Egyptians used them in their places of worship, and, together with the plumes, insisted on their forming part of the tribute paid by conquered countries where ostriches abounded. They were probably suspended in the temples, as they still are in the Coptic churches, the Copts regarding them as emblems of watchfulness.

When the allied Sovereigns were in London, in the days when the Prince Regent was in full possession of his powers of entertainment, and we may add of appetite, a marvellous and unaccountable evaporation of oil took place nightly in the murky lamps, which then served to make darkness visible. In vain were the lamps replenished — they *would* go out, and the glass receptacles were invariably found empty. The contractor was in despair; the churchwardens took the matter up, and the minds of the parishioners were as gloomy as their streets. One night, however, the mystery was unexpectedly cleared up. A worthy old watchman, or "Charley," as the class was familiarly called, comfortably wrapped in his sixteen-caped great coat, feeling himself tired with his exertions in informing the sleeping world that it was "past ten o'clock and a cloudy night," sat down on a step in the shade to take five-and-twenty winks, but just as he was composing his thoughts previous to dropping off, he was startled by seeing a strangely dressed, bearded figure approach a lamp, and after a hasty look round, actively swarm up the post, take out the lamp, snuff the wick with his fingers, and drink the oil! Here was a discovery! Away posted the guardian of the night and reported what he had seen, but the inspector roundly told him that he must have been either drunk or asleep, for he shrewdly remarked, "'Taint likely that them beggars of furriners, would go a-drinking ile when they could get brown stout or Tipper Hale." Notwithstanding the utter improbability of the thing, a watch was set, and sure enough it turned out that the mysterious strangers were the Cossacks, who nightly indulged in deep libations of train-oil at the parish expense.

A not less puzzling disappearance of oil took place some years ago from the lamps in a certain Eastern church, and so pertinaciously did the lamps go out, that the priests felt a supernatural influence, and apprehending something terrible, gave orders for a general penance and

scourging of backs. The minds as well as the backs of the obedient congregation were, however, infinitely relieved by the accidental discovery (by a dyspeptic priest who could not sleep through heartburn) that the extinguishing of the lamps was attributable to natural and not, as feared, to supernatural causes. A colony of rats had taken up their quarters in the church, and following the example of the gallant Captain Dalgetty, looked at once to the procuring of "provend." An enterprising member of one of the foraging parties scrambling down a rope by which one of the lamps was suspended, was fortunate enough to hit upon some uncommonly nice oil. The news of this glorious discovery spread, and all the rats chorussed,

> "Black rats and white, brown rats and grey,
> Scramble down the lamp-rope, ye that scramble may."

Accordingly, the colony flocked to these oleaginous mines with as much eagerness as another description of colonists are now flocking to mines of gold. The result has been described, but in the end the rats were no match for the priests, who, as soon as the rogues were found out, lighted upon the expedient of passing each of the ropes through an ostrich egg. A most effectual and tantalizing barrier was now opposed to the predatory excursions of our furry friends. In vain they sniffed and squeaked; each, as he attempted "to round the cape," slid off the smooth egg and was smashed on the stones beneath.

The ostrich is a very prudent, wary bird, for which reason the quaggas generally attach themselves instinctively to a troop of these birds, trusting implicitly to their caution for the discovery of danger. This alliance was remarked by Xenophon, who says, "the country was a plain throughout, as even as the sea, and full of wormwood. Of wild creatures the most numerous were wild asses (quaggas), and not a few ostriches, besides bustards and roe-deer (gazelles), which our horsemen sometimes chased!"*

This bird was not sacred among the ancient Egyptians, but there is reason to believe that it was so with the Assyrians. It has not only been found as an ornament on the robes of figures in the most ancient edifices at Nimroud, but it was frequently introduced on Babylonian and Assyrian cylinders, always accompanied by the emblematical flower. The Romans appear to have regarded it as a delicacy, for Apicius left a receipt for a particular sauce for dressing it; and it is recorded of Heliogabalus, that he had the brains of six hundred of these birds served up as a dish at one of his feasts. But in trencher feats the pseudo-Emperor Formius far outdid either, as it is related by Vopiscus, that he devoured a whole ostrich to his own share at a single sitting.

It was broadly asserted by Aristotle, that the ostrich was partly bird and partly quadruped; and by Pliny, that it might almost be said to belong to the class of beasts: ridiculous as such assertions might be supposed, they were not altogether without foundation according to the knowledge of the times. The common name by which the ostrich was designated by the Greeks and Romans, and also by the nations of the East was the *camel bird*. Indeed, the total want of feathers on its long and very powerful legs, and the division of the feet into two toes only, connected at their base by a membrane, are very similar to the legs and long, divided hoof of the camel: nor does the resemblance cease here,

* Xenophon, Anabasis, lib. 1, c. 5.

for there is another singularity in their external conformation, which affords a still more remarkable coincidence. Both camel and ostrich are furnished with hard, callous protuberances on the chest, and on the posterior part of the abdomen, on which they support themselves when at rest, and they both lie down in the same manner, by first bending their knees, then applying the anterior callosity, and lastly the posterior, to the ground. When to this we add the patience of thirst of both, and their inhabiting the same arid deserts, the two may well be compared with each other.

The ostrich is altogether destitute of the power of flight, and accordingly the wings are reduced to a very low state of development, merely sufficient, in fact, to aid it when running at speed. The sharp keel of the breastbone, which, in birds of rapid flight, affords an extensive surface for the attachment of the muscles moving the wings, is not required, and the surface of the bone is therefore flat, like that of a quadruped, but the muscles of the legs are of extraordinary magnitude.

The family of birds, of which the ostrich forms the leading type, is remarkable for the wide dispersion of its various members: the ostrich itself spreads over nearly the whole of the burning deserts of Africa—the Cassowary represents it amid the luxuriant vegetation of the Indian Archipelago. The Dinornis, chief of birds, formerly towered among the ferns of New Zealand, where the small Apteryx now holds its place; and the huge Æpyornis strode along the forests of Madagascar. The Emu is confined to the great Australian continent, and the Rhea to the southern extremity of the western hemisphere; whilst nearer home we find the class represented by the Bustard, which, until within a few years, still lingered upon the least frequented downs and plains of England.

With the Arabs of the desert, the chase of the ostrich is the most attractive, and eagerly sought, of the many aristocratic diversions in which they indulge; and we are indebted to General Daumas for a highly interesting account of their proceedings. The first point attended to, is a special preparation of their horses. Seven or eight days before the intended hunt, they are entirely deprived of straw and grass, and fed on barley only. They are only allowed to drink once a day, and that at sunset—the time when the water begins to freshen: at that time also they are washed. They take long daily exercises, and are occasionally galloped, at which time care is taken that the harness is right, and suited to the chase of the ostrich. "After seven or eight days," says the Arab, "the stomach of the horse disappears, while the chest, the breast, and the croup remain in flesh; the animal is then fit to endure fatigue." They call this training *techaha*. The harness used for the purpose in question is lighter than ordinary, especially the stirrups and saddle, and the martingale is removed. The bridle, too, undergoes many metamorphoses; the mountings and the ear-flaps are taken away, as too heavy. The bit is made of a camel rope, without a throat band, and the frontlet is also of cord, and the reins, though strong, are very light. The period most favourable for ostrich hunting is that of the great heat; the higher the temperature the less is the ostrich able to defend himself. The Arabs describe the precise time as that, when a man stands upright, his shadow has the length only of the sole of his foot.

Each horseman is accompanied by a servant called *zemmal*, mounted

on a camel, carrying four goat-skins filled with water, barley for the horse, wheat-flour for the rider, some dates, a kettle to cook the food, and everything which can possibly be required for the repair of the harness. The horseman contents himself with a linen vest and trousers, and covers his neck and ears with a light material called *havuli*, tied with a strip of camel's hide; his feet are protected with sandals, and his legs with light gaiters called *trabag*. He is armed with neither gun nor pistol, his only weapon being a wild olive or tamarind stick, five or six feet long, with a heavy knob at one end.

Before starting, the hunters ascertain where a large number of ostriches are to be found. These birds are generally met with in places where there is much grass, and where rain has recently fallen. The Arabs say, that where the ostrich sees the light shine, and barley getting ready, wherever it may be, thither she runs, regardless of distance; and ten days' march is nothing to her; and it has passed into a proverb in the desert, that a man skilful in the care of flocks, and in finding pasturage, that he is like the ostrich, where he sees the light there he comes.

The hunters start in the morning. After one or two days' journey, when they have arrived near the spot pointed out, and they begin to perceive traces of their game, they halt and camp. The next day, two intelligent slaves, almost entirely stripped, are sent to reconnoitre; they each carry a goat-skin at their side, and a little bread; they walk until they meet with the ostriches, which are generally found in elevated places. As soon as the game is in view, one lies down to watch, the other returns to convey the information. The ostriches are found in troops, comprising sometimes as many as sixty; but at the pairing time they are more scattered, three or four couple only remaining together.

The horsemen, guided by the scout, travel gently towards the birds; the nearer they approach the spot the greater is their caution, and when they reach the last ridge which conceals them from the view of their game, they dismount, and two creep forward to ascertain if they are still there. Should such be the case, a moderate quantity of water is given to the horses, the baggage is left, and each man mounts, carrying at his side a *chebouta*, or goat-skin. The servants and camels follow the track of the horsemen, carrying with them only a little corn and water.

The exact position of the ostriches being known, the plans are arranged; the horsemen divide and form a circle round the game at such a distance as not to be seen. The servants wait where the horsemen have separated, and as soon as they see them at their posts, they walk right before them; the ostriches fly, but are met by the hunters, who do nothing at first but drive them back into the circle; thus their strength is exhausted by being made to continually run round in the ring. At the first signs of fatigue in the birds, the horsemen dash in—presently the flock separates; the exhausted birds are seen to open their wings, which is a sign of great exhaustion; the horsemen, certain of their prey, now repress their horses; each hunter selects his ostrich, runs it down, and finishes it by a blow on the head with the stick above mentioned. The moment the bird falls, the man jumps off his horse, and cuts her throat, taking care to hold the neck at such a distance from the body, as not to soil the plumage of the wings. The male bird, whilst dying, utters loud moans, but the female dies in silence.

When the ostrich is on the point of being overtaken by the hunter, she is so fatigued, that if he does not wish to kill her, she can easily be driven with the stick to the neighbourhood of the camels. Immediately after the birds have been bled to death, they are carefully skinned, so that the feathers may not be injured, and the skin is then stretched upon a tree, or on a horse, and salt rubbed well into it. A fire is lit, and the fat of the birds is boiled for a long time in kettles; when very liquid, it is poured into a sort of bottle made of the skin of the thigh and leg down to the foot, strongly fastened at the bottom; the fat of one bird is usually sufficient to fill two of these legs; it is said that in any other vessel the fat would spoil. When, however, the bird is breeding, she is extremely lean, and is then hunted only for the sake of her feathers. After these arrangements are completed, the flesh is eaten by the hunters, who season it well with pepper and flour.

Whilst these proceedings are in progress, the horses are carefully tended, watered, and fed with corn, and the party remain quiet during forty-eight hours, to give their animals rest; after that they either return to their encampment, or embark in new enterprises.

The fat of the ostrich is used in the preparation of the favourite dish *kouskousson*, and it is often eaten with bread. It is also used medicinally. In cases of fever, for instance, the Arabs make a paste with it and bread crumb, which is given to the patient, who must not drink anything during the whole day. In rheumatism, and in renal diseases, the painful parts are rubbed with the grease until it disappears. The patient then lies down in the scorching sand, his head being carefully covered, and a profuse perspiration ensuing, the cure is often complete. In bilious attacks, the fat is melted, salted, and taken in draughts, with powerful effect, the patient even becoming extremely thin. The Arab doctors say, "the patient parts with everything in his body that is bad, gains a frame of iron, and acquires excellent eyesight."

Ostrich fat is sold in the markets, and in the tents of the great a store is kept to give away to the poor; in value, one pot of this fat is equivalent to three pots of butter. The feathers of the ostrich are sold at the *ksours*, at Tougartet; at the time of the purchase of grain, the ostrich-skins are brought, that of a male selling for four or five *douros*, that of the female from eight to fourteen shillings. Formerly, the only use made in the Sahara of the plumes was to decorate the tops of tents.

To the Arab the chase of the ostrich has a double attraction—pleasure and profit; the price obtained for the skins well compensates for the expenses. Not only do the rich enjoy the pursuit, but the poor, who know how to set about it, are permitted to participate in it also. The usual plan is for a poor Arab to arrange with one who is opulent for the loan of his camel, horse, harness, and two-thirds of all the necessaryprovisions. The borrower furnishes himself the remaining third, and the produce of the chase is divided in the same proportions.

The use of ostrich fat in medicine dates back to a very remote period; and Pliny relates that, on a certain occasion, when Cato, surnamed Uticensis, was accused of selling poison, because "he held cantharides at threescore sesterces a pound, at the same time ostrich grease was sold for eighty sesterces the pound; and, in truth, it is much better for any use it shall be put unto than goose grease!"

In the quaint account of "The World encompassed by Sir Francis Drake," there is a curious description of the mode of hunting ostriches, as practised in those days at the Cape. The history is written by "Mr. Francis Fletcher, preacher in this employment," and he thus begins. "Ever since Almighty God commanded Adam to subdue the earth, there hath not wanted in all ages some heroic spirits, which, in obedience to that high mandate, either from manifest reason alluring them, or by some secret instinct enforcing them thereunto, have expended their wealth, employed their times, and adventured their persons to find out the true circuit of the world." The worthy chaplain being safely arrived at the Cape, goes on to say, "In this place, the people being removed up into the country, belike for fear of our coming, we found near unto the rocks, in houses made for that purpose, great store of ostriches, at least to the number of fifty, with much other fowl; some dried, and some in drying, for their provision, as it seemed, to carry with them to the place of their dwellings. The ostriches legs were in bigness equal to reasonable legs of mutton: they cannot fly at all; but they run so swiftly, and take so long strides, that it is not possible for a man in running by any means to take them, neither yet to come so nigh them as to have any shot at them with bow or piece. Whereof our men had often proof on other parts of that coast, for all the country is full of them. We found there the tools or instruments which the people use in taking them. Amongst other means which they use in betraying of these ostriches, they have a great and large plume of feathers, orderly compact together upon the end of a staff; in the forepart bearing the likeness of the head, neck, and bulk of an ostrich; and in the hinder part spreading itself out very large, sufficient being holden before him to hide the most part of the body of a man. With this it seemeth they stalk, driving them into some strait or neck of land close to the sea-side; where spreading long and strong nets, with their dogs, which they have in readiness at all times, they overthrow them, and make a common quarry."

The ostrich, like many other of the feathered tribe, has a great deal of self-conceit. On fine sunny days a tame bird may be seen strutting backwards and forwards with great majesty, fanning itself with its quivering, expanded wings, and at every turn seeming to admire its grace, and the elegance of its shadow. Dr. Shaw says that, though these birds appear tame and tractable to persons well known to them, they are often very fierce and violent towards strangers, whom they would not only endeavour to push down by running furiously against them, but they would peck at them with their beaks, and strike with their feet; and so violent is the blow that can be given, that the Doctor saw a person whose abdomen had been ripped completely open by a stroke from the claw of an ostrich.

The cry of the ostrich has been compared to the voice of a lion, but when fighting they sometimes make a fierce, angry, and hissing noise, with their throats inflated, and their mouths open. Dr. Shaw often heard them groan, as if in the greatest agonies, a peculiarity alluded to in Micah, i. 8, where it is said, "I will make a mourning like the *jaanah* (ostrich);" though the word has been improperly translated *owl.*

A remarkable illustration of the strength of the ostrich is afforded by an incident mentioned by Adanson, which took place during his residence at Podor, a French factory on the southern bank of the River

Niger. "Two ostriches, which had been about two years in the factory, and although young, were nearly of their full size, were so tame that two little blacks mounted both together on the back of the largest. No sooner did he feel their weight, than he began to run as fast as possible, and carried them several times round the village, as it was impossible to stop him otherwise than by obstructing his passage. This sight pleased me so much, that I ordered it to be repeated, and to try their strength, directed a full grown negro to mount the smallest, and two others the largest. This burden did not seem at all disproportioned to their strength. At first, they went a tolerably sharp trot, but when they became heated a little, they expanded their wings, as though to catch the wind, and moved with such fleetness, that they scarcely seemed to touch the ground. Most people have, one time or other, seen a partridge run, and consequently must know that there is no man whatever able to keep up with it; and it is easy to imagine that if this bird had a longer step, its speed would be considerably augmented. The ostrich moves likes the partridge, with this advantage; and I am satisfied that those I am speaking of, would have distanced the fleetest race-horses that were ever bred in England. It is true, they would not hold out so long as a horse, but they would undoubtedly be able to go over the space in less time. I have frequently beheld this sight, which is capable of giving one an idea of the prodigious strength of an ostrich, and of showing what use it might be of, had we but the method of breaking and managing it, as we do a horse."

We are much mistaken if there was not an exhibition of ostrich races in a circus at Paris about two years ago; the birds being ridden by boys, who managed their feathered steeds with great dexterity.

To have the stomach of an ostrich has become proverbial, and with good reason; for this bird stands enviably forward in respect to its wonderful powers of digestion, which are scarcely inferior to its voracity. Its natural food consists entirely of vegetable substances, especially grain; and the ostrich is a most destructive enemy to the crops of the African farmers. But its sense of taste is so obtuse, that scraps of leather, old nails, bits of tin, buttons, keys, coins, and pebbles, are devoured with equal relish; in fact, nothing comes amiss. But in this it doubtless follows an instinct, for these hard bodies assist, like the gravel in the crops of our domestic poultry, in grinding down and preparing for digestion its ordinary food. Its fondness for iron was well known to our forefathers, and we find Shakspeare makes *Jack Cade* say to *Iden*, in the "Second Part of Henry VI.,"

"But I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin."

An earlier writer, John Skelton, who was poet laureate to Henry the Seventh, alludes to an idea then prevalent, that the ostrich swallowed iron for the same purpose that ices are taken in these degenerate days. The lines are taken from his poem "The Boke of Phyllyp Sparowe,"

"The estryge that wyll eate
An horshowe so great
In the stede of meate,
Such feruent heat
His stomake doth freat,
He can not well fly
Nor synge tunably."

But there was another and far less selfish reason ascribed for the partiality of these birds to iron,—a reason so philanthropic, indeed, that it puts mankind to the blush; for there are few, indeed, who would convert their interiors into a marine-store shop for the benefit of their fellow-creatures. In a singular book by Thomas Scott, published in 1616, a merchant meets with an ostrich in the desert, in the act of swallowing a heavy meal of iron, and gazing on him with astonishment, inquires,

> " 'What nourishment can from these mettals grow?'
> The ostrich answers: 'Sir, I do not eate
> This iron, as you think I do, for meate;
> I only keep it, lay it up in store,
> To helpe my needy friends the friendlesse poore.
> I often meete (as farre and neere I goe)
> Many a foundred horse that wants a shoe,
> Serving a master that is monylesse,
> Such I releive and helpe in their distresse.' "
>
> *Philomythie, &c.*

There was found by Cuvier in the stomach of an ostrich that died at Paris, nearly a pound weight of stones, bits of iron and copper, and pieces of money worn down by constant attrition against each other, as well as by the action of the stomach itself. In the stomach of one of these birds which belonged to the Menagerie of George the Fourth, there were contained some pieces of wood of considerable size, several large nails, and a hen's egg entire and uninjured, perhaps taken as a delicacy from its appetite becoming capricious. In the stomach of another, beside several large cabbage-stalks, there were masses of bricks of the size of a man's fist. Sparrman relates that he saw ostriches at the Cape so tame that they went loose to and from the farm, but they were so voracious as to swallow chickens whole, and trample hens to death, that they might tear them in pieces afterwards and devour them; and one great barrel of a bird was obliged to be killed on account of an awkward habit he had acquired of trampling sheep to death. But perhaps the most striking proof of the prowess of an ostrich in the eating way, is that afforded by Dr. Shaw, who saw one swallow bullet after bullet as fast as they were pitched, scorching hot from the mould.

In a very amusing article in the eighty-eighth number of "Household Words," there are mentioned some of the "wonderful swallows" of an ostrich, which was not long since in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. A carpenter was one day at work in a stable, the side of which was open to a corner of the cage of the ostrich. A pretty nursery maid chanced to pass that way, and the carpenter having engaged her in conversation, ceased his work for a while, and stood smiling and chatting with his hands behind him, in which he held a gimlet he had been using. His back was towards the cage. The ostrich observed the gimlet, saw that it was nice, and darting forth his head and long neck between the bars, snapped it out of the carpenter's hands. The man turned hastily round, but before he could make an effort to regain his gimlet, the ostrich gave a toss with his head, the gimlet disappeared, his neck made a stiff arch for a moment, and the gimlet was safely down.

But the performances of the bird were not to cease with this feat; his reputation was to have other facts to rest upon. Not long after, he saw a young gentleman standing near his cage, displaying to a friend a

knife which he had just purchased, — it was a many-bladed knife. Directly the ostrich caught sight of this, he knew that it must be very good indeed. Watching his opportunity, he made a sudden dart upon it, and caught it in his beak. The gentleman made a rush at the bars of the cage, but the ostrich, taking a long stride back, stood out of reach with an insolent straddle in the middle of his cage, and with one jerk of his neck, bolted the delicious curiosity.

The keepers watched the bird, and examined his cage very narrowly for a long time; but no traces of his preposterous fancies were ever restored to sight, neither did the ostrich appear in any degree incommoded.

Three months after these performances, the ostrich, from some unknown cause or other, got into a bad state of mind with the bars of his cage, and in a contest which ensued, he broke his back. His death speedily followed, and a *post mortem* examination was speedily made, but no trace whatever either of the gimlet or the many-bladed knife was discovered in any part of his wonderful interior.

One of the predecessors of this bird at the Gardens had the ill-luck to suffer from his taste for such delicacies as gimlets and many-bladed knives, for he had such difficulty in bolting something of the sort, that his neck never recovered the unnatural curve it then acquired. His lady mate regarding this as an outward and visible sign of effeminacy unworthy of an ostrich, never ceased from that moment to show her contempt by teasing and worrying him in every possible way, and this system of hen-pecking persecution was carried to such an extent, that it was found necessary to separate the pair, without consulting the authorities of Doctors' Commons.

Far different was the behaviour of a gallant male in the Jardin des Plantes. He with his spouse had long lived in connubial felicity, when, unfortunately, the skylight over their heads having been broken, a triangular piece of glass fell, and was instantly snapped up by the female, who regarded it as an acceptable offering. Soon after she was taken ill, and died in great agony. Her body being opened, the throat and stomach were found dreadfully lacerated by the sharp corners of the glass. But now comes the pathetic portion of the tale. From the moment that he found himself bereft of his mate, the survivor had no rest. Day and night the poor bird was incessantly searching for her, and gradually wasted away. He was removed from the spot, in the hope that in new scenes his grief would be forgotten; but no! the arrow had entered into his soul; his fruitless, unavailing search after his lost one still continued, so long as strength enabled him to pursue it, and then, literally constant unto death, he laid himself down and died.

The feathers of the ostrich, which play such an important part in adorning the persons of the living, and decorating the funereal processions of the dead, are distinguished in the trade of the *plumassier* by several qualities; those of the male are the whitest and most beautiful, and the feathers of the back, and above the wings, hold the first place; next those of the wings, and lastly those of the tail. The down, varying in length from four to fourteen inches, is merely the feathers of the other parts of the body, and is black in the males, grey in the females. The finest white feathers of the female have always their ends a little greyish, which lessens their lustre and lowers their price. The feathers

are imported from Algiers, Tunis, Alexandria, Madagascar, and Senegal; the first obtaining the highest price, the last the lowest.

The first thing is to scour the feathers, which is done by tying them in bundles, and rubbing them well with the hand in a lather of soap and water, after which they are rinsed in clean hot water. They are then bleached by washing first with Spanish white, then are passed quickly through a weak solution of indigo, and the process is completed by exposing them to the fumes of sulphur, after which they are hung upon cords to dry. As much of the beauty of ostrich feathers depends upon their graceful pliability, they generally require to be scraped with glass, to render them pliant; and the curly form so admired, is given by drawing the edge of a blunt knife over the filaments. They are then dyed. The process of dying black needs no preparation; but for receiving the other colours it is necessary that they should be bleached by exposure to the sun and dew; and a bleaching ground presents a very singular appearance, seeming for all the world as if it was bearing a luxuriant crop of feathers, ready to be mown; for each feather is stuck singly in the grass, and left for fifteen days, after which it is ready to receive the most delicate shades of pink or other colour.

By the natives the feathers are little used; but a curious statement is made by Captain Lyons, to the effect that at all the towns of Sockna, Hoon, and Wadan, it is customary to keep ostriches tame in stables, and to take three cuttings of their feathers every two years; and he adds, that the greater part of the fine feathers sent to Europe are from tame birds; as the plumage of the wild is generally so ragged and torn, that not above half a dozen perfect white feathers can be found in each. We have not been able, however, to verify this assertion.

To all Englishmen the triad of ostrich feathers has a peculiar charm as the especial crest of the Prince of Wales. Romantic is the history connected with this well-known badge, which in its adoption was sorely stained with blood; for at the battle of Cressy no quarter was given, and nearly forty thousand good men and true, of the best blood of France, then yielded up their lives. But of all the sad incidents that occurred that day, there was none more touching than that which marked the closing scene of the life of the brave old King of Bohemia whose crest was the ostrich plume. Barnes, in his "History of Edward the Third," thus describes it:—"And first the Marquis Charles, Elect Emperor, resisted the Prince with great courage, but his banner was beaten to the ground, his men slain miserably about him, and himself wounded in three places of his body; wherefore, though not without much difficulty, he turned his horse and rode out of the field, having cast away his coat armour, that he might not be known. The meanwhile his father, John, King of Bohemia, who was son to the noble Emperor, Henry of Luxemburgh, although he was nearly blind with age, when he understood how the day was like to go, asked his captains what had become of the Lord Charles his son? They told him that they knew not, but that they supposed him somewhere in the heat of action. Then the good old King, resolving by no means to disgrace his former victories and cancel the glory of his youth by a degenerous old age, said unto them, 'Gentlemen, you are my men, my companions and friends in this expedition. I only now desire this last piece of service from you—that you would bring me forward so near to these Englishmen that I may deal among them one good stroke with my sword.'

They all said they would obey him to the death; and lest by any extremity they should be separated from him, they all with one consent tied the reins of their horses one to another, and so attended their Royal Master into battle. There this valiant old hero had his desire, and came boldly up to the Prince of Wales, and gave more than one, or four or five good strokes, and fought courageously, as also did all his lords and others about him. But they engaged themselves so far that there they were all slain, and the next day found dead about the body of their King, and their horses' bridles tied together.

"Then were the arms of that noble King (being the ostrich feathers, with the motto 'ICH DIEN,' signifying 'I SERVE,') taken and won by the Prince of Wales, in whose memory they have ever since been called the Prince's Arms."

It appears, however, that the same device had been previously worn by a former Sovereign, "For," says Guillim, in his "Display of Heraldry," "the ostrich feathers in plume were sometimss also the device of King Stephen, who gave them with this word, 'VI NULLA INVERTITUI ORDO: *No force alters their fashion;*' alluding to the fold and fall of the feather; which howsoever the wind may shake it cannot disorder it; as likewise is the condition of kings and kingdoms well established."

The death of the blind old King of Bohemia recalls to mind an incident which occurred at the battle of Waterloo, and which displays, in a remarkable degree, chivalric bearing. During the heat and fury of the fight, a very distinguished British cavalry officer, who had lost his right arm in one of the Peninsular actions, led on a dragoon regiment to the charge. In the *melée* which followed, he found himself opposed to a powerful French officer, who raised his sword to hew him down. But, suddenly perceiving the helplessness of his antagonist, who made shift to manage his sword with his left hand, holding the bridle between his teeth—the gallant Frenchman suddenly paused, brought his sword to the "salute," bowed, and galloped on to meet some foe more worthy of his prowess. The English officer, who survived the battle, made great exertions to discover who the French officer was, but was never able to obtain the slightest clue: probably a sabre or a bullet, less merciful than he, had stretched him on the field.

The great swiftness of the ostrich depends not merely upon the length and strength of its legs, or the aid it receives from its plumed wings, but we must take into consideration in addition, the fact that its bones, like those of other birds, are permeated by air, and are thus lighter than those of animals. The feathers, too, are peculiar; instead of the shaft being, as is commonly the case, unsymmetrically placed as regards the barbs, it is exactly in the middle, and the barbules are long and loose. The accessory plume, too, is wanting in the ostrich. In the emu, on the contrary, the accessory plume equals the original feather, so that the quill supports two shafts; and in the cassowary, besides the double feather, there is also a second accessory plume, so that the quill supports three distinct shafts and vanes.

To Mr. Charles Darwin ornithologists are indebted for the knowledge of the fact, that there are two distinct species of ostrich inhabiting South America. The first is the *Rhea Americana*, a well-known species abounding over the plains of Northern Patagonia und the Provinces of La Plata. It has not crossed the Cordillera, but has been seen within the first range of mountains on the Uspallata plain, elevated between

six and seven thousand feet. These birds, though generally feeding on vegetable matter, have been seen to go in groups of three and four to the extensive mud-banks, which are then dry, at Bahia Blanca, for the purpose of catching small fish, and they will readily take to the water. Mr. King saw ostriches on several occasions swimming from island to island at Port Valdes, in Patagonia, and the Bay of San Blas. When swimming, very little of their bodies appears above water; their progress is slow, and their necks are extended forward. On two occasions Mr. Darwin saw ostriches swimming across the Santa Cruz river, where it was about four hundred yards broad and the stream rapid. Mr. Darwin went out hunting one day at Bahia Blanca, the men riding in a crescent, each about a quarter of a mile apart from the other. A fine male ostrich being turned by the headmost riders, tried to escape on one side. The Guachos pursued at a reckless pace, twisting their horses about with the most admirable command, and each man whirling the "bolas," or balls, round his head. At length the foremost threw them revolving through the air; in an instant the ostrich rolled over and over, its legs fairly lashed together by the thong. These balls can be thrown from on horseback to the distance of eighty yards, and a striking proof of their effect was afforded at the Falkland Islands, when the Spaniards murdered all the English and some of their own countrymen also. A young Spaniard was running away, when a great tall Indian, Luciano by name, came at full gallop after him, shouting to him to stop, and saying that he only wanted to speak to him. The Spaniard distrusting him continued his flight, and just as he was on the point of reaching the boat, Luciano threw the balls. They struck him on the legs with such a jerk as to throw him down and render him for some time insensible. After Luciano had had his talk, the man was allowed to escape, but his legs were marked with great wheals, as if he had been flogged with a heavy whip.

The second species to which the name of *Rhea Darwinii* has been applied by Mr. Gould, takes the place of the former species,—Rhea Americana, in Southern Patagonia, the part about Rio Negro being neutral ground. The first notice Mr. Darwin had of this species was in accidentally hearing the Guachos talking of a very rare bird, the Avestruz Petise; afterwards, when among the Patagonian Indians in the Straits of Magellan, Mr. Darwin found a half-bred Indian who had lived some years with this tribe, but had been born in the Northern Provinces. On being asked if he had ever heard of the Avestruz Petise, he answered by saying, "Why there are none others in these Southern Countries;" and afterwards, many of these birds were seen, their distinctive characters being that they are light brown in place of grey, and the bird altogether smaller than the Rhea Americana.

In the year of grace, 1839, there was brought from New Zealand, by Mr. Rule, a most hopeless-looking osseous fragment, just the middle of a thigh-bone, without a scrap of either end remaining. This, which most persons would have regarded with despair, was placed in the hands of the great authority in such matters, with a request that he would state to what creature it had belonged.

After a careful examination, Professor Owen, in a paper read before the Zoological Society, on the 12th of November, 1839 (and which paper is one of the most remarkable examples of acute inductive reasoning ever published), announced that, "So far as my skill in interpreting

an osseous fragment may be credited, I am willing to risk the reputation for it on the statement that there has existed, if there does not now exist, in New Zealand, a Struthious Bird, nearly, if not quite equal in size to the ostrich."

This announcement created not a little stir in the scientific world; but as three years passed away without any confirmation of the opinion, certain wise men looked extra wise, and pronounced that the Professor for once "had made a mistake." But a triumphant vindication was at hand, even from so unpromising a spot as Poverty Bay, in the shape of two goodly boxes crammed full of bones, which looked as if they were the remains of some antediluvial pic-nic, where the giants of those days had been picking the scaffolding of the contents of a Brobdignagian pie; and the curiosity connected with the said bones was heightened by a delightfully mysterious history communicated with them by the gentleman from whom they were sent. For the respectable natives, speaking of course by the card, had informed him that the bones belonged to a family of extraordinary monsters, one of whom was still in existence in an inaccessible cavern on the side of a hill near the River Wairoa, and that, like the lady in the fairy tales, this creature was jealously guarded by a sort of huge lizard or dragon. Mr. Williams treated these stories as idle fables, but some time after was a little staggered by a sort of corroboration of the tale; for happening to speak to an American about these bones, he was told by him that the bird was still in existence in the neighbourhood of Cloudy Bay, in Cook's Straits, and that the natives there had mentioned to an Englishman of a whaling party, that there was a bird of extraordinary size, to be seen only at night, on the side of a hill near there. Our countryman, with a companion and a native guide, went to the spot on murderous thoughts intent, and after waiting some time, they saw the creature at a little distance, towering to the height of something like sixteen feet. One of the men was said to have proposed to go near and take a shot at it, but the other was so utterly terrified that they contented themselves with looking; and after a time, the monster took the alarm, and, in almost seven-league boots, strode away up the side of the mountain.

Professor Owen soon determined that the bones sent to him were portions of a gigantic bird allied to the ostrich, and the publication of this announcement, stimulating inquiry in New Zealand, box after box, full of interesting specimens, found their way to the College of Surgeons, and proved the existence, at no very remote period in the Island of New Zealand, of at least six different species of Dinornis (as the bird has been named), the largest certainly not less than ten feet in height; and in the eloquent words of the Professor, "without giving the rein to a too exuberant fancy, we may take a retrospective glance at the scene of a fair island, offering, by the will of a bountiful Providence, a well-spread table to a race of animated beings peculiarly adapted to enjoy it; and we may recall the time when the several species of Dinornis ranged the lords of its soil—the highest living forms upon that part of the earth. No terrestrial mammal was there to contest this sovereignty with the feathered bipeds before the arrival of man."

But what has become of all these huge birds, for we no longer hear of able seamen or nervous natives being scared by their apparitions? In all probability they gradually became exterminated by the earliest colonists who set foot on this lovely portion of the globe. Conspicuous as

to size, heavy in form, stupid, and unprovided with means of escape or defence, the Dinornis would easily fall a victim to the destructive arts of man; and although strong hopes to the contrary have been entertained, there is good reason to suppose that all the varieties of the race have been extinct for very many years; consequently the mysterious inhabitant of the cave and the apparition that strode up the mountain-side, were doubtless legends that had descended from generation to generation from the distant ancestors of the aborigines of the island. There is to be seen in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, a considerable portion of the skeleton of a dinornis, mounted by the side of that of a large ostrich, above which it towers in the same proportion as its neighbour O'Brien, the Irish giant, towers above all ordinary men.

Gigantic though these New Zealand birds must have been, they were fully equalled in size by a race of birds coeval with them in the island of Madagascar; and it is remarkable that our chief knowledge of the existence of these is derived from that most fragile and perishable of their products—their eggs.

In 1850, M. Abadie, captain of a French Merchantman, was at Madagascar, and observed one day, in the hands of a native, an egg of enormous size, perforated at one extremity, and used as a basin for various domestic purposes. His curiosity was excited, and he caused search to be made, which led to the discovery of a second egg of nearly similar size, which was found perfectly entire in the bed of a torrent, among the *débris* of a land-slip; and soon after a third egg was found in alluvia of recent formation, all being in the condition termed sub-fossil or partially fossilized. These precious remains were transmitted to Paris, but so carelessly packed that one was found on their arrival broken to atoms; the other two being happily sound. Casts of these marvellous eggs have been transmitted to Professor Owen, and we can only compare them to huge conoidal cannon-shot. In fact, in these days of cylindrico-conoidal bullets, they might well pass for such a projectile adapted for a sixty-eight pounder. Some idea of their dimensions may be formed from the following facts. The dimensions of the most oval egg (for they differ somewhat in form) are as nearly as possible thirteen and a half inches in length by nine in diameter; and to fill it would require the contents of six ostrich eggs, seventeen of the emu, one hundred and forty-eight of the hen, or fifty-thousand of the humming bird! Various fragments of bones were transmitted to Paris with the eggs, and the comparative anatomists have arrived at the conclusion, that the bird approached the ostrich in its main characteristics, but was of a less slender make than it, and was probably about six times bigger than the largest known bird of that class! To it the term *Æpyornis* has been applied; the epithet *Maximus* being appropriately given to the species to which the bones examined belonged.

---

# THE LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT.

## FIRST CHRISTMAS IN LONDON.

"Masters, I am to discourse wonders. . . . . I will tell you everything as it fell out."—*Nick Bottom.*

SHORTLY after my arrival in London, I was sent off to Tooting school; but the Christmas holidays duly arrived; and, with them, my architectural studies were resumed. I revisited St. Paul's with undiminishing delight, and envied every print of it which appeared in the shop windows. Having possessed myself of one, I made a copy of it in Indian-ink; and my mother was perhaps more charmed with her son's work, than she had ever been with the veritable structure itself. The fact is, she had seen St. Peter's at Rome; and any idea of its being rivalled by the London cathedral was kept under, as in some measure dishonouring her pride as a traveller; for a journey to the "eternal city," when she was a girl, was by no means so easy a matter as it afterwards became. The production of this copy, however, was in truth of importance. It acquainted me with all the details of the building, and ultimately served as the credential on which my pretensions as an architectural student were favourably admitted. It was the wonder of my school-fellows; and my drawing-master dubbed me with the title, which of all others was dearest to my ambition. "Well done, young Sir Christopher," said he; and "young Sir Christopher" became my nick-name through the school.

After St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey came upon me like a gloomy dream. The awe inspired by the altitude and length of its dim perspective, partook more of *dread* than of the sublime emotion occasioned by Wren's cupola. The Abbey was perhaps admitted as the more "romantic" in a superstitious sense of the word; but, however, unconsciously, I was certainly less charmed by the "darkness visible" of Gothic mystery, than by that expression of the expansive fulness of the light of Truth which the Greco-Roman Church presented. Whether from certain undefined associations, or otherwise, I then felt (what I have never ceased to feel), that there is in Gothic architecture an imperfect civilisation,—a questionable "Catholicity,"—a highly polished and partial intelligence, acting on an enslaved and general ignorance,—an *imposing* splendour, holding in awe the credulous multitude,—a something signifying the "madness of the many for the gain of the few,"—an expression of some subtle concealment,—a sort of serpent fascination, which attracts in spite of reluctance, and which craftily wins the beholder onward to some dark and irretrievable conclusion! It suggests the notion of a boat gliding imperceptibly on a slow but sure-moving current in a narrow rocky pass, "beneath the shade of melancholy boughs," towards the enveloping gloom of some cave of the Sirens

"that taint
The minds of all men, whom they can acquaint
With their attractions. Whosoever shall
(For want of knowledge mov'd) but hear the call

Of any Sirens, he will so despise
Both wife and children for their sorceries,
That never home turns his affection's stream;
Nor they take joy in him, nor he in them!"
CHAPMAN'S *Homer.*

For "Sirens" read Priests, and the emotion is explained; for I had read of monasteries, nunneries, and inquisitions, and of sundry Ann-Radcliff-isms, which were all associated with the "studious cloisters pale," and with

"the high-embowered roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light!"

and there was, possibly, a prophetic feeling that "religious light" should *not* be "dim." I was more sensible of the Abbey's narrowness than of its height; of its attenuated length, than of its majestic largeness. There was way enough for the forward progress of beguiled feet, but not expanse enough for the "soul's elbow room." Though I could not reason upon these things at the time, their suggestive idea was within me. The first poetry I ever read was Cowper's, and he had taught me, that "true piety is cheerful as the day." I felt that "Poets' corner" was the safest place in the Abbey; for the outer door was always open to the world, and we were there permitted to go in and out at pleasure, without being followed by a black turnkey, ever locking iron gates behind us. Shakspeare's monument was *the* altar-piece of this part of the temple; but I read the *amended* quotation from the "Tempest" with limited benefit; for, in truth, it says not all that Shakspeare meant, and leaves unpronounced the very moral and pith of the real passage. *Prospero's* intention is not merely to declare the perishability of "cloud-capp'd towers, gorgeous palaces, solemn temples, the great globe and its inheritants,"—but to show, that *men* "are such stuff as dreams are made of;" and that their "little life is rounded with a sleep;" *i.e.* that our temporal being is as a little floating island on the surrounding ocean of eternity, "insubstantial" as the "pageant faded" which the magician had placed before the "mind's eye" of *Ferdinand* and *Miranda.* It is not the destruction of *real* things; but the evanescence of mere "dreams," which never had substance, and which, therefore, "leave not a wrack behind." These partial quotations from Shakspeare, without strict reference to the contingent circumstances which belong to them, are ever injurious to the depth and fulness of his meaning.

The tomb of Lady Nightingale aided to advance the Gothic gloom of the Abbey. There I saw the Grave's victory and Death's sting; not the comforting assurance of HIM who has vanquished both. Whatever the perfection of the sculpture, its influence upon the heart was simply distressing; and its co-operation with indigestion, during subsequent sleep, productive of night mare!

On Henry the Seventh's Chapel I had ever thought, as one of the world's wonders; and I willingly received it as such. It was the most "magical" interior I had seen, and suggested to memory Goldsmith's description of the Grotto of Antiparos. It was quite a Christmas spectacle; and, in the bright light of a clear December's day (made the whiter by the fallen snow on the external objects around), looked all icicle and stalactite. The wax-work figures, in real costume, startled me with strange emotions of the "deadly lively" kind; but I had seen

specimens of a kindred sort at Wolverhampton Fair, and felt that there was a something odd in the conversion of any part of so grave a struc- as the Abbey into a twopenny show. Still, it seemed of a piece with the varied entertainments of Christmas; and that season never returns without a revival of the memory of my first visit to Westminster Abbey. The sombre magnificence of its tombs, the gorgeous effect of its painted windows, and the superstitious atmosphere of its entire interior, left upon my mind a lasting impression, which the thousand spectacular exhibitions of the continental Romish churches have never effaced.

The simple and expansive grandeur of Westminster Hall was admitted as more nearly rivalling the effect of St. Paul's interior. There was the want, however, of that upward remoteness, which is so remarkable in the misty view of the vault of the great cone, as it is seen through the opening of the lower cupola in Wren's building. Still, it proved that my sympathy for baronial magnificence was greater than the yielding to ecclesiastical gothicism; and I thought the carpenter of the knights a greater craftsman than the mason of the priests.

Inigo Jones's Banqueting Hall was next shown to me; but I was not yet educated to its merits. I thought it elegant, but not imposing; and my young indignation fired (as my old one does) at hearing Inigo placed before Sir Christopher.

But, even after the wonder of St. Paul's, there was wonder still in store; and the interior of Covent Garden Theatre, as it then existed, nearly subverted the remainder of my "five wits." The crush at the pit door would have been excellent fun, if it had not been a little too suffocating, and if the selfish burly fellows about me had not been a little too careless of the damage they were doing to a delicate young gentleman's hat and heels. My good father-in-law, however, got me in, at the cost of some willingly endured injury; and I was fortunate in being placed so far down the pit, as to have the one shilling gallery (now, I believe, the sixpenny) in sight. The three thousand in the house appeared more like thirty thousand. Had I not seen London, I should not have known there had been so many people in the world. The population of *my* world seemed to be collected in all their degrees of rank and fashion. The stars seemed to have left their places in the heavens, to glitter in the chandeliers of this microcosm of the universe! I thought the Prince Regent and all the available court must be there; and I was flattered into the belief that they very likely *were* there,—*incog.* I was young enough to be overwhelmed by the splendours of gilding, and colour, and cut glass; and old enough to be sensible to the charms of loveliness in all its natural radiance and artificial bedizenment.

The play was "Guy Mannering," I think, just brought out. The overture, with all its Scotch airs, was just suited to the extent of my musical education. The row among the "gods" was very much what I remembered as having prevailed among *all* the orders of beings who filled the Wolverhampton Theatre, to celebrate the downfall of "frost-bitten Boney." When the curtain drew up, I drew so long a breath, that the exhalatory reaction was all but paralysed. The glee of "the winds whistle cold" restored me. I was a little disappointed at seeing the *Colonel* and *Miss Mannering*, with *Henry* and *Lucy Bertram* walking about in plain clothes; but the *Dominie* (in the person of Liston) impressed me with commingled feelings of amusement and respect; *Dandie Dinmont* (Emery) made me laugh fearlessly; *Glossin*

was very like the lawyer who had "done for" my poor mother, and *Dirk Hatterick* (Tokely) put me into a pleasing state of apprehension. The grand person of the drama, however, was *Meg Merrilies* (Mrs Egerton). The *Lady Macbeth*, whom I had seen some months before in the Wolverhampton Theatre, was nothing to the lady *Meg;* and I have certainly seen nothing of the kind since, not having witnessed the admitted rival impersonation of Miss Cushman. Braham and Miss Stephens were the *Henry* and *Lucy* of the night; and I well remember the strong inclination excited in me, by the former, to sally forth instantly, and "do, or die" with the "Scots whom Bruce had often led!"

The play was followed by the Pantomime of "Harlequin Gulliver." I was not less amazed than amused. The real beauty of scenery, the "unreal mockery" of the tricks and changes, the grace of Harlequin and the three Misses Dennett, the grotesque appearance and performances of that prince of old fools Pantaloon, and the artistically refined and piquantly eloquent caricature of the "unimitated, inimitable" Grimaldi, —now a giant among the Liliputians, and anon a live doll in the hands of a Brobdignag baby,—all this, with the whirling, dazzling blaze of the concluding scene, positively put even Sir Christopher out of mind for an entire night, and produced a flutter in my intellects, which required, on the following day, all the sedatives of the British Museum, with its Egyptian monsters, mummies, and stuffed animals, to reduce to sobriety.

"My first play" is a subject which has been touched upon by an abler pen than mine; but the record of each experiencer may have something fresh in it; and, at all events, your young modern play-goers have no knowledge of that association of orange-peel and *lamp-oil*, which rests in the memory of their predecessors under dramatic illusion. Alas, that *gas* should have lighted out Shakspeare from one of his two chief temples, to light in a second company of *Opera*-tists! But so it is. We are now wonderfully illuminated, to see the place where the great ones of old have no successors of their kind! "Oil" must ever be connected in fond remembrance with the "midnight" thoughts of the dramatist, and the solemn or sweet beauties of Siddons and O'Neill. It is the very material in which my first theatrical remembrances lie embalmed; remembrances of those evenings, when dear Jack R. used to meet me at a shilling "eating-house" in Maiden-lane; when we joined the accumulating throng some half-hour before the pit doors were opened,—cunningly worming our lithe bodies into the current, so as to clear the door-posts; while old Townshend, the Bow-street officer, would cry aloud, "Ladies and gentlemen, take care of your pockets!" when we held, fast clutched, our half-crown and shilling, ready to obey the call of "put down your money;" when we rushed by the check-taker like a couple of "winds let loose;" when we fought our way to the middle of the fifth row; when we gurgled out hysterical ejaculations at the impassioned sorrows of *Jane Shore*, and "split the ears" of our more sober fellow-"groundlings" with screeching "bravos!" as *Dumont* disarmed and took down the pride of my Lord *Hastings!*

At the period of which I speak, the stage was perhaps at its highest; for, though nothing remained but the lingering glow of the setting suns of Siddons and John Kemble, still the Charles of that name was in his zenith, Edmund Kean was in his prime, Young was in fullest play, Macready had just burst forth to begin the great career he has recently accomplished, and the fascinating O'Neill was winning "hands with

hearts in them." Munden, Dowton, Emery, Liston, and the myriad-visaged Mathews were before us, with many others of that famous school, of which Farren and Harley are now the only remaining ones. Dear old Mrs. Davenport was still *Juliet's* nurse; and the charms of Foote, Tree, Kelly, and Vestris, were in the ascendant. The Keeleys, who came later, are with us still; but how potent the numbers who have long since made their last adieus, and are now—*not* forgotten in the grave.

A boy's "first play" is the best inoculation of his natural aptitude to a passion for excitement. He will soon experience that aptitude in some way or other. The child of the ultra-moralist, who is taught to eschew, as abominable, the gaieties of the place of public entertainment, will, as his disposition may lead, seek excitement in platform-spouting, pulpit rant, or in exhibitory discussion, mistaking the zeal of personal display for the energetic advocacy of important truth. If of lower intellect and less pure tendencies, he will soon rejoice in the bustling and cunning of the speculation-market, or in the secret practice of unobtrusive indulgence. The son of more liberal parentage will seek the chase, the race-course and the billiard-table; subject to the sad chances of the gambling-house; or he will frequent the theatre, the concert and ball-room. If of the "fast going" order, he will be prone to the "Cider Cellar," the "Coal Hole," and the various other "finishes" which wind up the day of the man of pleasure. Now, unquestionably (apart from the serious cultivations and pursuits which affect a youth's moral health and worldly success), the most desirable pursuits are those which act upon the intellect and kindlier sympathies; and whatever objections may exist in regard to the play-*house*, I believe the play itself, truly appreciated, will, as an entertainment, have the most saving influences upon the brain and heart of the well-disposed pleasure-seeker. This conviction brings me back to my starting-point in favour of the "legitimate drama," as a kind of homœopathic appliance, which may, in its early effects of engrossing delight, induce a condition of harmless disease, immediately preventive of more injurious extravagance, and ultimately beneficial to the mental and moral health of the "complete gentleman." For my own part, I owe more to the Shakspearian illustrations of Macready, than to the didactic moralisings of Dr. Johnson; nor does my conscience bring to memory any one instance of moral irregularity, occasioned by my early and continued fondness for the drama. It prevented any *other* interruption to my professional studies, and it did not hurtfully interfere with *them*.

A right merry Christmas was my first in London; and, with a slight variation in the reading, I might truly say,

> "Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants;
> Belov'd by uncles and kind good old aunts;
> When time comes round, a Christmas box they bear,
> And one day makes them rich for all the year."

## I LEAVE SCHOOL, AM APPRENTICED, AND FALL IN LOVE.

*Olivia.*—What kind o' man is he?
*Malvolio.*—Why, of man-kind.
*Oli.*—Of what personage and years is he?
*Mal.*—Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple? 'Tis with him even standing water, between boy and man.—*Twelfth Night.*

Is there any transformation, in the progressive phases of our life, equal to that exhibited by him who was, yesterday, a school-boy, and is, to-day—*not* a school-boy?

The merely negative conclusion just penned, was by no means anticipated. A positive contrast was unhesitatingly presupposed, and a vague distinction is the subterfuge of baffled confidence.

Do we speak, then, only of the same boy under a new condition? Do we not rather speak of a new being in the same substance? It may be, that the sentient and rational thing in question is not a *man;* but, is it equally to be regarded as nothing more than "*not* a school-boy?" What does the young biped think of himself? "That," you will say, "matters little." What do the young ladies think of him? That, you must admit, matters much. Shakspeare, in his "Seven Ages," leaps at once from the school-boy to the lover; and, in his own personal example, he illustrates the transition, since he was a married man at seventeen.

I allude, however, to the fractional period which usually connects, yet holds in marked division, the lad who would fain love to learn, and the youth who, in spite of himself, incontinently learns to love; and I know not that we can better designate the hero of this interval, than by calling him the "link-boy." The happiness of leaving school is just that of the brief play time which intervenes between closing the boyish book and opening the manly heart; and, during which, there is a feeling of emancipation, independence, and self-satisfaction, that almost bursts the exulting breast, however the exultation may be apparently kept down under the gravity of an assumed indifference.

Is there any sense of freedom so perfect as that with which the controlled school-boy of the last December goes, in the March following, to make a call upon his former master and *ci-devant* playmates? With what a fulness of the voluntary spirit he "chooses" to do this! With what ineffable pride of heart he rings the front bell of the Doctor's house, instead of, with his former humility, modestly lifting the school latch! How he glories in walking—a free man—among the yet wall-bound lads in the play-yard; shaking hands with the ushers, and shortly (taking note of time by his watch) quitting his late first class cronies with a "'pon my soul, I must go! Good by, old fellows." How he kicks aside the habitual obedience in relation to "bounds;" unhesitatingly opening the outer gate in the very face of those stern old associations which still present themselves like phantom sentinels; frowning, but powerless. "Without *by* your leave, or *with* your leave," he spurns the school barrier, to revel at liberty in a play-ground which is bounded only by a never-approachable horizon; walks, with triumphant confidence and security, where he may have before skulked along as a rash and repentant truant; and is only careful to be home at the appointed dinner-hour, in respect to the value of his "word of promise" as a gentleman.

And now, with reference to his bearing, as possibly the first lieutenant in his father's house. Is there any subsequent promotion so inflating as that which retains him a regular sitter at the dinner-table after the ladies have left the room? The bottle no more passes him,—but he the bottle. He revolves in his mind the merits of an argument, while, with sympathetic action, he twirls the nut-crackers. He drinks "to the Ladies!" In the drawing-room he rather seeks their admiration than their favour, the mere excitement of the pursuit being, as usual, the main effect of its indulgence.

He is now merely trying how he likes the professional path he purposes, under conditions, to follow. It is, yet, his will to do or not do. He may never again be so great a man as he feels himself during this optional period,—during this month's experimental course of easy initiative application. It is the "honeymoon" of his existence. He goes to "the office," a little earlier, or a little later, as he may choose. He returns home to dinner,—at least, if he be not "otherwise engaged," for occasionally he has an evening appointment with "one of the office-fellows," which renders it advisable he should dine in town. On his first visit to a chop-house, his dignity is off its guard; for he removes his hat on entering the coffee-room, and is much abashed at being told by the smiling waiter to put it on again. This, of course, he declines to do; so, blowing a hard breath, as if he felt the heat, and blushing the expression of it, he passes his fingers through his hair, and declares, like *Osrick*, that he has removed his "bonnet" simply "for his own ease." With an uncertain recollection of his "Tables of Weights and Measures," he leaps at the recovery of his dignity by ordering "a pint of sherry," and, on being asked whether he'll "take anything with it," he suddenly remembers the real purpose of his coming, and answers, "O—a—yes: a chop." When he reaches home at night, his mother, perceiving the result of his mistaken idea, that there are *four* pints in a quart, suggests to her husband the care of not being too lavish in respect to the young gentleman's pocket-money.

The month's probation passed, he now consents to be "articled" to his professional master. He has, however, never been till now aware, that to be "articled" means to be "apprenticed." He does not quite like this, by reason of an habitually fixed idea, that an "articled clerk" is a superior article, and that an "apprentice" necessarily wears an apron. His dignity, on hearing the indentures read, is further offended by certain assumed possibilities of moral delinquency and ungentlemanly extern, implied in those clauses which forbid the furtive abstraction of his master's property; and which, with such insulting gratuitousness, insist on his always appearing in "good, decent, and sufficient clothing!" The restrictions on his liberty, too, as subject to his master's "consent first had and obtained," and the emphatic requirements for his behaving "in all things as a good apprentice ought to do,"—all this is a little too like school over again; but he considers these "absurd expressions, as so many mere forms of antiquated legal phraseology," and often, it must be admitted, subsequently treats them as such.

Having submitted to be "bound," he is expected to be more regular in his hour of coming and going, and more earnest in his application while at the office. He, however, reconciles himself to the compulsion which necessarily operates on all men; and soon connects, with his obedience to duty, a just idea of the importance which that duty involves.

Well will it be for him if he long remain with only a master to serve; if he continue the "link-boy" to the end of his "teens," still "loving to learn," not "learning to love." But it may be otherwise. Already legally bound to a master, he may speedily discover that he is becoming incontinently bound to a mistress! Pleasing emotions, painful apprehensions, urgent desires, and jealous thoughts, soon indicate that the articles of love's apprenticeship are far more imperative than those of law or physic. Away go all the small conceits and simple affectations of hobbadihoy-ism. The Promethean fires of Miss Emma's eyes have at once melted the "link;" the "boy" falls back into a thing remembered; the "man," in the lover, stands confessed.

My own continuation in the negative condition of "standing water between boy and man," was about a twelvemonth. I do not say that the man, as he first comes forth from the hatching of love's warmth, is of necessity a man matured. That will depend upon his years. It is merely asserted, that the real lover, however young, is already a man in kind; and that the old animal, who really "never lov'd, nor felt fair woman's sigh," is not, nor ever can be, a man of any kind.

I was apprenticed to an architect in 1818, very soon after I left school. The first official movements of an architectural student are of two very opposite and not equally delightful kinds. Painters and sculptors have an enviable "one-ness" in their pursuits; but, while the young architect rejoices in studying the Greek and Roman orders, his taste rejects, however his duty obeys, the orders of his master to work upon a measuring-book full of "cross multiplication," as thus,—$12' : 8'' \times 17' : 3'' \times 9' : 4'' = 2039' : 4''$. Drawing out the combined form of pedestal, column, entablature, and balustrade complete, is a task carrying with it its own reward; but the labours of the "specification" and "estimate" are such as only find their reward at a future period, when knowledge brings practice, practice income, and income the means of following up a lover's hopes.

I found it ever necessary to bear in mind, that the great Saint—I beg pardon—the great *Sir* Christopher, was a most profound arithmetician. This kept me pretty close even to the drudgery of my studies for about a twelvemonth, when the hazel eyes and auburn hair of Miss E. S. suddenly occasioned such a state of "cross multiplication" in my purposes, such an addition to my sensibilities, such a division of duty, and such a reduction of my "operant powers," that I became a mere conglomerate of opposing quantities, whose resultant value is a cipher. As with the Thane of Cawdor, my novel "state of man" was so shaken,

"that function
Was smother'd in surmise; and nothing was,
But what was not."

My calculations were as full of fancies as of figures. My estimates partook of a reference to *beauty* as a thing to be valued at so many sighs per foot superficial, while the *heart* was priced at so many tears per foot cube. My specifications had a tendency to run into particulars of sundry works to be done and performed in constructing a bower for my lady-love, in fairy-land, in the parish of Lambeth, county of Surrey; and of course my "designs," however openly concurrent with those of my tutor, were covertly prosecuted with views of a much more tender nature.

Let me, however—so far as alludes to this, my love's first dream—anticipate the conclusion of two years. I remained, during an absence of that duration, true as the needle to its own magnetic north. The lady, who lived a hundred miles away, departed unconscious of the impression she had made upon me; and, if she subsequently became acquainted with her beauty's mischief, it was not from any communication made avowedly by myself. I *did* venture on a valentine, in the February of the second year; but its author was not guessed at—or, rather, I should say, its transcriber; for the author was no other than one Will Shakspeare. It was, in fact, a compound of various flowers from the love-walk in the myriad-varied garden of "Fancy's child," and I remember it included the following modest sense of my own unworthiness:

"It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, thou art so above me.
In thy bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted,—not in thy sphere."

When my fair one returned, at the end of the second year, on another visit to our mutual friends, I instantly discovered that the "magnetic north," to which my desires had been so religiously pointed for four-and-twenty months, had never been sensible of the slightest sympathy; and moreover that it remained utterly incapable of any reciprocity; a fact which has ever since inclined me to think, that however the needle may be devoted to the pole, the pole cares not a thread's end for the needle.

As my fond hopes had never received the slightest encouragement from my captivator, their disappointment left her truth unquestioned; and, as she evinced not the shadow of a pitying regret at the bankruptcy which followed my rash speculation, I bore the disappointment with a composure that was quite self-astonishing. My noviciate as a lover, at all events, was passed. So far as Cupid was concerned, I had served my apprenticeship. My heart might hereafter be subject to deeper experiences, but it had nothing to learn in the way of love's first principles. I could now pity and patronise first sufferers. I quitted the amatory lyrics of Moore for his political satires; the love-tales of Byron for the meditations of "Childe Harold:" above all, I found in Shakspeare the only intense delight which was compatible with my sober condition as a rational being, and with my fully recovered allegiance as a loving disciple of Sir Christopher.

Before I proceed with the history of my apprenticeship, it may interest, not less the old than the young reader, to have placed before him a picture of London as I found it, prefaced by a general sketch of what it was some sixty years before. Such, therefore, will be the subject of the next essay.

# HUNGARY IN 1851, WITH AN EXPERIENCE OF THE AUSTRIAN POLICE.

BY CHARLES LORING BRACE.

In the course of a long tour in Europe, made partly on foot, in order better to observe the condition and character of the lower classes, I reached Vienna, early in the spring of 1851.

If any one had told me, a few years ago, that I should ever enter that city with such pleasure, I could not for a moment have believed him.

To foreigners, Vienna has so long been described as the very centre and stronghold of oppression, and of that modern "Inquisition," the police-system, that one hardly expects the very air to be free; yet it must be allowed to an American, and on coming, as I did, from North Germany, Vienna does appear exceedingly pleasant. It is such a satisfaction to get once more into streets whirling with life, to see people excited and in a hurry. The contrast of the busy, merry-looking city, to the antique Prague, or the quiet, intellectual Berlin, is most striking.

The common people too, though the mass are evidently very ignorant, on the whole seem happy and busy. One escapes besides, that unvarying, wearisome sight of Berlin—the soldiery; and it is a real pleasure at length to be in crowds, where every third man does *not* wear a bayonet. The *public* police are much less numerous than in Prussia, and bad as their profession may be, they are evidently accomplished members of it, and are not betrayed by the stupid, spying look, which marks the *Shutzmänner* of Berlin. They are very polite too, which can never be said of the Prussian, and what oppression is going on, is evidently being conducted in a very gentlemanly manner. The whole city has a pleasant, friendly physiognomy to the stranger.

It is not my purpose, however, in this work, to give any detailed account of my observations of Vienna. I came there with different objects from those of most travellers, and my researches threw me among classes quite apart from those usually seen by the stranger. I am sure that much good must be working even in Austria in such an age as this, and I devoted myself, whilst there, principally to the investigation of those great reforms in education, which I had heard in Prussia were already beginning under the administration of Count Thun. In these investigations, I am bound to say, I was much aided by the polite and friendly attention of many of the principal gentlemen engaged in education in the city, and of some connected with the ministry itself. Indeed every stranger must acknowledge that there is scarcely a population of Europe, among whom he will meet with such a kindly politeness, as among the cultivated classes of Austria.

Though somewhat apart from my object, I will give here a brief sketch of these reforms, as showing the good side of Austria, and as presenting movements, of which very little has ever been known in foreign countries.

The first great change seems to be, in introducing the *Voluntary System* into the Universities; or, in other words, the University course is made entirely free to all who enter, and every student can choose his

own branches for study. Then no examinations are required between the different sessions, so that there may be no mere *cramming;* but a grand public examination is held at the end of the four years' course, in which not so much *memorising* is demanded as a general, intelligent idea of the subjects studied. On this examination depends the certificate which shall render the student capable of entering any office of the state, or of commencing the practice of any profession. In order to fit the young men for such a freedom of study, the course of the preparatory schools is lengthened from six to eight years, and more of the higher class of studies are introduced, such as mental philosophy, logic, and moral science. No student is allowed to enter the University younger than eighteen. The whole arrangement of the under-schools, called "Gymnasia" and "Real Schools," is changed. It has long been felt as an evil, that any young man who would give himself a good general education must go through the long University course, and so delay his entrance into business. Now by means of the "Real Schools" he can get the foundation of a good education thoroughly, without entering the University. The "Gymnasia," as well as the "Real Schools," are divided into "upper" and "under," and the admission from one part to the other, as well as the entrance from the lower "People's Schools" to these, depends upon the mode in which the examination is passed. So that from the lowest "District School," through the Gymnasia and the University, there is a regular series of examinations, till the young man is settled as a government officer, or a "professional man." New books and efficient teachers from Germany are everywhere introduced, and the miserable salaries, especially of the country teachers considerably increased. A review, too, is started, devoted especially to subjects connected with education, and is supported really with much spirit. This is but a rough, brief sketch of what is going on, but the interesting fact to us Americans is, that a reform movement is really commencing in Austria, and at the basis of all political reforms, in education. It is pleasant, too, to find what is not often found even in Prussia itself, men of learning and talents giving their efforts to aid "the masses," preparing school books, and labouring for the ignorant as well as the learned.

A few weeks spent in these and similar researches, and in the cheerful out-door life of Vienna, passed quickly away, and at length, one fine spring morning, armed with a recommendation from our *chargé-d'affaires* at Vienna, I presented myself at the Bureau of Police, and requested a *visé* on my *passe-port* for Hungary.

The director replied very blandly, but decidedly, "that he regretted but it was not possible for him to give it."

I was somewhat taken aback by this; however, I resolved not to yield the matter so, and handed him my recommendation from Mr. MacCurdy.

"He was sorry, but he had had instructions from Government, that no strangers should be admitted into Hungary, except upon business. They could not have people travelling over the Austrian empire in this way!"

I rose up and went towards him.

"*Why* is this? What objections have you to me? You have my passport. You have a recommendation from the American ambassador. You know my acquaintances in Vienna. What can you object?"

He replied, "that Americans and English had interfered too much in their affairs, and had travelled about prying into various matters, and had made very slanderous reports."

"All that may be true," I replied, "but what is there against *me*?"

Here he began to soften somewhat, and said that, under the circumstances, he would perhaps make an exception in my case, especially in view of the writing from our ambassador, but that he would give me a provisionary *passe*, so that I must return to Vienna to reclaim my own."

"It was indifferent to me," I said: "I intended to return to Vienna."

"He must warn me, however," he continued, "that I should be exposed to many *disagreeabilities** from the police."

"I had no fear at all," I replied: "I had always found the Austrian police the most polite of any in Europe."

This quite staggered him, and he went away, and after a little farther ceremony returned with *my own passe-port* without any condition, and handed it to me, at the same time warning me, for my own sake, "not to make any expression in public of sentiments which I might entertain on certain matters."

"There was no danger," I said, "I was not in the habit of doing such things in foreign countries."

As I was going out, he apologised, saying "he regretted all this, it was not voluntary on their part, they had their instructions, &c., and with an educated man, he thought he had better be frank."

"I was very glad he had been *frank*," I said, "I liked men to be so towards me!"

"*Mes complimens!*" on my part, and "*Empfehle mich Ihnen!*"† with a smooth bow, on his, and we parted; though I thought as far as gentlemen of his profession ever do show it, he looked particularly ashamed.

The truth was, I had my supple director in a dilemma, and he knew it. The Austrian Government does not, as he said, like to have strangers travelling over the empire. They see too much. But here he must either say, in effect, before Europe, that no educated traveller shall enter its provinces, or he must admit the dangerous intruder into one, whose condition government would least desire to have known.

My friends congratulated me much on my success with him, as he is an "old hand" they said in such matters. I felt rather complacent for a time over it; but, as the result showed, I had not by any means seen all *the play* of the skilful commissary, and the laugh proved afterwards to be quite on the other side.

---

As soon after this conversation as the weather seemed settled enough to permit of travelling over the notoriously wretched roads of Hungary, I went with my baggage on board the Danube steamer, bound for Presburg, Pesth, and Constantinople. My plan was to go directly to Pesth, the capital of the country, and to spend no time on those intermediate towns along the Danube, as, from the German influence upon them,

* There is no other way of translating that most diplomatic word "Unannehmlichkeiten."

† I recommend myself to you.

they show very little of the present condition or character of the Hungarian people.

It must be confessed that there was no country of Europe which I had approached with such deep interest and curiosity, as I did this land of the Hungarians. The half oriental character of the people, the singular nomadic customs which I knew still to exist among them, the remains of feudal institutions, supplanted by modern improvements, and the remarkable political life of the nation, together with their chivalrous habits, of which I had heard so much, all opened a most interesting field of observation to the traveller. Besides, for the sake of similar questions in other lands, I was very desirous to observe the effect upon the peasants of that grand act of manumission from serfdom, and, in view of the widely different opinions on the subject, to study the character of that great movement, the revolution of 1848,—a movement which had first brought out the Hungarians before the world, under which they had developed an energy such as few of the oldest states could show, and which had fastened the attention of Europe on their wavering struggle for more than a year.

And here I must be allowed to say, that I cannot consider the opinions upon this Hungarian question as at all necessarily determining the sympathies of any one, either for freedom or despotism. It is true, the aristocratic parties of Europe are, in general, opposed to the Hungarians. But the attempt in Germany and France to divide the friends and enemies of liberty, according to their views on this revolution, would utterly fail. I have met many a sterling democrat in Germany, who utterly opposed the Hungarians; and we all know there is many a public man in France, whose republicanism is above all reproach, who would never think of sympathizing with the "Magyar revolution." In England, it is true, the "liberals" are almost entirely for the Hungarians. And it must be confessed that in England there has always been a much better knowledge of Hungary, than in all the rest of Europe. To the Germans and the French, all the country beyond the Danube is somewhat of a *terra incognita*, and they know scarcely more of its institutions than we do of those of the Chinese.

But every candid man must confess that first appearances, before one has studied the facts and events, are unfavourable. The old constitution looks bad, and one must be quite certain which party struggled for its reform, and how far real liberty was aimed at, before one can swear confidently to the revolution.

For myself, entering on this journey, everything seemed favourable. I was fortunately supplied with letters of introduction, had carefully studied the routes through the country, and knew well the best points for obtaining information, and for seeing the best examples of what I wished to observe. The greatest difficulty, too, the opposition of the Viennese police, was surmounted, and I started under very good auspices.

In regard to the routes from Vienna into Hungary, the best is undoubtedly on the Danube. The steamboats belong to the Company of the Austrian "Lloyd," and though not at all equalling the river steamboats of America, are not by any means poor boats. The run down is made in about twelve hours; but from Pesth up, against the rapid current, the time taken is nearly thirty-six hours. The best course for the traveller is to return by the railroad along the Danube, which finally

connects with the road from Prague, and by which he can reach Vienna in ten hours from the time of starting.

The navigation of the Danube by steamboats only dates some twenty years back; but in that time it has changed the trade and travel on that stream to a wonderful degree. Before 1830, the only mode of going down the stream was by miserable boats and rafts, which were knocked to pieces for firewood, at the end of the voyage. The trip up was made by a species of canal boats, drawn slowly by some twenty or thirty horses. The innumerable mill-boats in the stream, and the morasses and quicksands on the banks, made it a most dangerous mode of travelling. It is said that, not seldom, the whole team of horses drawing the boat would sink at once, inextricably, into the treacherous swamps which line the river.

At length the Company of the Austrian "Lloyd" was formed to navigate the Danube by steamboats, and through the incessant exertions of the man who has done so much for all practical improvements in Hungary, Count Szechenyi, it was firmly established. At the present time, the company has upwards of fifty steamboats, which they run even to Constantinople, and from Trieste to Smyrna, Alexandria, and the whole East. Their success has been beyond what even the most enthusiastic supporters of the plan had expected.

I observed on our own boat, as we steamed down from Vienna, that, like most of the steamboat companies on the continent, they still employ English engineers,—for every few minutes, amid the Babel of foreign languages around us, Hungarian, Wallachian, Sclavonian, German, I could hear the voice of the captain in a most home-like tone to the engineer below, "*E-e-ase her! Sto-p her!*" Their engines, however, at present, are generally made here; and at "Old Ofen," a little above Pesth, they have a very good manufactory of machinery.

At length I had fairly started for the land which had interested me so deeply for many years. The day seemed appropriate for entering the unhappy country. A cold storm of rain was beating across the steamboat, through which one could dimly see the long line of monotonous willow bushes on the banks, or the melancholy pine-forests on the hills. Occasionally the storm lulled, and the Carpathians stood out in the distance, frowning with the heavy masses of clouds on their summits. There were no houses on the banks, and the only buildings to be seen were the mill-boats, anchored by the shore. Now and then a soaked fisherman came out upon the sands to pull at his nets, and that was all of the inhabitants we could see. The whole had a most dreary, desolate look— in unison, one could not but think, with the sorrowful and gloomy fortunes which had settled upon the unfortunate nation.

Not far below Vienna, we passed the island Lobau, with the remains yet of those immense works of Napoleon—bridges and ramparts, which appear built for a century, but which were only constructed as a feint to hide a single movement of his army.

A few hours' rapid sail farther down the stream brought us at length to a point where a light tower, perched on a cliff, overlooked the river, and where another river poured its waters into the Danube. This river, the March, forms the boundary between Hungary and Austria, and the castle has the name of Theben. On the one side of the Danube the Carpathians jut down from the north, and on the other, the Leytha mountains press forward from the south. The river flows in a narrow

pass between them, and forms, with a highway on the bank, the great *gate* to Hungary from the west.

Through this entrance, for all ages, have poured the armies of Europe and Asia, in their fierce wars. The possession of it has decided, many a time, the fate of Hungary or of eastern Europe. Through this pass rolled the tide of the Huns. Here swarmed the Turks after they had conquered Hungary, and from this they overran Europe, till they were defeated on the plains of France. The Crusaders came here; the Austrians in their attacks on the Turks; and the Hungarians in their assaults on Europe. Through this, the defeated Ban retreated in the last war to Vienna; and again, down through this came the armies of the Austrians on their march to Pesth.

The key to it on the Austrian side is Presburg, on the Hungarian, Komorn. Had Görgey poured his forces through this, after his victories on the Upper Danube, he would have undoubtedly taken Vienna—even with an Austrian garrison still in the capital of Hungary—and have terminated the war.

With this, or its key, Komorn, in the possession of the enemy, the Austrian armies would never have dared to advance into Central Hungary. And they were only enabled to leave it occupied in their rear, when the immense host of Russians was already in the heart of Hungary.

At the end of this pass, Presburg is seen, a city for a long time the capital of Hungary, where the parliament met, and the king was crowned. It makes but a mean appearance from the river, and the only object remarkable from a distance in it is an immense palace, with four towers, on the top of a high hill. It is almost entirely a German town in its character, and with my objects, I had no curiosity to see it.

It was here, however, that the well-known dramatic appeal of the young queen, Maria Theresa, was made to the gallantry and sensibility of the Hungarian noblemen, under which they drew their swords in a frensy of excitement, and swore "to die for their sovereign!"—one of the last displays of any very enthusiastic loyalty by the Magyars, and for which, it is generally supposed, they paid much too dearly. Here, too, is the hill on which the king of Hungary ascended on horseback after his coronation, and where he went through the pantomime of waving his sword to every point of the compass, as a token that he would defend and guard every portion of his kingdom.

Below Presburg, the Danube widens exceedingly, and we passed a great number of islands. Two of these are very large, the Greater and Lesser Schutt, containing large tracts of excellent land. Throughout, however, the scenery was exceedingly tame and monotonous, with the long rows of willow bushes on its banks, and the stream filled with the mill-boats. These are merely two boats, anchored in the stream, with a mill-wheel between them, turned by the current. In one, under the board covering, is the machinery for grinding the grain, and in the other, the miller lives. They are a very great obstruction everywhere to the navigation of the Danube.

---

On the Danube, April 1851.

We have just touched at Gönyö, and, though the banks are as tame as ever in scenery, I begin to see more signs of the real Hungary.

The men who stood on the landing, with the little, rough-looking horses, were the tallest, best-built men I have seen in Europe. Peasants, probably, and with high boots and short jackets, and long moustache, in true Hungarian style. I can begin to see more of the villages too, on the plain, and the roofless houses, every few miles, tell of the storm which has passed over here. We are approaching the most hotly-contested battle-ground, during the whole war, the country near Komorn, and on the angle of the Danube, at Waizen.

We have just passed Komorn. It does not appear from the river at all imposing as a fortress. All that can be seen are long green lines of fortification, along the Danube, with an occasional blockhouse, and white-coated Austrian sentry; and beyond, the roofs and chimneys of the village within it. The most important of the works are not at all visible from the Danube. On the other side of the river, however, was a sight which, coming upon one suddenly, was unspeakably affecting. There appeared to have been a flourishing, smiling village once on the banks. Now, all that could be seen were long rows of houses, roofless, with the tall, desolate chimneys standing in the air. The gardens looked pleasant and home-like, and the fruit-trees were in rich bloom, and there were many signs of home everywhere, but no life! The only thing stirring through the grass-grown streets, was some sheep, or forlorn-looking horse. The whole left an indescribable impression of loneliness and desolation. This is probably but one out of many similar sights, which I shall see in this land. Oh, how much hast thou given, Hungary, for thy liberty! and how little hast thou won! God grant thee a better future! In my emotions over the sight, I was surprised that the other passengers were so indifferent, as no one appeared especially to notice it; but I soon found that they were all occupied in discussing the merits of a great row which had been going on down below, between the Jews and the Austrians; as they say the feelings between the two parties have been growing more and more embittered since Marshal Haynau's extraordinary measures toward the former. The banks are assuming a prettier aspect now, every mile, and neat villages meet the eye from all quarters.

In reference to Komorn, I would say that I have since carefully examined the plan of it, and there can be no doubt to any one who has done so, that it is most completely defended, both by its position and the works erected. The Hungarians claim it as a fortress of "the first class," though among military men generally it only ranks as "second," I believe, or "third." It is the most important point in Hungary for strategy, and in case of another war would be, as in the last, the centre of the fiercest conflict. A brief description of the works accordingly may not be uninteresting. The whole seems rather a very strongly entrenched camp, than a fortress, as the distance from the extreme works on one side to those on the opposite is nearly five English miles. The real fortress itself is in form nearly an equilateral triangle, with the Danube for one side, the Waag for the other, and a line of ditches and forts drawn from one river to the other, for the base. The Waag flows into the Danube here, deep and strong, and forms an excellent defence for a distance on the eastern side. The Danube itself, of course, is the best guard on the western and southern. And, on what I have called the base, the morasses, and the great strength and completeness of the works, erected at first by the Austrians and completed

by the Hungarians, form almost an impregnable defence. Besides these, there is a range of hastily, but well-constructed works on the other side of the Danube, with a *tête du pont*, to cover a bridge of boats to the fortress. Another fort to cover a bridge is built on the Waag, and some fortifications on the other bank of that river also. The fortress itself, without the extreme works, covers an immense area, holding the town of Komorn within it, and large barracks, which can all be rendered bomb-proof without difficulty. It is calculated that thirty thousand men are needed to garrison this fortress sufficiently. It has, however, its weak points. In the Waag, a little distance up from the mouth, is an island, which very much weakens the defence of the river on that side. On the other bank of the Waag too, near the Danube, are some heights which command a portion of the inner-works. The Danube and all the streams around it, moreover, are liable to freeze in winter, and thus lay it open to attack. It is exposed too to earthquake, of which one, and that very severe, has occurred this year.

It is probably the most important strategical point in Hungary, commanding all the upper Danube, and one of the two highways which lead to Vienna. The Hungarians, under Klapka, defended it with the greatest skill and steadiness; and the sally of Klapka at the close of the war, by which he defeated the Austrian forces with great slaughter, retook Raab and "Gönyö," and captured an immense booty of provisions and ammunition, was one of the most brilliant actions of the whole year.* Had it happened earlier, it might have changed the whole tide of events. As it was, it threw a parting lustre over the last gloomy events of the Hungarian struggle.

Below Komorn, we passed Gran with its fine cathedral, the residence and property of the Primate of Hungary, said by many to be the richest prelate, out of England, in all Europe. Like many of the Hungarian cities, this has suffered extremely in past centuries from the attacks of the Turks. At this point the scenery on the river changes, and the stream begins to flow between high hills, though, after all, there is no great beauty or picturesqueness in them. Not far below, the tall donjon of the Visegrad rears itself on a hill, the only relic left of a splendid royal stronghold, about which many a strange story and wild Hungarian legend is told. At Waizen the Danube makes a complete angle, and after this runs due south.

The first the traveller sees of Buda-Pesth, the gem and pride of Hungarian cities, is the height of the Blocksberg, a mountain with an observatory behind Buda; then the rocky citadel of Buda, or Ofen, as the Germans have named it, appears below this peak; and after this, the beautiful span of the suspension-bridge is seen, which connects the old town Buda with the newer and more beautiful city, Pesth.

The first impression which Pesth makes on the stranger, coming down the Danube, is very striking indeed. The long line of handsome, massive buildings on the quay, more than a mile and a quarter in extent; the regular, well-kept streets; the graceful form of the bridge (perhaps the most beautiful suspension-bridge in Europe); all form a most pleasing picture of thriving, modern life. Then, as a contrast to it, you have on the other side the quaint, old town of Ofen, with the narrow

* Besides a whole park of artillery, there were captured by this *sortie* 2760 head of oxen; five boats laden with corn and powder; 500,000 cwt. of flour, and 40,000 uniforms.—SCHLESINGER.

streets, and the houses built on the side of the hill, whose summit is crowned with the palace of the Viceroy, and the rough walls of the old fortress. As a background, rise the blue peaks of the Ofener Mountains. We were soon landed, our passports were rigorously demanded, and, after taking my quarters in a hotel, I sallied out to explore the city.

---

Pesth, April 1851.

Pesth is certainly a beautiful city; so new-looking, and so neat and well-built. But the first impressions are somewhat injured by the crowd of wretched people to be seen in all the market-places and principal streets. Slavonians, generally, in the last stages of beggary, with a few rags hanging about them, a dirty sheep-skin for cloak and for bed, and a broad-brimmed, greasy hat. Their faces, too, have such a cunning, wild expression. I have not seen more miserable objects since the beggars I met in County Wicklow, in Ireland.

There are marks all through Pesth, of the fearful bombardment it sustained from Ofen; half-built houses—squares sometimes entirely cleared of the buildings, and buildings torn and broken by the bombs. Pesth, however, seems thriving, compared with Ofen. There is a long tract in the side of the hill there, near the palace, where one of the assaults of the Hungarians was made, which is covered with roofless and empty houses, burned out with the terrible fire from both sides during the siege. The whole city, too, is interspersed with such ruins, and one can see that the majority of the houses are new-roofed.

I was surprised almost at the little life apparent in either city, once among the most lively towns in Europe. My acquaintances say that I cannot at all imagine the contrast between the appearance of Buda-Pesth now, and that before the Revolution, or during the year 1848. Then the city was full of the gentry, who resided here a good part of the year, the streets thronged with brilliant equipages, and lively with all the gay costumes of the Hungarian soldiery and nobility. The stream of business and travel, too, was incessant through every thoroughfare. There was not perhaps in Europe so brilliant, stirring, cheerful a city, as Buda-Pesth. The *Landtag*, or Parliament, met here, calling together all the principal men of talent and rank through Hungary. Theatres had been built, not inferior to those in Vienna. Hotels among the best in Europe. A casino, after the plan of a London club, with the most elegant conveniences for bachelors, was erected. Strangers gathered together here, from all parts of Europe, and there was no refined society on the Continent, where a foreigner of education could so pleasantly spend his time, as among the social circles of the Hungarian capital. Now the streets seem still and lifeless. No equipages are seen. The Hungarian costume is forbidden. The noblemen of Hungary, the men of talent and wit, the leaders of the nation, who once filled the city, and gave the life to its circles and drew business within its walls, are now scattered abroad as exiles through every land, or are living in gloomy and insecure retirement on their estates. Business has utterly flagged. No one has any confidence in the continuance of the present condition of Hungary. The stream of communication which once poured over the bridge is now meagre enough. It is calculated by candid people, that the population of Buda-Pesth, once some 120,000, has diminished full 50,000!

Strangers seldom visit it now, or if they do, have no heart to stay in a place where every foreigner is under the spying eyes of a police agent.

The injuries suffered by the city took place during the siege of the Ofen citadel by the Hungarians in the spring of 1849. It will be remembered that Görgey's victories on the upper Danube, and Bem's brilliant campaign in Siebenbürgen, had almost completely cleared the country of Austrians. Between the Drave and the Danube on the south they still kept up a feeble resistance, and they held the country in the neighbourhood of Presburg. But, though their armies in the winter had been advanced as far as Szolnok and the Theiss, they were steadily driven back, forced from Pesth, and at last, with the exception of the points mentioned above, and one or two unimportant fortresses, completely driven from Hungary. The main army lay, discouraged and worn out, near the borders of Hungary. The Russians had not yet intervened. A strong victorious Hungarian army was posted all along the Danube, from Pesth to Komorn, and under Napoleon a day would not have passed, before that army would have been marching upon Vienna. It was the invaluable moment for the Hungarians. Success was almost sure to them, and they lost it.

The general opinion is, that it was Görgey's treachery which led to the abandoment of this march upon Vienna, and spent the priceless time in the siege of Ofen, an unimportant fortress. But it seems to me doubtful. The whole nation, in characteristic manner, was in a frenzy of excitement to retake Ofen, "the Holy City," the capital—"the only place where the foot of the invader rested," and it is most probable that the ministry, who were not remarkable for their strategetical knowledge, yielded to this voice of the people, and ordered Görgey to return and commence the siege. This at least is the account of many authorities not especially favourable to Görgey; and it sounds consistently with the character of the Hungarian people. They are a nation highly wrought up by present enthusiasm, and easy to be blinded to consequences far ahead. They undoubtedly seemed to themselves to have utterly prostrated Austria, and only to need the capture of this citadel to complete the victory. Görgey, who had a much cooler head, is reported to have said at once, when he received the order, "*The cause is lost now!*"

Klapka, in his memoirs, gives a different account. He states that Görgey received an order only to beleaguer Ofen, with a small force, and to march on with the main body, against the Austrians, but that he did the reverse. However, I am told that one of the officers of Klapka gives a different explanation, similar to the one above. In such confused times (particularly with regard to the great blunders of the war) the truth is very difficult to obtain.

Wherever the fault lay, the result was, that three weeks were spent in the siege of a fortress in no way important in the great plans of the war. The Hungarians had thought to take it at once by assault. But there was a tough old Swiss officer, at the head of the garrison, *Henzi*, who would have seen everything blown into the air before he gave it up, and who fought every inch of ground. There are several points from which it can be bombarded, and from these the Hungarians kept up a tremendous fire upon it. The Austrians retorted by bombarding Pesth, which lies beneath them. Eye-witnesses have described the

scenes to me, during the nights of the bombardment, as most terrible. The long trains of fire through the air, from the heights of the Blocksberg to the fortress, and again from the fortress to the city, the unceasing booming of the cannon, the explosion of the shells, and the burning of the houses, formed a scene, such as the citizens of Pesth will not soon forget. The inhabitants had retreated in the meantime to their cellars, or to the block-houses. At length, after nearly three weeks of this, the fortress was taken by assault, in the most daring manner, and Henzi fell on the ruins of it, at the head of his men. Two more weeks were spent in rejoicing, and recruiting their forces. At the end of this time the Austrians had re-formed another army. The Russians were in full march from several points into Hungary, and the favourable moment was gone for ever!

The siege of Ofen must be confessed to have been the great mistake of the Hungarian campaign in 1849.

I used often to walk about on parts of the old fortress. The breaches are all repaired; the grass is growing greenly on the embankments, which were all demolished by the Hungarian fire; and the Austrian bands give pleasant concerts on the spot where the fiercest assault of the Honveds was made. Except for the sight of an occasional maimed soldier, or of the ruined, desolate houses in the valley below, there would be nothing to remind one of the fearful struggle which raged there two years ago.

---

Pesth, April 1851.

My time in Pesth was very busily employed indeed. There were the usual researches of a traveller, then the forming acquaintances with the citizens, to learn the views of the different political parties, and in planning my route in the interior; and especially the investigation of the old political constitution and laws of Hungary, for which the archives of Pesth offer the best advantages.

The whole society of Pesth, even in this its time of depression, is exceedingly pleasant for the stranger. Despite the German influence upon it, and the fact that almost all intercourse is in the German language, the people have preserved their genuine Hungarian traits. The traveller feels at once he is in a different atmosphere from that which fills the German circles. There is a life, a kind of stormy eloquence about the conversation, such as you never meet in Germany. The people do love to talk, and certainly talk very well. Such noisy coffee-houses I have not seen in Europe. Then one is conscious at once of being in society, where wit is in vogue much more than in Germany,—keen, lively wit it is too. A joke against Austrian stupidity goes over Pesth with the quickness of thought. But such a nation of orators, as they seem, from what one sees in the capital! The waiter who brings your coffee in the morning makes a speech The clerk in the coach-office, where you are booking your name, runs off into a harangue over the wrongs of Hungary, which would do honour to a stump orator. Men speak in private society with an ease, a fire, such as I have never anywhere seen. And the theme everywhere which lights the eye, and thrills the voice, is Hungary, their beautiful, their once happy fatherland, what it has been, and what it is now! Its glory, its wrongs, its hopes. With our cool English habits, it is diffi-

cult to understand, to imagine the natural, passionate eloquence with which almost every Hungarian speaks on that subject.

I happened to call upon a workman. As soon as he found I was about to travel in Hungary, he burst forth. "Oh, sir, if you could only have seen our country four or five years ago! I do not believe there was so free and happy a country in Europe. Wine and corn, and everything so cheap for the poor man—the gentry making improvements and reforming everywhere; and we had our parliaments here in Pesth, and we voted for officers, and were independent of Austria. And now there is a tax on everything. We have to pay three *gülden* for poll tax; and every pound of flesh is taxed which we buy, and there is a tax on the gardens, and on the houses. And then we gain nothing. We have lost our constitution and our rights. There is no more voting, or elections, or parliaments, here in Pesth. The whole country is *dead!*"

I have been to see an acquaintance since, of the Government party. He regretted extremely that I had chosen the present time to travel in Hungary, it would give me so imperfect an idea of the nation. If I could have come before the revolution, I should have seen the country in its pride and glory, intensely active and excited in its political life, and every kind of material improvement going on. Or, if I could have come immediately after the revolution, the very aspect of the national excitement—inspiration, would have been grand to look upon. But now the whole country was lifeless, spiritless, cast down. "We have staked all," said he, "on the game and have lost all. The government, too, I regret to say, is not well advised, or does not understand the Hungarian character, and everything goes on wrong. No man can predict the future. The present condition *cannot last!*"

Called upon Mr. S., to whom I had a letter, and met there T——, a tall, fine-looking Hungarian. He spoke with those full rich tones which one hears so often from the Hungarians. "We welcome an American," said he, "most gladly to this land. But you have come at an unhappy time. The old constitution, under which we have lived for more than eight hundred years, is scattered to the winds. We have lost all that a nation can lose. You will see nothing here of the old freedom, and the privileges which we used to boast of. The people have lost their means by this war, and now their liberties. Every step is hemmed by obstructions, and one cannot stir without coming upon an Austrian spy."

I spoke of my intention of visiting the interior, and inquired whether it would be advisable. He said there would be no difficulty, but, "Oh, sir," said he, "if you could only have seen this land four years ago. There was not so happy and free a land in Europe! You will see something now of the old hospitality, but, for the most part, the people have not the heart for it. The gentlemen are living in retirement, and economically; and all under the fear that they may at any time be called before the courts again. Every one is discontented, and looking forward to a change; but no one can see how it is to come." I went by accident into a saddler's shop, and the moment he found I was no Austrian, he burst out with his feelings over the change in his country. "It was so pleasant a land! And we had our own freedom, as they have now in America; and Pesth was so lively! The gentry used to come here to the shop, and buy so much for their hunts and races, and

talk politics here! and everything was so cheap! Wine was only two kreutzers a bottle. But now we have to pay all the Austrian taxes; and the gentry are all gone, and we are all just like slaves! If I can only sell my stock, I shall at once go over to America!"

I happened in a coach-office to inquire about routes in the interior, and the clerk, as soon as he found I was a foreigner travelling in Austria, began in a similar strain. "It had been such a beautiful, happy country," he said, "there could be nothing like it. Every class of people so comfortable; everything so cheap!" He had not known much of other lands, but he did not believe there could have been such an independent, happy people on the earth! And now, everywhere oppressed! Everything they could eat, or drink, taxed. Nothing free—every word watched by Austrian spies!"

From all these persons, I have not elicited an expression of their views at all; but, in a moment, when they have known I was a foreigner, they have poured out their feelings in this way. And it is utterly impossible to give again in word the passionate, eloquent manner they have of expressing themselves.

Everywhere as I mingle in society an American is most heartily welcomed. Such hospitality, in all my experience of strange lands, I have never seen even approached, and yet the city is not by any means a genuine specimen of a Hungarian city.

Good hits at the Austrians are in great circulation among the people of Pesth. Very naturally, they find it hard enough to be paying now for Austrian debts, and to be obliged to use everywhere this miserable Imperial paper-money, and, as they can do nothing else, they crack their jokes at the whole system. Among other stories, they tell you of a visit which the Emperor lately made to Trieste, wherein, in a triumphal procession, in the excitement of the moment, he called upon the Finance Minister for money to distribute among the hurrahing crowd. The minister "begged his Majesty's pardon, but advised him not to attempt it!"—"Why?" said the enthusiastic young prince.—"The wind is too high! your Majesty!" replied the minister; "it would be all blown away!"

The following occurrence is said really to have taken place lately in Vienna. A juggler was on the stage, before a crowded house, and among other tricks, took a silver zwanziger (a coin which, like all other silver or gold pieces, has mostly disappeared from Austria) in his hand, held it up before the crowd, opened his hand, and the coin was gone. He had hardly proceeded thus far in the performance, when a rough voice, in the broad Vienna accent, came out of the gallery, "Ach, das kann ik auk!" (Pooh! I can do that too!) The juggler then turned his hand again, muttered some incantations, opened it, and there was the zwanziger! The voice again came, in the most hopeless tone—"Sacrament! das kann ik nit!" (That I can't do!) The juggler turned at this second exclamation, to the gallery, and asked who it was that interrupted him so. "The Austrian Finance Minister!" replied the voice in doleful tones. The audience took the joke at once, and rose with one universal cheer for "the man in the gallery!"

Wherever I went I found a bitter indignation at the spying, underhanded system of the Austrians. They had been used, and their fathers before them, to talk freely, they said; and now to feel that every servant might be a spy, and that there was not a movement whichwas

not watched by some contemptible agent of Government. It worried them; it sickened them more than all the cruelty of the Austrian system. At the time, I did not credit such a state of things, supposing it to be one of the exaggerations natural to a people just in reality conquered. They told me how this gentleman's servant used regularly to report his words at dinner to the police; how another was dogged in the streets by these agents; how spies sat in the churches to watch even the clergyman's prayer and sermon.

I told them frankly, then, that such systems of rascality must be seen before they could be believed. I need not say that now I not only believe it, but wonder that I ever doubted it. There is no depth of meanness and falseness in the Austrian police system which I cannot credit. I have seen and experienced all that my friends here described, I have seen that there is a widespread, efficient administration here, managed with the precision and exactness with which the affairs of a first-class New York importing house would be, and yet, whose principal and whose very object is the most false, the most degrading to manhood and honour, that can be imagined. It is underhanded villany, and the vilest deception, legalized and systematized.

A short time before I arrived, a boy — a child, was imprisoned for wearing the Hungarian costume, which is merely a blue jacket with embroidery, together with perhaps one of their embroidered caps! The Hungarian colours, too, are forbidden, though the ladies do manage to get them into their dresses. No one is allowed even to petition! So that an humble request to "His Apostolic Highness" is a crime. And it is said, a clergyman had been not long since imprisoned for some time for daring to respectfully petition the Emperor with regard to some church matter. They must first obtain leave from the police to make a request.

---

It is somewhat remarkable, yet Pesth has more of the comforts of a city than many even of the largest cities of North Europe. The Hungarians have always had a much more practical turn than the races around them, and a far greater tendency to imitate both the English and French than their neighbours the Germans, which may in part perhaps account for this. Certain it is, however, that the hotels in Pesth are far better than the best in Vienna or Berlin. The coffee-houses, too, are not surpassed by the best on the Boulevards, and the *casino*, or club, with its reading-rooms, and saloons, and dining-halls, is equal to anything of the kind in Europe, except the palace-like establishments in London.

I would here, while speaking of these matters, recommend especially to any American traveller who may happen to visit Pesth, the Tiger Hotel, certainly the most comfortable in the city, and whose proprietor, Dr. F., is a very polite, cultivated gentleman, speaking English like a native.

As I walked over the city, it was interesting to observe how the Austrians were preparing for future struggles. The citadel has been entirely repaired and strengthened; the heights of the Blocksberg above, from which the Hungarians had bombarded the fortress, are now being fortified and held by an Austrian detachment, and, on the other side of the river, a strong block-house is to be built in Pesth, as a *tête du pont*, to cover the bridge.

There is, besides, a very heavy complement of soldiery stationed in the city, mostly quartered in a singular structure, called the *Neugebäude*. This was erected in 1786 by the Austrian Emperor, for some unexplainable purpose, though it is generally supposed he intended it as an immense prison. It consists of a large square, built around with tall, massive buildings, and entered by arched gateways. It is principally used as a barracks, and must be capable of holding several thousands. Since the revolution it has formed one of the great state prisons of Hungary, in whose well-secured dungeons lie the "Hungarian rebels." In my imprisonment afterwards, from the number of my comrades who had been there, the name became as familiar to me as any name in Hungary. And I have additional reasons to remember the building, from the fact that my last trial in Hungary occurred in one of its dismal court-rooms.

*The Town Hall.*—One of the most interesting spots in the city, for modern associations, is the new Town Hall. My friends led me here, and showed me the spot on the summit of the grand flight of steps where the revolution was first proclaimed to the citizens of Pesth. It was in the March days of 1848, and the movement, which had been working for so many years in Hungary, at length burst forth. They described to me how the vast square in front of the building was crowded with excited people, and with what intense enthusiasm the proposition was received for forming a "Committee of Safety" for Pesth, or in other words for forming a government for the city independent of Austrian influence. Most of the men whose stirring words on that night so aroused the people, have atoned for their boldness on the scaffold or at the gallows. The rest wait in exile for better times for their country.

I have never certainly experienced more real kindness than from the many acquaintances I made in Pesth. They seemed to understand intuitively the objects of a traveller, and to further them in a practical efficient way which only a traveller can appreciate. Professor W., a most loyal friend of the Government, even appointed an afternoon in which I was to present my questions and objections with regard to the old Hungarian Constitution in writing, and he with some lawyers and the old books of laws before them were to answer as they best can. A most practical and efficient method for me.

I found throughout the city that every part had suffered from the bombardment. One lady showed me a huge cannon-ball, which she had found the next morning in her parlour floor, which she still preserved. A clergyman pointed out to me the ruins of his library, all torn to pieces by the bomb-shells. There are some large squares completely burned out, and not yet rebuilt. It will be long before Pesth recovers from that fearful punishment which Henzi inflicted.

*Punishment of Madame Maderspach.*—Among the other victims of the Austrian Government there still lives in Pesth the lady who was scourged by Austrian soldiers—Madame Maderspach. I have met several who have seen her, and the account they give of the affair is as follows:—She was a lady of fortune and rank, residing in Siebenbürgen, the south-eastern part of Hungary. Her husband was an officer in the Hungarian army, and she herself naturally sympathised with his party, and it is said frequently entertained Bem and the officers under him in a very hospitable manner. This had exasperated the Austrians, and when at length they occupied that part of Hungary, they were quite ready for any severities against her.

Unfortunately for her, her tenantry made some celebration at the time, and burned (she stated that this was done without her knowledge) the Emperor Francis in effigy! She was at once seized, and, at the command of the Austrian officer, made to "run the gauntlet," or the *Gassenlauf*, as they call it. I gained some acquaintance with this Austrian punishment while in the Gros Wardein prison, as it was applied to all the thieves and deserters of the regiment every Saturday afternoon. The custom is usually to call out three hundred men, who form two rows, one hundred and fifty on a side. Each man is provided with a tough, limber stick. The criminal, a hardy, strong man commonly, is stripped to the waist, and made to walk leisurely through at the beat of the drum. If any one in the line neglects to lay on as hard as he can, he gets "five-and-twenty" himself. It is generally calculated that a strong man, sent through this lane four times, if he has strength enough to get to the end, will die within a few hours.

This was Madame Maderspach's punishment; though, with generous consideration for her sex, the "run" was probably limited to *once* through! The effect upon the proud, high-born lady was to drive her into insanity. The news of such a public, brutal indignity on his wife so affected the husband that he shot himself through the brain; and, to entirely hush up the matter, the only survivor, a young son, was drafted into the Austrian army in Italy as a common soldier, where he is still. The whole deed seems to have come, if not directly from Haynau, at least from his general orders. The poor lady lives still in Pesth, in a half-crazed condition. It is said, after Haynau's tremendous flagellation by the London brewers, some one sent her a paper containing an account of it, and that *she kept it for days in her bosom, wet with her tears!* Somehow or other she obtained, too, a piece of one of the brooms with which he was beaten, and, maniac-like, she has made a bracelet of it, which she now wears.

The Hungarians assert that this instance of Madame Maderspach is only one of several similar.

---

Of course there has been a great deal of conversation here in Pesth about Görgey and Kossuth, and I have been very curious to find out what the general opinion in regard to these men is, and whether it agrees with that in foreign countries. Kossuth's mother is now here, residing in the city, and I suspect in various ways the people get a great deal of information about him and his movements.

To say that Kossuth is beloved here, seems hardly necessary after what I have seen. He is idolized; every word and trait of his character is remembered with an indescribable affection. Even his faults are such as the people half love when they blame. They all acknowledge that he did not possess all the qualities of a revolutionary leader.

Many think, too, that he was not far-seeing enough as a statesman, and was too much wrapped up in his visionary ideas to judge well of distant European politics; and that accordingly he had reckoned too much on aid from other powers in the beginning of the struggle, which had never been even promised him. The "Old Conservatives" say, that, even if he had succeeded, he would never have been a good statesman. He was only an "agitator."

Whatever may be said of Kossuth in Austria or Hungary, friend

and foe unite in confessing the unequalled power of his eloquence. No human voice, they will tell you, ever thrilled with such music or passion. He "agitated," the whole land—and there is not a *Bauer* in the villages or a *Csikos** on the prairies, they say, who does not remember, as the day of days, the time when, in breathless silence, he listened to those thrilling tones, as they spoke in indignation or in solemnity, of freedom, of the rights of the poor man, of the wrongs of their beloved Fatherland, of the retribution coming, and of the "God of the Hungarians."

I must mention here, however, an occurrence which took place lately in Szegedin, as showing how the "Reformer" is remembered. A file of prisoners were led into Szegedin, with a heavy Austrian guard attending them. It happened to be a market-day, on which the town is crowded with an immense mass of sturdy peasants from the whole country around. For some cause or other, the van of the soldiers had fallen a little behind, and the first prisoner entered the market-place almost alone for the moment. As he came to the spot where Kossuth's last and most spirit-stirring speeches were made, he suddenly stopped—took off his hat—raised his fettered hands to heaven, and with a voice which rang like a trumpet over the immense crowd, shouted again and again, "Eljen Kossuth! Eljen Kossuth!" In a moment, without thought of preparation or of combining, despite the Austrian cannon which commanded the town, and the long line of soldiers whose bayonets almost touched them, there came from the vast multitude a shout, like the roaring of the sea on the shore—rung out again and again, and repeated "Eljen Kossuth! Eljen Kossuth! Eljen Kossuth!" It is said the whole Austrian forces in the city were at once called out for fear of an outbreak.

While I was in Vienna, an instance occurred of this singular attachment of the common Hungarians to Kossuth. One of the privates in an Austrian regiment stationed in Vienna, himself a Hungarian, was overheard by his officer to say "Eljen Kossuth!" He was ordered "five-and-twenty," at once. It appears when a man is flogged in the Austrian army, he is obliged by law to *thank* the officer. This the Hungarian refused to do. Another "five-and-twenty" were given him. Still he refused. Again, another flogging; and the Hungarian, as he rose, muttered his thanks with the words—"My back belongs to the Emperor, but my heart to Kossuth!"

I doubt, however, whether Kossuth's eloquence would have so great an effect on an Anglo-Saxon audience as a Hungarian.† It is too tropical almost for our latitude; too rich in splendid imagery, too poetic and passionate, to suit our cooler natures. Yet, who should judge alone from the written speeches? It is notorious that the reported orations of the two greatest orators in America—Clay, and the earlier native orator of the Revolution, Patrick Henry—never conveyed an idea of their rich eloquence. Many of Kossuth's speeches, however, as one reads them, are able political arguments, as well as passionate appeals.

* Wild cattle driver.

† This was written before Kossuth had made his grand efforts in oratory in England and America. It is worth retaining, to show the impressions derived of him in Hungary itself, and to illustrate the extraordinary ability of the man, in adapting his speeches to different nations.

And it is very evident, even in the reports, that he was master of all the *arts* of oratory. His opening words they say, like the Hungarian national airs, were always low and plaintive in the utterance, and reminded you, at first, rather of some poet or contemplative clergyman, than of the political orator. But gradually his face lighted up, his voice deepened and swelled with his feeling; and there came forth tones which, for thrilling passion, and power, and sweetness—those say who heard him—were never equalled by human voice. His appeals, like those of most of the greatest orators on record, were addressed exceedingly often to the religious feelings of his hearers. In fact, this tendency of his, is perhaps one great secret of his power over the people of Hungary; for the peasantry of that land, beyond that of almost any other, are remarkable for a simple, reverent piety.*

If eloquence is to be judged from its effects, there has been no orator like Kossuth since Demosthenes. My friends have often described to me one of the most splendid of his efforts, when, in the face of a vigorous opposition, he had brought forward his Bill before the Parliament of 1848, for a levy of 200,000 men, and the raising of an immense sum of money, necessary for the war. It was the great crisis of the session, indeed of Hungary's whole history. All felt it so; all were reluctant to take the last step, which should commit them to open war.

After a long and most eloquent argument and speech for his bill, he at length said: "To-day, we are the Ministers of the Nation; to-morrow, there may be others. That is a matter of no consequence. The ministry can change, but thou, oh, my country, must for ever endure; and with this, or another ministry, the Nation must preserve the Fatherland. Therefore, to avoid all misunderstandings, I say outright, and solemnly, that if I ask this House for 200,000 soldiers, and the necessary sum thereto, and they do not—"

* We give a specimen of one of those almost prophetic appeals which Kossuth addressed to the Hungarians.

"Hear! patriots, hear! The Eternal God doth not manifest himself in passing wonders, but in everlasting laws. It is an eternal law of God, that whosoever abandoneth himself, will be of God forsaken. It is an eternal law, that whosoever assisteth himself, him will the Lord assist. It is a divine law, that swearing falsely is by its results, self-chastised. It is a law of God, that he who resorteth to perjury and injustice, prepareth his own shame, and the triumph of the righteous cause. In firm reliance upon these eternal laws—on these laws of the universe—I aver that my prophecy will be fulfilled, and I foretell that this invasion of Jellachich, will work out Hungary's liberation. * *

"The Hungarian people have two duties to fulfil. The first, to rise in masses and crush the foe, invading her paternal soil. The second, to remember, if the Hungarian should neglect these duties, he will prove himself dastardly and base. His name will be synonymous with shame and wickedness. So base and dastardly, as to have himself disgraced the holy memory of his forefathers—so base, that even his Maker shall repent having created him to dwell upon this earth,—so accursed that air shall refuse him its vivifying strength,—that the corn-field, rich in blessings, shall grow into a desert beneath his hand,—that the refreshing well-head shall dry up at his approach. Then shall he wander homeless about the world, imploring in vain from compassion the dry bread of charity. * *

"For the consolation of religion he shall sigh in vain. The craven spirit, by which creation has been polluted, shall find no forgiveness in this world, no pardon in the next. To arms! Every man to arms! And let the women dig a deep grave between Vesyprem and Schervar, in which to bury either the name, fame, or nationality of Hungary, or our 'enemy.'"—*Memoirs of an Hungarian Lady, by Madame Pulzky*, p. 169.

Before he could finish his sentence, the House, worked up to an intense pitch of excitement by the speech, rose as one man, and shouted "We give it! we give it!"

It is said, that all Kossuth could do in reply, was to bow low to the audience, the tears flowing down his cheeks, with the words, "I bow myself before the greatness of this nation; if there be as much energy in the execution as there has been patriotism in the offer, hell itself could never conquer Hungary!"

The effect of the speech was such, that the President of the Assembly left his seat to embrace the orator, and the House instantly adjourned, as unable to attend to any other business after it. I should say, from all my opportunities of judging, that the opinion of the nation of Kossuth's character seems the correct one. That he was no general, and never claimed to be, every one must admit; that he had not the sternness of a revolutionary leader, one must also allow and can easily pardon; that he was too easily influenced by those he loved, and too often led by members of his own family, not so democratically inclined as himself, there seems reason to believe.

It is true, also, that he had reckoned on sympathy from the free and liberal everywhere in Europe, which he did not receive—a mistake into which very many even in foreign lands fell, besides himself. Was it strange that a State, which had supported liberal institutions for more than six hundred years, which was now perilling its life in the defence of them, should expect some little aid from the old champions of freedom in Europe? Would it seem so extremely improbable, that England, which had often interfered in much pettier matters on the Continent, should stretch out a strong arm here, and demand "fair play" for the hard struggle for liberty? One can well pardon it in a Hungarian statesman that he expected this—and can only wonder that he was disappointed.

---

*** The work by Mr. Charles Loring Brace on Hungary in 1851, with an experience of the Austrian Police, of which a few chapters have been here given, will be published immediately by Mr. Bentley.

# REVELATIONS OF A NERVOUS MAN.

Confessions and revelations are the order of the day. The whole world seems to be seized with a confiding mania, and determined to lay bare all its secrets. Every man writes his autobiography, or publishes his "reminiscences," or his "confessions," or his "revelations;" or if he doesn't do it himself, his heir or his bosom friend (or sometimes more than one) does it for him. The days are gone by when it was considered necessary for a man to have done something extraordinary to justify the publication of a history of his life. No one cares for *incidents* now-a-days; the life of Mr. John Smith, who was born, married, begat children, and died like nineteen-twentieths of all the John Smiths that ever existed since the deluge, is published in royal octavo—one, two, or three volumes, as the case may be—as confidently as of yore, a life of Nelson, or of Napoleon, would have been submitted to the public. The strangest part of it is, that people actually read the books when they are published, and some even venture to praise them, and pronounce them deeply interesting and instructive.

It has certainly been said by some good authority (we never remember names) that if every man would but write down a daily record of his thoughts and actions, without gloss and comment, he would make the most instructive book ever compiled. With all due deference to the authority, whoever he may be, we don't agree with him. Take John Smith aforesaid, and imagine a page of his diary,—"November 1st, got up at eight as usual. Shaving-water half cold, cut my chin in consequence, — swore a little; Mrs. S. said she was shocked at such language;—had breakfast—read the paper—no news—walked to the office—bought some wool in the market, which I expect to make pay—ate a sandwich for lunch—went on 'change—went home to dinner—Tommy has got the measles—cold mutton and rice pudding—we're always having those confounded things—time to go to bed—didn't think about anything particular to-day." What an exciting, instructive, and beneficial book would three volumes of such stuff be! And yet who will deny that it presents a fair average picture of the daily life of John Smith in general?

It's no affair of mine certainly, if the public will buy such books and read them, and like them; but after such a display of its taste it will be a most inconsistent public if it finds any fault with these my "revelations" on the ground of paucity of incident. I never did anything great or brave, or wonderful in my life, and I shan't pretend that I did; but I have had my adventures too, and these have been mainly in consequence of my natural infirmity, extreme nervousness.

I was born nervous. My poor mamma had been terribly alarmed at a certain interesting period, by a great tom cat with green eyes, and a tail like a grenadier's bear-skin shako, suddenly rushing in at the French window of her boudoir one summer's evening, as she lay on a couch embroidering a slipper for my father's gouty foot. Dr. Sleekly was called in, and announced what the consequences would probably be—a great shock to the nerves of mother and child. Dr. Sleekly was quite right; and nothing can exceed the repugnance I have ever felt to cats in

general, and tom-cats in particular, from my birth to the present moment.

At school I was a victim to my infirmity, and got thrashed by the master for stupidity, and pommelled by my schoolfellows for cowardice, every day of my existence. And yet my deliberately formed opinion is, that I was neither a stupid nor a coward; but, however well I might know my lesson, I was so frightfully nervous when I came into the awful presence of my master to repeat it, that I could seldom utter a word. If I said anything, I generally got my French grammar jumbled together in my head with my Roman history, and probably blurted out the future tense of "aller" or "aimer" when I ought to have answered a question about the Gracchi.

Then with my schoolfellows, I was very sensitive in point of honour. When falsely accused, my blood would boil with indignation, on a question of "knuckling down" fairly at marbles, as readily as a member for South Carolina, in the United States Congress will blaze up on allusion to nigger driving. But, when my opponent coolly pulled off his jacket and made the usual school-boy appeal to "come on," I used to shake so (with agitation but *not* fear) that I became an easy conquest; and I verily believe that from my combined sensitiveness and nervousness, I went through a longer course of black eyes and bloody noses than ten average boys.

My father was an old soldier, and though he declared that the army was going to the dogs in these days (*everything* is going to the dogs in the opinion of old gentlemen in general, so that we shall have the dog-days all the year round, I presume), still he destined me for a commission in that service. I got one in due time in the ——th Foot, and joined my regiment. How easy it is to write those words! and yet how terrible a thing was it for me to do. Even the strong-minded and thick-skinned of the rising generation find it rather embarrassing; but to me it was torture, and I am morally convinced that every man in the regiment thought me an idiot at my first mess dinner. Indeed, I felt convinced that they did so at the time and I leave it to a sympathizing reader to imagine the pleasant sensations that such a conviction must have produced in my highly nervous brain. I have confused recollections of drinking out of my finger glass, when asked to take wine with the Colonel, and of handing the doctor a potato when he asked me to pass the bottle; and I can distinctly remember mixing sherry with my pale ale, and drinking it as gravely as if it were the most ordinary beverage in the world.

Although my brother officers were too polite to pretend to observe these little peculiarities of mine at first, yet I soon became the victim of daily "larks" on their part. A few grains of gunpowder were occasionally put on the wick of my chamber candlestick, which going off with a "whiz," would make me jump, to the intense delight of the man who lived below me, and had probably contrived the affair. Once I found a toad in my bed, and once a hedgehog; while a rat in my chest of drawers, and sulphur portraits of his infernal majesty staring at me from the wall when I had put out the light and jumped into bed, varied the entertainments provided for me.

As I said before, I am nervous, but not a coward, and therefore I was obliged to fight a duel with one of my brother officers whose jokes had assumed the form of a complete insult. It was a bloodless one, for he

purposely fired into the air, and I believe that my own shot was more nearly hitting one of the seconds than my adversary. But I sold out after this affair, and led a quiet life for a long time.

The great event of my life has been an *affaire du cœur*. The very recollection of it, of its commencement, its progress, and its end, makes my pen tremble in my hand at this moment. Should these pages be glanced over by any nervous man, let me conjure him as a friend to avoid the tender passion as he would shun the plague. I believe it is exciting and embarrassing to all men; but to such as myself it is excruciating. But moralizing will convince no man, and mend no man. Let me relate facts, and as I began with a determination to reveal the truth, so will I trace faithfully the progress of my attachment to Fanny Duffield.

Mrs. Duffield was a widow with a handsome jointure, and a still handsomer daughter. What the late Mr. Duffield had been, I never could exactly ascertain. Mrs. Duffield spoke very affectionately of his memory; but my mother's maid was informed by the Duffield's coachman, that they "had a cat-and-dog time of it while the old gentleman lived." So that probably Mrs. D. only discovered her husband's perfections after he had ceased to exist, which is a case by no means uncommon in this world, as the reader will admit. From the great quantity of jewellery, of most miscellaneous patterns and dates of manufacture, possessed by mother and daughter, besides plate inscribed with a variety of different crests and initials, I am inclined to suspect that the departed gentleman was a pawnbroker. I am somewhat strengthened in this guess, by seeing lately, as I passed through one of the streets, a very thriving-looking establishment of the kind, surmounted by the name "BALLS, late *Duffield*, silversmith," such being the polite name by which pawnbrokers designate themselves or their calling. At all events the widow and her daughters kept up a most unexceptionable establishment in our village, where they came to reside three years ago, and no expression or allusion has ever escaped the lips of either which could confirm my suspicion; but really when I have been talking about "pledging" my word and "redeeming" my promises to the fair Fanny, I have felt suddenly so very uncomfortable, lest the words should sound unpleasantly to her ears, that I have been seized with a nervous tremor, and unable to finish my speech.

Fanny Duffield was tall, dark-haired, and of a commanding aspect. Had she been of weaker mould, she never would have captivated me. But there was a great fascination for me in her decision and presence of mind, her tact and readiness, her mental equilibrium, which was never disturbed. She was a splendid horsewoman, and we used to ride out together to see the hounds throw off in our neighbourhood. I shall never forget my consternation, when she one day coolly proposed to me that we should *follow* them. I was not afraid of the consequences to myself, though I never sat a leap in my life, and feel considerable doubts whether I could; but the idea of the angelic being, whom I had begun to worship already, dashing after hounds at full gallop, and running the risk of being killed at the first fence, agitated me to such a degree, that I entreated her by everything sacred to desist from such an attempt. Her reply was a merry burst of laughter, which disconcerted me terribly, but enchanted me nevertheless, especially as she added, "Well, then, Mr. Softly, for *your* sake I won't." If I wasn't as red as the

brightest peony that ever bloomed at that moment, I am egregiously mistaken.

This was the first incident that made me suspect the possibility of Fanny Delafield caring anything for myself. I repeated her words a dozen times when I got home, and tried to interpret them in every possible way; but after all they appeared inexplicable, except on the supposition, that the angel who had uttered them felt at least a little regard for the person to whom they were addressed.

"Softly, my boy, how are you?" cried Harry Martingale, bursting into my room in his usual violent way. He didn't wait to be informed how I was, but went on,—"Who the deuce was that pretty girl you brought to the meet to-day? By Jove, you're a lucky fellow! come, you'll introduce me, wont you? You needn't be afraid of rivalship, of course, because a poor younger son, like me, would stand no chance against a fellow like you."

"Really, my dear Martingale, you mustn't, ask such a thing," I replied. "Why, I have only known the young lady a month myself."

"A month! a month! Isn't that an age? How long do you want to know a girl, before you venture to introduce a friend? Look at Tom Hartop, he married his wife three weeks after he first saw her, and was engaged to her the third day of his acquaintance. You know Tom, don't you? Devilish nice fellow!"

"Yes, I know him; but he's rather too *fast* (as you would call it) to please me. Don't you think he might smoke a little less, and cut his whiskers a little closer?"

"Smoke less! nonsense! he doesn't smoke more than half-a-dozen Cabannas a day, and as for his whiskers, they're the handsomest pair in the county, in *my* opinion. By-the-by, Softly, why don't you hunt?"

"Oh! my dear Martingale, I'm not a sporting man; it's not to my taste. I don't like it."

"Did you ever try it?" asked the wretch abruptly, and concealing a grin.

"Not above once or twice," I replied, telling a white lie; but I confess, to an Englishman's infirmity, of never admitting his ignorance, or want of experience, in anything that concerns horse-flesh or sporting.

"Just try a day with our hounds, that's all," said Harry: and I really do think it would have been *all*, as far as my mortal career is concerned; so I declined the offer. "Splendid run we had to-day," he continued, "twenty miles across country,—finished in a kitchen-garden. Young Stevens broke his collar-bone; but he's such a nervous milksop, that he has no seat at all. Oh! you *should* come, Softly."

I am afraid I was devoutly wishing that he had broken his own collar-bone, in place of the "nervous milk-sop."

"But touching the beauty; Miss——what name did you say?"

"Duffield," said I, blurting out the truth in my agitation, for I didn't like him approaching that subject again.

"Exactly so,—Miss Duffield. Well, Softly, I reckon on you to introduce me to your pretty friend. How well she sits her mare! I'll bet a guinea she'd follow the hounds if she were asked. What do *you* think, Softly?"

I wished the fellow at Jericho; but I assured him that I didn't believe that Miss Duffield would do anything so unfeminine.

"Unfeminine,—pooh,—nonsense. Why shouldn't a woman hunt if she has a good seat and a horse that can carry her? Look at Lady Harkaway, and the Honourable Mrs. Spanker, and Lucy Dashwood, don't *they* hunt?"

I could not deny the fact, as I was unacquainted with the ladies in question; but I said I believed that Miss Duffield had been educated in town and was therefore unlikely to have imbibed the taste. But you might as well try to shake off a horse-leech as Harry Martingale, till he had gained his end, so I promised to introduce him "next week;" to Miss Fanny Duffield.

The following day I screwed up my courage for a morning call on the young lady. I was very particular in my toilet on these occasions, and tied my neckcloth at least twenty times before I could settle the ends to my satisfaction. Then my hair was very troublesome; it never would lie as I wished it; some unruly piece stuck up from the crown of my head in a style which would have been highly ornamental to a cockatoo, or else a bit projected out from the side, making me look like a lop-ear'd rabbit; and then my watch-chain twisted awkwardly, and refused to hang in the graceful bend I planned for it. My gloves, too, were apt to display little cracks in the sewing, or to lose a little stud at the wrist, or to burst out at the thumb. Altogether, it was a long and tedious process, that of making me feel perfectly presentable to Fanny; for I never doubted (I believe nervous men never do) that she would detect the slightest flaw in my toilet, and perhaps laugh at it; while to crown my misery I always had to sit facing a pier-glass in her drawing-room, in which I could see myself, and observe all the little defects I have mentioned.

This day I was tolerably successful in my dressing. Neck-tie, hair, watch-chain, and gloves, were more accommodating than usual. I was in better spirits than ordinarily, and began to persuade myself that my nervousness was wearing away. I didn't once turn back and pretend I was going somewhere else while on my way to her house, though I generally did this two or three times. I went straight to the door and pulled the bell bravely. The tall footman admitted me, and opening the drawing-room door announced me. His words interrupted a burst of laughter which smote on my ears, telling me that there was some one else present besides Miss Duffield. I entered the room and stood rooted to the spot! Imagine my surprise when I saw on one side of the fireplace, the lovely Fanny, and on the other Mr. Harry Martingale! the latter looking as much an *ami de la maison* as if he had known the family for ten years, and *both* looking as if I had interrupted a very pleasant *tête-à-tête*.

"How do you do Mr. Softly? pray take a seat," said Miss Fanny.

"How are you, old boy?" said that brute Martingale. "By the way, you see I don't need your services now, Softly. The truth is, Miss Duffield, my friend Softly had promised to introduce me to you; but he has been saved the trouble, by my good fortune in meeting you at Mrs. Spanker's last night."

Whether my annoyance or my agitation was the greater at this moment, I cannot say; but certainly I was too excited to speak, and only smiled sickly smiles, and rubbed the beaver of my hat all the wrong way.

"Mr. Softly is very good-natured," said Fanny, "though he would

not let me follow the hounds yesterday," she added with an arch smile.

"By Jove wouldn't he, though?" cried Harry with a look of disgust. "You don't really mean to say you asked him and he refused? And he was trying to persuade me that you *couldn't* have such a taste."

I could have strangled the brute. I must have looked intensely stupid, for Fanny seemed so amused. However, I managed to say,—

"Miss Fanny was under my care at the moment, and even if it were not so, her life is perhaps of more value to me than—" here I felt that I was going too far; I got nervous again, I stammered—"than, than—"

"Than your own, of course," said Harry; "who doubts it? But what has that to do with the matter? Hunting doesn't exactly mean jumping off the Monument, or swallowing prussic acid; anybody can hunt who can ride, and has nerve." Here he looked at me maliciously, and evidently meant me to feel that I could not do the one, and did not possess the other. The implied accusation was a great deal too near the truth to be pleasant, and I writhed under it.

Fortunately, Mrs. Duffield came in, and the subject being mentioned to her, she took my part warmly, and thanked me for my firmness (save the mark!) in checking her daughter's mad desire to go hunting.

"What a charming young man your friend is!" said the old lady as soon as Harry had departed.

"So very agreeable!" chimed in Fanny, "and so good-looking!"

This was dreadful. I don't mind a woman telling me my rival is agreeable; but when she says and "*so* handsome," or *so* "good-looking," I feel that the chances are running terribly against me. I would rather have my fair one praise a man's mind than his moustache, any day.

"Don't you think he 's rather too—too—noisy—at least too—too —*fast?*" I stammered out.

"Well, I didn 't remark it at all," said Mrs. D.

"Nor I, in the least," said Miss D.

Very pleasant all this for a man to hear, and a nervous man into the bargain!

"Mr. Softly, will you do me a favour?" asked Fanny; "it is something that I am sure you will do *à merveille*. It is to write some poetry in my scrap-book. Don't think I mean a sonnet to myself, but something pretty and sentimental."

She handed me the volume, and I promised to do my best; I tried to talk at my ease a little longer; but I was so thoroughly shaken by the past, that I beat a hasty retreat with the huge scrap-book, which, by-the-by, I managed to let fall on my own toes, as I went out of the room, and got bitten in the leg by Fanny's spaniel, as I picked it up again, and I declare I think I heard a suppressed titter escape the young lady's lips as I closed the door.

What a wretched day and night I passed!

The next morning, to fulfil my promise and distract my thoughts from my own woes, I set to work to write the verses. After long consideration, and feeling in a lachrymose humour, I selected for my subject the very novel one "A Tear." I completed one stanza with

considerable labour; then I wrote the first two lines of several others, leaving spaces for the second two; the reason being, the difficulty of finding rhymes. By this plan I prepared my subject, and had only the labour of "filling it up" left. I strolled out and left the scrap-book open on my table.

On my return home, I heard that Harry Martingale had called, and waited for me some time in my room, but that he had gone at length, and that he had left me a note. I opened the letter and read,—

"Dear Softly,

"I've taken Miss D's. scrap-book with me, as she wants it.

"Yours ever,

H. M."

My rage was unbounded at this liberty; especially as I didn't believe that Fanny had told him to fetch the book, after a two days' acquaintance. I determined to investigate the matter this very evening, and I did so, by going to the Duffields' house.

At first I was shown into the drawing-room, and found no one there, but I was told the ladies would come immediately. The scrap-book was certainly lying there. It was open too; my own lines caught my eye, but judge of my horror at finding the "filling up" of each stanza done by Harry Martingale, who had imitated my hand so well, that the whole looked like mine! The diabolical thing stood forth thus:—

### ON A TEAR.

Sweet crystal drop! thou emblem pure
Of deep and heartfelt grief!
How many a wrong and aching heart
In thee hath found relief!

How oft thou spring'st from maiden cross'd
In love too deep to utter:
*How oft thou flow'st from babe that's lost*
*Its sugar'd bread and butter.*

When coursing down the cheek of youth
What jewel is so bright?
*I hate to see a woman cry,*
*It makes her such a fright!*

When the heart writhes opprest with grief
'Tis thou reliev'st its pain:
*And thou reliev'st the naughty boy*
*That smarts beneath the cane.*

The wand'rer from his native shore
Oft feels the tear-drop trickle:
*And Jack is apt to blubber too*
*When Molly has proved fickle.*

The sternest warrior oft hath felt
The tear within his eye:
*And with his pocket-handkerchief*
*Has mopp'd it up all dry.*

When Memory's magic power recalls
A form, a scene, once dear:
*We draw a sentimental phiz,*
*And snivel out—a Tear!*

T. S.

"Ah! Mr. Softly," cried Fanny, entering the room, "so you are come to receive my praises and thanks for your admirable verses."

"But, Miss Duffield," I said, choking with indignation, "this is infamous!"

"What! good gracious what 's the matter?" she cried, quite alarmed at my vehemence; "Are you ill?—shall I ring the bell?"

"No, no, pray don't," I gasped out, getting calmer and nervous again; "but those horrible verses,—*I* didn't write such things I assure you."

And then I had to enter into a full explanation of what I *had* written, and what I had *not* written; and how that brute Martingale had finished them in his own vulgar style, and carried off the book. All which was very embarrassing, especially as it exposed my peculiar method of composing poetry and waiting for rhymes.

Fanny condoled with me, and asked me if I would take back the book and "write some more;" but this I declined, for verily I had had enough of versification. The only consolation that I derived from the affair, was the conviction that it would open the eyes of Fanny to the native coarseness of Mr. Martingale's character, and thus induce her to banish all prepossessing thoughts of him from her bosom.

In this hope I slept more calmly that night; and having now deliberately persuaded myself that I was deeply attached to Fanny Delafield, and that she was not insensible to my devotion, I resolved to prosecute my suit, declare my passion, and learn my fate. But the reader must not suppose that I did this in a dashing, bold, off-hand style; on the contrary, I only paid daily visits, made little presents of flowers or books, and now and then ventured on a tender speech, which I verily believe threw me into a far greater tremor when it was uttered, than the young lady to whom it was addressed. The strength of that girl's mind was astonishing. She never blushed—she never trembled—she never betrayed the slightest signs of confusion at anything that was said to her, however ardent. She was very fond of roses, and one day I had brought her a superb one.

"Is it not lovely?" she said. "Is not such a rose as this the most beautiful thing in creation?"

"No," I stuttered out, "*not* the most beautiful!" and I looked at her as hard as I dared.

"Do you mean it?" she said with emphasis, and looking me as steadily in the face as an Old Bailey counsel cross-examining a thief's witness.

"Can you doubt it, Miss Duffield?" I whispered. Good heavens, how I trembled! I wonder whether there was an earthquake just at that moment, for I swear I thought that the earth shook under me.

"May I *believe* it?" she said, half smiling, but quite calm.

"By Heaven—"

"Good gracious, don't swear, Mr. Softly," she interrupted quickly.

I thought I should have dropped. Here was an end to my raptures. Just as I thought I could screw out a passionate speech, and talk about death, and raptures, and devotion, and that sort of thing, I was stopped by "Don't swear, Mr. Softly," as if I were a drunken coal-heaver beginning to use bad language. I stared at Fanny, and Fanny burst out laughing, in the midst of which my *bête noir*, Harry Martingale, entered

the room, and I vow she repeated every word of our conversation with such serio-comic gravity, that Harry roared with delight, and I felt as miserable as a detected pickpocket in the clutch of a policeman.

Such events as these always made me wretched for a day or two; but I was so far free in my devotion, and Fanny was so kind and encouraging at other times that I did not despair. One day I resolved to learn my fate. I knew that it would require prodigious efforts on my part to bring myself to ask the momentous question: so I put myself through a course of mental and physical training.

"Why should you be afraid?" I asked myself; "she is but a woman—she can but refuse you—you feel clear from all blame—your intentions are honourable—she has given you decided encouragement—'*Ce n'est que le premier pas*,'" &c. All which like self-persuasion in general had very little real effect on my miud; but I was resolved.

Next, I got some pale brandy and took a wine-glass full of it: I had never done such a thing in the morning before. Its effects were astonishing. I felt warmer, stronger, firmer, braver. The danger seemed smaller. I put on my hat and walked to Fanny's residence my heart more quiet than usual, and my cheeks decidedly glowing under the alcoholic influence.

"Is Mrs. Duffield at home?"

"No, Sir. *Miss* Duffield is."

"Very well, I'll see her;" and I was ushered into the drawing-room, where Fanny sat alone.

The effects of the brandy were getting weaker. I didn't feel so bold as I was a quarter of an hour ago; my heart thumped much more, and my thoughts were a little confused. I began to talk about the weather. By degrees, however, the conversation grew more animated, and I actually screwed up my courage to say,

"Miss Duffield, I have come to have a serious conversation with you."

"Oh, pray don't! I hate everything serious," said Fanny.

I was rather disconcerted, but I went on,

"But Miss Duffield, at the risk of disobeying you, I *must* speak; it is a matter affecting my whole happiness, perhaps my very existence." The brandy was warming up again, and I was getting bold. Fanny positively looked grave, but nothing abashed. "Miss Duffield," I proceeded, "you must have noticed the ardour with which I worship you; the devotion that I feel for you; cannot be a secret to you; the daily proofs I have given you of my attachment, the a—a—a—the—in fact—you must know that my happiness is in your hands, and I implore you to tell me whether I may—"

"Mr. Softly, *is* this a declaration of love—a genuine one, or only a little piece of merriment on your part?"

"For Heaven's sake, Fanny, do not trifle with me. Can you not see that I am only too deeply in earnest?"

"Well, then I am sorry to hear it; because—pardon me—I really thought from your very excited appearance that you had perhaps been to some gay *déjeûner*, where champagne and *liqueurs* had been plentiful!" she had smelt the pale brandy, as I am a sinner! "and then that you had determined, as a little finish to your morning's entertainment, to come and make pretty speeches to me."

"I conjure you, Fanny, that is, Miss Duffield—"

"Exactly so, the amendment is quite proper; for I am not aware that you have any right to call me by my Christian name. But to proceed, I suppose that I ought to feel flattered by your sentiments; but really I should have thought that you could hardly be ignorant of my engagement—"

"Engagement!" I faltered, "to—"

"To your intimate friend, Mr. Harry Martingale."

The only oath I ever swore in a lady's presence slipped out then. Fanny left the room instantly. I have not the least notion of how *I* left it, or when.

---

I have just recovered from a nervous fever. Two cards lie on my table.

"MR. HENRY MARTINGALE."

"MRS. HENRY MARTINGALE."

Heigho!

---

## THE CARRIER PIGEON.

ALL sadly at the casement,
Her bright eyes fill'd with tears,
Poor Alice Leigh sits musing
When, lo! a bird appears:
A swift-wing'd carrier-pigeon
Flies trembling with dismay,
And nestles in her bosom
T' escape a bird of prey.
See! words of love are hanging
Around his downy throat—
She reads—oh joy! oh rapture!
'Tis *his*—that tiny note!

Once more she opes the casement,
And sets the captive free,
Her pale lips murm'ring lowly,
"Alas! 'tis not for me!"
Go forth again love's herald,
And be thine errand done:
Go! bear thy missive safely
To her, the happy one.
But ah! the words thou bearest,
Long ere *her* lips have read,
One gentle heart have broken—
Poor Alice Leigh is dead!

A. W. C.

## WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT JAPAN.

"AND what do you know about Japan?"

We were all sitting round the tea-table—my father, my mother, Uncle Ben, and myself. Uncle Ben had been captain of an East Indiaman, in the old privileged days of the Company's monopoly, and had written H.C.S. after his name. He had seen a great deal of the world, as sailors see it, what may be called *marginally*, and he had made a good deal of money; on both of which accounts—perhaps on the latter even more than on the former—he was held to be a great authority in our family, and in some others where he was known. I had said something about Japan, and my uncle, in his bluff way, silenced me with the question—

"And what do you know about Japan?"

I looked down at my boots. I had a vague idea of Japan blacking and Japan leather. My boots were in all the undeniable brilliancy of the latter, and I believe that my knowledge of the subject was limited to this fact. My mother looked at the tea-tray—but it was *papier-maché*. My father took up the newspaper.

There was a pause,—the question was repeated—

"And what *do* you know about Japan?"

"America is going to war with it,—Isn't she, uncle?" at last I took courage to ask.

"Yes, boy; and quite right too," was the oracular response.

"Hem!" said my father, laying down the paper and walking towards the book-shelves which skirted the room. We generally spend the evening in the library. My father likes to live among his books.

There was another pause, which my mother was the first to break.

"But what are they going to war about, captain?" she said. "Is it about opium, or about tea, or about a king who is to take the place of some other king, or an ambassador to whom they have not been civil, or an edict that the other party does not understand?"

"They won't open their ports," said my uncle. "They insult all the flags of the civilized world. If you go to them even to restore their own people, who have been cast away or carried into captivity, they fire upon you without ceremony. They treat all the world as their enemies, and, by Jove! they must be brought to their senses."

"Or frightened out of them," said my father, not looking up from his book.

"But tell us, now, something about Japan. You know all those places," said my mother. "It is a great cluster of islands, is it not, somewhere out in the Indian seas?"

"Yes; right out in the sea of Japan—not far from the Yellow Sea—latitude between 30° and 45° north; longitude from 130° to 150° east. That's pretty near it," said my uncle, "as we used to have it on our charts."

"And," said my father, reading aloud from the paper in his hand, "the empire of Japan covers an area of more than 100,000 square miles; its population is estimated at 30,000,000, and covering an archipelago, its sea-coast is more extensive than the whole Atlantic coast of the United States. It not only lies directly opposite our possessions (that is, the

American possessions—for this is an extract from the *New York Courier*)—our possessions on the Pacific coast, but the two great islands of Niphon and Yesso form the strait of Sangar, through which hundreds of our whale fleet are compelled annually to pass; but to land upon the shores of which for supplies of wood, water, or the necessaries of life, subjects the unfortunate whaler to robbery and death."

"Robbery and death!" ejaculated my uncle, "that's it; go on."

"Steel-traps and spring-guns set in these premises," said my father. "The notice has been up now along the whole line of coast for two hundred years. But I am telling you now what the Americans say about the matter,—'Japan not only refuses to hold commercial intercourse with the rest of the world—a very questionable right—but she goes further, and occupying, as she does, an enormous extent of sea-coast, she not only refuses to open her ports to foreign vessels in distress, but actually opens her batteries upon them when they approach within gunshot of her shores; and when driven upon them by stress of weather, she seizes upon, imprisons, exhibits in cages, and actually murders the crews of such ill-fated vessels. This has been submitted to too long already, and the constant increase of our whale fleet, and the consequent increase of disasters in this barbarous and inhospitable region, have compelled our Government, unprompted except by its wise foresight, to insist upon a reform in the policy and bearing of the Japanese towards the rest of the world.'—For *rest of the world*," parenthesised my father, "read *the United States;* I do not suppose that our Transatlantic brethren care much about the rest of the world."

"Go on," said my uncle.

"'The single fact,'" continued my father, still reading, "'that at one time within the last year there were one hundred and twenty-one American whalers lying in the harbours of the Sandwich Islands, far away from their cruising grounds, because they could not enter any harbour on the coast of Japan for repairs, shows not only the extent of our commerce in that region, but the claims of humanity itself for protection against the barbarians who thus cut off, as it were, the commerce of the Yellow Sea and the sea of Ochotsk.'"

"Well—what do you say to that?" asked my Uncle Ben.

"The case for the plaintiff," said my father, drily.

"But tell me something more about the country and the people," said my mother. "Have they a king in those parts?"

"Two," responded my father.

"Heaven help them then!" I ejaculated, for I am something of a Republican. "I should have thought that one was enough for any people in the world."

My father only smiled at this outburst, and then he went on.

"They have two kings—a spiritual and a secular king—in other words, a high priest and a temporal monarch; only, I suppose, having more respect for religion in those parts than we have in more civilized countries, they invest with something of imperial dignity the head of the church, and surround him at the same time with a halo of sanctity such as is nowhere to be found in other parts of the world. The spiritual king is, of course (as regards the concerns of temporal government), a mere shadow—something shadowy and grand—altogether sublime from his indistinctness."

"The sun is not suffered to shine upon him," interposed Uncle Ben.

"Heaven help him!" said my father. "I have often thought that if

everything else were taken from one, the luxury of sitting in the sunshine would still be something worth living for."

"Neither will they permit him to touch the ground with his foot."

"Well, I could do without that," said my father, "as long as I had good horses to ride, and easy carriages to lounge in. But I had sooner be a beggar in the sunshine, than an emperor always in the shade."

"And are they as well off," I asked, "for princes and nobles and other things of that kind, as you tell me they are for kings?"

"Quite," said my father, with a smile. "I have been reading in this volume that there is a race of hereditary princes, constituting a powerful feudal aristocracy, and acting, perhaps, in some measure as a check upon the despotism of the king. The Court, on the whole, seems to be a respectable one, and it is probable that, if we would condescend, we might learn some useful lessons from it."

My uncle opened his eyes.

"Useful lessons from the Japanese Court!"

"Yes," said my father; "we are told that the Court is of vast benefit to the empire, as it is the great theatre for the cultivation of science, literature, and all elegant pursuits. That is something, at all events, for a barbarous Court. I know some Courts, not esteemed barbarous, of whom this much is not to be said. I am afraid that even in our own dear civilized England it would fare ill with our authors and men of science if they relied on the encouragement of the Court, instead of on the purses of the publishers and the patronage of the public.

"And what sort of people are they?" asked my mother.

"Why," replied my father, "I remember, that Francis Xavier, who went among them, on the great work of evangelization, and who disputed manfully with the Bonzes, or Japanese priests, writes in eulogistic language both of priesthood and laity, and says in one of his letters, 'I am loth to finish when I discourse of the Japanese, *who verily are the delight of my heart.*'"

"But that was a long time ago," said my uncle.

"A very long time ago," said my father; "but it is not so very long since Belcher visited Nangasaki in the *Samarang*, and wrote that 'the gentlemen of Japan were most polite and courteous, conducting themselves with refined and polished urbanity, and exhibiting in their actions a dignified and respectful demeanour that put to shame the ill breeding of the seamen, who ventured to laugh at them.' I believe they are a brave and chivalrous people, with a high sense of honour."

"Very fond of ripping up their bowels," said my uncle Ben.

"Yes," returned my father; "so I have heard; but they rip up their own, and not their neighbours'."

"They fight duels in this manner," continued my uncle. "The combatants approach one another, and deliberately rip open their own bellies with a sharp knife."

"And a very sensible mode of proceeding too," said my father. "We should have had much less duelling in this country if the laws of honour had compelled our duellists to turn their weapons against themselves. We should have heard less of your fighting Fitzgeralds, if they had always fought their duels in this way."

"Then you think," blurted out my uncle, with the air of a man who had delivered himself of a clencher, "that suicide is a proof of civilization?"

"Not at all," said my father, meekly. "There is a saying to the effect, that he is a truly brave man who wears his old clothes until he

can afford to buy new ones. Now, I would spiritualise this a little, and say, that he is a truly brave man who can consent to wear a tarnished reputation until he can brighten it up again; in other words, the man who can live down obloquy, and wait for the reversal of the verdict against him. 'The coward sneaks to death; the brave lives on.' But it requires something more than the teaching of the Bonzes to make men familiar with that truth; and in a ruder state of society, or one rather which has not the light of Christianity beaming upon it, there is something not wholly detestable in the doctrine that death is better than dishonour. The feeling is, that it is not necessary to live, but that it is necessary to live honourably. Hence the Japanese, when they fall into disgrace, rip their bowels open and die. They find it difficult to believe that the people of other countries have not the same feelings on this subject as themselves. I remember reading a curious instance of this in the narrative of the Russian Captain Golownine's captivity in Japan. There was such a curious mixture of cruelty and tenderness in the mode of treatment adopted by the Japanese towards their Russian captives, that the latter were astonished and mystified beyond all measure, and perpetually endeavouring to fathom the depths of the apparent inconsistency. Amongst other things, the prisoners were allowed to smoke, but, with inconceivable courtesy and politeness, the Japanese insisted upon holding their pipes for them. At last it transpired that the custodians were in a constant state of apprehension lest the prisoners should destroy themselves; and various were the shapes taken by the precautionary measures of the Japanese. If the prisoners held their pipes in their own hands it was presumed that they would attempt to swallow them, so their gaolers compromised the matter at last by fastening a ball to the end of every pipe too large for the swallow even of a Russian."

"They think all people," said the captain, "as great fools as themselves."

"Doubtless the notion is a foolish one," returned my father; "and the Russians had no idea of choking themselves, you may be sure. They thought any kind of life preferable to none, and so they survived to tell the story of their captivity. But this idea of the duty of self-destruction seems to be shared by the chivalrous Tartar warriors of the Chinese empire. There was nothing nobler, and nothing sadder in the history of the Opium War than the self-immolation of some of the fine old Tartar leaders, who, when they found that their far-famed battalions could not stand up against the fire of the British artillery or the charge of the British bayonets, quietly cut their own throats or set fire to their houses; not, however, in many cases before, under a dominant sense of the righteousness of the sacrifice, they had slaughtered their wives and children to save them from the grasp of the insolent invader."

"Shocking!" exclaimed my mother, fixing her eyes with a look of wondering pity on the image of a pretty little Chinese lady at the bottom of her empty teacup.

"Shocking indeed!" repeated my father; "and such scenes would be acted over again, only perhaps with far greater frequency, if the empire of Japan were to be attacked by any party of outside-barbarians more skilled in the use of arms than themselves. I shall be very sorry to see the war commenced—very sorry indeed, brother."

"But you will see it. The Americans are fitting out an expedition; and they are going a-head in their usual style," said my uncle.

"So much the worse," said my father.

"But you do not pretend that they are not justified in resenting the indignities which have been put upon them, the murder of their subjects, the insults offered to their flag?"

"I should be in a better position to determine that point," said my father, "if, having heard the American version of the story, I were now to hear the Japanese. Of course, specific injuries may demand specific redress. If the Japanese have gone out of their way to insult the Americans, if they have really committed acts of wanton aggression upon parties of harmless traders who have done nothing to arouse their anger or excite their suspicion, the Americans are entitled to seek reparation. But we must not condemn a people upon mere general charges; we want particulars before we can decide; and then each case can be tried on its own merits. I do not say that wrong may not have been done, but when the Americans, or the Russians, or the English, talk of compelling the Japanese, on grounds of abstract humanity, to open their ports to the traders of the world, I cannot help asking, if there are not ports enough open to us already, that we must force an unwilling nation to deal with us at the muzzles of our guns?"

"What have they got there," asked my mother, "which is worth taking so much trouble about?"

"What have they got!" cried my uncle; "why, almost everything we want, from a lump of gold to a grain of rice. It is a wondrously productive country; its mineral and vegetable resources are varied and ample. It is one of the finest countries in the world."

"A pity then that we should not leave it alone," said my father. "The Japanese have it, that the country is good enough for them; that it yields all that they want, and that therefore they have no need of foreign produce. They do not desire to import strange luxuries, which might only enervate and demoralize them. They can live without opium and brandy. And surely the Christian traders, who have thriven so well, for two hundred years, without the commerce of the Japan Empire, might contrive to get on a little longer without it, whilst the rest of the world is within their reach."

"But the interests of humanity," rejoined my uncle; "the interests of humanity require that one country should not seal itself up hermetically against all its neighbours."

"The interests of humanity!" said my father, laying down his book. "Yes, the interests of humanity require us to do all unjust and inhuman things. Was there ever a war, undertaken by a civilized nation, which was not demanded by the 'interests of humanity?' When people talk about the 'interests of humanity,' I always know that they mean their own."

"But surely," said Uncle Ben, "the extension of commerce—reciprocation—and all that sort of thing . . . . surely, you would not have us all turn our backs upon our neighbours, and bid them go to the devil."

"I would not bid any one go to the devil," returned my father, mildly, "unless he should happen to come from him, and then I might send him back."

"There have been flagrant violations," resumed my uncle, in an excited and indignant strain, "of the rights of hospitality. They are an ignorant and a barbarous people, and if they will not keep their ignorance and their barbarism to themselves they deserve to be punished."

"But that's just what they want to do," said my father; "they want to keep these things to themselves.

"But what right have they," asked my uncle, "to shut themselves up in this way? Nations, like individuals, have duties towards one another."

"But different nations," returned my father, "have different ideas of national duty. The Japanese seem to think it is their duty to stay at home and live happily, like honest gentlemen, on their own estates."

"But it is for their own benefit," said my uncle, "that we would teach them to encourage more enlarged views . . "

"True," said my father, "whenever another nation is to be chastised, it is always for its own benefit. But it has sometimes occurred to me, Benjamin, that it is not altogether ignorance and barbarism out of which arises this exclusiveness and isolation. The Japanese appear to me, brother, to have exhibited an extraordinary amount of prescience—to have been gifted, indeed, with something of second-sight—and, at all events, up to this time they have retained their dominions unmutilated, whilst some of their neighbours have lost everything, and others are losing them fast."

"But we have only wanted to trade with them," said my uncle; "we did not want to take their country."

"No," rejoined my father, in his usual placid manner, but with something of calm irony in the tone of his voice; "no, we never want to take other people's countries; we only want them to trade with us. But somehow or other there is a marvellous affinity between commerce and conquest. The experience of half the world has shown us that they are very much like cause and effect. It is astonishing how easy the merchant finds it to convert himself into the prince. Factories swell into principalities, as by magic; book-keepers lie down on their beds and rise up law-givers, with codes in their hands. The *Veni—vidi—vici* of the old Roman falls short of the truth by a few letters. Our motto should rather be *Veni—v(end)idi—vici.* In a few years, the pedlar becomes the spoliator; and it will go hard with him if he leaves his dark-faced friends before he has stripped them of all that they possessed. We talk a great deal about national hospitality — but how do we repay it, brother?"

"The dark-faced friends, as you call them," said my uncle, "have generally violated, in some way, the duties of hospitality, and compelled us to punish them for it."

"We have generally managed to pick a quarrel with them," said my father, "and out of these quarrels has arisen the British Indian Empire, —stretching from the banks of the Indus to the banks of the Irrawaddy, —and out of these quarrels will arise, heaven only knows what extent of British Empire in China. It would almost seem as though the Japanese had foreseen the fate of their Indian and Chinese neighbours, and determined, as the only means of preserving the integrity of their empire, to maintain themselves in a state of isolation—to be as unsocial and exclusive as possible, that they might not open their gates to the trader, and let in an army at his back."

"If they do not offend the trader," said my uncle, "he will not call in the army to help him."

"It is difficult," replied my father, "to help giving or taking offence, when two nations, neither of them understanding the other, are brought into dangerous proximity. More forbearance and toleration are needed, in such cases, than are ever likely to be displayed. Civilization is not a whit

better disposed to make allowances for differences of national character and usage, than barbarism in its most repulsive forms. There is certain to be a collision some time and some how; and, as Peel said in the House of Commons, when that great iniquity the annexation of Sindh was under discussion,—when civilization and barbarism come in contact, it is only a law of nature that the former should swallow up the latter. The unhappy Sindhians had long foreseen their inevitable absorption. They were always very jealous of the navigation of the Indus, and had shrunk from the commercial treaties, which however, they could not wholly escape. As far back as the time when Mackintosh was Recorder of Bombay, this was shrewdly predicted upon the strength of our commercial aspirations—for trade is always the beginning of the end. What the Japanese may know about the rise and progress of our British empire in the East, I cannot undertake to inform you . . . "

"How the devil can they know anything," interrupted my uncle, "when their country is hermetically sealed?"

"But," continued my father, not heeding the interruption, "they know something of what we have been doing in China; and they are not likely to have been encouraged thereby to depart from the rule of isolation, which they have upheld for two hundred years. They think that there is safety in exclusiveness, and so they have shut their doors."

"The Yankees will blow them open," said my uncle.

"Very likely," said my father. "It may be doubted whether the expedition now fitted out is sufficiently extensive to secure its success—but there can be no doubt that, in the end, the skill and energy of our Transatlantic brethren, if not restrained by any scruples from within or any national jealousies from without, may accomplish anything, even to the extent of the entire subjugation of the empire of Japan. I do not know that it will end in this. The country may be well suited to the Japanese, but not to the men of the United States; and they have territory enough of their own already. The climate, which is distinguished by extreme vicissitudes of heat and cold, is not likely to be very favourable to western constitutions; and I do not find any account of the country which assimilates it to an earthly paradise. We are told of volcanoes, and earthquakes, and continued rumblings in the bowels of the earth. There seems to be always some kind of internal convulsion going on, and Brother Jonathan would find himself in a constant state of apprehension lest he should be blown into the air some fine morning, or swallowed up some hot night in his bed. To be sure, the existence of the precious metals in Japan may stimulate his cupidity a little; but there may be something more conjectural than certain about it, and the country may be a poorer one than is supposed. But, just for the sake of a little speculation, let us suppose that the United States have conquered Japan; and that simultaneously with this movement, the British have annexed the Burmese Empire to their Eastern dominions. Whilst the Americans are fitting out an expedition against Japan, we are fitting out an expedition against Burmah. Now open the map, my boy" (this was addressed to me)—"'Sharpe's Corresponding Atlas,' No. 27, 'Burmah—China—and Japan.' Well, if the English were in possession of Burmah, and the Americans of Japan, where then would China be?"

I was almost too sleepy to answer, but my uncle saved me the trouble.

"Midships," said he, "right between the two. One enemy on the larboard, another on the starboard bow."

"A perilous position," said my father, "I would not, under such circumstances, give many years' purchase for the integrity of the Chinese Empire. Even without these approaches our recent proceedings in that direction may not improbably have done something to sap the foundation of the overgrown kingdom of the brother of the Sun and Moon. I may not live to see it, but I hardly think that the day is far distant when the 'flowery land' will be broken up, like some of the large estates in this neighbourhood, into a number of petty principalities, and the power of the Court of Pekin be reduced to a shadow, like that of the great Mogul.

One might speculate for ever on the future destinies of the Anglo-Saxon races and the nations with which they are brought in contact. The west is rapidly overrunning the east. India and the Islands of the Eastern Archipelago have already fallen into our hands. The conquest of China is at least commenced. America has a covetous eye upon Japan. Then glance at the Australian group.—Think what a mighty empire is springing up in those grand islands—think what steam is about to achieve for them—how soon, with institutions of their own, with a self-supporting government, with an army paid from their own revenues, they will erect themselves into an independent nation, establishing, it is to be hoped, their independence without the bloody struggles which baptized the infancy of American freedom. There is no limit to the productiveness of such a country as Australia. It needs nothing but the strong hand and the teeming brain of man to establish, under those mild skies, such an empire as the world has never seen before. A dependency now, Australia will in time have its own dependencies, and India will be one of them. It is the destiny of India to fall into the hands of the great new nation, which our children will create for themselves in those distant seas. And who knows but that the colonization of that great Eastern Continent may not be achieved by men born in, and habituated to a climate, which forms a link between the bleak, dreary atmosphere of Great Britain and the fiery blasts of Hindostan. The mighty agency of steam is not only bringing India and Australia close to each other, but is infusing the Anglo-Indian element more and more into Australian society, and planting more and more deeply in men's minds the conviction that the two countries are bound to one another by a reciprocity of interest, and must every year become more intimately associated. The hardy veterans who have fought our battles in the passes of Afghanistan and on the river banks of the Punjab, will soon begin to think it wiser to end their days and to rear their families in a country where land is not scarce and food is not dear, and the more sons they have to aid them the better, than in one where every additional mouth is only an additional evil. And from the loins of these men will spring warriors and statesmen—new Clives—new Hastinges—new Wellesleys—a hardier race—a finer moral sense—establishing their homes amidst the snows of the Himalayahs—the shores of the pearl-fisheries of Ceylon—then the Anglo-Saxon race of America and Australia * * * contending for the Empire of Japan.

---

# THE MEMOIRS OF MALLET DU PAN.*

We are told by the accomplished editor of these volumes, that had the Memoirs contained in them been published fifty years ago, they would have had no need of the explanation they seem to call for at present, because the subject of them had then recently died in the enjoyment of the most honourable repute; that his name was European, and that his writings, translated into many languages, had been spread far and wide.

This is all very true and would be very well, but that it seems to imply that something more like an apology than an explanation was demanded for the production of this Work. This is, however, far from being the case. We perfectly agree with the son of Mallet du Pan, that the value of these Memoirs, whether considered as historical documents, or as biography of one of the most eminent public writers of his epoch, would at any time have warranted their publication, and it is likely that it might have been scarcely becoming, during the lives of many distinguished political personages, to render public, and consequently to expose to criticism, that part of the correspondence which relates to them.

Now, for our own part, speaking in behalf of the public, we confess we are extremely rejoiced that the publication of these Memoirs has been put off to the present day. Had this Work, containing much from the political journals which, whether during or previously to the Revolution, laid the foundation of the author's fame,—the deliberate convictions of a most sagacious and far-seeing politician,—a republican as well from conviction as by origin, who had deserved the confidence of Louis XVI. in his last misfortunes and dangers, and whose counsels had been received in the great Cabinets of Europe,—had this work, we say, been ushered into the world shortly after the death of Mallet du Pan, his friends and admirers would have received and treasured a noble monument of his industry, talents, and patriotism; but the world would have been little benefited by this record of the journalist's worth and wisdom; for, as M. Sayous tells us, "his reputation was intimately connected with the Revolution: it paled, like so many others, when the great successes of Bonaparte prevailed in the popular imagination over recollections of the Revolution itself. The journals, the pamphlets of those fatal times, and the names of their authors, merged rapidly into oblivion."

It is well, then, for the sake of the enduring fame of Mallet du Pan, that his reputation should have lain dormant for half a century, since the labours which embody it now reappear, not only with every attraction that novelty itself could confer upon them, *but at the very time when a political crisis in France has drawn the eyes of all Europe upon that country.* What is to be the result, and in what time effected, and by whom, of the extraordinary state of things that the nations perceive with perplexed astonishment taking daily more mysterious phases in France, it were difficult indeed to tell; but he who studies with attention the works of Mallet du Pan, in which he has described and pronounced upon

* Memoirs and Correspondence of Mallet Du Pan, illustrative of the History of the French Revolution. Collected and arranged by A. Sayous. Translated from the French. 2 vols. London, 1852.

the entire political movement of the first French Revolution, from the opening of the States-General to the days of the Consulate, will be best able to form a correct judgment in regard to the extraordinary scenes now passing in a neighbouring country.

The value of Mallet du Pan, and indeed, his chief merit, as bespoken for him by his biographer, will be readily conceded to him. He was a man who saw things closely and clearly, whether he observed scenes simply as a bystander, or whether, consulted by the great personages of the drama, he stated his views and offered his advice. He always "bore himself as in the presence of history, merging his life, so to speak, in the cause of the principles of justice and of reason, engaged in those terrible contests."

Jacques Mallet du Pan was the son of the pastor of Céligny, a village on the right bank of the Lake of Geneva, where he was born in 1749. At the age of fifteen he entered the college of Geneva, and his precocious talents invariably secured to him the highest prizes of his class. On the completion of his philosophical course, he studied the law for a time, and but a short time; for his ardent nature was attracted by very different objects of contemplation, and he attempted literary compositions. We have no specimens of these boyish performances. At the age of twenty he commenced his career as a journalist and politician, treating of Genevese affairs with a spirit and earnestness, that gave almost an assurance of his future eminence. "The *Compte Rendu*," (the name of his pamphlet) made, says a contemporary, "a great and lasting impression; it became the text-book of the party he espoused, who made their children read from it." This production gained him the friendship of Voltaire, who recommended him to the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, then desirous of obtaining a professor of history and belles-lettres, in his academy. It was not long, however, before he threw up his appointment in disgust.

On his return from Germany, Mallet undertook the literary advocacy of Linguet, a man of some celebrity in his day, but now well-nigh forgotten, and edited the continuation of his "Annales." In the Genevese Revolution of 1782, our author distinguished himself as a patriot, and having by this time acquired the reputation of a distinguished journalist, we find him soon afterwards, (in 1784,) at Paris, engaged by M. Panckouke, an eminent publisher, and munificent patron of literary men, as editor of the "Mercure de France," which was under his management for many years, and for which he established a European celebrity.

His connexion with this journal, which his writings rendered illustrious, brought him into collision with many distinguished, or rather, politically notorious men, who dreaded, or were impatient of the influence of a pen ever directed by a clear and manly common sense, profound political sagacity, and the promptings of a sound and honest heart, and gained him the esteem and lasting friendship of a host of eminent persons, who admired his talents and reverenced his probity. Let us give his character as it has been traced by the pious hand of his daughter: "That which appears to me the most interesting to be enforced in the record of my father's life," says this lady, "is the moral character of his mind, that independence of opinion which raised up against him so many enemies, and which so many men of various parties sought so often and so vainly to warp for their own purposes—the courage with which, during the years of the Revolution, he braved the threats, the

imprecations, the writings, whether avowed or anonymous, of the enemies of the good cause. I have seen revolutionists come to him, to force him to retract some article in his journal, menacing him with their vengeance, and my father has answered them with a firmness full of moderation and dignity, that he might be assassinated, but would never be induced to disavow his principles. A Protestant, he defended the Catholic clergy with all his talent, and with the warmth which characterized his writings; a republican, he defended the threatened monarchies, because these were the causes of order and morality. Menaced on all sides, harassed by the fears of his friends and family, he ever remained unshaken, and ready to answer with his head for the cause he defended; of uncertain health, he uniformly displayed unbending intrepidity; with the most limited fortune, he showed the most noble disinterestedness, and the elevation of his character was no less remarkable than his talents. Persons from the provinces, men of all ranks, came to thank him for the services rendered by him to the public cause, and to themselves personally; he was implored to continue his perilous tasks, and was overwhelmed with praises, which failed to excite his vanity."

It will readily be conceived by all who are conversant with the actors in, and instruments of, the first French Revolution, that a man like Mallet du Pan (as we have seen him depicted by his daughter) was not likely to be endured. That faculty of his, of detecting the truth through all the mystifications by which it was sought to be obscured, and his inflexible habit of proclaiming what he saw, rendered him not only obnoxious, but intolerable. In 1791, the patriots (so called) not only failed in their attempt to induce him to write for them, but drew from him a memorable declaration.

Finding that his life was menaced (and menaces were not idle in those days), Mallet Du Pan was obliged to throw up the editorship of the "Mercure," and was about to leave Paris, when he was sent for by Louis XVI., who entrusted him with a delicate and important mission to his brothers (afterwards Louis XVIII. and Charles X.) and to the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia.

That this mission had no beneficial result to the House of Bourbon was no fault of Mallet Du Pan. That nothing could be done on behalf of the King's cause at this period, has often been observed: it would be more correct to say that the King, but particularly the princes and their adherents, would not suffer anything to be done. Such was their indecision at one moment, their rashness and audacity at another—constant to nothing save a perverse determination not to listen to reason—that they became at length past praying for. How often did the princes, after the execution of the King, come for the advice of Mallet!—and just as often did they reject it! In a critical position of their affairs, whose counsel so worthy of consideration as that of Mallet Du Pan? A supposed favourable change takes place; his words are laid aside with contemptuous indifference. He foresaw and foretold, that if ever the princes ascended the throne of France, it must be by the aid of other hands and the pursuance of other means than theirs, and even then that there must be a biding of a time of many years.

In 1792, Mallet Du Pan retired to Geneva, but soon left his native place. We next find him at Lausanne, at Brussels, and Berne. During his sojourn at these places, being at comparative leisure, he kept up a political correspondence with many eminent men. These letters form

a most valuable and interesting portion of the present work. In 1797, he was compelled to quit Berne. He had written three letters, on the declaration of war with the Venetian Republic, on Genoa, and on Portugal. These had been inserted in the "Quotidienne," and contained such home truths, so energetically and eloquently expressed, that they raised the ire of Bonaparte, then in the heyday of victory and triumph, who caused it to be notified to the authorities of Berne, that, if Mallet du Pan were not expelled from the canton, their country would sooner or later feel the effects of his resentment. The Bernese Republic were compelled to comply with this arbitrary requisition, and their guest and co-citizen (for such he was) determined on seeking refuge in England. He says in a letter to a friend:

"I am irrevocably fixed on leaving for England in the spring: the dangers of the island (a threatened invasion of France) are no objection. We are, upon the continent of Europe, what the victims devoted to the infernal gods were among the ancients; it was thought sacrilege to give them refuge."

How many independent French journalists may echo these words in the year 1852!

Mallet du Pan reached London in May, 1798, and received a cordial welcome from many friends and admirers; and in England he felt at once that he was in security. Hear his first impressions of the nation.

"Here they are in open war, crushed with taxes, exposed to the rage of a most exasperated enemy; and security, abundance, energy, reign everywhere: in cottage and in palace I have not perceived one symptom of timid disquietude. This spectacle of public spirit has surpassed my expectations, and that greatly. The nation had not previously acquired a knowledge of its power and immense resources. The government has taught them the secret, and infused boundless confidence. These dispositions attain an extravagant height. I find much fanaticism here, but exclusively amongst the sound part of the nation. It abhors France, the Revolution, the Jacobins, the Directory, as France hated the aristocrats in 1784."

And again:

"It is difficult to imagine more skill, energy, conduct, and activity, than the Ministry employs in everything relating to the safety of the state. Its foresight embraces all possible contingencies; measures are taken, and means all ready, from the embarkation of the French in their harbours to the invasion of London itself, where they would find everything prepared for their reception. To the regular troops, to the old and supernumerary militia, to twenty thousand volunteers and select cavalry, armed associations are added in all the parishes. Their office is to enforce the law, to watch the seditious, to guard the waters, to check fires, to repress the least movement. A million men are under arms at this moment."

A few months after his arrival in England, Mallet Du Pan was encouraged to produce a political journal analogous to the old "Mercure de France," and in January, 1799, the first number of the "Mercure Britannique" appeared. This paper created a lively sensation wherever it reached, but it was especially popular in England. We purpose to furnish an extract from an article, in which Bonaparte's character and probable intentions are canvassed, after his celebrated *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire; that *coup d'état* which has of late been so ridiculously-caricatured we should have said, but for the enormous atrocity of the act of mimicry, and the horrible consequences that will probably ensue upon it.

"Heroes capable of defeating Austrians, Cossacks and Mamelukes, are common enough, but we rarely meet with a Timoleon or a Thrasybulus. The vulgar ambition which deposes and overturns established authorities, either to succeed

them itself, or to obtain a sanction for its own whims, is far removed from the generous and elevated spirit of a chief, strong in power, talents, and credit, who profits by the crowning moments of his fortune to renounce himself, and to restore to his country its legitimate superior, and the laws which secure its liberty.

"Bonaparte was master, dictator, and sovereign of France in the hall of St. Cloud. Perhaps he was not so in the same degree on the morrow; but, in preserving the elements of his greatness, he destines the crown for his own head, were the recasting a crown in question. Like Cæsar, he has rejected it—but with the understanding that he might have taken it, but preferred restoring it to the people. He seems only to have desired the honour of this refusal, and a legal authority sufficient to conduct him, by means of laws dictated by himself, to an illustrious repose.

"This, at least, is the opinion of acute observers; but, while they thus interpret his present views, they eschew all conjectures as to what may follow. Doubtless, while repeating to himself that he rejected the dignity of dictator, of protector, or of prince, he has repeated far more frequently, and been far oftener reminded by his flatterers, that it was in his power to become so.

"May he not have prescribed, as the condition of his splendid renunciation, that his plans be followed in constructing that new order of things, which he allows to take the place of his personal domination?

"Were this conjecture just, we might predict, especially taking Bonaparte's character into consideration, that any one who forms a different conception of liberty will be viewed as an enemy; and that any opposition to such acts of legislation and acts of government as he may please to enjoin, will restore to his ambition the utmost force it is capable of.

"In such a situation, a definite aim and boundary are seldom assigned; but the course of events decides all. Bonaparte's head is in the clouds; his career is a poem, his imagination a storehouse of heroic romances, his stage and arena accessible to every outburst of intellect or ambition. Who shall fix the limit where he will arrest his course? Is he sufficiently master of his feelings, of things, of times, and of his own fortune, himself to fix it?"

Mallet du Pan was obliged to stop the "Mercure Britannique" at its thirty-ninth number. This climate did not suit him, and the hard labour of getting up his journal (which was almost entirely written by himself) was too much for a constitution always delicate. He died at Richmond, after a long illness, on the 10th May, 1800.

It is gratifying to be told that the English Government had been prevailed upon by his friends to take the case of the dying man into consideration, and that his last hours were cheered by an assurance that the Ministry were about to adopt some measure with respect to Madame Mallet.

After his death, a pension of 200*l.* was granted to that lady, the son of the illustrious journalist having previously been appointed to a place in the Audit Office.

This English translation has been published with the approval of Mr. Mallet, the son of the celebrated French journalist, with whom the English publisher was in correspondence previously to its publication. The translation has been acknowledged to be so well executed, as to have led to the notion with some weekly newspapers that it is not a translation, whereas a mere glance at the book will show that it is.

---

# THE CAREER OF PRINCE SCHWARZENBERG.

Thirty years ago Prince Felix Schwarzenberg was the spoiled child of London society. He was an *attaché* of the Austrian Embassy; these embassies, and all appertaining to them, were much more looked up to than they are at present. The scion of a family of the first rank and wealth, young, handsome, and with more brain than was necessary in his position, no wonder he was a favourite. He was much blamed for his conduct with regard to a lady, the then wife of one of our statesmen; but Prince Felix was little more than twenty. The lady went to him at Chandos House, not he to the lady, as was proved on the trial, and every one knew that A—n was the first lover, and the juvenile Schwarzenberg more a seduced boy than a veteran Lothario.

The family were originally Lords of Sensheim. Its chief became a favourite of the Emperor Sigismund, and married his sister. He was created Baron of Sensheim by that monarch in 1417; and having purchased the more extensive territory of Schwarzenberg, adopted that title. The family were declared princely in 1670; and were sovereign princes in Kletgau, which they held immediately under the Emperor. They were mediatized, however, in 1814 and 1815. Schwarzenberg is a province, extending five square German miles, and counts ten thousand inhabitants. The possessions of the family extend over twenty-three square German miles, contains three hundred and thirteen villages, and yield an annual revenue estimated at six hundred thousand florins.

It was not, however, the head of the family, and the owner of this large property, which, of its members, occupied the most consideration either at the Court of Vienna, or in the politics of Europe. The Prince Schwarzenberg, to whom the world looked up, was the Field-marshal of the name. He, however, was but of a younger branch of the family, or rather he was the younger brother of Prince Joseph, who, in 1802, made over to him large estates in Bohemia, a property augmented in 1815 by the generosity of the Emperor, with several estates in Hungary. This officer, so renowned in his latter days, rendered so by the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, had been all his life a kind of Cassandra in the military councils of Austria. He began his martial career against the Turks before the French Revolution, and even at that time had been in every war and in every action.

But, though always employed in subordinate command, he had never been entrusted with the lead. He served under Mack at Ulm, and when that renowned commander surrendered, Schwarzenberg disdained to be a party to it, and cut his way through the French army with some regiments of Dragoons. Again, at Austerlitz, he was opposed to the giving battle, and the mode of giving it. In 1814 and 1815, however, his services were thought entitled to supreme command, and how he proved himself worthy of it, Leipzic and other fields sufficiently attest.

Yet Marshal Schwarzenberg, of all the Austrian Court, was considered the man most favourable to Napoleon, and most inclined to the French alliance. In this sentiment the elder branch of the family joined. A great part of their domain was in Franconia, included in the Confederation of the Rhine, so that any permanent disagreement or hostility between the partizans of Austria and of France or Germany, must have

proved highly inimical to the interests of the family. When it was determined that the Arch-duchess Marie Louise should espouse the Emperor Napoleon, Marshal Prince Schwarzenberg was the envoy chosen by the Court of Vienna to conduct the Princess. He was at the same time appointed ambassador in Paris. What he felt most likely to want was the presence of the high-born, the French *noblesse* remaining in dudgeon. To supply this want, the elder and princely branch of the Schwarzenbergs accompanied the Marshal and aided in doing the honours of the embassy.

On the occasion of the marriage of Louis the Sixteenth with Marie Antoinette, an immense number of lives were lost in the crush, produced by the crowd in the Rue Royale and the Place Louis Quinze. It was considered as a most lugubrious omen, and those who afterwards marked the fate of that hapless king and queen looked back upon the dread omen as verified. What then were the forebodings and dismay, when a still more fearful catastrophe attended the *fêtes* consequent upon the marriage of Napoleon and Marie Louise.

The Prince-Marshal took a house in the Rue Mont-Blanc, or Chaussée d'Antin, as it used to be, and was subsequently called. He selected the quarter for his residence, as if on purpose, far from the quarter of the old *noblesse*, where he might have found large palaces and spacious apartments. But Napoleon did not like driving into the Faubourg St. Germain. Prince Schwarzenberg therefore took a house in the new quarter, and no sooner had taken it, than he found he had not space for the first *fête* he intended to give. He remedied the narrowness of the space, however, by taking in the garden and converting it into a temporary ball-room. It was fitted up with boards somewhat hastily, and then covered over as hastily with draperies and gay coloured calicoes and silks. This splendid *fête* was a cruel blow to the old French *noblesse*, who saw an Austrian Envoy and a Schwarzenberg giving a sumptuous *fête* in honour of the new sovereign, sprung from the Revolution, espousing a princess of the House of Austria, and a niece of Queen Marie Antoinette. Whatever bitter feelings were excited by the circumstance and by revived recollections, the bitterness was more than gratified by the way in which the *fête* ended.

The crowd of guests had poured in and filled the brilliant rooms; the dancing had for some time commenced; the Emperor entered with the Empress, and the gala was at its height, when a gust of wind happened to blow from its place one of the festoons of the drapery adorning the *improvised* apartment, it floated over a lamp, caught fire, and in an instant the entire drapery of the room was in a blaze. The wood work of the roof and walls was not many seconds in taking fire from the muslin and calico, and the edifice was on fire before the greater number of the guests were aware.

Word of the accident was instantly brought to Napoleon, who thought of the Infernal Machine, and of this as a pendant to it. His lowering countenance of course added to the anxieties of his host, and Prince Schwarzenberg, after a few hasty directions respecting the fire, turned all his attention to the Emperor and Empress, and to seeing them out of danger, before he looked to the safety even of his own family. The Emperor's carriage was procured and drawn up at a side door, for the way to the front led through the burning hall. To this the Prince directed his steps as soon as Napoleon and Marie Louise had driven

away, but it was no longer possible to penetrate into it or pass it. It was a sheet of flame, and, isolated from the staircase, it was impossible for the Prince to make search there. His own family, relatives, and principal guests were safe. There seemed little reason to doubt of this, until, after a time, the names of those saved were known, and the Princess, wife of Prince Joseph, was not amongst them.

The Emperor having deposited the Empress at the Tuileries, had by this time returned, and under his orders prompt measures were taken to put down the flame. It was some time ere this was effected and before they could penetrate into the improvised ball-room, the roof of which had fallen in. Here the worst fears of the anxious family were realized, by the discovery of the calcined body of the Princess Schwarzenberg, recognizable more by the quantity of jewels and ornaments, half melted upon her person, than by identity of any other kind. The body lay in a hole of the burnt floor, about which the quantity of water thrown upon it had formed a pool, and was still smoking. It was extraordinary that so eminent a personage should thus, and indeed almost alone, have perished, amidst hundreds of guests who would, any of them, have risked life for her.

Amidst this scene of ruin and death, on which the day was breaking, not the least striking object was a large gilt clock, that had stopped going in the height of the conflagration, but had not been destroyed; its hands pointing out the time of the catastrophe.

We mention, that when Field-marshal Schwarzenberg had come to Paris as ambassador, the elder branch of his family, to do him honour, had accompanied him. This was the Prince Joseph. He had espoused the Princess Pauline of Ahrenberg, who lost her life in the melancholy way which we have narrated. The cause of her destruction was her anxiety for the safety of her daughter, Elenora; she had been carried off to a place of safety at the commencement of the conflagration, a circumstance of which it was found impossible to apprize her mother. She accordingly penetrated into the burning ball-room, in search of her daughter, and perished in the act.

The death of the Princess Elenora, the daughter of Pauline, took place in a manner equally tragic. She was married to Prince Windischgratz, well known as the captor of Vienna from the insurgents, and the commander on the first invasion of Hungary. At the time of the revolution, he commanded the Austrian troops in Bohemia, and was, whilst at their head, assailed by an insurrection at Prague. The Princess was with him at the time, and unfortunately ventured near to a window of the hotel in which she was staying. She was struck by a ball from the insurgent ranks and instantly expired, in June, 1848. This was amongst the many causes that rendered Prince Felix so inveterate against the insurrectionists.

Besides the Princess Elenora, Prince Joseph and Pauline had three sons. The eldest, Prince Joseph Adolf, born in 1799, succeeded to the title in 1833. The second, Prince Felix, born in 1800, forms the subject of this memoir. The third, Frederic, entered the church: of him we may say a few words before proceeding to narrate the career and fortunes of his brother.

In Austria there are but two professions for gentlemen, diplomacy and the army. For the church, it is but very exceptionable; Prince Frederic of Schwarzenberg did, however, enter holy orders, and was made

Archbishop of Saltzberg at the early age of four or five and twenty. He was a remarkably handsome youth, and all the dames of the Salzkammergut were loud in admiration of the beauty of the prelate. We wish that we could say as much of his wisdom or his toleration; but unfortunately, he was no other than the prelate who commenced and continued the persecution of the unfortunate families of the Zillerthal in the Tyrol, which were under his episcopal jurisdiction. All travellers, and most readers, have heard how about three fourths of the families of the Zillerthal thought fit to turn Protestants. They were for the most part landed proprietors, as the Tyrol peasants generally are. Complaints were made to Saltzberg; and the Archbishop, saying, that the law of the country tolerated existing Protestants, but would not tolerate future or converted ones, obtained a decree, sentencing the Protestants of the Zillerthal either to return to the bosom of the church, or to quit the dominions of Austria. They to a man preferred the latter. A short space was allowed them to sell their properties, which, as they could only be bought by the peasants of the region, were disposed of for little or nothing. The King of Prussia welcomed these exiles for conscience sake, and gave them lands and a village in the only district of his dominions that boasts a mountain. He located them at the foot of the Riesenberge, where they can have neither their vines nor their Indian corn, but where in recompense they come to church or chapel as they like, without fear of persecution.

The exiled Zillerthalars preserve their national costume, and seem happy, and in really a prosperous and thriving region.

So much for the ecclesiastical polity of the Schwarzenbergs when under old Ferdinand, the grandfather of the present Emperor. The handsome and intolerant Archbishop of Saltzberg has since been promoted to Prague.

There is no denying the great talents of Prince Metternich, who governed Austria down to the year 1848, and who kept so many discordant and uneasy elements from breaking into disorder for so long a time. There was not a province or a district of the empire that did not in that time make immense progress in material development and prosperity. The fault of Metternich was, not that he checked the Austrians from growing prosperous and rich, but that he knew not how to make the government share in their prosperity. As individuals grew wealthy or vicious, the treasury grew poorer and more indebted. In vain did he summon and consult his council; the routine of Austrian *employés* could not help him; once he took courage, and consulted an Englishman, who gave him excellent advice, and Metternich proceeded to follow it. But it created some jealousy, and created such a riot amongst the placemen, great and small, that Metternich himself was obliged to abandon it. Routine universally triumphs in Austria, and promotion goes by seniority; the prime minister had none but old men about him. If this rendered everything stationary in Austria during the lifetime of the old Emperor, it accomplished complete stagnation when his son, in a state of almost idiotcy, succeeded.

Metternich gave no place at Vienna to high nobles like Schwarzenberg. They might come to please the Court, the Emperor, or the Archduchesses, and so obtain a position to profit by intrigue. So that a capable man, like Schwarzenberg, was kept in London or at Naples or with his regiment.

The Revolution of 1848 then arrived. It has been considered an uprising of the people; but the first uprisings of the people of Vienna were no more formidable than any London riot. The true insurrection was that of the courtiers and *employés* against Metternich, whom all wanted to get rid of; and all, instead of aiding to put down the popular insurrection, fanned and encouraged it. This *émeute* of the courtiers against Metternich was headed by the Arch-duke John, who turned the Prince out of office, much against his will, by making the people cry for his dismissal under the court windows, the Arch-duke appearing on the balcony to grant their request. The courtiers' object thus gained by means of the popular insurrection, the object became to put down the insurrection after it had served their own purpose. But it was too late. They had raised the evil spirit, and could not lay it. The revolution treated them as they had treated Metternich.

The most melancholy circumstance of these revolutionary days was certainly the imbecile state of the mind of the Emperor. The courtiers around him made the most nefarious use of the imperial imbecility. It enabled them to make his majesty promise everything to his subjects, and they, holding the reins, of course went in a sense directly contrary to that promise. This led to a series of most abominable treasons, some of which gave rise to the civil war in Hungary, often to massacre at home. It is to Prince Felix Schwarzenberg's credit, that he at once saw through the vile and unsatisfactory nature of such a government as this; and that on his very first view of affairs he declared the indispensable preliminary to anything like a resuscitation of government and of imperial authority must be the resignation of the Emperor, and the elevation to the throne of a young and capable scion of the family, such as Europe and the army could respect. The Emperor Ferdinand set aside, the next in succession was his brother, the husband of the Arch-duchess Sophia, a princess of great ability and influence. None dared to propose that her husband should also be set aside, and their son, Francis Joseph, be proclaimed Emperor; but Schwarzenberg had the courage at once not only to propose, but to insist upon this, and he carried it, to the surprise of all, to the restoration of the Empire, and to the consolidation of his own power as Prime Minister.

Previous to his appointment, Prince Felix had been studying politics in the camp of Radetsky. Austrian ambassador at Naples, when the troubles broke out, he withdrew by order of his Court from that country, when the revolutionary general there marched back to take part in the war north of the Po. And when General Pepe left Naples to take the command in Verona against the Austrians, Prince Schwarzenberg joined Radetsky's force in Verona. He thus made one of the combatants at the battle of Custoza. The Marquis d'Azeglio, the constitutional minister of Piedmont, served in the opposite ranks to Schwarzenberg on that day. And both statesmen received severe wounds, fighting each for the principles he professed, for the cause and the sovereign that he revered.

The great *desideratum* at Vienna towards the close of 1848, became thenceforth a politician and a minister, not a military commander, yet having the confidence of the army and its generals. Felix Schwarzenberg, with all the *éclat* of his wound at Custoza and his intimacy with Radetsky, fulfilled these conditions. He became Minister for Foreign Affairs, and his first decisive acts have been already mentioned.

His brother-in-law, Prince Windischgratz, was then marching into Hungary with hopes of succeeding, as Radetsky had done, Schwarzenberg having provided him with the same ample means of equipment, provisions, and artillery. The Bohemian Prince failed, however, before the stubbornness of the Hungarians, and he was driven back upon Vienna in discomfiture and rout. It was then that Schwarzenberg sought Russian aid, with the result that we all know. All the counsellors of the Emperor Nicholas were most averse to his engaging in it, and more than one declared that the severance of Hungary from Austria was the best thing that could happen for Russia. But Nicholas deemed the cause of hereditary monarchy more precious than even Russian aggrandizement, and he ordered the advance into Hungary.

Meantime the insanity of Stadion, which had forced that statesman to retire to Pritznitz, left the domestic, as well as war administration of Austria in the power of Schwarzenberg, and he proceeded gradually to undo all the progress that had been made towards constitutional government. He declared the constitution abrogated, suppressed even those local privileges which the provinces had before enjoyed, set at defiance and at nought the rising pretensions of the territorial aristocracy, just as much as he destroyed the privileges of the lower classes. In fact, he Russianized Austria, and in reality established the same system and spirit of government from the Sea of Archangel to the banks of the Tiber. An Englishman, be he Tory or be he Whig, can have but one idea of such an alliance of absolutism, which he cannot but consider likely to defeat its own ends by the violent means employed, the innumerable extremities proceeded to, and the inveterate reactions and resistance it sooner or later produces. But driven into such an alliance, Schwarzenberg at least made the most of it, and that not only to crush Hungary, but also to humiliate the old rival of Austria, Prussia. For the three years previous the King of Prussia had been animated by the almost one idea, that of making himself and his crown independent of, and superior to, Austria in the councils and politics of Germany; Schwarzenberg made the most adroit use of the Russian alliance to defeat and destroy them, to humble Prussia and its king, not only in reality but in public appearance and estimation, to the second rank, and to deprive it not only of the political and military equality with Austria, which it pretended to, but even to dethrone it from that commercial superiority, which the industry of its people, the talent of its statesmen, and the advantages of its territorial and maritime position had enabled Prussia to assume.

To those who are so truly German as to take a paramount interest in the rivalry between Prussia and Austria, and to prefer the ascendancy of Austria, the conduct of Prince Felix Schwarzenberg must appear the very perfection of good and able statesmanship. We can by no means venture to take this circumscribed and local view; but still we cannot but admit the skill and perseverance with which the Prince followed out his idea and attained his aim. The King of Prussia must have breathed more freely on hearing of the death of the greatest enemy of his house that even Austria ever produced.

Felix Schwarzenberg was not, however, without his domestic enemies, the friends of the old Emperor; and those, who like M. De Bombelles, made use of him and were intimate with that monarch.

On passing through some town where the people thronged to the

coach door with acclamation, the wife of the dethroned Emperor put her head out of the window to ask the people, in what they were better off under the new Emperor than under the old. Even the Arch-duchess Sophia, the mother of Francis Joseph, might ask the same question. Schwarzenberg contrived to dominate the court, which was the more easy as Francis Joseph thought merely of the camp. The chief enemies of Schwarzenberg were the old *noblesse.* They looked to the restoration of their old supremacy in Hungary and elsewhere, and they deprecated the absolutism and centralization of Schwarzenberg. They were powerless for want of a mouthpiece, until Prince Metternich's return. But no sooner was that veteran politician re-established in the Rennweg than he opened his batteries against the young Prime Minister.

When Metternich was in London and in Brussels, he invariably spoke of public affairs in the same tone, and not an illiberal one. He said he had always perceived the necessity for a change in a liberal direction, but had found it impossible to remove one stone of a building so old, without the old pillars threatening to fall out. When events and revelations had, however, undertaken to do what no statesman durst have ventured, it was necessary to take advantage of the co-operation of events instead of seeking to resist them and set them at defiance. There were no democratic interests in Austria, but there were strong landed and manufacturing interests, both conservative, and both should be called to the support of the throne, instead of having a sponge passed over their names, and a rolling stone run over their importance and their pride. Such was the language of Metternich, — language that Schwarzenberg stigmatized as democratic. And he was preparing a triumph for himself over Metternich, by winning for the commercial interests of Austria that ascendancy in Germany, by means of a new and sound commercial union, akin to the political ascendancy which the empire had already acquired.

How far Schwarzenberg would have succeeded in his schemes, or how far Metternich will succeed in his, fate has left us in uncertainty, by the paralytic stroke which has just carried off Prince Felix. He had come from the cabinet council, where he had met some contrariety, it is believed, from Kubeck. He had gone home to dress, in order to dine with his brother, Prince Adolf, when the stroke of death levelled him to the earth, at the early age, for a statesman, of fifty-two.

Prince Felix died unmarried. His elder brother, who married Princess Eleanor of Lichtenstein, has a family. Field-Marshal Schwarzenberg also left a son, Prince Frederic, who has somewhat distinguished himself with the pen.

# POPULAR FRENCH AUTHORESSES OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE is nothing so unjust as prejudice, and it cannot but be worth while, in order to dissipate that failing as much as possible, to read what is really good in the works of our neighbours, by which simple process the English reader may become convinced that all foreign female writers are not George Sands, but that the purity and right feeling natural to the feminine mind may be traced in many a page, once enjoying deserved popularity in spite of the absence of highly coloured scenes or sentiments only calculated to excite impure aspirations, such as have of late years been given to the public and allowed to pass for a picture of French literature in general.

All the female writers mentioned in these pages were the fashion of their day, and were courted, read, and admired, which is enough to prove that in France, as in England, perversion of manners and immorality of thought are only accidental, not necessary evils.

Madame de Sevigné, Madame Dacier, Mademoiselle de Scudery, and some others, are too well known to require the slight notice which is here introduced of female writers, but there are many others whose merit makes the task of chaperoning them delightful, and who have been left so long in obscurity that they will no doubt appear as perfect strangers to the English reader, who need not regret making their acquaintance.

### MADAME DE LAMBERT.

The Marquise de Lambert was the daughter-in-law of a writer named Bachaumont, known to French literature by agreeable travels, and what is called in France poetry, though scarcely understood as such on the other side of the Channel. He discovered the merit of his daughter-in-law, and notably encouraged her to avow her writings, a false sense of her own dignity having caused her to publish them anonymously in the first instance. She married, became a widow, and addressed to her children several works which possess great moral value.

Her house was a rendezvous of all that was elegant and well-informed, and, to be received there, gave the stamp of condition and refinement.

The style of her writings may be judged of by a few extracts, which show the general tenor of her mind.

"Twice in our lives truth appears to us in a useful form: in youth to instruct us, in age to console us. During the reign of the passions truth abandons us altogether."

"High birth possesses less honour than it bestows: those who boast of their birth praise the merit of another."

"The true use of speech is to serve the cause of truth. When a man has attained the reputation of truthfulness his word is a law, and has all the authority of an oath. We have, for all that he asserts, a religious veneration."

"The talent of praising adroitly is rare: for it is not a little difficult

to praise agreeably, and at the same time justly: the misanthrope does not know how to praise; his discernment is injured by his temper. The sycophant praises too much and gratifies no one. The vain give praise only in the hope of receiving equal commendation: an honest man praises in the right place. If you desire that praise should be useful, praise what regards another, not what interests yourself.

"It is sometimes useful to make yourself feared, but never to be revenged. Little souls are cruel, but the great are clement. As soon as an enemy repents and submits, we lose the right of vengeance.

"Above all things, beware of envy: it is the lowest and most degrading of passions. Envy is the shadow of glory, as glory is the shade of virtue."

The opinion of Madame de Lambert on the Italian language will be startling to some of our readers, as coming from a French woman.

"Women readily learn Italian, which I consider a dangerous language, for it is the language of Love. Italian authors are too free and too little guarded in their expressions, and their imaginations are too little regulated by rectitude of mind and thought.

"If the maxims of the age we live in are alone followed, what a barren prospect have we for our old age! The past furnishes us with regret, the present with vexations, and the future with fears.

"Poetry has its dangers: but the habit of reading romances is much more dangerous. Novels, never being the image of truth, kindle the imagination, weaken modesty, and disturb the heart; and, with susceptible young persons, hasten and precipitate their foibles and frailties. Neither the charm nor the illusion of Love should be augmented, the more it is disguised and softened the more dangerous it becomes.

"In order to arrest the boldness of our minds and to diminish our self-confidence, we ought to reflect that the two principles of our knowledge, reason and sensibility, are insincere and deceive us. Our sensibility misleads our reason, and our reason in turn equally leads us astray. There is but one point in which we should give ourself up to unswerving faith, and that is religion.

"We get accustomed to our own defects as to the perfumes we carry about with us; we are no longer aware of them, they are only felt by others.

"There is not one of our weaknesses that, with good will, we may not convert to some utility."

Madame de Lambert's fable of "Psyche" was looked upon as a *chef-d'œuvre*, and is very gracefully turned, but perhaps her most valuable work is her "Treatise on Friendship," of which Voltaire remarked that it proved that she deserved friends. There is a justice and rectitude in her manner of judging and feeling which cannot fail of their effect: the following extracts are very striking from their truth:—

"Frivolous and dissipated persons may offer you gifts and services, but have no longer sentiments to bestow: in early youth it is rare that the true pleasures of friendship can be felt. Many young people talk of and believe in their friendships; but they are united to their friends by pleasure alone, which is not the fitting tie to make their union durable.

"The real duty of friendship is to warn a friend of error. If he

resists, arm yourself with the strength and authority which the prudence of wise councils and the purity of good intentions give: but be careful to soften the terms of your advice, few people have strength of mind to allow themselves to feel humiliated by the virtue that points out to them their faults.

"Much must be conceded on both sides, if friendship is to be lasting. The most virtuous will excuse and pardon the most readily—it was said of old: you render your friend worthy in believing him to be so. By considering a person capable of an error you go far to induce him to commit it.

"You must not imagine that after a rupture in friendship you have parted with all the duties it imposes; on the contrary, they then become more difficult, for conscience alone assists you in performing them. A certain respect should remain for former feelings: the world should never be called in to be witness of your quarrel, nor should it be ever named except when positively necessary in your own justification. You should even avoid heaping too much blame on a faithless friend. A dispute is an unedifying spectacle for the public, and your part in it is a bad one to sustain. You must recollect that the eyes of the world are on you, that your judges are all your enemies, either from ignorance, or from envy of your worth, or, it may be, from prejudice or natural malignity.

"Above all things reflect, that those secrets should never be revealed which were disclosed to you in the days of confidence; they constitute a debt of ancient friendship which you owe to yourself. In fact, your duties in the days of former intimacy were towards others, after a rupture they are towards yourself.

"There are persons who conceive that death cancels all bonds; few understand the friendship due to the dead. Tears are not an offering sufficient to the manes of those we have lost. We still owe much to their names, their glory, their families: they should live in our hearts by sentiment and remembrance, in our tongues by commendation, and in our conduct by the imitation of their virtues."

Such maxims as these, and such amiable counsels, are sufficient to raise the writer in the esteem of all. Her style too is easy, unaffected and earnest, and leads the reader on to do justice to her subject. She has a graphic manner of sketching character, and has drawn those of Fontenelle and of M. de la Motte, who were her intimates, most agreeably. Of the latter she says:—

"Let us leave the man of genius and speak of the great man. Superior talents are too often dimmed by littleness of mind; they expose us to the attacks of vanity, that fatal enemy of real happiness and real elevation. Great sentiments alone make great men; there can be no elevation where greatness of soul and probity are not. M. de la Motte makes us feel this, and convinces us, in all he writes, that he possesses the most estimable virtues of the heart, and none of these have in any way deteriorated his natural modesty."

She feelingly laments the deprivation of sight under which he laboured:—

"Alas! what a loss for a man of letters! Are not the eyes the organs of both enjoyment and desire? With them infidelity and vexation are unknown; they are ever ready to assist the taste and furnish the mind continually with new objects of interest; with a pure heart

and manners, and a tranquil spirit, what pleasures does not sight procure!"

Madame Dacier, the learned and excellent, but severe opponent of M. de la Motte, would probably scarcely have entered quite so warmly into the eulogy of her rival in classical lore. In her celebrated dispute with him, the indignation she felt at his attacks on her beloved Homer carried her beyond the bounds of feminine softness:—

"With what dignity and good breeding," says Madame de Lambert, "did he reply to her bitter criticism!"

As Madame de Lambert was by no means tender on the subject of enthusiasm, and perhaps knew little of the classics, she could not feel for the grief and agony, the insulted friendship and indignant rage, which poor Madame Dacier must have experienced when M. de la Motte dared to criticise the immortal poet, and accuse him of faults which existed only in his own ignorance of classic languages. Her remarks are scarcely too strong for the occasion, when she says,—

"That M. de la Motte should be unacquainted with Greek or Latin may be pardonable in him; but, at least, he ought to understand French. I flatter myself that the image in question (that of Ajax besieged) was tolerably well rendered in my version. But this is the habit of these rare critics; they carefully disfigure the passages they cite by translating them in a low and mean manner.

"This is unworthy, nevertheless, of the poetical genius of M. de la Motte; a great poet like him ought to feel that the image of the ass disturbed in the corn-field, and trampling down thistles right and left, destroying the harvest, is by no means a bad picture of the devastation made by troops, whereas his false translation of a meadow and the animal eating grass conveys no sort of image of the kind, and is totally unsuitable to the occasion."

With so glaring a mistake, and the addition of a contemptuous criticism before her eyes, Madame Dacier, who had a great cause to defend, could not be more lenient. She occasionally, it is true, loses her temper more, as when she says, *à propos* of a common-place word, with which the critic had taunted Homer:—

"This is the way a man of observation speaks! when, instead of being common-place, those words are necessary, and are exactly what ought to have been said. M. de la Motte does not find these things common-place in our romances; his taste has been formed on them, and from them he has acquired his sensitive delicacy."

It is amusing, after this, to return to the praises which Madame de Lambert bestows on the object of her admiration:—

"True reason, and nature, seen with a clear vision, are the guides of M. de la Motte. Never does he degrade his sentiments with mean terms; those the most correct are always ready at his need. In all he writes, grace, propriety and harmony prevail to a remarkable degree. I never read his works without thinking that Apollo and Minerva must have dictated them together."

The Treatise of the authoress on "Old Age" gives admirable rules of conduct to women advancing in age.

"Every one looks upon age with apprehension, as a period inseparable from sadness and vexation, in which all pleasure disappears. All persons lose by advancing age, and women more than men, if all their

merit consists in exterior attractions which time destroys, and there are few women whose merit lasts longer than their beauty.

"At all times of our life we have duties to others and to ourselves. Those to others are doubled in age. When we can no longer present attractions to society, real virtues are demanded of us. We must therefore be cautious in all things, in discourse, in manners, and in dress; and as regards the latter we should remember, that age avowed becomes less aged.

"It is not so much age which causes unhappiness, as the manners which accompany it. Whoever has not that within which can render life happy, finds age a burthen. An indispensable necessity with age is, to make a good use of time; the less there remains to us, the more precious it becomes; the time of a Christian is the price of eternity.

"One of the great advantages of old age is, that it bestows on us liberty, that it enfranchises us from the yoke of opinion; we return to ourselves, and this return has its sweetness; we begin to consult ourselves, and to have confidence in ourselves; we escape from fortune and from illusions, and see our long mistake in having trusted in men, who teach us, often at our own expense, to reckon upon nothing; we care no longer for insincerity; we are deceived no more by pleasures, and see their vanity.

"In youth we form a false idea of old age; the fears we have of it we create ourselves; nature has not given them, but we dread, in the state in which we are, to find the same passions and feelings which do not belong to the state which is unknown to us."

Madame de Lambert's Reflections on Women were extremely popular, and became known in England by an excellent translation. She was one of the earliest advocates for the emancipation of her sex from puerile laws, and advocated their capabilities. So much has been said and written on this subject, that the cause has been rather weakened than otherwise, simple and self-evident as it is. There can be no doubt that a woman may attain high excellence, without stepping out of her own sphere; but as soon as she does that, she becomes as contemptible as a man who finds glory in aping the habits, manners, and occupations of a female. The susceptibility of women to vanity, and the injudicious indulgences of the other sex, which magnifies unusual and unexpected intelligence, makes it the more difficult for a woman to arrive at perfection; all the boasting in the world of superior powers, is of no avail, where modesty and diligence are not; with these there is no physical or moral reason why there should not be as many distinguished women as there are insignificant ones, since the same causes operate on men to keep down the growth of intellect. No reasonable man is surprised at female talent, but many have reason to be disgusted at its pretension.

Madame de Lambert, in her style, and Madame Dacier in hers, are both proofs of the possibility of female excellence, and of the esteem in which it is held according to its class and degree. Not alone during the last century and at the present day, has there been "a coil" made respecting the superiority of women to their reputation, the same cry has prevailed from the days of Louise Labé, and doubtless long before, although for long before, there was equally no occasion for it. Heloïse proved at a very early period, that a woman's mind was equal to any learning she undertook; happier in her instance had it not been so!

Perhaps at no period was there more clamour on this weak point, than during the middle and towards the close of the seventeenth century, when the reign of *Les Précieuses* in France, not yet extinguished by the just ridicule of Molière, was flourishing in full vigour.

Nothing can be more vapid and ridiculous than most of the productions, and the pretensions, of these learned ladies, whose names formed a dictionary apart, together with specimens of the words and phrases they invented. The curious inquirer into this subject, may be edified by a work sometimes found in old libraries, bearing the date of 1761, and called "Le Grand Dictionnaire des Precieuses."

The ladies named in this book, which is partly complimentary and partly purporting to be satirical, were all well-known and famous in their day, and all named under fantastic designations, under the head of *Précieuses.* Amongst a crowd, whose names are, ever since, unknown to fame, celebrated personages whose reputation was deserved figure. Madame de Scudery appears as Saraide, Madame Scarron as Stanonice, Madame de Lafayette as Feliciane, Madame de Sévigny, as Sophronie. The portrait of the last, as presented in this strange old-fashioned volume, will suffice to exhibit its style, and is not uninteresting, as anything which brings that delightful authoress before our eyes, carries a charm with it not to be resisted.

"Sophronie is a young widow of quality; the merit of this *Précieuse* is equal to her high birth; her wit is lively and gay, and joy suits her better than sorrow; nevertheless, it is easy to see that the liveliness of her mind does not lead to love, for she gives her regard alone to men, and her tenderness to her own sex. She has the quickest observation in the world in seizing the character of things, and in judging of them; she is fair, and the whiteness of her skin harmonises well with the colour of her hair. Her features are well defined, her complexion clear, and all taken together, compose one of the most agreeable women of Athens (*i.e.* Paris). If her face attract the eye, her wit charms the ear, and enlists in her favour all who talk with her or read her works. The most distinguished are proud of her approbation. Menandre (Ménage) has sung her praises in his verse. Crisante, (Chapelain) is one of those admitted to her intimacy. She loves music, and mortally hates satire."

Amongst others who considered it their mission to uphold the rights of women to literary honours was Madame de Saliez, a *Précieuse* whose court was held at a distance from Paris, who was distinguished as many of her sex had been, by being made a member of a species of Della Crusca Academy at Padua, who seemed fond of distributing their letters. This academy was called the *Ricovrati,* and numbered amongst its members many illustrious *Précieuse.* Madame de Saliez had made her house a rendezvous of the wits and scientific men of the day, and was the centre of attraction for her talent and brilliancy. She writes, in acknowledgment of the letters forwarded to her from the *Ricovrati,* a characteristic reply in the approved style of her calling; taking occasion to laud the French language, the Grand *Monarque,* French women, French literature, and everything belonging to her nation, affecting at the same time extreme modesty and humility.

"I acknowledge, gentlemen, that my writings do not prove to you the perfections of which I am proud. Born in the country (at Alby),

and not having been at Paris to correct the faults of my language, as it was formerly the custom to go to Athens to correct the Oriental languages, I do not write with the same correctness as Mademoiselle de Scudery, or Mesdames des Houlières, Dacier, and Villedieu, who are so worthy of the rank they hold in your academy. These ladies have become the wonders of the age and will astonish all posterity. Perhaps, gentlemen, I may be permitted to remark, in order that you may not repent the honours you have done me, that though my works are inferior to theirs, they have often obtained much success: pure nature characterises them, and they possess an easy negligence which does not displease.

"In fine, since my works have attracted your consideration, no one can have a right to withhold from them a meed of commendation."

Madame de Saliez gave the fantastic title to her society of "Knights and Ladies de la Bonne Foi. They met once a week. She formed the design of a new sect of philosophers in favour of women, and writes to one of her learned female friends to state her intentions:—

"The end of this institution is to determine all reasonable persons to throw off the yoke of constraint that error and custom have established. We must then make laws, according to which we will live, and they shall give a name to our sect. You shall choose it. I will merely observe, that you must select one which will be suitable to persons who wish to establish good and solid maxims—one which will so alarm fools that they will not dare to approach us.

"You know that there are two kinds of *beaux esprits;* those which are really so, and those who affect to be. We must make a careful examination of those men whom we admit into our society, in order that no errors may occur, and only the worthy may be received amongst us."

A few of the laws recommended are amusing enough. Those ladies are to be excluded whose ideas are too strict about trifles, who talk of dress, or who consider all erudition comprised in a book of prayers. For the peace of the sect, she proposes that love should be altogether banished, and a *gallant* and *attentive* friendship substituted. That the chief object of the society shall be to eradicate all the bad and false habits and sentiments with which the world abounds, and, above all, to wage continual war with fools whenever, by misfortune, they are encountered.

This scheme appears to have fallen to the ground as far as a sisterhood was concerned, though there is little doubt that the ladies kept firm in their individual endeavours to reform the world and combat the opinion of their neighbours.

Unfortunately, none of the works of Madame de Saliez which are left to posterity appear worthy of the high reputation which placed her on the list with Madame Dacier. Her historical romances are unreadable, and her verses are chiefly complimentary; nevertheless the former were translated into several languages, and read with avidity both in German and in Italian. She was a profuse contributor to the "Mercure" and other magazines, and was more fortunate during her long literary life than she has been in the records of fame, in which she confidently expected her name to be enrolled.

# MEMOIRS OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

## DEAN CANNON.—HOLMES THE WHIPPER-IN.

WHOEVER can recollect Ryde thirty or forty years ago, has in his mind's eye a very different spot from that which now rises in tiers of villa-rows from the sea, thronged with the gay, the idle, the wealthy, and the valetudinarian. To land now upon its imposing pier, and issue from it amongst its streets, is something like emerging from Hungerford Bridge into the Strand. In a certain year that I landed on Ryde pier, neither it nor town could pretend to any resemblance of the kind. The pier was a long, narrow, shaky, protrusion of planks into the sea, or more often over the mud. It rocked in a gale of wind, and threatened shipwreck. And none, save those actually engaged in landing, unless they were hardy promenaders indeed, ventured so far into the Solent as the triple row of ill-supported and ill-joined planks might tempt.

Yet on that pier, at the time in question, paced an old gentleman, the last person one would have expected to meet in so desolate a place. "Can it be?" thought I, "it is surely impossible!" The person I took him for, was the the most *recherché* at the time of the wits of London, the joker of St. James's-street, the king of the Alfred, the boon companion of Carlton House, and honoured guest of the Pavilion.

> "What business had he here
> At such a time?"

Spring had not yet been lost in summer, and the London season was in full blow.

My sable friend, for he was an ecclesiastic, was, however, not nitid as usual. There was a looseness of trousers and a sloppiness of shoe, that savoured no longer of St. James's-street. And the ravages which snuff had made upon the whiteness of a shirt in two days, plainly told how little the wearer recked of the society at Ryde, and how much he had waned from his wonted self-respect. I accosted him after a moment's hesitation, and, however resolved to be churlish and silent, the old nature of Dean Cannon broke forth, and he was jovial, frank, and brilliant, as he was wont to be.

A pleasanter companion than Cannon the age knew not. A man of universal acquirement, ke knew everything and every man, was rich in anecdote, happy in repartee, inexhaustible in spirits. His gown sat very loose upon him. But according to the old school of parsons, which eschewed neither a joke nor a bottle, Cannon did not disgrace it. Then he had neither the pedantry of the scholar, the susceptible vanity of the literary man, nor the assuming and crooked sight of the politician. He was, in fact, a wit without alloy. If Cannon was chaplain to the revels of George the Fourth, he was still too good for the post, the reason, perhaps, why he did not keep it long.

As the old ricketty pier of Ryde emerged upon the town, there stood an inn, as I believe there still does. But it was then a very small and humble place, of appearance that would rather alarm than entice a cit. Yet here Cannon had taken up his abode, counterbalancing the badness of the steaks by the freshness of the air, and contented with

the services of a damsel or a waiter in clouten shoon, in consideration of the modesty of the weekly charge. Cannon spoke well of the inn, complimented the landlady to her face and behind her back, and even approved of the port; that was a considerable stretch of complaisance. I passed a month in other parts of the island, but on my return Cannon was still there, more seedy, more sad, and inclined to be acrimonious in his recollections even of royalty. Once more, however, he brightened up. George the Fourth in his great bounty, learning his difficulties, had sent him a hundred pounds. A few similar royal thoughts bestowed upon Cannon at an earlier period would have saved his pride and his existence. At present his respectability was *entamé;* and that broke the spirit of the gentleman beyond the faculty of any number of hundred pounds to cure.

The Dean had beguiled his solitude by writing. He scribbled. On what was he then employed?—"An autobiography of George the Fourth."—Biography, I suppose, you mean.—"No, no, I mean an auto. The monarch was fond of self-exculpation, especially when conviviality made frankness get the better of dignity. No one, indeed, durst accuse. But the merest word that could be twisted into an allusion to the past, was so taken in the royal mind. Of nights when all the world gave him credit for thoughtless joviality, it was even then he saw the writing on the wall. And he would abruptly turn to argue and expostulate with it, just as Scott has represented Cromwell entering of a sudden into a wordy apostrophe of Charles the First's picture. It was anything but agreeable to witness. There was nothing possible to say that was not dangerous, although to be silent was awkward. All I could do was to remember, which, indeed, it was difficult to avoid. And I have written down these *confidences* from memory."

Such was Cannon's account of the manuscript which he afterwards gave me to read, with the usual injunctions. I returned them to the author with many thanks for his confidence and for the amusement they had given. I, too, did as he had done. I said nothing, but remembered; and shaped my reminiscences at the time in the following Memoir, which, is at the reader's disposal.

### APOLOGY FOR GEORGE THE FOURTH.

"A people, like fortune, smile upon the young, take their good looks for innocence, their joviality for frankness, their forwardness for patriotism, their dissipation for a duty, their vice for a peccadillo. Demand, when old, the same indulgence from the same people, and you find no longer the good-humoured spectator, but the morose and cruel judge. Your features and form have lost their proportions, a strong prognostic of your being a villain. Your wrinkles denote cunning, your prudence cold-heartedness, your knowledge of the world's worthlessness makes you be set down as an ingrate. Combat care by a generous glass, and you are a sot; sun yourself in the ray of woman's friendship, the only one that retains warmth as life declines towards the horizon, and straight you are a sensualist. I was a better man at fifty than at twenty, yet the world looked to me as heroic in the one age, and demoniacal at the other. So much for its justice.

"The duties of life are easy to most men. They fit them as a glove. Mine did not fit so well or so softly. I was blessed with father, with mother, and with wife, each and all of whom were certainly the most

unloveable personages that even fiction could present. It pleased Providence that this kingdom should be ruled for half a century by the man of the least capacity in it. He selected favourites and ministers of congenial nullity. The consequence was the failure of every public aim, the misgovernment and mismanagement of every interest, until it became an axiom with every sensible man, that government could do no right. This may seem an exaggerated opinion. But really people were warranted in holding it. Hence the general belief that Pitt was as wrong as his predecessors, and that the French war would end as disgracefully to us as the American war. Notwithstanding this, it was impossible to place oneself, even in imagination, on the throne of the country, without feeling that the Whig party, in their opinions, entertained and avowed on all great questions, on the American war in the first instance, and finally upon the French war,—it was impossible not to own that their efforts and their leanings, their prophecies, and, in fact, their very hopes, went against the interests of England, denied its greatness, and weakened its security. It was impossible to be King or Regent for a week, without seeing that the Whigs were not the party to carry on the government or the war, unless the system was to be abandoned, the return of European alliance and regeneration broken up, and England laid prostrate at the feet of Napoleon. I felt this, and acted upon it most reluctantly, but convinced that it was the only safe and wise thing to do. Events have proved that it was so. Yet I have been held up for it as a monster of folly, of ingratitude, and renegadoism.

"The most insane accusation, is that of being false to friendship, as if sovereigns and statesmen could ever be friends in the proper acceptation of the word. In absolute states, the feeling of power on one side, and complete dependence on the other, would kill it. In free countries, the statesman looks to the public, and appeals to it, that is, places one foot on the people and one on the sovereign's shoulder, even if he deigns to lean at all on monarchical support. Such relative positions are incompatible with friendship. There is rivalry, diversity of interest, difference of aim, distinction of means. One of the great weaknesses of constitutional government, is indeed the impossibility of friendship or accord, between a sovereign who thinks for himself and any minister who does the same. Make the cleverest man king, and he will soon find this out. For the Prince of Wales, when Regent, to have remained friends with Mr. Grey, or the boon companion of Mr. Fox, had he lived, was simply impossible. But it is the characteristic of the public always to expect impossibilities.

"Woe be to the man who is obliged to take his friends amongst the class of politicians, or that secondary class of politicians, courtiers. Such people used to be true to one another, when aristocratic houses and connections were the source of influence and the support of claim. But as such sources dry in the high temperature of this age, people will prove in time, even if their lordships pull together, that each will set off upon his own account in the chase after office or rank. After friendship or politics, come friendship and dissipation, a sorry link, and yet a strong one. Friends of this kind were to be sought in men, strangers to politics. For otherwise ministers would be jealous, would imagine plots, backstairs' influence, and a thousand treacheries and intrigues. I never heard but one exception—Sheridan. And yet what scrapes did

he not get me into! Irishmen are incompararably the best companions that one in my position could select. They have infinitely more animal spirits than the men of any other country; nor are they animal spirits that require to be excited or got up. They are like an atmosphere about their beaming countenances. I have seen Irishmen, who, like northern suns, could shine on without the intermission of night. They have a secret, certainly, of enjoying life that none others have. Cannon says it is always the case in countries where life is worth nothing. But, if so, they ought to be jolly fellows in Persia and in Turkey, and I am told they are a solemn and melancholy set of beings. But of Irishmen, as of all men, the worldly clever are ambitious, and they forthwith think that a king's cognizance of, or his acquaintance with them, ought not only to help them up the steps of Life's ladder, but lift them at once, by his all-puissance, to the top of it. Besides your worldly clever man, there is your unworldly and highly gifted man, possessed of imagination, genius. These you cannot help worldlily, and cannot satisfy socially; for their susceptibilities ever rise to a pitch above your friendship or your circumspection. One was sure in admitting one of these within the circle to have his enmity some day or other, and with that enmity, the certitude of satire and epigram. Kings are accused of preferring blockheads to brains, and men of no parts to those who have them. But however they may begin by setting aside such a rule, it is one of the curses entailed upon their condition, that such a rule will be forced upon them. Genius is an edged tool, with which no monarch can play. Despotic sovereigns have had intellectual friends and favourites; such were Charlemagne and Solyman. But the friends of the monarchs, even if discarded, could not turn upon them, or become their rivals either in fashion or in politics. The greatest curse entailed on my successors will be the necessity of surrounding themselves with dullness, of putting wit into Coventry, and enthroning the non-entity of courtierdom, at the head of the most active and intelligent of publics.

"A great accusation, to be avoided by the means indicated, is that of not having sufficiently and honourably provided by patronage for such friends as were ruined by improvidence. But there is no way in England of providing for the waifs of society, and for men of small pretensions. There are places of ten and twenty thousand a year sometimes going a begging. But if the king himself wanted a place of two or three hundred a year for a friend, he might go begging for it, and not find it. It cost me far less pains to make Moira Governor-General of India, than to get Moore the poor clerkship in the Bermudas, which ruined him. There are some handsome sinecures in the law, the church, and the administration. But I never could get at one of them for my friends: my ministers divided the spoil, and declared themselves offended and insulted, nay, the constitution itself violated, if even the sovereign inquired about such things.

"So much for friendship and for friends, political, dissipated, convivial, intellectual. It would be easy to illustrate the arguments and excuses by reference to the individuals, but that may be left to others, if others care for such a subject. It is, however, only the educated and better classes that inquire into the duties of friendship and their dereliction. But how any man, much more a great man, treats women and woman-kind, that is every one's business, from the duke to the coal-

porter. All have much to think and to say on such a subject. With respect to it, every one is a self-constituted judge, and the world itself is a huge areopagus of morality on him who sins against the laws which unite the sexes. There is no more beautiful nor more sacred mystery than these laws; but when a nation permits one of its families to be excluded from the only condition under which these laws can be enforced, they cannot sanction the rigorous experiment of condemnation or penalty. The statute decrees that no prince could marry without the consent of the king. The king used the statute, as a scourge for his family. He grudged them the money for an establishment. How was a prince, surrounded with English beauty and fascination, to fall in love with matrimony in the abstract, and consent, like George the Third, to order a German bride, as he might order a bed-post, the best that could be got; and then fall into love and regular domesticity with her. Because the prince of the next generation was not of the same temperament, or was not bred in the same seclusion, and because he could not do as his father has done, malignity has distorted his whole conduct into the demoniac, instead of leaving it natural, as it was, and most unfortunate.

"First of all, it is said, that the Prince married, and consented to be married, solely that his debts might be paid. Was there then no desire, so natural to a man in his position, to have legitimate heirs, even if he were supposed incapable of desiring an amiable and virtuous wife? The accusation is nothing less than that the Prince, in league with other women of his circle, consented to have the Princess of Brunswick brought over and married to him, solely in order to have his debts paid; and that he before had determined to quarrel with and discard her, in order to enjoy old amours. If such a story were concocted and put forth in the pages of a fictitious novel, would not common sense reject it as impossible and absurd? Is it not more natural and more important to suppose, that the Prince had made up his resolve, for the duties as well as the pleasures and advantages of matrimony? Thus compelled to espouse what he had never seen or known, he was still, as a gentleman and a man of honour, prepared to reciprocate every generous, every loving, and every delicate sentiment. Is it not possible, that he might have been disappointed? Can any one fathom the mystery of those several causes of attraction and repulsion, by which men and women draw together, like the magnet and the steel, or repel each other by the same electric agency? Yet it is in these very matters, of which no one can be judge, that every one precisely is determined to be a judge. With all this, it is a glorious characteristic of the English people—their readiness to take a woman's part. Bonaparte could never have reigned as Emperor in England, did he respect ever so much its constitution, after his divorce of Josephine. The English would have pardoned him anything, rather than that.

"On the other hand, with their great generosity and consideration for the sex, there is one great coarseness in the English mind; and this is, that they will never consent to look upon woman in any other light than as wife or paramour. The idea of friendship they will not tolerate. Let a man and a woman have arrived at any degree of age, corpulence, infirmity of body or of mind, there is crime in the acquaintanceship and connexion. Yet how often are the powers and fascinations of woman exercised without sexual subjugation! Who ever reigned more

completely than Queen Caroline over George the Second? In the history of the Turkish Sultans, the women who have exercised most power, did so as mothers, and as discarded Sultanas, rather than as Sultanas in full power. The love and respect of man for woman is perhaps greatest, when sexual sentiments are completely set aside. And yet the public would no more allow George the Fourth to have a female friend, than political circumstances and other causes would allow him to have a male one. He, the King, was the Paria, denied every privilege, every pleasure, every justice."

Such are my brief reminiscences of my clerical and convivial friend's Memoirs. Having chronicled which, I proceed with my own.

What a miserable end was Lord Castlereagh's! and from a cause which certainly was the most remote from his nature and habits. He was of a cold temperament, the true one for politicians. For naturalists, in their great division of animals into the cold-blooded and hot-blooded, ought to have left an intermediate space for politicians. He had been blind to all the blandishments of Vienna, nor could he understand such weaknesses as those of Gentz, which his brother, Lord Londonderry, has so feelingly but somewhat exaggeratedly depicted. His Lordship had hitherto passed through life, like his friend Pitt, unstained with even the *soupçon* of an amorous intrigue. If he had indulged in any, they were of a low, obscure, and ephemeral kind. Whether it sprang out of one of them, or whether it sprang out of nothing, it appears that in the zenith of his political career, he was assailed by the threat of vile accusations of the vilest crime, got up without the shadow of either proof or probability, but still boldly urged by a gang of ruffians, male and female, who made such accusations their profession. The natural mode of setting so vile and false an accusation at defiance, and either prosecuting the offender, or waiting tranquilly to repel the slander, was open to any man, save the Marquis of Londonderry. He was the most unpopular man in the country. The mob, nay, the people would at that time have grasped at the slightest shadow of a calumny against him, and the hatred borne to him would have prevented just credit being paid to his declaration. His Lordship saw, therefore, that whatever course he took, political hostility would make the most of it, and overwhelm him with obloquy and with torture. The thought preyed on an already overworked mind, and produced a nervous irritability, that rendered him impatient of repose, and finally of existence. He visited the Prince in one of his paroxysms, and spoke wildly. The matter-of-fact Duke did not know what to make of him. Though, had he consulted such a friend, he might have obtained courageous counsel, and relief. He preferred keeping his cancer torture in his heart, where it gnawed and gnawed, till it forced the unfortunate statesman to turn a knife against his own throat.

Englishmen were really at a discount in those days in the way of fitness for official place. Lord Melville filled every cranny with Scotchmen. Lord Castlereagh, though English, had preferred the Irish, as far more available instruments. When it is considered, that the Wellesleys were Irish, Canning ditto, it must be thought the sister kingdom recompensed itself fully for allowing Englishmen to be their Chancellors and to fill the episcopal seats. Even Castlereagh's whipper-in was an Irishman. And certainly never was there such a whipper-in before or since as Billy Holmes. He once made two dead men vote in a divi-

sion of the House of Commons. How he did it, I have heard him tell, and did perfectly comprehend at the time; but the legerdemain has escaped my recollection; and in truth for any other person than Billy himself to tell the story would be sacrilege.

Master Holmes entered Trinity College, Dublin, some year of the last century, years that were far more jovial than their fellows of the present century. Students used to scale walls, beat the watch, get hauled before magistrates first, and then compound with their own proctor. Temperance societies formed the exception, not the rule, and Holmes did not belong to them, whether they were the one or the other. It happened that at a certain festival, held by students at the room of one of the party, fierce rivalry seized the guests upon a topic or frailty too common. This was, who should drink the most, and with most impunity. To whatever extravagance of potations some proceeded, or offered to proceed, Holmes out-topped them, by offering, for some consideration, in the shape of a bet, to swallow half a pint of raw whiskey over and above what he had already imbibed. His bet was taken; and was no sooner taken than the fiery draught was poured forth, and quaffed by the young dare-devil. The feat had not been long accomplished when its effects manifested themselves upon poor Holmes. No courage or self-possession could resist them, and he fell prostrate. Whatever the momentary exultation of the offerer of the bet, it was soon changed to alarm for the fate of the toper. Surgical aid was called in; and these competent authorities declared that the only hope of preserving life in the patient, was to keep him awake. A deep slumber, it was pronounced, would probably end in his extinction. All the resources of art and ingenuity were therefore applied to Holmes's body to prevent the spirit from having its full effect as an opiate. He was cuffed and pulled, shaken and pinched. Trumpets were blown, and unheeded; and at last hot irons were had recourse to, and applied to those parts of the body which promised the least dangerous results of such an application. The calves of his legs were treated, as horses' fetlocks are at times, and seared by fire,— the oddest initiation for a politician and a legislator, or for a driver of legislators, that a constitutional writer, however fabulous, could imagine.

These precautions were successful. They recalled Billy Holmes's spirit from the place, to which he had well-nigh sent it. They saved his life, but did not preserve equally intact his university reputation. The story got wind, attracted the attention of the college authorities, who thought it a good and grave opportunity for making an example: such excesses were too common, and the brawls which proceeded from them incessant. Billy, therefore, like other great men, was expelled the university. Whether the church lost a bishop, the law a dignitary, or medicine a great authority or operator, story does not say, nor, probably the hero of the story know. At all events, Holmes shook the academic dust off his feet, and set himself to appeal to the only portals to employment in Ireland at the time, those of the dominant families. He somehow or another obtained access to the Knoxes, great landlords, great politicians, great Orangemen, and Tories. After some demurs and delays, many promises and almost as many disappointments, Holmes was appointed secretary to a general of the name, who had consented to take some West India command.

" Holmes embarked at Portsmouth with the general in his capacity of

secretary, and no doubt made himself forthwith comfortable and useful. It happened, however, that, as the ship was creeping along the coast toward Falmouth, the general discovered that he had forgotten a writing-desk, containing very important papers. He could not go without these papers. The general, therefore, caused Holmes to be put on shore at Weymouth, with orders to post to London, recover the desired box, and then post with it down to Falmouth, at which the vessel was to wait. Nothing could have been more easy in these railway times; but in the days of posting, even with post-horses and of stage-coaches, time and the road were not so manageable. Holmes used every activity, got to London, possessed himself of the box, hurried to Falmouth, and looked to occupy again his secretary's berth. But he was too late: the wind had arisen fresh and fair, and so promising, that the captain would not wait for even a general's exigencies; and, after glancing at Falmouth, not putting into it, set all sail for the West Indies. Billy Holmes thus remained behind with the box of his patron's papers, anxious for his place, and resolved to pursue it and the general by the first vessel. He was not long in finding one, and embarking; and he hoped to greet General Knox at Jamaica with the presence of his lost secretary and lost box of papers.

Billy Holmes, in good time and in good luck, as he ever was, arrived at Jamaica; but General Knox had not arrived there; and he seemed in no hurry to arrive, to the perplexity of his secretary, whom some strange fate always prevented from entering upon his function. At last the news came that the vessel, which carried the general and all his suite, except his secretary, had gone to the bottom of the ocean, every soul on board perishing. What luck it was for Billy, that the general had forgotten his writing-desk, and that he had been late in hurrying back with it!

Holmes was a man of business and activity. He did something more than merely bring back what had been entrusted to him; but proceeding to the island, which was to have been the seat of the General's government, he gathered up all the valuables that had been already procured and sent out, brought home what was worth bringing, and disposed of the remainder. In short, without waiting for orders, he did what was just and needful. The family were grateful, and Holmes was recommended to Lord Castlereagh. By the political chieftain he was employed in a great many tasks, and sent on a great many errands. But he was not a penman or a bookman,—a bad clerk; but if he got employ as a man of the world, to deal with men and with the world, that was the place for Holmes. Such tastes and qualities are highly estimated and most available, but then the candidate must be of a higher and more independent grade of life, than was Billy Holmes. His genius, however, supplied these deficiencies, for Billy one morning married a lady of rank. Lord Castlereagh forthwith thrust him into Parliament; nor had he been a session in it, ere he had acquired all the personal knowledge, skill, and aptitude necessary for the mysterious and confidential post of ministerial whipper-in. The whippers-in of the present day dine in clubs, and send missions to get their flock together. In Billy's day, voters were not to be had in readiness; they had to be dined and drilled. Billy had a good home in Grafton House, and a *batterie de cuisine*, chiefly for the purpose of dining the idle, the dissipated, and the refractory. And a more successful or more cunning

Amphyctryon, in his way, never certainly bribed a member of parliament with a bottle.

As a mere proof, no doubt, of the desire of fortune to lavish rewards upon so deserving a writer, Holmes at this time obtained a large prize in the lottery. Government, he thought, did not fully recognize his services. So he went to his patron, Lord Castlereagh, and said that he must have a place, a sinecure, a something for the future. The Minister said there was nothing vacant, or likely to be. "Oh," rejoined Billy, "you may allow an ingenious man like me to make a place for himself." "By all means." Billy Holmes forthwith *invinted* the place of Treasurer of the Ordnance, in which he installed himself, and on vacating which he had no doubt a good retiring pension.

Peace be with Billy Holmes's *manes!* He was a rare fellow, more rich in political resources than Lyndhurst. He could save a party, when any other whipper-in would have called off the dogs and given up the hunt. He knew man and his nature better than, or as well as, Sir Robert Walpole did. And *his* memoirs, had he, or has he, left any, would be the most instructive and not the least witty of the time.

---

## HOW TO WRITE A PLAY.

Nothing is more easy
Than to write a play,
In the style to please ye
Of the present day.
Take Scribe or Molière,
And as your own their talents using,
First in pieces tear.
Then take from each the most amusing,
Say in other words what they 've already said,
Thus you 'll write with art, and be with pleasure read.

No event that passes
Can unnoticed drop,
Of a hundred farces,
Each will be the prop.
All will serve for rhymes;
Dread wars commencing or subsiding,
All the victor's crimes,
The virtues of the vanquished hiding.
On the victor's side let all that 's good be said,
Then you 'll write with wit, and be with pleasure read.

M. A. B.

## RECENT VISIT TO THEBES.*

The other evening, about 9 o'clock, as my friend and I were taking our customary evening pipe in the cabin, our vessel suddenly stopped. The wind was still blowing, and I called to Achmet to know what was the matter. "We have reached Luxor," answered the Theban. We dropped the chibouks, dashed out, up the bank, and saw, facing us in the brilliant moonlight, the grand colonade of the temple, the solid wedges of the pylon, and the brother obelisk of that which stands in the Place de la Concorde, in Paris. The wide plain of Thebes stretched away on either hand, and the beautiful outlines of the three mountain-ranges which inclose it, rose in the distance against the stars. We looked on the landscape a few moments, in silence. "Come," said my friend at length, "this is enough for to-night. Let us not be too hasty to exhaust what is in store for us." So we returned to our cabin, closed the blinds, and arranged our plans for best seeing and best enjoying the wonders of the great Diospolis.

Before commencing my recital, let me attempt to give you some idea of the topography of Thebes. The course of the Nile is here nearly north, dividing the site of the ancient city into two almost equal parts. On approaching it for Kenneh, the mountain of Koorneh, which abuts on the river, marks the commencement of the western division. This mountain, a range of naked limestone crags, terminating in a pyramidal peak, gradually recedes to the distance of two miles from the Nile, which it again approaches further south. Nearly the whole of the curve, which might be called the western wall of the city, is pierced with tombs, among which are those of the Queens, and the grand priestly vaults of the Assasseef. The Valley of the Kings' Tombs lies deep in the heart of the range, seven or eight miles from the river. After passing the corner of the mountain, the first ruin on the western bank is that of the temple-palace of Koorneh. More than a mile further, at the base of the mountain, is the Memnoinum, or temple of Remeses the Great, between which and the Nile the two colossi are seated on the plain. Nearly two miles to the south of this is the great temple of Medeenet Abou, and the fragments of other edifices are met with, still further beyond. On the eastern bank, nearly opposite Koorneh, stands the temple of Karnak, about half a mile from the river. Eight miles eastward, at the foot of the Arabian mountains, is the small temple of Medamot, which, however, does not appear to have been included in the limits of Thebes. Luxor is directly on the bank of the Nile, a mile and a half south of Karnak, and the plain extends several miles beyond it, before reaching the isolated range, whose three conical peaks are the landmarks of Thebes to voyagers on the river.

These distances convey an idea of the extent of the ancient city, but cannot give you the grand proportions of the landscape, so well fitted, in its simple and majestic outlines, to inclose the most wonderful structures the world has ever seen. The green expanse of the plain; the airy colouring of the mountains; the mild, solemn blue of the cloudless Egyptian sky;—these are a part of Thebes, and inseparable from the remembrance of its ruins.

* We are indebted to the New York Weekly Tribune for this interesting narrative.—Ed.

THE TOMB OF THE KINGS.

Yesterday morning at sunrise we crossed to the western bank and moored our boat opposite Koorneh. It is advisable to commence with the tombs, and complete the inspection of this side with Medeenet Abou, reserving Karnak, the grandest of all, for the last. The most unimportant objects in Thebes are full of interest when seen first, whereas Karnak, once seen, fills one's thoughts to the exclusion of everything else. There are Arab guides for each bank, who are quite familiar with all the principal points, and have a quiet and unobtrusive way of directing the traveller, which I should be glad to see introduced into England and Italy. Our guide was a tall, lean, grey-beard, who wore a white turban and long brown robe, and was most conscientious in his endeavours to satisfy us. We found several horses on the bank, ready saddled, and choosing two of the most promising, set off on a stirring galop for the temple of Koorneh and the Valley of the Kings' Tombs, leaving Achmet to follow with our breakfast, and the Arab boys with their water-bottles.

The temple of Koorneh was built for the worship of Amun, the Theban Jupiter, by Orsirei and his son, Remeses the Great, the supposed Sesostris, nearly fourteen hundred years before the Christian era. It is small, compared with the other ruins, but interesting from its rude and massive style, a remnant of the early period of Egyptian architecture. The two pylons in front of it are shattered down, and the dromos of sphynxes has entirely disappeared. The portico is supported by a single row of ten columns, which neither resemble each other, nor are separated by equal spaces. What is most singular, is the fact that notwithstanding this disproportion, which is also observable in the doorways, the general effect is harmonious. We tried to fathom the secret of this, and found no other explanation than in the lowness of the building, and the rough granite blocks of which it is built. One seeks no proportion in a natural temple of rock, or a cirque of Druid stones. All that the eye requires is rude strength, with a certain approach to order. The effect produced by this temple is of a similar character, barring its historical interest. Its dimensions are too small to be imposing, and I found, after passing it several times, that I valued it more as a feature in the landscape, than for its own sake.

The sand and pebbles clattered under the hoofs of our horses, as we galloped up the gorge of *Biban el Malook,* the "Gates of the Kings." The sides are perpendicular cliffs of yellow rock, which increased in height the further we advanced, and at last terminated in a sort of basin, shut in by precipices several hundred feet in height and broken into fantastic turrets, gables, and pinnacles. The bottom is filled with huge heaps of sand and broken stones, formed from the excavation of the tombs in the solid rock. There are twenty-one tombs in this valley, more than half of which are of great extent and richly adorned with paintings and sculptures. Some have been filled with sand or otherwise injured by the occasional rains which visit this region, while a few are too small and plain to need visiting. Sir Gardner Wilkinson has numbered them all in red chalk at the entrances, which is very convenient to those who use his work on Egypt as a guide. I visited ten of the principal tombs, to the great delight of the old guide, who complained that travellers are frequently satisfied with four or five. The

general arrangement is the same in all, but they differ greatly in extent and in the character of their decoration.

The first we entered was the celebrated tomb of Remeses I. discovered by Belzoni. From the narrow entrance, a precipitous staircase, the walls of which are covered with columns of hieroglyphics, descended to a depth of forty feet, where it strikes a horizontal passage leading to an oblong chamber, in which was formerly a deep pit, which Belzoni filled. This pit protected the entrance to the royal chambers, which was also carefully walled up. In the grace and freedom of the drawings, and the richness of their colouring, this tomb surpasses all others. The subjects represented are the victories of the monarch, while in the sepulchral chamber he is painted as being received into the presence of the gods. The limestone rock is covered with a fine coating of plaster, on which the figures were first drawn with red chalk, and afterwards carefully finished in colours. The reds, yellows, greens, and blues are very brilliant, but seem to have been employed at random, the gods having faces sometimes of one colour, sometimes of another. In the furthest chamber, which was left unfinished, the subjects are only sketched in red chalk. Some of them have the loose and uncertain lines of a pupil's hand, over which one sees the bold and rapid corrections of the master. Many of the figures are remarkable for their strength and freedom of outline. I was greatly interested in a procession of men, representing the different nations of the earth. The physical peculiarities of the Greek, the Jew, and the Ethiopian are therein as distinctly marked as at the present day. The blacks are perfect counterparts of the Nubians I see every day on the Nile, and the noses of the Jews seem newly painted from originals in Chatham-street. So little diversity in the distinguishing features of the race, after the lapse of more than three thousand years, is a new argument for Professor Agassiz. Either Bishop Usher was mistaken, and Adam lived considerably more than 5854 years ago, or, as the Professor suggests, there was more than one Adam.

The burial-vault, where Belzoni found the alabaster sarcophagus of the monarch, is a noble hall, thirty feet long by nearly twenty in breadth and height, with four massive pillars forming a corridor on one side. In addition to the light of our torches, the Arabs kindled a large bonfire in the centre, which brought out in strong relief the sepulchral figures on the ceiling, painted in white on a ground of intense blue. The pillars and walls of the vault glowed with the vivid variety of their colours, and the general effect was unspeakably rich and gorgeous. This tomb has already fallen a prey to worse plunderers than the Medes and Persians. Belzoni carried off the sarcophagus, Champollion cut away the splendid jambs and architrave of the entrance to the lower chambers, and Lepsius has finished by splitting the pillars and appropriating their beautiful paintings for the Museum at Berlin. At one spot, where the latter has totally ruined a fine doorway, some indignant Frenchman has written in red chalk: "*Meurtre commis par Lepsius.*" In all the tombs of Thebes, wherever you see the most flagrant and shameless spoliations, the guide says "Lepsius." Who can blame the Arabs for wantonly defacing these precious monuments, when such an example is set them by the vanity of European antiquaries?

Bruce's Tomb, which extends for 420 feet into the rock, is larger than Belzoni's, but not so fresh and brilliant. The main entrance slopes

with a very gradual descent, and has on each side a number of small chambers and niches, apparently for mummies. The illustrations in these chambers are somewhat defaced, but very curious, on account of the light which they throw upon the domestic life of the Ancient Egyptians. They represent the slaughtering of oxen, the preparation of fowls for the table, the kneading and baking of bread and cakes, as well as the implements and utensils of the kitchen. In other places the field-labourers are employed in leading the water of the Nile into canals, cutting doura, threshing and carrying the grain into magazines. One room is filled with furniture, and the row of chairs around the base of the walls would not be out of place in the most elegant modern drawing-room. The Illustrated Catalogue of the London Exhibition contains few richer and more graceful patterns. In a chamber nearer the royal vault, two old blind minstrels are seen, playing the harp in the presence of the King, whence this is sometimes called the Harper's Tomb. The pillars of the grand hall, like those of all the other tombs we visited, represent the monarch, after death, received into the presence of the gods—stately figures with a calm and serious aspect, and lips which, like those of the sphinx, seem closed upon some awful mystery. The absurdity of the colouring does not destroy this effect, and a blue-faced Isis, whose hard black eyeball stares from a brilliant white socket, is not less impressive than the same figure cut in sandstone or granite.

The delicacy and precision of the sculptured hieroglyphics filled me with astonishment. In the tomb of Amunoph III., which I visited next day, they resembled the cyphers engraved upon seals in their exquisite sharpness and regularity. Only the principal tombs, however, are thus beautified. In others, the figures are either simply painted, or apparently sunken in the plaster, while it was yet fresh, by prepared patterns. The latter method accounts for the exact resemblance of a long succession of figures, which would otherwise require a most marvellous skill on the part of the artist. In some unfinished chambers I detected plainly the traces of these patterns, where the outlines of the figures were blunt, and the grain of the plaster bent and not cut. The family likeness of the faces of the monarchs is also too striking, unfortunately, for us to accept them as faithful portraits. They are all apparently of the same age, and their attributes do not materially differ. This was probably a flattery on the part of the artists, or the effect of royal vanity, which required to be portrayed in the freshness of youth and the full vigour of body and mind. The only faces I have learned to recognize are those of Remeses II., the supposed Sesostris, and Amunoph III.

The tomb of Memnon, as it was called by the Romans, is the most elegant of all, in its proportions, and is as symmetrical as a Grecian temple. On the walls of the entrance are several inscriptions of Greek tourists, who visited it in the era of the Ptolemies, and spent their time in carving their names, like Americans now-a-days. The huge granite sarcophagus in which the monarch's mummy was deposited, is broken, as are those of the other tombs, with a single exception. This is the tomb of Osirei I., the grandfather of Sesostris, and the oldest in the valley. I visited it by crawling through a hole barely large enough to admit my body, after which I slid on my back down a passage nearly choked with sand, to another hole opening into the burial chamber. Here no impious hand had defaced the walls, but the figures were as perfect and the colouring as brilliant as when first executed. In the

centre stood an immense sarcophagus, of a single block of red granite, and the massive lid, which had been thrown off, lay beside it. The dust in the bottom gave out that peculiar mummy odour perceptible in all the tombs, and in fact long after one has left them, for the clothes become saturated with it. The guide, delighted with having dragged me into that chamber, buried deep in the dumb heart of the mountain, said not a word, and from the awful stillness of the place and the phantasmagoric gleam of the wonderful figures on the walls, I could have imagined myself a neophyte, on the threshold of the Osirian mysteries.

We rode to the Western Valley, a still deeper and wilder glen, containing tombs of the kings of the foreign dynasty of Atin-Re. We entered the two principal ones, but found the paintings rude and insignificant. There are many lateral passages and chambers and in some places deep pits, along the edge of which we were obliged to crawl. In the last tomb a very long and steep staircase descends into the rock. As we were groping after the guide, I called to my friend to take care, as there was but a single step, after making a slip. The words were scarcely out of my mouth before I felt a tremendous thump, followed by a number of smaller ones, and found myself sitting in a heap of sand, at the bottom. I came off with a few slight bruises, but my candle was completely smashed.

### THE MEMNONIUM AND THE COLOSSI.

Returning to the temple of Koorneh, we took a path over the plain, through fields of wheat, lupins, and lentils, to the two colossi, which we had already seen from a distance. These immense sitting figures, fifty-three feet above the plain, which has buried their pedestals, look over the site of vanished Thebes and assert the grandeur of which they and Karnak are the most striking remains. They were erected by Amunoph III., and though the faces are totally disfigured, the full, round, beautiful proportions of the colossal arms, shoulders, and thighs do not belie the marvellous sweetness of the features which we still see in his tomb. Except the head of Antinous, I know of no ancient portrait so beautiful as Amunoph. The long and luxuriant hair, flowing in a hundred ringlets, the soft grace of the forehead, the mild serenity of the eye, the fine thin lines of the nostrils, and the feminine tenderness of the full lips, triumphed over the cramped rigidity of Egyptian sculpture, and charm you with the lightness and harmony of Greek art. In looking on that head, I cannot help thinking that the subject overpowered the artist, and led him to the threshold of a truer art. Amunoph, or Memnon, was a poet in soul, and it was meet that his statue should salute the rising sun with a sound like that of a harp-string.

Modern research has wholly annihilated this beautiful fable. Memnon now sounds at all hours of the day, and at the command of all travellers who pay an Arab five piastres to climb into his lap. We engaged a vender of modern scarabei, who threw off his garments, hooked his fingers and toes into the cracks of the polished granite, and soon hailed us with "*salamat!*" from the knee of the statue. There is a certain stone on Memnon's lap, which, when sharply struck, gives out a fine metallic ring. Behind it is a small square aperture, invisible from below, where one of the priests no doubt stationed himself to perform the daily miracle. Our Arab rapped on the arms and body of the statue, which had the usual dead sound of stone, and rendered the musical ring of the sun-

smitten block more striking. An avenue of sphinxes once led from the colossi to a grand temple, the foundations of which we found about a quarter of a mile distant. On the way are the fragments of two other colossi, one of black granite. The enormous substructions of the temple and the pedestals of its columns have been sufficiently excavated to show what a superb edifice has been lost to the world. A crowd of troublesome Arabs, thrusting upon our attention newly-baken cinerary urns, newly-roasted antique wheat, and images of all kinds fresh from the maker's hand, disturbed our quiet examination of the ruins, and in order to escape their importunities we rode to the Memnonium.

This edifice, the temple-palace of Remeses the Great, is supposed to be the Memnonium described by Strabo, and still bears the same name. It is built on a gentle rise of land at the foot of the mountain, and looks eastward to the Nile and Luxor. The grand stone pylon which stands at the entrance of its former avenue of sphinxes has been half levelled by the fury of the Persian conquerors, and the colossal granite statue of Remeses, in the first court of the temple, now lies in enormous fragments around its pedestal. Mere dimensions give no idea of this immense mass, the weight of which, when entire, was nearly nine hundred tons. How poor and trifling appear the modern statues which we call colossal, when measured with this, one of whose toes is a yard in length, and how futile the appliances of modern art, when directed to its transportation for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles! The architrave at each end of the court was upheld by four caryatides, thirty feet in height. Though much defaced, they are still standing, but are dwarfed by the mighty limbs of Remeses. It is difficult to account for the means by which the colossus was broken. There are no marks of any instruments which could have forced such a mass asunder, and the only plausible conjecture I have heard is, that the stone must have been subjected to an intense heat and afterwards to the action of water. The statue, in its sitting position, must have been nearly sixty feet in height, and is the largest in the world, though not so high as the rock-hewn monoliths of Aboo-Simbel. The Turks and Arabs have cut several mill-stones out of its head, without any apparent diminution of its size.

The Memnonium differs from the other temples of Egypt in being almost faultless in its symmetry, even when measured by the strictest rules of art. I know of nothing so exquisite as the central colonnade of its grand hall—a double row of pillars, forty-five feet in height and twenty-three in circumference, crowned with capitals resembling the bell-shaped blossoms of the lotus. One must see them to comprehend how this simple form, whose expression is all sweetness and tenderness in the flower, softens and beautifies the solid majesty of the shaft. In spite of their colossal proportions, there is nothing massive or heavy in their aspect. The cup of the capital curves gently outward from the abacus on which the architrave rests, and seems the natural blossom of the columnar stem. On either side of this perfect colonnade are four rows of Osiride pillars, of smallar size, yet the variety of their form and proportions only enhances the harmony of the whole. This is one of those enigmas in architecture which puzzle one on his first acquaintance with Egyptian temples, and which he is often forced blindly to accept as new laws of art, because his feeling tells him they are true and his reason cannot satisfactorily demonstrate that they are false.

MEDEENET ABOU.

We waited till the yellow rays of sunset fell on the capitals of the Memnonium, and they seemed, like the lotus flowers, to exhale a vapoury light, before we rode home. All night we wandered in dreams through kingly vaults, with starry ceilings and illuminated walls, but on looking out of our windows at dawn we saw the red saddle-cloths of our horses against the dark back-ground of the palm grove, as they came down to the boat. No second nap was possible, after such a sight, and many minutes had not elapsed before we were tasting the cool morning air in the delight of a race up and down the shore. Our old guide, however, was on his donkey betimes, and called us off to our duty. We passed Koorneh and ascended the eastern face of the mountain to the tombs of the priests and private citizens of Thebes. For miles along the mountain side, one sees nothing but heaps of sand and rubbish, with here and there an Arab hut, built against the face of a tomb, whose chambers serve as pigeon-houses and stalls for asses. The earth is filled with fragments of mummies and the bandages in which they were wrapped, for even the sanctity of death itself is here neither respected by the Arabs nor the Europeans, whom they imitate. I cannot conceive the passion which some travellers have, of carrying away withered hands and fleshless legs, and disfiguring the abodes of the dead with their insignificant names. I should as soon think of carving my initials on the back of a live Arab, as on these venerable monuments.

The first tomb we entered almost cured us of the desire to visit another. It was that called the Assasseef, built by a wealthy priest, and it is the largest in Thebes. Its outer court measures one hundred and three by seventy-six feet, and its passages extend between eight and nine hundred feet into the mountain. We groped our way between walls as black as ink, through long labyrinthine suits of chambers, breathing a death-like and oppressive odour. The stairways seemed to lead into the bowels of the earth, and on either hand yawned pits of uncertain depth. As we advanced, the ghostly vaults rumbled with a sound like thunder, and hundreds of noisome bats, scared by the light, dashed against the walls and dropped at our feet. We endured this for a little while, but on reaching the entrance to some darker and deeper mystery, were so surrounded by the animals, who struck their filthy wings against our faces, that not for ten kings' tombs would we have gone a step further. My friend was on the point of vowing never to set his foot in another tomb, but I persuaded him to wait till we had seen that of Amunoph. I followed the guide, who enticed me by flattering promises into a great many snake-like holes, and when he was tired with crawling in the dust, sent one of our water-carriers in advance, who dragged me in and out by the heels. The private tombs are all interesting, and exhibit a great variety in the character of their paintings. The one marked No. 35, which we entered through an Arab hovel, contains a corridor about sixty feet in length and twenty in height, the walls of which are covered with figures, most admirably designed and executed. Here the different nations of the earth are represented, with as faithful a hand as in Belzoni's tomb, and the peculiarities of feature, complexion, and expression, are as strongly marked as at the present day. In the outer court is a procession of persons leading a variety of animals, among which are the elephant, the

giraffe, and the ostrich. We built a fire of corn-stalks in the centre of the corridor, and brought out the dim figures on the wall in the full glow of their vivid colouring. The Arab occupant of the tomb was very much incensed at this, but we quieted him with a backshish and enjoyed for some time the marvellous effect we had produced.

The temple of Medeenet Abou is almost concealed by the ruins of a Coptic village, among which it stands, and by which it is partially buried. The outer court, pylon, and main hall of the smaller temple rise above the mounds and overlook the plain of Thebes, but scarcely satisfy the expectation of the traveller, as he approaches. You first enter an enclosure surrounded by a low stone wall, and standing in advance of the pylon. The back wall, facing the entrance, contains two single pillars, with bell-shaped capitals, which rise above it and stand like guards before the doorway of the pylon. Here was another enigma for us. Who, among modern architects, would dare to plant two single pillars before a pyramidal gateway of solid masonry and then inclose them in a plain wall, rising to half their height? Yet here the symmetry of the shafts is not injured by the wall in which they stand, nor oppressed by the ponderous bulk of the pylon. On the contrary, the light columns and spreading capitals, like a tuft of wild roses hanging from the crevice of a rock, brighten the rude strength of the masses of stone with a gleam of singular loveliness. What would otherwise only impress you by its size, now endears itself to you by its beauty. Is this the effect of chance, or the result of a finer art than that which flourishes in our day? I will not pretend to determine, but I must confess that Egypt, from whose ruins I had awaited only a sort of barbaric grandeur, has given me a new insight into that vital Beauty which is the soul of true Art.

We devoted little time to the ruined court and sanctuaries which follow the pylon, and to the lodges of the main temple, standing beside them like watch-towers, three stories in height. The majestic pylon of the great temple of Remeses III. rose behind them, out of heaps of pottery and unburnt bricks, and the colossal figure of the monarch in his car, borne by two horses into the midst of the routed enemy, attracted us from a distance. We followed the exterior wall of the temple, for its whole length of more than six hundred feet, reading the sculptured history of his conquests. The entire outer wall of the temple presents a series of gigantic cartoons, cut in the blocks of sandstone, of which it is built. Remeses is always the central figure, distinguished from subjects and foes no less by his superior stature than by the royal emblems which accompany him. Here we see heralds sounding the trumpet in advance of his car, while his troops pass in review before him; there, with a lion walking by his side, he sets out on his work of conquest. His soldiers storm a town, and we see them climbing the wall with ladders, while a desperate hand-to-hand conflict is going on below. In another place, he has alighted from his chariot and stands with his foot on the neck of a slaughtered king. Again, his vessels attack a hostile navy on the sea. One of the foreign craft becomes entangled and is capsized, yet while his spearmen hurl their weapons among the dismayed enemy, the sailors rescue those who are struggling in the flood.

We slid down the piles of sand, and entered by a side-door into the grand hall of the temple. Here, as at Dendereh, a surprise awaited us.

We stood on the pavement of a magnificent court, about one hundred and thirty feet square, around which ran a colonnade of pillars, eight feet square and forty feet high. On the western side is an inner row of circular columns, twenty-four feet in circumference, with capitals representing the papyrus blossom. The entire court, with its walls, pillars and doorways, is covered with splendid sculptures and traces of paint, and the ceiling is blue as the noonday sky and studded with stars. Against each of the square columns facing the court once stood a colossal caryatid, upholding the architrave of another colonnade of granite shafts, nearly all of which have been thrown from their bases, and lie shivered in the pavement. This court opens towards the pylon into another of similar dimensions, but buried almost to the capitals of its columns in heaps of rubbish. The character of the temple is totally different from that of every other one in Egypt. Its height is small in proportion to its great extent, and it therefore loses the airy lightness of the Memnonium and the impressive grandeur of Dendereh. Its expression is that of a massive magnificence, if I may use such a doubtful compound: no single epithet suffices to describe it. A minute account of its sculptures would occupy more time than I or my readers can afford; and if asked to give a complete and faithful picture of its marvels, I can only say in answer, come and see.

With Medeenet Abou finished our survey of the western division of Thebes — two long days of such experience as the contemplation of a lifetime cannot exhaust. At sunset we took advantage of the wind, parted from our grooms and water-carriers, who wished to accompany me to Kartoum, and crossed the Nile to Luxor. To-morrow we shall devote to Karnak.*

* By the "Niagara's" mail we have had the pleasure of receiving letters from our friend and associate Bayard Taylor,—or as he is known among the Arabs, Taylor Bey,—dated at Khartoum, the chief city of Sennaar, situated at the confluence of the White and the Blue Nile, about half way between Cairo and the Equator. He arrived there on the 12th of January in excellent health and spirits, after a journey on camels across the Nubian Desert, during which he had sundry fortunate adventures, and received every friendly attention from the native chieftains. He was the first American ever seen so far toward Central Africa, and like a good patriot never slept without the stars and stripes floating above his tent. Everywhere good luck had attended him,—in truth he seems to have been born to it,—but at Khartoum especially he was received with unexpected honours. The governor of the city had presented him with a horse, and had entertained him in a banquet of genuine Ethiopian magnificence, while the commander of the troops had stationed a nightly guard of honour around his tent. In company with Dr. Knoblecher, the venerable Catholic missionary bound for the equatorial regions, whom he had overtaken at Khartoum, and of Dr. Deitz, the Austrian consul, Mr. Taylor had also attended a banquet at the palace of the daughter of the late King of Sennaar, a very stately and ebon princess, who entertained her guests chiefly upon sheep roasted whole. Others of the first families among the Ethiopian aristocracy had also welcomed the strangers with distinguished civilities. Mr. Taylor expected to reach Cairo on his return about the 1st of April, though we should not be surprised to learn that he had changed his mind, and, in company with the Jesuit mission, plunged still further into the mysterious country about the Equator and the sources of the Nile.—*The Weekly Tribune. New York.*

## GRAND REVIEW AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

We had stationed ourselves in front of the palace, waiting to see an inspection of troops, which, we were told, would take place. I shall not easily forget the spectacle that soon presented itself. On a large balcony, in front of the palace, and on which French doors opened from the interior, were several ladies belonging to the Imperial family, among whom I particularly remarked the amiable and much-lamented Grand-duchess Alexandrine. Around these ladies were groups of officers, whom I did not know, but who were, most probably, some of the Imperial sons, and the great officers of the household. These gentlemen, by their continual flitting to and fro in their gay uniforms, at one moment lost to view, and the next exposing themselves at an opening of the rich awning, with which the balcony was ornamented, rendered the scene one that even a stranger could not look at without feeling an unusual degree of interest; while underneath this balcony, and on terra firma, were perhaps from a hundred to a hundred and fifty distinguished officers, who were collected together for the occasion, and whose variety of uniforms and gallant appearance, combined with the royal and interesting spectacle above them, completed an *ensemble* such as the eye has but rare opportunities of resting upon. In front of this gorgeous picture, and between us and it, stood at ease and motionless, eight or ten thousand men, who, like the officers, displayed the various costumes appertaining to the regiments to which they belonged.

The atmospheric influence in this country is such that it produces on the feelings a disposition to look at everything in an animated, gay, and brilliant point of view. Still, whatever may be the effect of atmosphere, I am of opinion that under any sky, the whole of those troops would have appeared peculiarly neat, and clean to brilliance. As to their accoutrements, they had nothing slovenly about them; their trousers, jackets, shoes, and so forth, bearing the stamp of having been made expressly for them, and not, as I regret to say, we too often see many of our own brave fellows, who appear as if the quartermaster had flung them their necessaries, without reference to whether they were adapted to their dimensions or not.

In the midst of my examination and, I must confess, surprise at the polish of the various articles of ornament and use they had about their persons, my eye was attracted by a movement among the officers under the balcony, and a falling back to the right and left. Being aware this movement announced the speedy coming of the Emperor, I watched for his appearance, and in a few moments he stepped forth, engaged in conversation with two or three officers, by whom he was accompanied. He was immediately saluted by those who had been waiting his coming, and the whole of the troops gave three hurrahs, that seemed to shake the foundations of the buildings near us, the band at the same moment striking up, "God save the Emperor." This general and animated salutation was acknowledged by his Majesty's gracefully removing his hat; and on his doing so, I could not help admiring the peculiar magnificence of his figure, and his royal and martial bearing, which gave him the appearance, and conveyed to my mind the remembrance,

of all the casts I had ever seen that represented the great warrior god in his most majestic yet simple attitude.

Having a trifling knowledge of military evolutions, that is to say, as an amateur, I scrutinized and attended with the utmost care to all the movements this great body of men were then put through by his Majesty: the marching and counter-marching, forming close columns, then deploying into line, and again folding themselves up in solid squares, and frequently folding up their commanding officer and Sovereign with them, went merrily on, and occupied my mind entirely. I say merrily, because the word of command was given apparently so carelessly, and the movements of this great body of troops, were conducted with such cool precision and exactitude as to time, that they seemed like a great show worked by springs, each body taking its position at the exact moment it was necessary it should do so. Indeed, the whole seemed but an amusing exercise, in which the Emperor bandied the soldiers about with as much ease and facility as a great instrumental performer seems to handle the instrument on which he is playing. Every now and again, the bands struck up some martial airs; and between the pauses, the soldiers gave, spontaneously, I think, three loud cheers, as if they, the actors in this scene, had imbibed such an exhiliration of spirits, and felt so strong a touch of warlike ardour, that they must needs pour it forth in this manner. Indeed, I had no sooner entered into the spirit of what was going on before me, than I was greatly excited also; and by Jupiter Ammon! I, at one moment, when a column in close order was marching past me, had the strongest disposition in the world to rush out and give the word of command, "Right! turn!" but I did not, because the fear that some confusion would be the result, put a check on my feelings, and I remained quietly in the position I occupied.

Then followed a new exhibition of what was to me of an exceedingly novel character. This consisted of a number of mounted Circassians going through a variety of their Eastern evolutions; some of which very much surprised me, and all of which very much pleased the lady who was my companion. But her delight arrived at its acmé when she saw those men suspended on the sides of their horses, which were going at full gallop, and fire underneath their bellies at a sheet of paper placed on the plain as a target, and which they almost invariably struck, immediately after recovering their positions on the saddle. But this amusement, that so much delighted her, at one moment gave her a terrible fright; for one of the men who was mounted on a fiery Arab, came galloping towards us in as direct a line as he could take. My companion, seeing him coming, turned quite pale, and I was alarmed, and made preparation for bobbing to the right or left, to give him room to pass. But at the moment the lady's apprehension was at its height, the Circassian suddenly stopped his horse, and made him stand an instant or two, as still and stiff as a post, and then walk quietly away. For my part, I was astonished that so sudden a halt had not shot the man across the plain; but it did not, and he sat as composed in his saddle as if he had done nothing extraordinary.

## LITERATURE.

THE LITERATURE AND ROMANCE OF NORTHERN EUROPE. By William and Mary Howitt.

We have more than once had occasion to record the sense we entertain of the graceful genius of the Howitts, as it has been displayed in a variety of ways in many popular works. Not the least service that Mary Howitt has rendered to literature is her admirable translation of Andersen's "Improvisatore," of several of Miss Bremer's tales, and Madame Knorring's "Peasant and his Landlord." And now a further claim is made upon our gratitude by the production of the present work. We are willing to pay what we conceive to be a just debt; but the amount we tender will, perhaps, hardly be considered as a sufficient return for the labour and research this well-matched pair have undergone, and for the literary results they have brought before us. The truth is, we suspect, that the Howitts are enthusiasts. They have discovered and have made known to us what they believe to be a mine of countless wealth, and they fall into such raptures about the Sagas and Eddas of the Scandinavians, and the more modern authors of Denmark and Sweden, that we are lost in wonder that two sober and serious people can muster such contributions of admiration ready to hand. There were "giants in those days," the days of the Sagas and Eddas; but there are giants in these days in Denmark and in Sweden; in fact, a race of literary people of such intellectual stature as those countries can boast, if we are to take the word of the Howitts, never perhaps lifted their colossal foreheads to the sky.

Willing, as we are, to admit that Denmark and Sweden may point with pride to many authors of considerable genius, yet each of those countries has produced only one really great poet, Oehlenschläger the Dane, Tegnér the Swede. Now, we have read with interest and pleasure the specimens, excellently translated, which Mr. and Mrs. Howitt have set before us, and we really cannot find in the Danish and Swedish authors of the eighteenth century, or at any other period, later or earlier, anything that should make us ashamed of our Addison, Swift, Pope, Johnson, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Young, Beattie, Goldsmith, Collins, Gray, and many other men scarce less illustrious. Holberg is the great comic author of Denmark. We are introduced to his acquaintance, and, undoubtedly, the man had a sense of humour; but is this "heavy lightness," this "serious vanity," to be put in comparison with our Colmans, our Sheridan, or even our Cumberland? Great as is the admiration expressed by Mr. Howitt of the genius of the authors with whose works he has recently made himself familiar, we cannot but believe that it will be evanescent, not because there is not much to be admired in them, but that he who shows little or no sense of the wit, the worldly wisdom, the poignant satire, the dexterous art of Pope, is not likely to retain a lasting admiration of any work of genius.

Yet, whilst we differ in some measure from the opinion of Mr. Howitt, we may be, and we are, thankful to him for the many specimens he has selected for us from the Literature and Romance of Northern Europe. Many of the poems are admirably rendered, and the book, taken as a whole, is in the highest degree interesting and instructive.

THE HEIR OF ARDENNAN. By the Author of "Anne Dysart."

We are almost afraid to express the opinion that an author who sits down to write a story of domestic life, whether in England or Scotland, with a strenuous determination to paint life as it is—in its exact proportions, neither more nor less,—must hardly expect a sudden, widely-extended popularity. We have in the present day many admirable writers of fiction, but several amongst them (and those who enjoy the most esteem) either have created a taste, or are constrained to minister to it, for the grotesque and the extravagant.

"Who peppers the highest is surest to please:"

Monstrous caricatures frequently pass for originals; and he is sometimes called a genius who, utterly unable to draw a character from life, or who conceives that it is no part of his business to do so, presents us with monsters such as the world ne'er saw.

The chief merit, and a great one it is, of "the Heir of Ardennan," is that we find a genuine, a true thing; nothing is introduced for effect, which violates nature or probability. We find in this work, not only a singularly interesting story, but characters drawn with such a rare felicity, that it is hard to believe but that they are portraits from life. Caroline Irvine, and her sister Agnes, are remarkable examples of faithful and studious delineation, and the Purves family are inimitable. It demands genius to elevate common-place people into characters. We have a very high opinion of this work, and we heartily commend it to the reader.

ADVENTURES OF A BEAUTY. By Mrs. Crowe.

This is one of those works of fiction which nobody will contentedly lay down till he shall have arrived at the end of the third volume. The adventures of the "Beauty," Agnes Crawford, and the consequences to which her clandestine marriage with Lionel Grosvenor lead, are full of a highly-wrought and most powerful interest, and are diversified with extraordinary skill, and remarkable affluence of invention. There are few writers who possess an equal ability with Mrs. Crowe, of throwing her characters into complications, and dexterously disentangling them. That this curious felicity is sometimes pushed to a perilous extent, nay, even to the deterioration of the story, has been the complaint of more than one critic, but they will find no adherent in us. Surely, we have enough and to spare of wire-drawn literature in the present day; and it will not do to object to an authoress because she puts forth all the resources of a very rare faculty. The "Adventures of a Beauty" will fully sustain Mrs. Crowe's reputation.

THE PERILS OF FASHION.

IF we must perforce bestow a word of praise upon the authoress for her laudable endeavour to enforce a moral purpose, we must express our disappointment at the manner in which it has been worked out. Mary D'Arc, the heroine, is a character so constituted by the authoress, that her career and its results supply no particular or even general moral. Jilt, jilt—jilting, and being jilted—what are the "perils of fashion" to a young lady who appears only to be too well formed by a vicious nature, heightened by a mischievous education, to mix in the

scenes depicted, and to add, by her example, to the "perils" that might be encountered by more amiable and inexperienced girls? Before we have done with this young lady we are thoroughly weary of her; and what adds not a little to our repugnance, is to be told that she really did love the Rev. Mr. Leigh. Impossible! the authoress is under a mistake; Mary D'Arc had not a heart to bestow or to be broken. The scene in which she, a mother, and on the shady side of fifty, dies in the arms of the reverend gentleman, now become an archdeacon, and of serious threescore (as nearly as we can guess) is positively ludicrous. Yet, there are many animated scenes, some well-drawn characters, and much good writing in the "Perils of Fashion." The authoress may do far better things.

LENA; OR, THE SILENT WOMAN. By the Author of "King's Cope."

THIS is a piquant novel, discovering originality of thought, discrimination of character, and a certain freshness which is not to be found in the more fashionable novels of the day. We had just read through a book which has made a great sensation in Paris, called "La Dame aux Camélias," and it was both instructive and amusing to note the different tastes of the rival capitals, as displayed in these two totally different fictions. Fiction, the French work can scarcely he called, for it is, if not founded wholly upon fact, largely indebted for its interest to its being the history of a celebrated woman, Marie Duplessis. Suffice it to say once and for all of this French work, that powerful and painfully interesting as it undoubtedly is, it would never be tolerated in this country.

It was emancipation from an unpleasant thraldom to get hold of "Lena," which though far inferior in power, yet possesses so much that is piquant and delicate, such little subtle distinctions of character, and is written with a refinement that charms, and a playful light sarcasm that puts one in a good humour at once. The title of the novel should have been "Cecil Fleming," for Lena though she is by no means "a Silent Woman," yet plays a secondary part in the story. Cecil is a fine high-spirited girl, and we were early relieved from our fears that she was about to turn out a rude hoyden; frank, with perhaps a dash too much of hauteur, beautiful, and tolerably gifted, she makes a gay dashing heroine, and keeps everybody around her alive.

As a foil there is "Lena," the extra-amiable, noiseless, Madonna style of young lady, who seems early in the story to have been the most successful of the numerous marriageable young ladies that are found in this novel; she is engaged to Edgar Rothmond, who would have been a scamp, only nature had not given him wit enough, and so had done the state good service. He breaks his engagement, wishes to renew it, but the "Madonna," though a sweet-tempered girl, has her fair allotment of pride and refuses to see him any more. Lord Morland is a good-natured man, shining by contrast with his worldly-minded, manœuvring wife, and needing a bad foil to make him appear a tolerable Christian. Their two daughters flirt with any one and every one, and the usual punishment awaits the elder; whilst the younger, uglier, but possessing a rough vulgar frankness, is happy enough to secure a husband in the most inoffensive of mortals who had surely never done anything wrong enough to deserve such a wife.

Laura, Cecil's sister and cousin to the young Morlands, is a heartless coquette, who drives her cousin Basil Morland mad, stands in the way of all the matches by seducing young gentlemen from their allegiance, and then laughing at them. She meets with an untimely fate with her cousin Basil, and thus the characters difficult to deal with her are removed from the stage. Henceforth all the interest centres round Uncle Ned, a really good character, with a shrewd sarcasm about him which though telling is not bitter. He would be thought by some a little heartless perhaps, but it must be remembered he is the centre of a worldly, vain, foolish circle, who are aimless in life, save, to do them justice, as far as concerns the securing of a husband. Lord Hurstmonceaux is not a good specimen of the author's powers; he is a romantic invention, and by no means a happy one. Neither he nor the Duke is drawn from nature. But these are not characters that support the story, and their weakness does not materially affect its interest.

The Author of "Lena" is a clever and improving writer, a shrewd observer of the Austen School, and, we doubt not, will some day produce an enduring fiction.

NATHALIE. By the Author of "Madeleine."

IT was but a short time ago that we took up "Nathalie." The scene is laid in Normandy, and throughout the book are scattered passages of great beauty, descriptive of the scenery of the north of France. Occasionally, too, we are told of sunny Provence, and our cheek warms, and eye brightens, as we almost feel the balmy air, and see the deep blue sky of Provence. One description, too, of an autumn in Normandy, exhibits the strong love of the beautiful in nature, which we have before noticed in the writings of Miss Kavanagh.

The wayward, coquettish, yet by no means heartless Nathalie is of course the heroine of the book. The Provençale girl falls deeply in love with her guardian, who is about twenty years older and colder than herself, and the mysterious character of Mons. de Sainville exercises a fascination over the imaginative Nathalie. The story is full of the lovers' quarrels, though here we have new and strange ones; and these quarrels are the means of exhibiting more piquant dialogue than we have seen for some few years, in any novels, save "Jane Eyre" and "The Initials." The passionate Nathalie is no match for the calm guardian, and the more she discovers this the more she determines that he shall respect as well as love her. But we must not unveil the mysteries of the story, or betray the issue of these amatory battles.

The character of the guardian is not drawn with so much skill as is that of Nathalie. We would suggest that where Mons. de Sainville means to exhibit firmness, he sometimes discovers rudeness, and there is something indelicate in his cool manner of wooing Nathalie, though we are to suppose this is only manner. With this slight drawback the character of the guardian is good. The suffering Rose, whose life is over a rugged path, and who, discarding love, takes duty as her guiding star, is a character rarely to be met with. It is of course meant as a strong contrast to Nathalie.

The Aunt Radegonde is a capital character, and forms again a contrast to the haughty Madame Marceau. Aunt Radegonde, who, imagining herself reserved, is always gossiping, and who, though waning

in life, likes not to be thought deaf, or sleepy. She doses only because she does not like the firelight, and is deaf only because the wind is louder than the voice. We have seen Aunt Radegonde with her pardonable little selfishnesses, her good nature and her kind heart.

The other characters are more or less interesting, but Nathalie is the genius of the story. She is a true woman, with her joys and sorrows, her smiles and tears, her sunny and cloudy days—a genuine daughter of Eve, who is always provoking and appeasing, and quarrelling for the pleasure of making friends. Still is she warm-hearted, and, when occasion calls it forth, exhibits earnestness and depth of character.

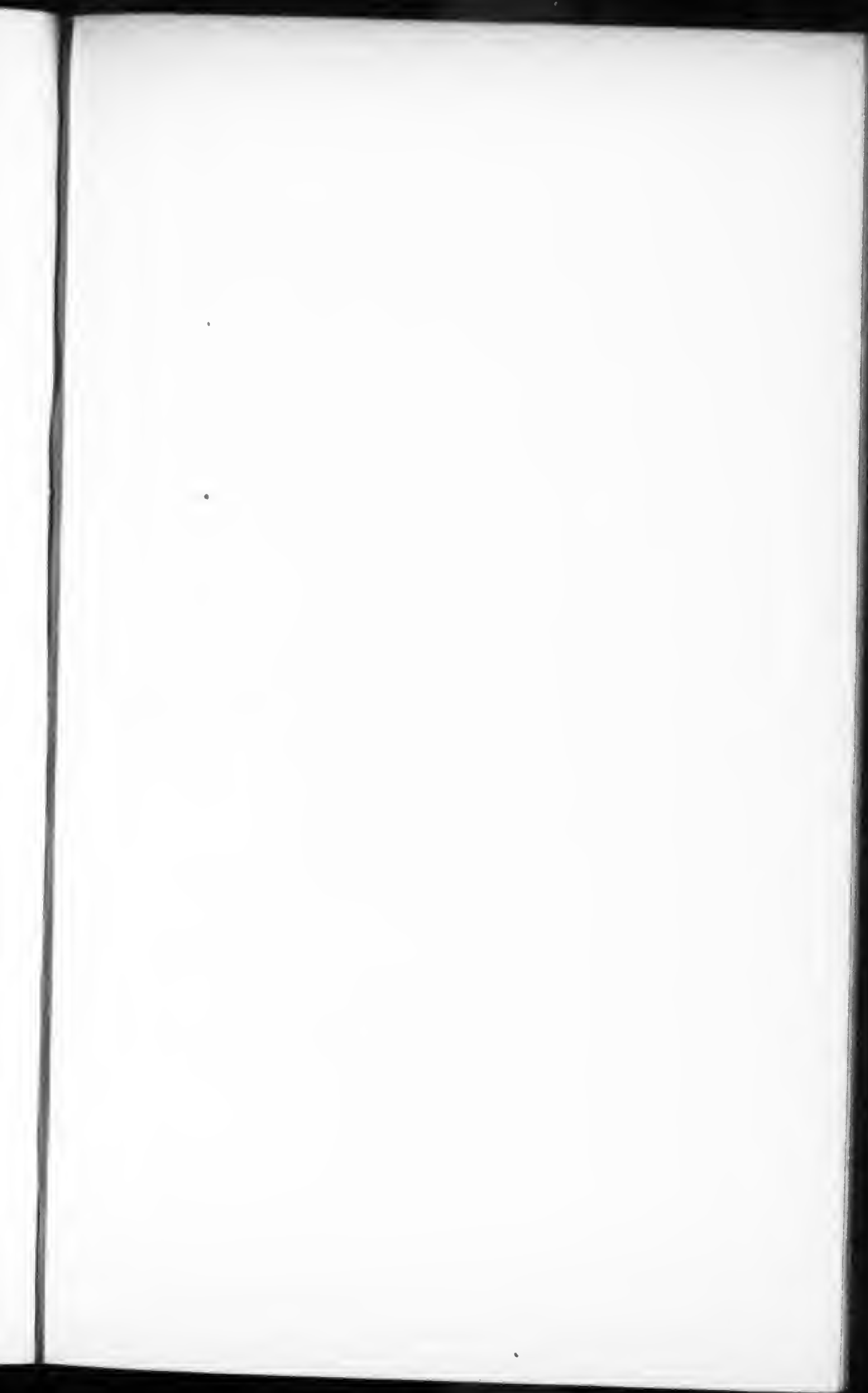
The announcement of a new novel by the author of "Nathalie" is welcome indeed. Since the appearance of "Madeleine" we have become aware that a new and powerful writer is amongst us, and one who need not stand second to any female novelist of the day.

---

## NOTICE.

A PORTRAIT of Miss Mitford, engraved by Freeman, from an original painting by Lucas, which it was hoped would be ready for this month, will be given in our next.

---



MA[illegible]

[illegible]AVED BY [illegible] FREEMAN [illegible]

[illegible]ondon Richard B[illegible]

# MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

(WITH A PORTRAIT, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JOHN LUCAS.)

MAY the day be distant when it shall be deemed expedient to present the public with a memoir of the charming authoress whose portrait graces our present number. In her delightful work, published a month or two since, and which she has called "Recollections of a Literary Life," Miss Mitford has so nearly indicated her age, that we suspect we shall not be wrong if we affirm that she was born in the same year that ushered into the world Lord Byron, and our great and lamented statesman, Sir Robert Peel.

There are, we suppose, very few of our readers who are not aware of the fame Miss Mitford acquired by her village sketches, and there are not many, we trust, who have not added to their stock of pleasure by a perusal of them. They are truly exquisite—as perfect, after their kind, as anything of Goldsmith or Washington Irving. To characterize them, we must go to a kindred art. They have not (as, indeed, the authoress sought not to bestow upon them) the classic grace of Wilson; still less do we discover in them the vigour and rough truthfulness of Constable; but you will see written pictures from her hand that have doubtless delighted Creswick, and in-door scenes that might have inspired Wilkie.

We believe Mary Russell Mitford to be one of the most genial and constitutionally happy of human creatures. Had she been otherwise, some slight sensation of pain might linger in her breast that the fame of "Our Village" should have somewhat obscured the reputation which she has shown herself fully capable of earning in poetry and the drama. This is, however, what all must expect to whom bounteous Nature assigns various abilities. The world will not recognize, at least on the instant, two kinds of excellence in the same individual; and "Watlington Hill," a poem, and the plays of "Julian," "Foscari," and "Charles the First," containing many passages of extreme beauty and power, comparatively unknown, would have won an enviable fame for anybody but Mary Russell Mitford.

Yet let us not be unjust to the world or to the authoress. Well do we remember the triumph she achieved by her "Rienzi,"—a triumph heightened, but not created, by one of the greatest actors (Charles Young) that ever trod the boards, and by the graceful personation of Miss Phillips. The noble speech of Rienzi, immediately preceding his murder, will of itself set Miss Mitford in a high rank amongst dramatists.

Our authoress has greatly added to the obligations we must all feel so much pleasure in acknowledging, by the publication of her "Recollections of a Literary Life." That so graceful a writer should be conversant and familiar with our best authors was reasonably to have been expected, and no one would be surprised were he told that such a heart and such a soul were capable of a sympathy with the beautiful and the great in any literary form. Yet our admiration has been called forth by the extent and variety of her reading, and by the delicacy and justness of her taste. On terms of intimacy and friendship with almost all the literary celebrities of her time, the "Recollections" of Miss Mitford are full of curious and most interesting anecdote; and not the least interesting peculiarity of this most charming book, is the evidence contained in it, how warmly and sincerely she regards her friends.

## PRE-RAPHAELITISM; OR, OBSOLETISM IN ART.

A REVIEW of the present year's Exhibition at the Royal Academy demonstrates but too clearly the increase and extent of the mischief-working agency of what is now generally understood as Pre-Raphaelite Art. One consideration alone indicates in a forcible manner its evil influence; for it is above all others the style best calculated to catch the vulgar, with whom identity of imitation has ever formed the scale of pictorial excellence. Resemblance and bright colours have always been panders to bad taste. That this opinion does not rest on unsupported assertion we have the evidence and authority of Mr. E. V. Rippingille,* whose observations are so just and opportune, that they cannot but be welcome to every lover of genuine art.

"Some three or four artistical aspirants," says Mr. Rippingille, "have within the last four years exhibited certain pictures distinguished by a peculiar quaintness of conception, a cold, dry, hard, meagre manner, an equalized distinctness of parts, and a laborious and superabundant detail of particulars, mistakenly regarded as high finish. In these doings we find great attention paid to little things, and little consideration bestowed on great ones, and supposing a purpose, the object of the artists seems to be, to paint Nature as she appears to untutored eyes, single, separate, unconnected, ungrouped, agreeable with the practice of the earliest, the rudest and the most unformed aspirants in art — a practice exploded centuries ago, entirely distinct from that adopted by the artists of England or the intelligent of any other country.

"Hence the claim of these aspirants to originality.

"These attempts have none of that loose, vague, careless, offhand, bold, free and dexterous execution which distinguish the works of the English school, and which, taken together, constitute its bane, its reproach, and its excellence. Pre-Raphaelite Art has none of these.

"Hence the claim of its professors to improved practice!

"The works of the Pre-Raphaelites exhibit none of that want of confidence, timidity or modesty, with which the sensible and sincere ever approach a great and a difficult undertaking. We do not find here as we do in the works of beginners, and which is a sure and invariable type of early art, any of that patchiness and inequality of success which mark and distinguish the course pursued by men who are earnestly striving to make their way in a new and difficult pursuit, wanting altogether the guidance and the light of experience and example. Nothing of the sort is to be found in Pre-Raphaelite Art, but, in its place, 'the appearance of impertinence'— full evidence of a settled plan of operation resolutely determined upon, and obstinately persisted in; the whole conducted in a 'temper of resistance by exceedingly young men of stubborn instincts and positive self-trust,' just in proportion as these works betray no evidence of the learner, they arrogate to themselves that of the master.

"Hence their claims to style.

"In these productions we find full evidence that certain excellences

* **A Reply to the Author of "Modern Painters," in his "Defence of Pre-Raphaelitism," by E. V. Rippingille, will be published in a few days.**

of Art, which are the acknowledged result of improved practice, vast experience, and evident advancement, which have been approved and exercised by men of the highest powers, the most profound knowledge, and the most refined taste; taught in theory, exemplified in practice, and supported by the fullest and best authority, are entirely dispensed with, neglected, overlooked, rejected, and unfelt. In the place of all this, we have the adoption of Art before its crudities were corrected and its principles understood; before Raphael had made over to himself the high honour of reaching that peculiar artistic excellence, completeness, and perfection which before his time had not even been dreamt of or approached by other labourers in the pursuit of Art; thus affording examples and lessons which none but the prejudiced and the imbecile will neglect.

"Hence the claim of these aspirants to the high-sounding title of Pre-Raphaelites!

"The peculiar 'eccentricities' of this little band have very naturally startled the public, who, unaccustomed to see such things, and unacquainted with the practices of artists and what they may take up in whim, or adopt in earnest, have divided upon their merits, the one party admiring, the other denouncing what is difficult without some knowledge of Art to understand. Many, no doubt, believing that this new-light faction has discovered some of the lost secrets of Art, of which we have read or heard, whilst others have assailed them with abuse, and denied to their works the possession of any merit at all.

"In the midst of this conflict of opinions the author of 'Modern Painters' steps forward as their champion; let us see in what way and upon what grounds he supports their cause.

"In the preface of the work before us are quoted some remarks from the close of the first volume of 'Modern Painters,' which are offered as advice to young artists.

"The sense we find in these remarks is very like the subject, presented to us sometimes in the rough and indefinite sketch of a picture in which something is made out, but a great deal more is left to be supplied by the fancy of the inquirer.

"The advice given to the young artists of England is, that 'they should go to Nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thought but how best to penetrate her meaning; rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing.'

"Now this advice to be rendered serviceable must be understood: it means constructingly, work hard, trust to Nature's teaching you very much of what it is indispensable for you to know. Go to her therefore with pure singleness of heart, and trust in her as if you had nothing else to learn; for the time, think nothing she presents too trifling to be studied and imitated, and do not favour one thing, or one course of study, to the exclusion and neglect of all others.

"This is clearly enough a free interpretation of what as an indefinite precept must prove a fallacious guide; but as if meant to be taken literally and regarded as a maxim full of instruction and replete with intelligence, and which there is no difficulty in following, it is exultingly stated that this advice, although for the most part rejected, has 'at last been carried out to the very letter by a group of men who, for their reward, have been assailed with the most scurrilous abuse which I

ever recollect seeing issue from the press. I have therefore thought it due to them to contradict the directly false statements which have been made respecting their works; and to point out the kind of merit which, however deficient in some respects, those works possess beyond the possibility of dispute.'

"By a reference to the works themselves, therefore, we have a clear illustration of the nature of the advice given and the results expected, for we are told here 'it is carried out to the very letter.' In order to save us from the trouble and peril of conjecture, we are at once told that we may here see the thing realized, which the advice given was intended to produce.

"But let us examine these precepts and the practice founded upon them.

"First of all, what is meant by going to Nature—what is copying or imitating Nature? Answer: The cultivation and exercise of a power which has for its object the representation of things real and ideal by pictorial means, namely, forms and colours, lights and shadows, &c. Imitation, therefore, whatever other attributes pictures may possess, is directly and essentially the foundation of Art. Every artist, as a matter of necessity, studies, copies, and imitates what it is the end and object of his Art to represent: and he either goes directly to nature or indirectly to the works of those who in his own pursuit have studied, imitated, and represented nature. Now there may be danger in adhering exclusively to either; but the aspirant must of necessity be right who will avail himself of both!

"Upon this principle the Pre-Raphaelites are decidedly wrong; for our author says 'they imitate no pictures, they paint from Nature only.'

"If danger is to be apprehended in following a course which has led to the evils of conventionalism, as much mischief is to be dreaded from stagnating in a pursuit in which thousands have lived and died the victims of their own weakness, want of experience and example.

"Justly to laud a man for the course he is taking, we must be able to see that in the novelty and ingenuity of the means there is a rational promise for the end; but Pre-Raphaelitism tried by this test becomes an absolute fallacy. There is no intelligent artist who has not commenced Art and the study of nature, as the Pre-Raphaelites are doing, viz., in a timid, careful, and laborious way; descending to the minutest details, and striving to give to the representation of things, that mirror-like exactness, truth, and reality, of which Art, in its progress, furnishes innumerable examples.

"So it was that Art began, and so it has ever appeared in all its revivals: it is the course which artists always have and always will pursue: how, then, you will ask, do they differ from this little clique called Pre-Raphaelite? Answer: The intelligent employ such studies as a means not an end! To represent a thing with the exactness and truth with which its image is reflected in a looking-glass, is an acquirement which every artist aims at and knows the value of, as tending to a well understood specific and indispensable end, but when this is all that he attempts, he gives unequivocal proof of his unfitness to cope with the thousand-fold difficulties that lie before him. As in learning a language the mere literal constitutes the smaller portion, so, in the study and exercises of Art, mere imitation comprizes the smaller por-

tion of a painter's difficulties. In the one, success lies open to every plodder who is determined to persevere, whilst in the other success is partial, and distinction rare: to imitate is an easy task, but to render artistically is an acquirement which demands the exercise of some thought, the possession of some feeling, and the advantage of no small degree of experience, observation and reflection. The mere exercise of the hand and eye directed by the commonest mind is enough for the aspirant in the first stage of his pursuit, but to know when and where to leave this, when he has done enough, what is still to be done, and how best to do it, are obstacles of serious consideration and importance in the career of every artist alive to the true difficulties of his pursuit.

"It might puzzle many a practised artist, perhaps, to explain why a representation of objects seen in a looking-glass is not the truest and the best picture of them that could be given, and to the mere copyist such a representation would be perfection; and if it be remarked that the man who could do as much would be no mean operator, it may with the same truth be said that the aspirant who can do no more will never be an artist.

"However little the well-informed may need such observations as these, it certainly requires some knowledge of the subject to comprehend that in every really artistic operation there is a large portion of the thing to be achieved, which is almost independent of the imitation of the thing as it is seen by an uncultivated eye.

"Now although a portion of this is explanatory upon the principles of optics and the laws of vision, &c., there is a part still less easily understood in reference to the sentiment manifested—the poetic as well as the artistic rendering of the subject or the thing, by which the conception of the painter's mind is perceived and felt by the spectator; yet, make this as plain and easy as you will, the aspirant in such a case, will know and acknowledge that he has no trifling difficulty to contend with, no mean study to pursue!

"What then shall we say of men who exhibit no signs whatever of being touched by the difficulties, stimulated by the beauties, or alarmed by the dangers which all sensible artists regard with interest, contemplate with awe, and reflect upon with misgivings.

"What is the character of 'Pre-Raphaelite' Art? That which Art presented long before the experience of the artist had advanced it to that high state of perfection which was exemplified by such men as Giorgione, Titian, M. Angelo, Raphael and others, and which is acknowledged by the universal approbation of mankind. Pre-Raphaelite Art attempts what these men found to be impossible, and what the voice of experience has denounced as absurd and impracticable—that which is repugnant to the inherent condition of man's nature, to the intelligence of his mind, to the perceptions of his sense, and to the inevitable conditions of his Art.

"Pre-Raphaelite Art is even more deficient than this, since it exhibits, but in the most subordinate degree, that high power, which in the works of the early painters is often associated with the rudest and most unformed execution; namely, a just and artistic conception of the subject, manifested by appropriate action, true to the sentiment, however incompletely worked out and embodied; for men could feel and think before they could paint.

"But let us see with an artist's knowledge of the subject, and in plain language whether the merits and demerits of 'Pre-Raphaelites' cannot be pointed out and rendered clear and understandable.

"What is the aim of Art in its earliest, its simplest (or as our author would phrase it, its lisping) attempts? The representation of some object perceptible to the eye, and intelligible to the mind of a spectator. What are the means employed? Imitation by some process of Art of all the parts and particulars of which the object is occularly made up. This representation in the artistic essentials of form, colour and texture, and variously affected by light, constitutes Art in its very existence; and in its modifications and combinations, the sum and substance of its manifold attributes, and furnishes the catalogue of its merits and its claims to the homage and respect of mankind!

"The exact resemblance of an object by pictorial means, was in the commencement of the Art all that the painter aimed at or knew of the work he had to perform; it was all he cared about, all that was looked for or expected of him by those who judged and appreciated his doings.

"His first attempt was to copy in detail every item, every little particular of which an object is made up. Thus every leaf on the branch of a tree, every little atom of moss on its bark, every separate weed, flower, and blade of grass, and all other similar trifles, were imitated with careful precision, until it was discovered that this was rather representing what the mind knew, than what the eye saw; and that it was impossible, without purposely singling out such matters to see them but in masses and groups. This practice, therefore, if it imitated the nature of the thing, failed in imitation of the eye that saw them, and the faculty exercised in that operation.

"As the painter extended his operations and his sphere of observation and reflection at the same time, he became sensible that the same object assumed a character more or less pleasing in accordance with the aspect chosen, and the light in which it was seen. Presently he began to perceive that its appearance was affected, and rendered more or less striking and agreeable by the neighbouring influence of certain things, seen in connexion with it, placed near it, or removed to a distance. It was some time, of course, before the lookers-on could see this, but in the course of time they began to get a glimmer of this light, and thence found themselves unconsciously in possession of the first item of taste.

"From one object the painter proceeded to another, from single to double examples, from simple to complex, and from one to many, from the separate to the combined.

"Now it is very natural to suppose, and such was really the fact, that the many were treated exactly the same as the few and the single: the multiplied, simply increasing the labour as in the complex, and the parts, instead of being parts of a whole, were made to appear independent of it, and to exist for themselves.

"For a long series of years, and through a vast waste of life and exertion, the painters continued thus to practise their Art, occasionally, no doubt, catching a glimpse of the light which shone bright in the far, far distance, and whose rays had yet to penetrate the obscure space that lay between.

"That this practice of the painters might have continued for almost

any length of time, without increasing the stock of information, or advancing at all, there is good reason to believe, in analogy with the remembered fact of how long the philosophers adhered to the belief that 'nature abhorred a vacuum.' The experience of mankind has clearly demonstrated that nothing is so likely to retard the progress of the right, as putting something wrong in the place of it.

"After various attempts had been made, and numerous examples collected, it is very natural to suppose that the notion of combining these several particulars presented itself. Then it was that subject was thought of and tried. Objects illustrative of one idea were brought together, and the near, the mediate, and the distant, began to suggest different modes of treatment characteristic of their several appearances and situations. Repetitions of forms and colours were soon felt to be objectionable, and varieties were introduced, and hence were derived the first hints in composition and in colouring.

"Light and shadow, and tone, embracing many objects—or what in the present day is understood by painters as *chiar-oscuro*—were still far distant, and belonging to a very remote futurity, and as there is no difficulty in showing, were reserved for the fulfilment, if not for the destruction, of Art.

"Practice thus continued, slowly and uncertainly began to develop principles, which as is well known in all cases are results of the applied thing, and not the applied thing the produce of principles. Lights and darks began to be understood as the elements of effect, and the mode of combining them began to be studied. If these elements were separated and put wide apart, the effect was enfeebled; if brought into the vicinity of each other the effect was strengthened, and when combined and in juxtaposition, the effect was then the strongest that could be produced by their means.

"Here at once was the demonstration of a principle, but slow, languid, wearisome, and dreary, were the instances of its recognition reduced to practice. But Nature, true to herself, however vacillating and 'infirm of purpose' her votaries might be, went on steadily pursuing her kind instructions, until at last her efforts were felt and acknowledged, and the attempt to reduce them to practice crowned with success!

"It is very curious to remark how slow the painters of old were in making their way towards that condition of Art, which has in our day become its boast and glory, and the test of its pretensions, namely, the Art of Picture Making. With all that is good and all that is bad in this faculty of Art, now more extensively, and perhaps better understood, than it ever was at any period of the world's age; it appears never to have suggested itself to the early painters, or to those that after some ages succeeded them. Judging from the debasing influence this power has exercised, it appears fortunate for the progress of Art that this was the case, and however highly we may feel disposed to rate it, and regard it as indispensable, it is quite clear that it was disregarded even by some of the master spirits in Art, and unknown and unpractised, until the highest condition of Art arrived, and threatened its downfall.

"I must now tell the reader in a concise way, lest he should not be professional, what is meant by the Art of Picture Making. The Art of Picture Making, then, is that kind of tact, by which a great number

of objects, forms, and colours, are so treated in their several resemblances, that, taken together, they form an agreeable whole. Each thing holds its place in relation to each other thing, and all have that quantity of detail, of force, colour, and tone, which properly belongs to them. Now, this whole is necessarily an *ensemble* in which there are no conflicting or discrepant parts; but a perfect harmony of parts and particulars, so that the spectator's attention is not distracted, but he is allowed to see and understand what is before him. First he is struck with the most important object, and he thence proceeds, leisurely and pleasantly, by a certain ingenious route contrived for him by the painter, till he comes to the subordinate and the insignificant. The most important object will, very naturally, be the most worthy, in short, the subject, and the rest its auxiliaries and props. Now, the difference between the picture makers of modern times and the painters of old is, that supposing the subject to contain human figures, animals, and so on, everything introduced will occupy its proper place, and have its right quantity of force in tone and in colour; the darks and the lights will be equally balanced and dispersed, and the tints so arranged as to produce an agreeable effect as a whole. But don't go too near it, for perhaps, the men, women, and children have not the humanity of frogs, nor the character and expression of barber's blocks; whilst all the subordinates are of a creation fit, and intended only to keep the principals in countenance. No consideration, no pains, no feeling whatever, have been bestowed upon any of the individual parts and particulars: all that has been attempted, is to adapt each of these to their proper places, so that together they may make up the required whole! Hundreds of pictures are annually produced upon this picture-making principle; so that when you enter an exhibition room, and take a casual glance, you are disposed to believe yourself surrounded by the finest works of Art.

"This trick has been so extensively and successfully practised, that it has become the *vulgus ad captandum* of taste, and being so, some of the highest aspirations of Art have been absorbed by it, innumerable artists have been found ready to take advantage of it, and thus the public perception and feeling have been rendered unpropitious to anything better.

"Now, what would one of the old fellows have done, knowing nothing of this Art—Picture Making? He would have presented you with an assemblage of objects so heterogeneously put together, so patchy, hard, dry, and uncomfortable, that you would have turned away in disgust. But stop, wait a moment, overcome your repugnance, and look more closely into them. It is the subject (we will say) of the 'Prodigal Son.' That round light patch is the head of the old man—the Father; and that black patch behind it is the doorway into the house: never mind its being so small that the occupier must always have crept in and out upon his hands and knees—that is a slight mistake in perspective; and its being so black is to force the head out of the picture, as people are fond of saying, an innocent attempt to give it relief. Although living in so dark a hole, light enough must have been afforded for cleaning and dressing the old gentleman's beard, for you can see 'each particular hair' in it: it wants a little massing, which any modern artist would have done by simply wiping his pencil dry, and with its broken points have brushed together the objectionable particulars. But look at that care-worn face, that wrinkled, but still open forehead, and

those furrowed cheeks, which have been the 'channels of floods of tears;' that nose with its wide nostrils, that tells of passions in other days indulged, and no doubt transmitted. Look at that generous mouth, that could not refuse a solicited indulgence, scarcely one unsought; see what heart there is in it, what joy, what forgiveness; and then those worn-out eyes, that have watched so long in vain, morning, noon, and night, that closed in sadness, and opened in disappointment; even now they appear blurred and sightless, and looking inward, where he alone was to be seen, who is now in reality present. His old and withered hands are not directed towards the object of his bodily sense—that may be an illusion, a mockery — but pressing on his own heart, as if sure of the presence of the lost one there. And what a position is that of the kneeling, supplicating, and ungrateful Son; what an outbreak of sorrow, of love, repentance, and remorse; what prostration of self; what reliance; what confidence in him who has ever been so good, so indulgent, so wronged. How little is there, in the look and gesture of either Father or Son, that one has ever seen mimicked by actors on the stage, or even described by the best of artists in books, unless, indeed, the description is helped out by some recollection, some sad reality, some item of our own experience; perhaps forgotten, but now revived, and brought before us by the agency of forms and colours.

"But what, you will ask, is that strange round patch of orange and yellow light in the sky? Does that belong to the story? Not to the prose of the thing certainly; but if you will look into it, you will find it filled with little figures of angels playing musical instruments, singing and rejoicing; and if you pay attention, you will find some of these fanciful creatures very prettily conceived. In some there is a high degree of beauty, and even an unearthly character; there is evidently an attempt made to embody the idea of celestial nature! The introduction of this unseen, and thus far unnatural episode, is suggestive to unpictorial man, that Heaven approves such acts as that he sees passing below and before him. Do not let the spectator turn from this rude attempt at Picture Making without looking again at the marvellous and unremitting earnestness of purpose which is seen everywhere, never once yielding to any little or unworthy temptation; the painter appears to have worked at his subject as if the picture had been stamped upon his heart, reflected in his mind, seen by his eye, and copied by his hand. How else comes those living breathing faces? how that touching and marvellous look of life and intelligence? These faces are not the pretty conventional examples of humanity that we see everywhere; they are not human generalities, but individual existences—faithful, true, real, unquestionable. You shall have lived a hundred years, and been an unblinking observer all that time; but you shall never have seen in all that has fallen under your notice that face, nor any to which it is akin; and yet Nature has millions just as distinct, just as true, just as accessible. How is it that the artists so rarely give them? Because there must be the power for seizing, the grasp for holding, and the machinery for realizing them. And these are the gifts of Heaven alone!

"This, I say, and even a great deal more, is what one of the old, earnest and inveterate artists would have done, before Picture Making, according to the present practice, was thought of; before it had corrupted Art and sown the seeds of decay and death in its path; before it

had become the boast and glory of English artists, and been practised by the rawest tyros amongst them. Nothing would have drawn the early aspirant aside from the dignity and truth of his purpose; with his whole soul set upon his subject, he would have thought of nothing, and cared for nothing, but how to grapple with its real difficulties, and to identify himself with, and consecrate the resources of his mind, his heart, as well as those of his Art to the labours of his hand. He would have transformed himself into the father with all his new-found joys, his past weaknesses and indulgences; he would have become the repentant son with all his remorse, he would have embodied the past with all its sorrows, the future with all its hopes; and in reacting the history of their lives, he would have thought with their thoughts, and felt with their feelings; his look and attitude would have been those of the actors in the drama he had to represent, and thus his work would have become but a reflection of himself! With objects as dignified and as difficult as these, what shall we say to the painters of modern date, who can be drawn aside, and satisfied with the display of some paltry trick of the palette. With this important truth before our eyes, the 'Pre-Raphaelites' are almost to be commended for the possession of negative excellence; if they are insensible to the highest characteristics of their pursuit, they, at least, have not been deluded by the lowest. Allowing that the course pursued by these young men is directed by a rational fear of falling into certain practices, which are readily admitted to be prejudicial to the progress and welfare of Art; and that they are anxious to preserve the dignity, purity, and truth of nature in all its stern and uncompromising character; that they rather choose to leave objects in their crude and uninviting nakedness, than to dress them up in the prettiness and frippery of modern practice; there is yet, not one thing, but many, for the neglect of which there is no excuse, nor any explanation but that which is furnished by their blindness or their incapacity. These are, the absence of true and appropriate action; the absence of personal beauty; the absence of expression, living, thinking, touching expression, and that look of life and intelligence abounding in the works of the earlier masters.

"Again, the absence of that modification of colour and of light which painters recognize under the name of tone and tint, a mode of treatment which confers the sentiment appropriate to the subject and the occasion; these are the peculiarities which ought to distinguish a new sect in Art, one from which anything novel or great is to be expected or obtained. One sole item, one single hint, one indication, however slight it may be, that these great and rare attributes of Art were attempted, or dreamt of, would be worth all the praise that could be bestowed upon them.

"Undeniably, however, there is nothing here of what is so worthy of imitation in the early masters. With the quaintness, rigidity, and indiscriminating finish we find in these works, there is all the feebleness and none of the strength, earnestness of purpose, force and truth, which so much distinguish and give value to their productions. The labour of the old artists was the labour of love and intelligence, of thinking and feeling, persisted in, until the whole warmed into life, and glowed with the sense and sentiment of the subject.

"Some of the small life-size heads of these early aspirants, are in this respect not pictures merely, but real living men and women; you can

look into their eyes, as you do into those of the 'Doge' and the 'Gervatius' in the National Gallery, and feel as you do when confronting a rational creature—one who is looking at you with the same look with which you regard him. Alas! what a lamentable lack of this, the highest achievement of Art, do we find in our own day; and what a wretched substitute is that excellence so much boasted of and so much relied upon—dextrous handling, modelling, touch, impasto, &c., often the result of a life devoted to uniformly wrong-doing without one wholesome interruption from the right—till that can be done with facility and ease, which gives other artists much trouble and loss of time to perpetrate and complete.

"We are disposed to ask with some surprize, and some misgivings too, why is our author so anxious to defend his *protégés* against the charge of false perspective in the 'forest trees' and the 'bunches of lilies' he speaks of?—matters, by the way, hardly amenable to the rigours of Science. Suppose fifty such faults instead of one, and the genuine critic will know how to consider them, and smile at their assailants. One perfect specimen of the humanity spoken of, and found in such quantity and perfection in the doings of the earlier aspirants, would atone for them all, and claim for the work not only the character of superiority, but of greatness.

"Yet this is what our author calls going to Nature, &c.; this is carrying out his instructions 'to the very letter.' Surely in the school of Nature, other things are taught besides quaint composition, rigid forms, and that confusion of parts and particulars that distracts the attention and wearies the eye. Nature offers lessons and examples of agreeable combinations of lines and masses, tones and colours; contrasting one with the other in such a way as to produce the most pleasing and striking effects, true to the requirements of Art, and to the inherent conditions of man's nature.

"In reference to the study of Nature, properly understood, too much cannot be said. The landscape painter, desirous to represent a tree, will not disdain to take a lesson even from a single leaf, which will afford him many items of the knowledge he must possess in order to cope with the greater difficulties of his pursuit. From a little leaf he will learn the principles of light, shadow, colour, transparency, reflection, and mirrorism; and the twig and the branch will lead him to the fully developed tree in all its general and peculiar characteristics. From simple examples, the artist who is qualified by nature and study, will fit himself for the nobler achievements of his Art: and as the whole stock of a man's mind is made up of the gatherings of his senses, collected, imbibed, digested, and assimiliated, so will the supply with which the painter has furnished himself, constitute his stock in trade, and become a continual source of profit and advantage. It is what he has found in Nature, properly speaking, which can alone be turned to good and general account, and not what he may search for, find, and adapt to any particular purpose or occasion. The Nature he now wants is only accessible through herself, and available not in the body, as it were, but in the spirit. It is not the servile copyist that will benefit—not the mere imitator of what is seen, but the operator in what is known and felt; not the student who is just able to read what is before him, but he who has learnt Nature's lessons, and have them by heart.

"It is by studies like these properly applied that the artist is enabled

to meet and overcome the greatest difficulties of his Art. The leaf, the twig, the branch, the tree, taken singly and detached, are but parts of a great whole; which whole the landscape painter must find in his own mind—in Nature he will look for it in vain. It is true that in Nature he will find the multiplied, the congregated, the extended thing in all its complicated varieties; but what he looks for artistically he must seek only in himself, for here even the works of others will not avail him. Whatever portion of his means he may have obtained from grander sources, he will still find instruction in all the objects, single and combined, which present themselves to his observation; in every tree, shrub, herb, and weed; in the full-blown glories of the forest, with its wild, fantastic, and delicate tracery, its endless diversities of hues, its flickering lights and shadows, its sombre and soft tones, its bold projection and its dark recesses. But who shall explain the mode by which the sentiment that characterizes the scene is derived from the pencil of the painter, and is felt by those who look upon his work? What colours and tones are there which bring to our minds the silence and the solitude of the forest, its touching stillness, or the soft motion and music of its leaves, that suggest to us the song of the birds?—that whisper soft things to our hearts, and that talk to us in a language which none but the initiated · the lovers of nature can understand?

"When and where are the pupils of Art to learn the secret of rendering Nature, not in shapes and colours alone, but in the sentiment with which she hallows and adorns the scenes and the things she presents to our feelings, our minds and our eyes? It is greatly to be feared that the illustration afforded by 'Pre-Raphaelitism,' which our author tells us is carrying out the instruction given 'to the very letter,' is not that which is competent to this greatly desired and difficult end, and likely either to hasten or acccomplish a condition of things calculated to 'found a new and noble school of Art in England.' Something beyond this is clearly indispensable, and no artists imbued with a particle of the right spirit will fail to seek it.

"Again, this which has been said of the landscape painter, is not only applicable to every subordinate branch of Art, but to the highest, that which deals with humanity—with the rational and the sentient, instead of the inanimate and insensate, and which demands of its votaries the exercise of a power and a skill infinitely beyond all other. Just in proportion as man with the whole stock of his impulses, passions, thoughts, and feeling is exalted beyond inanimate existences in all the possible phases they can ever assume, so is the power required to render them with truth and purity in all that is characteristic of him, far greater than any other the artist is called upon to exercise.

"In the study and representation of the human creature therefore, who shall enumerate or describe the number or the Nature of the painter's studies general and particular? or estimate how much of the exalted, the low, the little, the magnificent and the microscopic, have been included in the aspirations of his mind and adapted to the practice of his hand? Where is the artist who has not taken many a lesson from a clod, a tuft of grass, a dock-leaf, or a daisy?—and that the fantastic tracery of the ivy, with its polished leaves and shaggy stems hugging the trees, covered with their rugged bark, and fringed and dotted over with patches of soft moss, has not supplied with mate-

rial for many a crouching and laborious day's enjoyment? No one who knows anything of what is attempted and intended by artists can fail to see that the true object of studies conducted in this minute and laborious way is rather for a future than a present purpose, and that the real intelligence displayed in these, is in adapting them to a specific, well-defined and well-understood end.

"In a word, there is no precept so deceptive, so incomplete, vague and calculated to bewilder a young artist, however just and true his bias and his powers may be, as directing him to trust implicitly to Nature, and to take her for his guide in every operation that he may have to perform.

"It is true that Nature, rightly understood and rightly employed, is all-sufficient for the painter's purpose. The profoundest philosophy of Art both in theory and practice is to be derived from the lessons she herself teaches and offers to the painter in the endless variety of appearances she presents. In the same way a knowledge of all the Sciences is to be derived from Nature: the laws of mechanics, of optics, almost every principle of natural philosophy is to be found congregated in that little cosmos—man: but none but the weak and wrong-headed would go there to find them, when the ingenuity and industry of his fellow-labourers have laid bare the elements, explained the laws, and made manifest and plain all the principles and other matters of information, both in structure and function, which he has occasion to know.

"Art is the honey which that human bee, the painter, extracts from what Nature provides for him: and you might just as rationally except chemists or caterpillars to create that delicious sweet as that the apiary of taste should be stocked exclusively from the stores of Nature, and the treasures of Art left untouched. We must know clearly what the study of Nature has done, to know exactly what to expect from it. This is a great difficulty, since painters find it hard to explain, what, even in their own personal experience, they take but little pains to understand. If we go to those great analogies, the progress of hundreds of aspirants during hundreds of years, we shall find illustrated the true character and condition of any individual case. Whilst artists trusted to Nature alone, which they did until pictures multiplied and increased in excellence, their pursuit was stagnant and hopeless; but when their unabated efforts brought forth beauties and developed new principles and rules of practice, these added additional stimulants, fresh knowledge, new powers and resources, and Art progressed.

"Now as the Pre-Raphaelites imitate no 'pictures they paint from Nature only,' it may not be entirely useless to recommend to their attention, reflection and study, the substance of a remark made by an artist, who will be allowed to know something of the subject in question. In that free intercourse and discussion which artists hold with each other, Sir Edwin Landseer remarked to me, THAT HE HAD SPOILED MANY OF HIS PICTURES BY ADHERING TOO CLOSELY TO NATURE!

## HOW I DISTINGUISHED MYSELF AT PORTSMOUTH.

It was a nasty, drizzling, cold November evening as I sat in the coffee-room of the Fountain Inn at Portsmouth, with my feet on the fender, a pint of very fair port at my elbow, and the "Hampshire Telegraph" in my hand. Truly, I congratulated myself on being so well housed and so well taken care of, instead of being abroad in the moist, pea-soup atmosphere of this thoroughly British day.

The waiter was very attentive—indeed I may say he was too attentive, for when he was not actually waiting on me, he kept bobbing about the room, as if he thought I *must* want something else; and now and then I caught him throwing most scrutinizing glances in my direction. I was the solitary occupant of the coffee-room, so that he had nothing to distract his attention from me and my wants, but the pertinacity with which he watched me was something beyond description.

I have no doubt that the "Hampshire Telegraph" is a very able and well-conducted paper; that its "leaders" are written with vigour and ability, and that its agricultural and commercial, and every other kind of reports are as correct as the most scrupulous and exacting could desire. Still, I confess that I could not derive a sufficient stimulus from the contents of that respectable journal to prevent me from nodding and dozing, and apparently making abortive attempts to precipitate myself headlong into the fire before me. At about the fourth or fifth of these plunges, I would suddenly start bolt upright in my chair and try to persuade myself that I was not at all sleepy, gravely sipping another glass of port and giving the paper another twist—then slowly closing my eyes, going through my mandarin process again, and finally sinking back in my chair, and, I believe, snoring audibly.

I dreamt all sorts of absurdities, as people generally do when they fall asleep after dinner in their chairs. I was travelling in a railway-carriage with the Emperor of China, who was arguing the question of High or Low Church with Mr. Cobden. Then the expression of the Emperor's face changed and became like that of my pertinacious waiter, while Mr. Cobden vanished altogether, and I sat alone with his august majesty. Then the engine made a most extraordinary noise — the carriage shook — I screamed out, "a collision!" and received at the same moment a violent blow on the forehead which caused me to — awake. I had fallen forward and brought my head into forcible contact with the chimney-piece, and as I drew back I caught sight of the pertinacious waiter and two or three other people of both sexes apparently peeping at me from the door at the end of the room. The moment I awoke they began to bustle away, while I, in the most dignified manner, tried to look as if nothing at all had happened, and gravely turned over the eternal columns of the "Hampshire Telegraph."

I rang the bell.

"Waiter—is there anything going on to night? any theatre open?"

"Yes, sir: Mr. Brooke in Othello, sir!" said the waiter, staring at me as hard as ever: "and a ball at the King's Rooms, sir, at Southsea."

I determined to go to the theatre, though it must be confessed that the edifice which boasts that name in Portsmouth is one of the vilest

little holes in Christendom. How I wished I had been able to go on with Fred Walker to Town! We had started that afternoon from Southampton together—he to London and I to Portsmouth, whither a little matter of business took me. I envied Fred, certainly; and now I remembered that I had never even bid him good bye, for I was fast asleep when we parted at Bishopstoke. It was decidedly a somnolent day with me.

I drew on my great-coat, planted my hat on my head, and turned to the mantel-piece to look in the glass; but the old-fashioned place did not possess that article of furniture, and so, being too lazy to go up stairs to my bed-room, I strolled forth, trusting that my personal appearance might be as attractive as usual—ahem!

"What a vile habit people have in this nasty town!" I thought, as I paid my money to the man in the pigeon-hole, who fixed his eyes as intently on me as if I had given him a bad halfcrown—"they all stare at a stranger as if he were a wild beast. From the porters and the cabmen at the station down to this check-taker, everybody looks at me as if I were the Emperor of China that I was dreaming of half an hour ago."

I entered the theatre and took a seat — there was plenty of choice; for even Gustavus Brooke cannot draw a large audience to so nasty a place as the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth. I glanced around me, and it seemed to me that every one who was not entirely absorbed in the progress of the tragedy, fixed his eyes upon me in the most extraordinary way, and seemed disposed to laugh. I turned my head away in disgust and devoted my observations to the stage.

Brooke was playing well, better I thought than such an audience deserved; but the rest of the actors were vile. Even they, too, seemed to look towards me a great deal more than was necessary, as if they knew I was a stranger, and were anxious to recollect my physiognomy. Brooke himself even appeared to make all his points with his eyes towards me; but that I attributed to his sense, as he might see that I followed him with intellectual delight, and was something above the herd of his audience. Still it must be confessed, that I did not feel altogether comfortable, and more than once I examined my dress to see if there was anything amiss about it; but I could discover no flaw or omission.

I was not sorry when the curtain fell on the third act, for though I had not been above a quarter of an hour in the theatre, I determined to leave it. But before I had time to rise, I observed that I was the centre of attraction to a hundred eyes; some of the audience were smiling, some laughing outright, some looking puzzled, and some alternately giggling and whispering to their friends.

I could endure this no longer; somebody must answer for these insults, or I should choke with rage. I fixed my eyes fiercely on a stout man near me — he burst out laughing — I knocked him down. Before he could rise, two others that rushed to the rescue were sent sprawling by his side; my blood was up, and I am a strong man. I was seized by one arm, and turned to annihilate the offender, when I was pinioned by the other arm also, and found myself in the gripe of two policemen.

"Turn him out,—throw him over,—break his neck, &c." Such were the shouts that rose on all sides. The whole house was in com-

motion; everybody was jumping on the benches or rushing along the corridors to get a sight of me, so that in the confusion and the din, my expostulations and protestations against the injustice I was suffering were unheard or unavailing.

"Come along, will you,—we seed the 'sault ourselves," said the policemen, as they dragged me away.

A crowd followed us down the High-street, and dark as it was, people ran out of their houses to look at me, and little boys shouted "Make way for the King of the Cannibals." Of a truth, thought I, the people of Portsmouth are all stark, staring mad.

We reached the police station. The serjeant grinned in my face as he asked my name and took down the charge. Without further parley, for I was too sulky now to ask a question, I was put into the night cell, and left there in company with a gentleman, who had been detected with his hand in another gentleman's pocket without leave.

"What's your case — prigging?" inquired this worthy, when I entered.

I was too disgusted to answer.

"Well you needn't be so precious proud just because I s'pose you've 'ad a edication, and are in for forgery or summat o' that sort; I dare say its more 'nobby' than priggin', but you see I can't write myself, and every man to his trade, say I." So saying, he sat down sulkily on the bench. There was but a solitary miserable lamp in the cell which served for little more than to make darkness visible. But as I strutted about the little cell in a towering passion, I perceived that my de'ectable companion was staring at me very hard.

"Well, you're a rum un to look at, any ways," said he.

"What do you mean by that?" I roared out fiercely. "I'll break your neck if you insult me."

"Holloa there," cried a policeman, "less noise, or I'll clap the handcuffs on."

How I foamed with impotent rage as I flung myself down in a corner of the cell!

"You needn't 'a been in a rage," went on my 'prigging' comrade. "I on'y meant that I thought it was in Afriky and New Zealand, or somewheres there, that people streaked their faces like that 'ere."

"Like what?" I exclaimed, jumping up suddenly.

"Why, like *your'n* to be sure," said he.

A sudden suspicion shot across my mind. I begged the "prig" to describe the real appearance of my face; and also I soon perceived that I had been made the victim of a vile practical joke by that infernal Fred Walker, who had taken advantage of my somnolency in the railway carriage, to draw lines on my face with his sketching chalks, and had made me look a most hideous monster, though so cleverly had he done it, that it appeared to have been designedly done by myself. All that had occurred was now explained to me clearly enough, but I foresaw that the evil effects were not over.

Next morning I was taken before the magistrates, and, in spite of my explanations and apologies, I was fined one sovereign for each assault—three altogether—and was described next day in the "Hampshire Telegraph," as "a ruffianly fellow in the garb of a gentleman, &c."

Fred Walker has eluded my vengeance, hitherto, but I live to wreak it.

# THE LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT.

## LONDON AS I FOUND IT,—AND AS IT WAS SOME SIXTY YEARS BEFORE, Etc.

> " Where has commerce such a mart—
> So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied,
> As London,—opulent, enlarged, and still
> Increasing London ? "
>
> Cowper.

What London now is, in this year, 1852, may be fully and most cheaply learned from Mr. Weale's admirable set of ten richly illustrated pamphlets, at " only one shilling each," forming, in short, a comprehensive manual of every thing to be " seen, heard, or discoursed of" in the city of cities, which, at the hour of this writing, numbers its inhabitants at two and a quarter millions.

What London was about a century back, appears in a work (which I recently picked up at an old book shop) printed by Dodsley in six octavo volumes, and dated 1761. During the preceding century the metropolis had made, in respect to its *churches*, a great advance, but otherwise it possessed little modern Italian architecture to boast of, except two or three specimens by Inigo Jones, the bridge of Westminster, and several elegant Palladian mansions highly honourable to the nobility and aristocracy. The map of London of 1761, shows very little building north of Oxford-street and " Tyburn-road ;" and a line drawn from the back of the British Museum to Shoreditch Church and Bethnal-green, incloses all the streets, &c. which lay north of Holborn and the City, on to Whitechapel. Much of this, too, appears to have been but thinly occupied. Southwark was a straggling suburb, chiefly extending between points opposite St. Paul's and the Tower. Paddington, Marylebone, Tottenham Court, Islington, St. Pancras, Kensington, Chelsea, Vauxhall, Lambeth, Newington, and other places in the same great circle, were then " villages," approachable from the metropolis along dusty turnpike roads, or through walks across green fields; and myriads of birds were then singing in trees and hedges, where pianofortes and peripatetic street criers now make infinitely more noise, if much less melody. Ranelagh and Vauxhall were far south, out of the map ; the Foundling Hospital was far north; and Queen-square, near Great Ormond-street, had only three sides to it, that its north opening might leave uninterrupted the view of Highgate and Hampstead ! Of Tyburn, once a village, nothing remained, at the time of which I write, save only the gallows, which, like the Upas tree, seems to have blighted and laid bare the neighbourhood around.

The architectural character of London in 1761 may be thus described. It had no street which we should now recognize as a fine one. It then boasted of Great George-street, Westminster, and the Adelphi streets as " noble." It had not yet Portland-place. The Grosvenor-square buildings were deemed " magnificent ;" and it was thought no mean praise to say the windows were all " sashed ! " The Palladian fronts in Cavendish, Hanover, and other squares, were exhibitions of " classic splendour " or " simple grandeur." The piazzas of Covent-garden were deemed " grand

and noble." The Royal Palaces were admitted to be mean in the last degree; the Royal Stables at Charing-cross being the only structure worthy of royalty. But the metropolis was in some measure redeemed by the palaces of the nobility, especially those of the Lords Northumberland, Burlington, and Spencer. The Houses of Parliament were such "premises" as a modern mechanic's institute would hire for temporary occupation until a fitter building should be erected; and the Government buildings generally were, as national works, contemptible; the only exceptions being the Treasury and Horse-guards in St. James's Park. The grandest things, next to St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Hall, and Bridge, were the Banqueting-house, Whitehall, the Mansion-house, the Monument, and the churches of Wren and his successors, several of which are still deservedly and greatly admired; but all this was insufficient to redeem London, as a city, in the eyes of beholders who traversed its great thoroughfares, hopeless in their dull and tedious monotony of brick. The "picturesque" of the olden time had for the most part given place to formal regularity of the most insipid kind, though nine or ten of the old city gates were still remaining, and Temple-bar yet bore above its summit the skulls of several traitors. London-bridge had just been relieved of its houses, and, as a rival to that of Westminster, Blackfriars-bridge was being prospectively talked of, in connexion with the desirable measure of filling up Fleet-ditch. The prisons were miserable enough; but the hospitals were comparatively handsome; and the superannuated soldiers and sailors lived in their palaces at Chelsea and Greenwich, while the King and Queen had no fitting homes, save at Windsor and Hampton Court. The city trades and commercial companies had buildings of comparative handsomeness. The Royal Exchange was a wonder —for its time. Gog and Magog gave "gigantic" merit to the Guildhall; but, as the lions were then confined to the Tower, Exeter Change was only a thing of shops below, and an auction-room above. The market-places were rather places for markets than market-buildings. The old Churches had little but their age to recommend them; and the five Ambassadors' Chapels were found quite enough for the *then* depressed and apparently hopeless condition of the papal cause in London. The Inns of Court and Chancery were as gloomy as the worst hopes of a litigant; though the church of the Temple was a redeeming feature. The grand "small armoury" of the Tower was housed in a mere loft, and the riches of the British Museum were contained in a quaint old house of the Montagues. The theatres worthy of note were only three, without any external pretensions to architecture. St. James's Park had its straight canal and formal avenues; but Hyde Park was "well stocked with deer," and exhibited really, a "Serpentine" river. There was also some talk of converting St. George's Fields into a South London New Park; and a spirit of general improvement seemed to inform the thinking few. Even the grand scheme of Rowland Hill's *general* Penny Postage was pre-figured in the *local* Penny Post of David Murray and William Dockwra. St. Bride's had still the *well* which gave name to the first Bridewell; and the "Seven Dials" were then on the "handsome pillar," from which radiated the seven streets so named.

Such was London during the childhood of my maternal great grandfather, who wrote a "History of England," a "History of Commerce," and "Every Man his own Broker." If these suggest not his name, it is not for me to proclaim it. With becoming humility let me

acknowledge, that I find it not in any Biographical Dictionary, though a portrait and memoir did appear in one of the earlier numbers of the "European Magazine." During his time, London, doubtless, greatly increased; but its improvements were chiefly confined to the addition of a few churches and other public buildings, including Chambers's Somerset House and Blackfriars-bridge. Portland-place was the only additional street of importance. Otherwise, the operations of the builder were mainly confined to extending the ordinary mass by an encircling ring of the same quality, more to the employment of brick than to the advancement of architectural taste. The aforesaid fields and trees, hedges and ditches, felt more and more the advance of the swelling town; and the birds, tadpoles, and tittle-bats retreated accordingly. The out-villages began to lose their rusticity, and Mary-bon Gardens, with the Foundling Hospital, Islington and the other corresponding out-works, east, west, and south, yielded as prisoners to the "continent" of the imperial city.

What London was, even so late as 1810, may be seen in the splendidly illustrated volumes of Ackerman's "Microcosm;" and it is curious to observe what subjects were then deemed worthy of the engraver's burin and the colorist's brush. The interior of the Bow-street Police Office, which would now be deemed discreditable as the office of a Union Poor-house, is treated with more conspicuousness than we should at present exhibit in an illustration of the Court of Queen's Bench; while the board-room of one of the government offices, not exceeding in handsomeness the private dining-room of a merchant's residence, is a most distinguished object of display; curtains, carpets, and red leather backed chairs being made marked contributions to the effect. How the ordinary Londoner of this date was impressible by real splendour, may be gathered from the "Excursions of Daniel Carless Webb," who went all the way from Cheapside to Lancaster in search of it. Describing the "elegant grand jury-room" in Lancaster Castle, he says, "it is furnished with very expensive chairs of beautiful carved oak, with *red morocco seats* and *brass nails!*"

My prologue-retrospective being delivered, I now come to the *London as I found it* in 1816. In its then existing boundaries, it contained not much more than *half its present population!* Its wonders were still confined to St. Paul's, the Abbey, and Henry the Seventh's Chapel; Greenwich Hospital, being the great suburban marvel. Its other public buildings of distinct note and national fame, (such, I mean, as were shown in the penny peep-shows of country fairs) were *the* Monument, the Mansion House, Newgate Prison, Jones's Banqueting-hall, Wren's steeples, and his church of St. Stephen, Gibbs's church (renowned even in Italy as "*il bel Tempio di San Martino*), the yet unfinished Somerset House, the now demolished Carlton palace, the India House, the bridges of Blackfriars and Westminster, and the one *great* government work of the same class, viz., the wooden Chinese toy-bridge over the *canal* in St. James's Park! Its chief curiosities were the Tower and its "lions," (Exeter Change had now lions too), the Westminster Abbey wax-work, the puppet-clock of St. Dunstan's, in Fleet-street, the Old London Bridge water-works, and the comparatively limited miscellanies of the old British Museum. Persons of antiquarian research were also cognizant of the old Temple church, and of the older fragment of St. Bartholomew's Choir in Smithfield, of St. Mary's (now St. Saviour's) Southwark, of the remains of the palaces of Winchester, the Savoy, Ely-place, Crosby-do., &c. Modern magnificence

was then so rare, that the more archæological Londoner was inclined to make much of those ancient relics,—of those "precious irrecoverables," which, says a writer in Weale's London, "are perhaps fewer in London than in any other city old enough to contain any." St. John's Chapel in the White Tower was then an object of earnest interest; and many were the mere "stocks and stones" which were then invested with associations, now scarcely regarded. It was, at that time, an exciting occupation to hunt out some remnant of the former things which gave name to the locality called "White" or "Black Friars;" to trace Roman London in Watling-street; to find a bit of tesselated pavement in Lothbury; to visit the "London Stone;" to seek the Boar's-head Tavern, Eastcheap," or to look upon the spots where martyrs, political or religious, suffered death. The imagination was then ever affecting "restorations" far more genuine than the palpable "forgeries" of modern revivalists. It reposed on the undying truth of the past, instead of accepting the living lie which only bears truth's resemblance.

The great architectural additions to London, recently made before my arrival, were the new Mint, Trinity House, the earlier of Soane's portions in the Bank of England, and the theatres of Covent Garden and Drury-lane. Portland-place was the grandest street; Bond-street was the one fashionable lounge; Grosvenor-square was the most aristocratic locality; Hyde Park, St. James's Park, and Kensington Gardens were the only public pleasure grounds, unless mention be made of the lamp-lit gardens of Vauxhall, which now shone alone in their glory, their rival Ranelagh being no more.

The "legitimate drama" was then in the ascendant, and confined to the theatres of Drury-lane, Covent-garden, and the Haymarket, the latter being a very ordinary and ill-constructed building, quite unworthy of its importance as a "select" place of amusement. The contemporaneous theatres of the English Opera, and of the minor drama in Wych-street, were also very inferior to the new structures which have superseded them. The other theatres were, the Adelphi, Astley's, the Surrey, the East London in Wellclose-square, the West London in Tottenham-street, and Grimaldi's "own" at Sadler's Wells. *One* Italian Opera-house was enough, that in the Haymarket. It presented, at that time, a very sorry appearance externally; but the interior was in all its essentials what it now is. Covent-garden, on the contrary, which retains its original exterior, presents, internally, "no memory of what it was." Drury-lane was also then conformable with Wyatt's original design, larger and handsomer internally than at present, but without the lateral colonnade, and the queer portico which now exist. The theatres then only numbered half their present amount.

The exhibition of the Royal Academy was held in the Strand portion of Somerset House. There was also another public picture-gallery in Pall Mall. In the place of the present National Gallery, the Royal Stables still remained, and, as buildings of their kind, were far superior to the architectural failure which has supplanted them.

The great thoroughfares, extending from east to west, from north to south, or otherwise, were, with little exception, simply great thoroughfares, attesting the mere business and shop-keeping spirit of the population. The commonest turnpike gates were the portals of entrance to the great Metropolis, and the best of the newer street-approaches pretended to little handsomeness beyond width and the neatness of formal regu-

larity. The streets in continuation of Blackfriars-bridge were perhaps the most remarkable. Wherever a particularly handsome street now appears, it may be taken for granted that, at the time of which I write, tortuous lanes or narrow thoroughfares, of base description, occupied their position. Indeed, the entirely new and grand portions of the combined metropolis, as it now exists, are less striking to an old Londoner than the improvements of the old parts. Fire and destruction have done still more towards the essential magnificence of the capital than the operations of the speculator in the heretofore unoccupied outskirts. The conversion of a dense conglomerate of meanness into Regent-street, King William-street, and East Oxford-street, with the clearance and architectural adornment of the original leading thoroughfares, and the substitution of noble buildings for the rotting wooden sheds and stalls of several of the great market-places,— all this is more like magic than the creation of new things in new places; and a walk through the old ways or through new ways in places of old population, now more surprises me than the aristocratic splendours of Belgravia and the Regent's Park.

There is, however, this distinction between the London of 1816 and that of 1852, viz. that the former was more consistent with itself. It was uniformly dense and dingy, with easy and unstartling variations between the reasonably handsome, the mediocre and the mean. It was "of a piece" in character and in tone; while the few grand things were really grand, and well disposed to give effect and importance to the different localities.

There is a common mistake in respect to the "throwing open" great spaces round public buildings. It may lead (and in some cases it *has* led) to discovered defects, or at least, to the loss of certain effects of grandeur which were dependent on proximate view. St. Paul's churchyard might be larger with advantage to the cathedral, but not much. The limits of the yard and the lowness of the surrounding houses, give to the church that appearance of "mountain size" which the really mountain size of St. Peter's at Rome has not. There is a point on the north pavement of Cheapside which perhaps is as remote from the object as it should be. We admire the *majesty* of a building as we look *up* to it, however its beauty as a model may be better estimated by a more levelled vision. If we are to view it from far, let it be very far; so far that we may behold it rising above immediate comparison. The view of St. Paul's from Blackfriars-bridge or Bankside is a strong illustrative case in point. I wish the new Houses of Parliament were elsewhere. Their Gothic style (which involved the necessity of their Gothic towers) was adopted in complimentary regard to the Abbey; and the consequence is, that the solemn old Abbey retires sulky in its subjection. Just as the Roman St. Peter's is crushed by the Vatican palace, so is the St. Peter's of Westminster confounded by the palace of our senate. Thus, in some respects at least, the old Londoner is mortified; and, whatever may be the splendour of his city as it now exists, there is a conflict of styles, tastes and disharmonizing forms, which flutters the mind of earnest regard, and baffles the decision of him who would pronounce upon the character of the great metropolis as a whole.

In *my* first London, there was not a single modern Gothic church! There were the veritable old ones, and the churches of Wren and his school. Mary-bon new church was in progress, and some more strictly Greek symptoms were showing themselves; but the countless Gothic

revivals, which have since sprung up under the zeal of the "Anglo-Catholic" societies and their disciples, were as far from bare conception, as the establishment of "my lord Cardinal" Wiseman in his papal cathedral in St. George's Fields.

My royal palaces were as they had been from their first erection, and, with one exception, plain as Will Cobbett could have desired. That one, excepted, was the only one which has utterly disappeared, the only one that was worthy of preservation, Carlton House. It was by no means an edifice of *princely* majesty, but it was still a building which would have been honoured at Vicenza as a piece of genuine Palladian architecture. It had a beautiful Corinthian portico, contained several palatial apartments, and might have received an increased elevation that would have, at least, rendered it a worthy town residence for the heir apparent of the throne. The Ionic colonnade which formed the screen in front, to secure some privacy from the street, was a good and sterling piece of architecture in its way, and, as a last and not unimportant merit, it was of stone. If it was not a "burning shame" to destroy such a building, its destruction was yet a theme for "melting pity;" and it may be truly said, that Mr. Nash, who pulled it down, never put up anything half so good. Mr. Nash was Mr. Pennithorne's master. I wish their relative positions had been reversed.

I was of course excited by the hive-like bustle of the hundreds of thousands of busy citizens, the splendour of the equipages, the glitter of fashion's votaries, the powder and gold canes of the footmen, the bouquets of the coachmen, the knightly procession of the guards, the gorgeous brilliancy of the jewellers' shops, and the intense expression of self, self, self, in every countenance I beheld; but, still, there was the scarcely ever varying back scene of brick, brick, brick, to close in the operations of the actors in the great drama. The eye, then, rarely rose to look at cornices, balustrades and window "dressings," save such kind of the latter as appeared behind the plain glazed sashes of the mercers and milliners. The shop *front*, now so prominent a feature of street magnificence, was never then regarded. In fact, it was rather under-foot than above, that the distinction of the London streets appeared; for the flat pavements were among the most fundamental improvements that came in with George the Third. The partial examples of house architecture, which presented stone fronts and carved decorations, were the court cards of a very dingy pack; nor did they lose by comparison with the showy specimens of plaster work which were just now beginning to appear; for, however the introduction of Roman cement might provide a mask for homely features of baked clay, it only added to the respect which was due to the honest faces of more aristocratic material.

As a significant mark of the general architectural inferiority of London at this time, Oxford and Bath were the cities to which England was wont to refer as her especial boast; and the "real stone" had as much to do with the question as the real merit. Curiously enough, the several overwhelming London buildings in particular were ever put aside, and the general demerits of its street architecture were brought into comparison with the University "High-street," the "Bath Circus," the select examples of Dublin, and the general aspect of Edinburgh. It may be admitted that, in relation to its streets, lanes, and its aspect generally, London, at that period, resembled a great oak, with distorted trunk, "knarled and knotted" branches, and ten thousand intertwisted

shoots and twigs, illustrating the very dissipation of timber into mere fire-wood; its main parts clogged with moss; its minor parts dense in confused reticulation; dingy nests of dark birds housed in its unaired depths; and its whole appearance rather that of a gigantic bush than a well-grown tree.

I was present, then, to see the first trimming and pruning of the world's great forest monarch. George the Fourth and Mr. Nash went to work like earnest woodmen. The undergrowth began to disappear; the rotten superfluities were cut away; the great trunk was cleared of its incrustations; the branches were left to thrive in freer space and more uniform direction; the filthy nests were hurled into the bonfire, and the noisome birds were scared away into other quarters. Creatures of fair plumage and sweetest song began to assemble on the air-enlivened sprays; and the rapid increase of growth was not less remarkable, than the improving semblance of the old substance. How it has progressed since then I need not say. Into "every quarter of the shipman's card," have its countless ramifications extended, terminating (for the present) in giving shade to pleasant places and princely palaces, scenes of bustle and of matchless enterprise.

Leaving the London architectural, I come to the then condition of the London social and commercial. Cabs and omnibuses were not; but there were eleven hundred old dirty hackney coaches and chariots, all with four wheels and two melancholy jaded horses, the latter habitually going, in a manner, considering their appearance, wonderful to behold; the drivers presenting the incarnation of chronic catarrh and gin; and the interiors of their vehicles being filled with stagnant exhalations from filthy damp seats and wet straw. They served for not-over-particular people; but, on the occasion of any delicacy in olfactory nerves or evening dresses, a "glass-coach," as it was termed, (*i.e.* a thing especially hired from a livery stable, but wherefore "glass," is by no means so clear as that material,) was imperative. Magnificently contrasted with the "hackney" squad, was the mail-coach corps "Royal;" and it was a fine sight to behold them start, horsed with real "four-horse power," and manned with portly driver and guard, both in blazing scarlet. The other "long" coaches were more numerous, and only less superb in respect to the "scarlet." In addition to these, were innumerable less long and short stagers (with four or two horses, as the case required), many of the former with open "dickies" behind, protruding like balconies. The gig, or "one horse *chai*," as it was termed, was then abundant as a *rus*-urban machine of transport; and the equestrian mode of transit was far more in vogue than now that "the rail" serves in so many directions.

The wherries on the Thames were as numerous as the fishes within it; but, though steam navigation was in progress of development, the river was yet innocent of a steam-boat. Whether a trip from London to Gravesend, or from the London and Dover coach inn, to Calais or Ostend, were desired, it was accomplished in sailing packet cutters. Shortly after my arrival, my friend Jack R—— and I, under the command of Captain Russell, R.N., attempted a voyage to Gravesend and back. The wind promised to serve both ways, but it failed us on our return. We "made" Woolwich in the boat, but were obliged to make London in a post-chaise. The grand excitement of the Thames was to see the barges and wherries "shoot" through the rapids of old London Bridge, with an interesting apprehension that the smaller boats (as they

sometimes did) would capsize or go to the bottom. The Thames therefore, at that time, above-bridge, was a scene of very sober and silent performances, excepting only on the occasions of a boat-race, or a Lord Mayor's state-barge day, when there were gaiety and noise enough.

The London streets at night, compared with other towns, were as bright, as they were dull compared with what they now are. Gas was confined to balloons, chandeliers to wax candles; and the thoroughfares and public places were at least as redolent with the smell of oil, as radiant with its illumination. If the nightly marauder, however, could escape the searching rays of the street lamps, there was still the genuine old watchman to look after him. The "Police Force" was then undreamt of, for the now-famed Sir Robert Peel was scarcely known, though he soon came to be talked of as a "clever and promising young man." Oh, those dear old "Charlies" of the Dogberry school! How their husky cries of the passing hour mingled with our dreams, letting us know that they were at least wide awake to the thievings of time! How they all ran, at the noise of the rattle, to help one another, while the housebreaker was busy helping himself! Where are those drawling old veterans? Are their watch-boxes all turned into their coffins? Were their rattles buried with their bones? Is there not *one* left?—not even that one who, with better intent than discrimination, took me for a trespasser, and led me to the watch-house, to experience the charm of an "honourable acquittal?" Your modern policeman has no interest with me. He has simply a positive duty to perform, and he does it. My old watchman had, positively speaking, nothing to do—and how much he made of it!

Clubs!—There was Crockford's. What others there may have been certainly did not proclaim themselves. I presume there were occasional meetings of small societies so called, which assembled at certain taverns to maintain old principles and cherished regards; but I remember no especial club-house except the one aforesaid. The coffee-rooms in the hotels of that day were worthy of nothing but their simplest object; not always even of that, for they were sometimes so dark that the discrimination between fat and potato was a matter of difficulty.

I used to hear much of the "Cider Cellar" and "Coal Hole," and of certain dramatic and mock debating places, which were frequented by the evening revellers; and, I presume, the same and many similar haunts are still in existence; but they were as far from my liking as Almack's was from my ambition.

How gradually we slip into new forms, and let the memory of old forms slip from us! I can, however, recall the dress-fashion of my youth, when the hinder waist buttons of the men were nearly at the top of their backs, with long narrow and pointed skirts depending therefrom; and when the waist-bands of the women were close under their arms: when, in fact, the ladies appeared to consist of nothing else than heads and tails, and the gentlemen of little more than heads and shoulders, on legs in bags strapped under their high-heeled boots, in a fearful state of tension. It was exactly the extreme antagonist period between the long waists and hooped petticoats, &c., of the "Spectator's" time, and the restored long waists and full drapery of this 1852. There were, however, at that time, some remnants of a better period, which have not been revived, viz., the full dress of knee-breeches or of tight pantaloons, which some elderly gentlemen, from a respect to past times, and some young

gentlemen, in regard to the perfection of their legs, still continued to wear. The Hessian boot, too, was occasionally displayed, particularly as a fascinating lower finish to the limbs of government clerks. Neck-chains were then exclusively feminine. Men invariably wore their bulbous watches ("double-cased, capped, and jewelled,") in the fobs of their nether garment, with a broad ribbon, or a piece of gold jack-chain depending from under the waistcoat, and terminating in a cluster of seals, like a bunch of auriculas. At one time there was a brief passion for polished steel; and among the *slang* refinements of the day was the application of that metal to a watch-chain of long links, imitating fetters, and called "the Newgate flash," indicating the sympathy that existed for the numerous felons who were then weekly being hanged at the Old Bailey.

The reference to "slang" reminds me, that the cultivation of that vice had, at the time of which I speak, its principal motives in the coach-driving spirit, and in "the ring" pugilistic. Your "prime bang-up" amateur of the box, the "whip," used to "finger the ribbons" (the reins) of his "four-in-hand" in a white tight-fitting great coat and "blue bird's-eye silk fogle" (neckerchief). The coat was abundant in capes, and the boots in tops. A kind of slow, broad, drawling "lingo" emanated from this stable school, and it was now that the British vocabulary became enriched with those mystic compounds and original monosyllables which still exist, though without any acquired sanction in Richardson's dictionary. The coach and ring manias have passed away; but we have still slang in surfeiting amount; nor was there ever, to my mind, anything in the old costume more absurd in vulgar affectation, than in the short clipped loose coats, which now hang from the shoulders of the wearers, with gaping hind-pockets three inches deep, a button on each hip like a Normandy pippin, and in front a display of the same article, making many a modest gentleman resemble a walking bed of mushrooms. The affectations of former dandyism were on the side of a compact perfection: those of the present tend towards a lax negligence.

Such was the London as I found it; or, rather, such was its condition in respect to its perfected features; for there were already several important additions in progress, and many grand ideas of improvement *in petto*. Regent-street was conceived, and I am not sure that Waterloo-place was not commenced. The bridges of Vauxhall and Waterloo were constructing, and New Bethlem Hospital was being completed. The Custom-house, as originally designed, was being erected; and doubtless many minor works, though unnoticed, were "in hand." In a general way, however, though London had ever enlarged in an increasing ratio, there had been, during the preceding sixty years, little architectural improvement of a *pervading* character. A vast number of straight streets, and several squares, had been added, especially to the north of Oxford-street, St. Giles's, and High Holborn; but, excepting in Fitzroy-square, little addition had been made of any artistic pretension.

More spacious breadth, uniform neatness and good foot pavement, were the then exhibited chief improvements. Baker-street and Portman-square are fair illustrations of what was deemed an important advance on "things in general;" while such "things in particular," as the architecture of Cavendish-square and the house of Lord Spencer in the Green Park, were respected as the classic gems of an irrecoverable period.

## A GLANCE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS IN 1852.

During the year 1851, the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, were visited by six hundred and sixty-seven thousand, two hundred and forty-three persons, and though a large portion of this vast multitude may have gone to them merely as a show, yet the spectacle witnessed within their boundaries, cannot fail to have exercised a beneficial and humanizing influence. Many thousands will pass through them again this year, and as important alterations and additions have been made, some account of them may not be unacceptable.

The late Sir Stamford Raffles founded the society in 1826, No. 33, Bruton Street being fitted up for a Museum, and a plot of ground being obtained in the Regent's Park for exhibiting a living collection. Soon afterwards the then large number of nearly one hundred animals were brought together, including presents from George the Fourth, and several of the nobility. This was the modest nucleus of the present magnificent establishment. For some years the gardens were a focus of fashionable attraction, being very exclusive, especially on Sundays, when as much interest was made to obtain admission as to get a seat in a box at the Opera.

A blow was, however, struck at the prosperity of the society by a party cry of Sabbath desecration, and a variety of circumstances combined to undermine their popularity, until the society became on the verge of dissolution. At this crisis, the present secretary, Mr. Mitchell, was appointed, and we feel justified in attributing the salvation of the society to his exertions; the chief points to which he directed his energies, were the breaking up the old system of exclusiveness and the resuscitation of the dormant public interest by continually improving the collection and gardens. We need not say with what success this system has been attended, and trust that the gardens may ever bask, as now, in the sunshine of public favour.

One important thing which has, after much difficulty, been carried out since last season, is the thorough drainage of the Park and gardens; not only will this be greatly conducive to the welfare of the animals, but visitors will no longer be chilled by those damp mists which so often hung over that district, rendering it preeminently unwholesome.

We now proceed to speak of the novelties; and that which will no doubt form the chief focus of attraction during the coming season is Mr. Gould's collection of humming birds, which has been replaced in a handsome wooden building to the left of the long walk, and not far from the elephant-house. It is now thrown open to the public. The general effect of the interior of the building is very elegant; the walls are principally covered with delicate green paper divided into compartments, by emblematic flowers; in the centre of each compartment is a beautiful painting, and to these we shall presently more particularly refer. The lower third of the walls is at present stained a dark oak; but this will probably be altered, as it deadens the brilliancy of the birds. These, numbering about two thousand, are arranged in hexagonal glass cases, down the centre and around the sides of the room.

It was curious to see how language was last year ransacked for words expressive of their beauty. The heavens and the earth were alike brought under contribution: they were compared to little suns, to stars, to gems, to metals, to the most brilliant flowers, and goodness knows what besides. As we are not aware that our vocabulary of words of admiration was increased (though it well might have been) by the Great Exhibition, we will not attempt to draw on an exhausted mine, merely saying that the humming-birds must be seen for their beauties to be appreciated. Not the least remarkable point is the marvellous ingenuity displayed, not merely in the general arrangements of the contents of each case, but in the attitudes of the birds themselves, every individual being placed in just that position best adapted to exhibit his especial beauty.

Branching off from the large apartment is a small chamber of much interest. In it is a stand containing the complete set of Mr. Gould's works, comprising no less than sixteen imperial folio volumes, superbly bound in green morocco and gold. A faint idea may be formed of the value of these books, when we state that the "Birds of Europe" extend to five volumes, price 76*l.* 8*s.*, and that the "Birds of Australia" fill seven volumes, amounting in value to 115*l.* the set: and this reminds us that had these works been published by "the trade," the price would have been much higher to admit of the enormous discounts allowed to the booksellers. The necessity for keeping the price down to the lowest figure consistent with the choicest art, was the main inducement which led the author to take on himself the formidable risk of publication.

Magnificent though the works mentioned be, they are surpassed by a work now in course of publication by Mr. Gould, the "Monograph of the Trochilidæ, or Humming-Birds," for the execution of which the collection was formed. In the words of its founder, "Having acquired the most extensive and valuable collection extant of these lovely ornithological gems, together with much valuable information as to their habits and economy, the author has determined on publishing a monograph of a family of birds, unequalled for their variety of form and colouring, and for the gorgeous and unrivalled brilliancy of their hues, which after a long series of experiments he is at length enabled, by an entirely new process of colouring, to represent almost equal to nature, and the beauty of which is exciting the admiration of every one to such an extent that the 'Monograph of the Humming-Birds' bids fair to be the most popular of his productions." We are not acquainted in the whole range of literature with a more charming or instructive object for the wealthy than this gorgeous work, and as the number of copies is limited, we apprehend there will be no small competition for them.

We have mentioned the beautiful drawings with which the walls of the large room are ornamented. They are the illustrations of a work about to be published by Mr. Gould, on the Toucans, a singular and brilliant class of birds frequenting the same districts and woods as the humming-birds. In the time of Linnæus not more than five or six species were known, whereas, in this work upwards of fifty are displayed, almost all being from the great range of the Andes.

The toucans are characterized by their enormous beaks, which are admirably adapted for enabling them to snatch out of the dense and prickly bushes the eggs and callow young of other birds, of which they are sad plunderers. A tame toucan at the gardens thus disposed of a

small bird put into its cage. Without moving from its perch the toucan snatched at its victim, which was dead in an instant from the violence of the squeeze; as soon as it was dead the toucan hopped with it in his bill to another perch, and then placing it between his right foot and the perch, began to strip off the feathers. When he had plucked off most of them he broke the bones of the wings and legs with his bill, cracking them by a strong lateral wrench; having reduced the body to a shapeless mass entirely to his satisfaction, he proceeded to eat first the soft parts, and (like a boy leaving the biggest strawberry till the last) reserved the larger bones, which he bolted like a lump of caviare. A sleeping toucan is one of the oddest sights imaginable. He contrives to nestle his head so completely among the feathers of the back that the huge beak is completely lost to view, and as the tail is thrown backwards, he bears a close resemblance to a ball of feathers.

Near to the eagle-aviary may be seen in process of erection a miniature Crystal Palace, intended for a Piscinarium (if we may coin a word). Its interior will be surrounded with glass tanks filled with water, and supplied with sand, pebbles, &c., and in these fish of various sorts will be kept. Who can tell but that this may be the germ of a great and novel feature in Natural History, whereby the habits of fish will become as well known as those of birds and beasts; and perhaps the day may come when the main attraction to which the public will flock will be "the Whale and her Calf," "the Great Shark from Port Royal," or possibly "the Mammoth Turbot presented by the Lord Mayor of London."

In the bear-pit we missed our old friends, but found in their place the finest brown bear we ever beheld, a recent acquisition. He is such an immense fellow that he rather resembles a grizzly than a brown bear, and as the old inhabitants were but pigmies in comparison, they have been removed elsewhere, leaving him sole lord and master of the pit.

There is a fine tiger, too, added recently at the cost of 200*l*. He is not so large an animal as some we have seen, appearing only two-thirds grown, and will doubtless much increase in size. The society has now no less than four large tigers.

In modest retirement in the gardens, for he has not yet made his bow to the public,—is a young lion cub, whose acquaintance we had the honour of making on the 25th of April. Looking through an open window into a small room we saw him at play with a black and tan dog. On a shelf above sat an exceedingly demure looking cat—a grimalkin that clearly could not tell a fib if she were to die for it—who, evidently regarding herself as head nurse and mistress of propriety, evinced in her countenance and manner a laudable sense of the responsibilities of office. Our young friend "the darling little lion" (as a lady called him) is about the size of a small Newfoundland dog, though broad in the face and limbs, with remarkably bright eyes, an honest open countenance, and particularly fluffy coat, striped with dark lines as is always the case in the young of these animals, though in the travelling menageries they are puffed off as being young lion-tigers, which they are not.

On the 9th of May, the visitors to the gardens were introduced to the little giraffe born a few weeks ago. It is a most singular little fellow, bearing in miniature all the features of his tribe, and it was

amusing to see him following his huge mamma, gazing with wonder at the sights he for the first time witnessed, his infant mind appearing to be especially perplexed at the dresses and bonnets of the ladies. He has, however, all the gentle confidingness so characteristic of his race.

The sale of the Knowsley collection, formed by the late Lord Derby, was an important opportunity for adding to the treasures of the Zoological Gardens, and it was not lost sight of. Lord Derby aimed chiefly at the cultivation of antelopes, deer, zebras, llamas, and marsupiata, and at the time of his death there were not less than 1617 specimens, to which 100 acres were assigned. The Earl by his will bequeathed the individuals of one species to the Zoological Society, that species to be named by them. The choice at once fell on the five magnificent Elands which are now in the gardens. We learn from Mr. Gordon Cumming that the eland is by far the largest of all the antelope tribe, exceeding a large ox in size; it also attains an extraordinary condition, being often burdened with a very large amount of fat. Its flesh is most excellent, and besides having a peculiar sweetness, has the advantage of being tender and fit for food the moment the animal is killed.

The eland is independent of water, and frequents the borders of the great Kalahari desert in herds varying from ten to one hundred, and it is also generally diffused throughout all the wooded districts of the far interior of Southern Africa. When killed the skin has often the most delicious fragrance of sweet-scented herbs and grass. It is, however, a very rare species, except in the most unfrequented parts, and Mr. Cumming relates his first interview with one, as follows :—

"At length I observed an old bull eland standing under a tree. He was the first that I had seen, and was a noble specimen, standing about six feet high at the shoulder. Observing us, he made off at a gallop, springing over the trunks of decayed trees that lay across his path; but very soon he reduced his pace to a trot. Spurring my horse, another moment saw me riding hard behind him. Twice in the thickets I lost sight of him, and he very nearly escaped me; but at length the ground improving, I came up with him, and rode within a few yards behind him. Long streaks of foam now streamed from his mouth, and a profuse perspiration had changed his sleek grey coat to an ashy blue. Tears trickled from his large dark eye, and it was plain that the eland's hours were numbered. Pitching my rifle to my shoulder, I let fly at the gallop, and mortally wounded him behind; then spurring my horse, I shot past him on his right side, and discharged my other barrel behind his shoulder, when the eland staggered for a moment, and subsided in the dust."

Far happier is the fate of the five fine animals in the gardens. They are in a new building, built especially for the Knowsley quadrupeds, immediately beyond the giraffe house. One of them is wild, and obliged to be railed off from the intrusion of the public.

Two Leucoryx antelopes, another very fine species, were purchased at the sale of the Knowsley collection, and one of these has, within the last few weeks, produced a little one,—a curiosity in its way, as being the first ever born in the gardens. In the same compartment are to be found magnificent specimens of the Sing-Sing antelope and harte beeste, two bonte boks, two korinne gazelles, two four-horned antelopes, and a duiker bok,—all from Africa.

We may mention that our old acquaintance, the Hippopotamus, has

increased enormously in bulk; and having passed well through another winter, there is every reason to believe that he will attain the stupendous size of the full grown of his race.

The most interesting object to naturalists in the collection is the Apteryx, though an ordinary observer would wonder what could make it so attractive. As some of our readers may not be acquainted with its peculiarities we will briefly mention them.

For our first knowledge of this bird we are indebted to the late Dr. Shaw, to whom a specimen was presented in 1812, having been brought from New Zealand by Captain Barclay. After Dr. Shaw's death, this unique specimen passed into the possession of the late Earl of Derby, and his lordship's being a private collection and no other specimen coming over, the existence of the species was generally doubted by naturalists for more than twenty years, and so remained till Mr. Yarrell fully established its existence in a paper published in the Transactions of the Zoological Society. The apteryx belongs to the family of Struthionidæ,—that which includes the ostrich, emu, and cassowary tribes. But its great peculiarity is that its wings are entirely rudimentary, the fiction of a wing having a strongly hooked claw at its extremity. It is nocturnal in its habits, and feeds on worms; and in relation to this we find a special peculiarity, for it has a long curlew-like bill, with the nostrils at the extreme tip, instead of the base, as usual with birds. This enables it to discover worms deep in the earth without the aid of sight; the bill is plunged in, a fine fat worm smelt, and, greatly to his astonishment, is dragged out and bolted before he is well awake. The favourite haunts of the apteryx are localities in New Zealand covered with dense beds of fern, among which it conceals itself, and when hard pressed by dogs, with which it is usually hunted, it takes refuge in crevices of rocks, hollow trees, and deep holes, in which latter it makes its nest of dried fern and deposits its eggs. It is much prized among the natives, for its soft hair-like plumage is well adapted for the dresses of the chiefs; and it is also used for the construction of artificial flies, with the use of which the New Zealanders are well acquainted. The apteryx at the gardens passes the day in a sort of hutch filled with hay, in which it loves to bury itself, coming out at night and digging in the preserve of worms kept in a heap of mould for its especial sport and delectment. The bird is to be found in a small building at the extremity of the gardens beyond the giraffe-house.

The grand aviary at the extremity of the gardens, on the left of the main entrance, was one of the happiest conceptions of Mr. Mitchell. There, almost as free as in nature, may be seen the rarest birds. First in rarity and interest are the Bower bird, and the Talegalla, or mound-raising bird, from Australia,—the first specimens ever brought to this country. The bower birds are so called from their habit of erecting bowers of twigs and short branches, which they adorn with scraps of shells, pebbles, feathers, and other bright objects, the arrangement continually undergoing alteration. These are their courting-grounds, in which the male displays all his powers of pleasing, to gain the favour of his mate. There were a pair sent over to the gardens, but the female is dead, and the survivor may be seen disconsolately hopping about the fragments of an imperfect bower, which he has not the heart to complete, picking up a shell or twig mechanically, but dropping it again, for of what use are his talents in decoration, if his loved mate is not there to

admire? A brilliant green trogon has been given him for company, but bowers are quite lost upon her.

The pair of Talegallas are in fine condition, the male sporting his yellow wattles and deep-red neck. The nidification of this bird is very remarkable. It collects together a great heap of decaying vegetables, sometimes as much as equals three or four cartloads; the heap being accumulated, and time allowed for sufficient heat to be engendered, the eggs are deposited in the centre, not side by side, but distant about twelve inches from each other, and buried at nearly an arm's length, perfectly upright, with the large end upwards. They are covered up as they are laid, and allowed to remain until hatched, and the young bird leaves the egg fully fledged, and able to take care of itself. Mr. Gould mentions having seen one of these birds in the garden of a gentleman at Sidney, which had for two successive years collected an immense mass of materials. The borders, lawn, and shrubbery, over which it was allowed to range, presented the appearance of having been regularly swept, from the bird having scratched to one common centre everything that lay upon the surface. The mound in this case was three feet and a half high, and ten feet across. We have watched with interest the proceedings of the birds at the gardens. Their mode of proceeding is not to scratch quickly, like domestic fowls, but stretching a leg before them as far as they could reach, they grasped as it were a quantity of material and threw it back, always working towards a common centre, whereby a mass was collected in a marvellously short time.

At this season the aviary rings with harmony, for there are collected birds from all parts, many of whom are now either building their nests or sitting on their eggs. We may mention the rock thrush of Germany, the Indigo birds of North America, the wild canary, the Baltimore oriole, grass parrakeets from Australia, bronze-wing pigeons and crested pigeons from Australia, crowned pigeons from Java, red-billed pigeons from Senegal, curassows from South America, quails from California, the whydah bird from South Africa, frankolins from the same, tinamoos from South America, and a host of others too numerous to mention. These constitute a most happy family, and their habits may be studied, and movements watched with interest and advantage, by the artist and the naturalist. This is no small boon, for there are few who, like Humboldt or Gould, would go to the uttermost parts of the earth to study the natural history of the country, but there are many who, prompted by strong instincts, yearn after nature, though their lot is cast in this huge smoky city. To such, the gardens are indeed a blessing, and it is an especially pleasant relief to the mind or the head, when oppressed with business or fatigued with work, to turn to this grand aviary, and watch the actions and listen to the songs of its feathered inhabitants.

A most valuable ornithological acquisition was purchased at the Knowsley sale, in the four Black-necked Swans, which are the first ever brought to Europe. The Roman poet selected as the most improbable thing in nature a black swan:

"Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno."

We are indebted to Australia for dispelling this belief, but there were few if any persons who expected that such a novelty as a snow-white

swan, with a head and neck of the deepest jet, would be discovered. Though exceedingly rare, they have been found in the River Plate and Chili, and now for the first time we have the opportunity of seeing them in our land. It is highly probable that these identical birds may be the progenitors of the race in this country, and that in fifty years they will be comparatively a common though choice ornament of our parks and lakes. These four swans are at present near the camel house, but an ornamental piece of water is being prepared for them, near to where the humming-bird house stood last year.

We have not attempted to do more than to glance at the most striking points now presented by the gardens. But to every one who wishes to pass an hour rationally, agreeably, and instructively, we say, turn your steps thither, and you will be amply repaid.

---

## LOVE AND LAW.

Two Lovers bright and full of glee,
As ever Cupid made,
Came in a panting haste to me,
To ask my Legal aid ;
" We come," they said, "as Lovers true,
To a learned man of Law,
How happy we should be, if you
Our *Settlements* would draw."

Scarce three short months had rolled away
Of Hymen's sunny weather,
Ere back they came, one rainy day,
They came—but not together ;
" You made us happy when you drew
Our *Settlements* of course ;
You 'll make us happier still, if you
Will draw up our DIVORCE."

CHARLES DE LA PRYME.

---

# THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

## AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

About eight o'clock on the night of the 22nd of January, 1793, while the Reign of Terror was still at its height in Paris, an old woman descended the rapid eminence in that city, which terminates before the Church of St. Laurent. The snow had fallen so heavily during the whole day, that the sound of footsteps was sarcely audible. The streets were deserted; and the fear that silence naturally inspires, was increased by the general terror which then assailed France. The old woman passed on her way, without perceiving a living soul in the streets; her feeble sight preventing her from observing in the distance, by the lamp-light, several foot passengers, who flitted like shadows over the vast space of the Faubourg, through which she was proceeding. She walked on courageously through the solitude, as if her age were a talisman which could shield her from every calamity. No sooner, however, had she passed the Rue des Morts, than she thought she heard the firm and heavy footsteps of a man walking behind her. It struck her that she had not heard this sound for the first time. Trembling at the idea of being followed, she quickened her pace, in order to confirm her suspicions by the rays of light which proceeded from an adjacent shop. As soon as she had reached it, she abruptly turned her head, and perceived, through the fog, the outline of a human form. This indistinct vision was enough: she shuddered violently the moment she saw it—doubting not that the stranger had followed her from the moment she had quitted home. But the desire to escape from a spy soon renewed her courage, and she quickened her pace, vainly thinking that, by such means, she could escape from a man necessarily much more active than herself.

After running for some minutes, she arrived at a pastry-cook's shop —entered—and sank, rather than sat down, on a chair which stood before the counter. The moment she raised the latch of the door, a woman in the shop looked quickly through the windows towards the street; and, observing the old lady, immediately opened a drawer in the counter, as if to take out something which she had to deliver to her. Not only did the gestures and expression of the young woman show her desire to be quickly relieved of the new-comer, as of a person whom it was not safe to welcome; but she also let slip a few words of impatience at finding the drawer empty. Regardless of the old lady's presence, she unceremoniously quitted the counter, retired to an inner apartment, and called her husband, who at once obeyed the summons.

"Where have you placed the ——?" inquired she, with a mysterious air, glancing towards the visitor, instead of finishing the sentence.

Although the pastrycook could only perceive the large hood of black silk, ornamented with bows of violet-coloured ribbon, which formed the old lady's head-dress, he at once cast a significant look at his wife, as much as to say—"Could you think me careless enough to leave what you ask for, in such a place as the shop!" and then hurriedly disappeared.

Surprised at the silence and immobility of the stranger lady, the young woman approached her; and, on beholding her face, experienced

a feeling of compassion—perhaps, we may add, a feeling of curiosity, as well.

Although the complexion of the old lady was naturally colourless, like that of one long accustomed to secret austerities, it was easy to see that a recent emotion had cast over it an additional paleness. Her head-dress was so disposed as completely to hide her hair; and thereby to give her face an appearance of religious severity. At the time of which we write, the manners and habits of people of quality were so different from those of the lower classes, that it was easy to identify a person of distinction from outward appearance alone. Accordingly, the pastry-cook's wife at once discovered that the strange visitor was an ex-aristocrat—or, as we should now express it, "a born lady."

"Madame!" she exclaimed respectfully—forgetting, at the moment, that this, like all other titles, was now proscribed under the Republic.

The old lady made no answer, but fixed her eyes stedfastly on the shop windows, as if they disclosed some object that terrified her.

"What is the matter with you, citizen?" asked the pastrycook, who made his appearance at this moment, and disturbed her reverie by handing her a small pasteboard box, wrapped up in blue paper.

"Nothing, nothing, my good friends," she replied, softly. While speaking, she looked gratefully at the pastrycook; then, observing on his head the revolutionary red cap, she abruptly exclaimed—"You are a Republican! you have betrayed me!"

The pastrycook and his wife indignantly disclaimed the imputation by a gesture. The old lady blushed as she noticed it — perhaps, with shame, at having suspected them — perhaps with pleasure, at finding them trustworthy.

"Pardon me," said she, with child-like gentleness, drawing from her pocket a louis d'or. "There," she continued, "there is the stipulated price."

There is a poverty which the poor alone can discover. The pastry-cook and his wife felt the same conviction as they looked at each other — it was perhaps the last louis d'or which the old lady possessed. When she offered the coin her hand trembled: she had gazed upon it with some sorrow, but with no avarice; and yet, in giving it, she seemed to be fully aware that she was making a sacrifice. The shopkeepers, equally moved by pity and interest, began by comforting their consciences with civil words.

"You seem rather poorly, citizen," said the pastrycook.

"Would you like to take any refreshment, Madame?" interrupted his wife.

"We have some excellent soup," continued the husband.

"The cold has perhaps affected you, Madame," resumed the young woman; "pray step in, and sit and warm yourself by our fire."

"We may be Republicans," observed the pastrycook; "but the devil is not always so black as he is painted."

Encouraged by the kind words addressed to her by the shopkeepers, the old lady confessed that she had been followed by a strange man, and that she was afraid to return home by herself.

"Is that all?" replied the valiant pastrycook. "I'll be ready to go home with you in a minute, citizen."

He gave the louis d'or to his wife, and then—animated by that sort of gratitude which all tradesmen feel at receiving a large price for an

article of little value—hastened to put on his National Guard's uniform, and soon appeared in complete military array. In the meanwhile, however, his wife had found time to reflect; and in her case, as in many others, reflection closed the open hand of charity. Apprehensive that her husband might be mixed up in some misadventure, she tried hard to detain him; but, strong in his benevolent impulse, the honest fellow persisted in offering himself as the old lady's escort.

"Do you imagine, Madame, that the man you are so much afraid of, is still waiting outside the shop?" asked the young woman.

"I feel certain of it," replied the lady.

"Suppose he should be a spy! Suppose the whole affair should be a conspiracy! Don't go! Get back the box we gave her." These words whispered to the pastrycook by his wife, had the effect of cooling his courage with extraordinary rapidity.

"I'll just say two words to that mysterious personage outside, and relieve you of all annoyance immediately," said he, hastily quitting the shop.

The old lady, passive as a child, and half bewildered, reseated herself.

The pastrycook was not long before he returned. His face, which was naturally ruddy, had turned quite pale; he was so panic-stricken, that his legs trembled under him, and his eyes rolled like the eyes of a drunken man.

"Are you trying to get our throats cut for us, you rascally aristocrat?" cried he, furiously. "Do you think you can make *me* the tool of a conspiracy? Quick! show us your heels! and never let us see your face again!"

So saying, he endeavoured to snatch away the box, which the old lady had placed in her pocket. No sooner, however, had his hands touched her dress, than, preferring any perils in the street to losing the treasure for which she had just paid so large a price, she darted with the activity of youth towards the door, opened it violently, and disappeared in a moment from the eyes of the bewildered shopkeepers.

Upon gaining the street again, she walked at her utmost speed; but her strength soon failed, when she heard the spy who had so remorselessly followed her, crunching the snow under his heavy tread. She involuntarily stopped short: the man stopped short too! At first, her terror prevented her from speaking, or looking round at him; but it is in the nature of us all—even of the most infirm—to relapse into comparative calm immediately after violent agitation; for, though our feelings may be unbounded, the organs which express them have their limits. Accordingly, the old lady, finding that she experienced no particular annoyance from her imaginary persecutor, willingly tried to convince herself that he might be a secret friend, resolved at all hazards to protect her. She reconsidered the circumstances which had attended the stranger's appearance, and soon contrived to persuade herself that his object in following her, was much more likely to be a good than an evil one.

Forgetful, therefore, of the fear with which he had inspired the pastrycook, she now went on her way with greater confidence. After a walk of half an hour, she arrived at a house situated at the corner of a street leading to the Barrière Pantin—even at the present day, the most deserted locality in all Paris. A cold north-easterly wind whistled sharply across the few houses, or rather tenements, scattered about this

almost uninhabited region. The place seemed, from its utter desolation, the natural asylum of penury and despair.

The stranger, who still resolutely dogged the poor old lady's steps, seemed struck with the scene on which his eyes now rested. He stopped—erect, thoughtful, and hesitating—his figure feebly lighted by a lamp, the uncertain rays of which scarcely penetrated the fog. Fear had quickened the old lady's eyes. She now thought she perceived something sinister in the features of the stranger. All her former terrors returned, and she took advantage of the man's temporary indecision, to steal away in the darkness towards the door of a solitary house. She pressed a spring under the latch, and disappeared with the rapidity of a phantom.

The stranger, still standing motionless, contemplated the house, which bore the same appearance of misery as the rest of the Faubourg. Built of irregular stones, and stuccoed with yellowish plaster, it seemed, from the wide cracks in the walls, as if a strong gust of wind would bring the crazy building to the ground. The roof, formed of brown tiles, long since covered with moss, was so sunk in several places that it threatened to give way under the weight of snow which now lay upon it. Each story had three windows, the frames of which, rotted with damp and disjointed by the heat of the sun, showed how bitterly the cold must penetrate into the apartments. The comfortless, isolated dwelling resembled some old tower which Time had forgotten to destroy. One faint light glimmered from the windows of the gable in which the top of the building terminated; the remainder of the house was plunged in the deepest obscurity.

Meanwhile, the old woman ascended with some difficulty a rude and dilapidated flight of stairs, assisting herself by a rope, which supplied the place of bannisters. She knocked mysteriously at the door of one of the rooms situated on the garret-floor, was quickly let in by an old man, and then sank down feebly into a chair which he presented to her.

"Hide yourself! Hide yourself!" she exclaimed. "Seldom as we venture out, our steps have been traced; our proceedings are known!"

"What is the matter?" asked another old woman seated near the fire.

"The man whom we have seen loitering about the house since yesterday, has followed me this evening," she replied.

At these words, the three inmates of the miserable abode looked on each other in silent terror. The old man was the least agitated—perhaps for the very reason that his danger was really the greatest. When tried by heavy affliction, or threatened by bitter persecution, the first principle of a courageous man is, at all times, to contemplate calmly the sacrifice of himself for the safety of others. The expression in the faces of his two companions showed plainly, as they looked on the old man, that *he* was the sole object of their most vigilant solicitude.

"Let us not distrust the goodness of God, my sisters," said he, in grave, reassuring tones. "We sang His praises even in the midst of the slaughter that raged through our Convent. If it was His good will that I should be saved from the fearful butchery committed in that holy place by the Republicans, it was no doubt to reserve me for another destiny which I must accept without a murmur. God watches over His chosen, and disposes of them as seems best to His good will. Think of yourselves, my sisters—think not of me!"

"Impossible!" said one of the women. "What are *our* lives—the

lives of two poor nuns—in comparison with *yours*; in comparison with the life of a priest?"

"Here, father," said the old nun who had just returned; "here are the consecrated wafers of which you sent me in search." She handed him the box which she had received from the pastrycook.

"Hark!" cried the other nun; "I hear footsteps coming up stairs."

They all listened intently. The noise of footsteps ceased.

"Do not alarm yourselves," said the priest. "Whatever happens, I have already engaged a person on whose fidelity we can depend, to escort you in safety over the frontier; to rescue you from the martyrdom which the ferocious will of Robespierre and his coadjutors of the Reign of Terror would decree against every servant of the church."

"Do *you* not mean to accompany us?" asked the two nuns, affrightedly.

"*My* place, sisters, is with the martyrs—not with the saved," said the old priest, calmly.

"Hark! the steps on the staircase! — the heavy steps we heard before!" cried the women.

This time it was easy to distinguish, in the midst of the silence of night, the echoing sound of footsteps on the stone stairs. The nuns, as they heard it approach nearer and nearer, forced the priest into a recess at one end of the room, closed the door, and hurriedly heaped some old clothes against it. The moment after, they were startled by three distinct knocks at the outer door.

The person who demanded admittance appeared to interpret the terrified silence which had seized the nuns on hearing his knock, into a signal to enter. He opened the door himself, and the affrighted women immediately recognized him as the man whom they had detected watching the house—the spy who had watched one of them through the streets that night.

The stranger was tall and robust, but there was nothing in his features or general appearance to denote that he was a dangerous man. Without attempting to break the silence, he slowly looked round the room. Two bundles of straw, strewn upon boards, served as a bed for the two nuns. In the centre of the room was a table, on which were placed a copper candlestick, some plates, three knives, and a loaf of bread. There was but a small fire in the grate, and the scanty supply of wood piled near it, plainly showed the poverty of the inmates. The old walls, which at some distant period had been painted, indicated the miserable state of the roof, by the patches of brown streaked across them by the rain, which had filtered drop by drop through the ceiling. A sacred relic, saved probably from the pillage of the convent to which the two nuns and the priest had been attached, was placed on the chimney-piece. Three chairs, two boxes, and an old chest-of-drawers completed the furniture of the apartment.

At one corner near the mantel-shelf, a door had been constructed which indicated that there was a second room in that direction.

An expression of pity appeared on the countenance of the stranger, as his eyes fell on the two nuns, after having surveyed their wretched apartment. He was the first to break the strange silence that had hitherto prevailed, by addressing the two poor creatures before him in such tones of kindness as were best adapted to the nervous terror under which they were evidently suffering.

"Citizens!" he began, "I do not come to you as an enemy." He stopped for a moment, and then continued—"If any misfortune has befallen you, rest assured that I am not the cause of it. My only object here is to ask a great favour of you."

The nuns still kept silence.

"If my presence causes you any anxiety," he went on, "tell me so at once, and I will depart; but believe me, I am really devoted to your interests; and if there is anything in which I can befriend you, you may confide in me without fear. I am, perhaps, the only man in Paris whom the law cannot assail, now that the Kings of France are no more."

There was such a tone of sincerity in these words, as he spoke them, that Sister Agatha (the nun to whom the reader was introduced at the outset of this narrative, and whose manners exhibited all the court refinement of the old school) instinctively pointed to one of the chairs, as if to request the stranger to be seated. His expression showed a mixture of satisfaction and melancholy, as he acknowledged this little attention, of which he did not take advantage until the nuns had first seated themselves.

"You have given an asylum here," continued he, "to a venerable priest, who has miraculously escaped from massacre at a Carmelite convent."

"Are you the person," asked Sister Agatha, eagerly, "appointed to protect our flight from—?"

"I am not the person whom you expected to see," he replied calmly.

"I assure you, sir," interrupted the other nun, anxiously, "that we have no priest here; we have not, indeed."

"You had better be a little more careful about appearances on a future occasion," he replied gently, taking from the table a Latin breviary. "May I ask if you are both in the habit of reading the Latin language?" he inquired, with a slight inflexion of sarcasm in his voice.

No answer was returned. Observing the anguish depicted on the countenance of the nuns, the trembling of their limbs, the tears that filled their eyes, the stranger began to fear that he had gone too far.

"Compose yourselves," he continued, frankly. "For three days I have been acquainted with the state of distress in which you are living. I know your names, and the name of the venerable priest whom you are concealing. It is—"

"Hush! do not speak it," cried Sister Agatha, placing her finger on her lips.

"I have now said enough," he went on, "to show that if I had conceived the base design of betraying you, I could have accomplished my object before now."

On the utterance of these words, the priest, who had heard all that had passed, left his hiding-place, and appeared in the room.

"I cannot believe, sir," said he, "that you are leagued with my persecutors; and I therefore willingly confide in you. What do you require of me?"

The noble confidence of the priest—the saint-like purity expressed in his features—must have struck even an assassin with respect. The mysterious personage who had intruded on the scene of misery and resignation which the garret presented, looked silently for a moment on

the three beings before him, and then, in tones of secrecy, thus addressed the priest :—

" Father, I am come to entreat you to celebrate a mortuary mass for the repose of the soul of—of a—of a person whose life the laws once held sacred, but whose corpse will never rest in holy ground."

An involuntary shudder seized the priest, as he guessed the hidden meaning in these words. The nuns, unable to imagine what person was indicated by the stranger, looked on him with equal curiosity and alarm.

" Your wish shall be granted," said the priest, in low, awe-struck tones. " Return to this place at midnight, and you will find me ready to celebrate the only funeral service which the church can offer in expiation of the crime to which I understand you to allude."

The stranger trembled violently for a moment, then composed himself, respectfully saluted the priest and the two nuns, and departed without uttering a word.

About two hours afterwards, a soft knock at the outer door announced the mysterious visitor's return. He was admitted by Sister Agatha, who conducted him into the second apartment of their modest retreat, where everything had been prepared for the midnight mass. Near the fire-place the nuns had placed their old chest of drawers, the clumsy workmanship of which was concealed under a rich altar-cloth of green velvet. A large crucifix, formed of ivory and ebony, was hung against the bare plaster wall. Four small tapers, fixed by sealing-wax on the temporary altar, threw a faint and mysterious gleam over the crucifix, but hardly penetrated to any other part of the walls of the room. Thus almost exclusively confined to the sacred objects immediately above and around it, the glow from the tapers looked like a light falling from heaven itself on that unadorned and unpretending altar. The floor of the room was damp. The miserable roof, sloping on either side, was pierced with rents, through which the cold night air penetrated into the rooms. Nothing could be less magnificent, and yet nothing could be more truly solemn than the manner in which the preliminaries of the funeral ceremony had been arranged. A deep, dread silence, through which the slightest noise in the street could be heard, added to the dreary grandeur of the midnight scene—a grandeur majestically expressed by the contrast between the homeliness of the temporary church, and the solemnity of the service to which it was now devoted. On each side of the altar, the two aged women kneeling ou the tiled floor, unmindful of its deadly dampness, were praying in concert with the priest, who, clothed in his sacerdotal robes, raised on high a golden chalice, adorned with precious stones, the most sacred of the few relics saved from the pillage of the Carmelite Convent.

The stranger, approaching after an interval, knelt reverently between the two nuns. As he looked up towards the crucifix, he saw, for the first time, that a piece of black crape was attached to it. On beholding this simple sign of mourning, terrible recollections appeared to be awakened within him ; the big drops of agony started thick and fast on his massive brow.

Gradually, as the four actors in this solemn scene still fervently prayed together, their souls began to sympathize the one with the other, blending in one common feeling of religious awe. Awful, in truth, was the service in which they were now secretly engaged ! Beneath that

mouldering roof, those four Christians were then interceding with Heaven for the soul of a martyred King of France; performing, at the peril of their lives, in those days of anarchy and terror, a funeral service for that hapless Louis the Sixteenth, who died on the scaffold, who was buried without a coffin or a shroud! It was, in them, the purest of all acts of devotion,—the purest, from its disinterestedness, from its courageous fidelity. The last relics of the loyalty of France were collected in that poor room, enshrined in the prayers of a priest and two aged women. Perhaps, too, the dark spirit of the Revolution was present there as well, impersonated by the stranger, whose face, while he knelt before the altar, betrayed an expression of the most poignant remorse.

The most gorgeous mass ever celebrated in the gorgeous Cathedral of St. Peter, at Rome, could not have expressed the sincere feeling of prayer so nobly as it was now expressed, by those four persons, under that lowly roof!

There was one moment, during the progress of the service, at which the nuns detected that tears were trickling fast over the stranger's cheeks. It was when the Pater Noster was said.

On the termination of the midnight mass, the priest made a sign to the two nuns, who immediately left the room. As soon as they were alone, he thus addressed the stranger:—

"My son, if you have imbrued your hands in the blood of the martyred King, confide in me, and in my sacred office. Repentance so deep and sincere as yours appears to be, may efface even the crime of regicide, in the eyes of God."

"Holy father," replied the other, in trembling accents, "no man is less guilty than I am of shedding the King's blood."

"I would fain believe you," answered the priest. He paused for a moment as he said this, looked stedfastly on the penitent man before him, and then continued:—

"But remember, my son, you cannot be absolved of the crime of regicide, because you have not co-operated in it. Those who had the power of defending their King, and who, having that power, still left the sword in the scabbard, will be called to render a heavy account at the day of judgment, before the King of kings; yes, a heavy and an awful account indeed! for, in remaining passive, they became the involuntary accomplices of the worst of murders."

"Do you think then, father," murmured the stranger, deeply abashed, "that all indirect participations are visited with punishment? Is the soldier guilty of the death of Louis who obeyed the order to guard the scaffold?"

The priest hesitated.

"I should be ashamed," continued the other, betraying by his expression some satisfaction at the dilemma in which he had placed the old man—"I should be ashamed of offering you any pecuniary recompense for such a funeral service as you have celebrated. It is only possible to repay an act so noble by an offering which is priceless. Honour me by accepting this sacred relic. The day perhaps will come when you will understand its value."

So saying, he presented to the priest a small box, extremely light in weight, which the aged ecclesiastic took, as it were, involuntarily; for he felt awed by the solemn tones in which the man spoke as he offered it. Briefly expressing his thanks for the mysterious present, the priest

conducted his guest into the outer room, where the two nuns remained in attendance.

"The house you now inhabit," said the stranger, addressing the nuns as well as the priest, "belongs to a landlord who outwardly affects extreme republicanism, but who is at heart devoted to the royal cause. He was formerly a huntsman in the service of one of the Bourbons, the Prince de Conti, to whom he is indebted for all that he possesses. So long as you remain in this house you are safer than in any other place in France. Remain here, therefore. Persons worthy of trust will supply all your necessities, and you will be able to await in safety the prospect of better times. In a year from this day, on the 21st of January, should you still remain the occupants of this miserable abode, I will return to repeat with you the celebration of to-night's expiatory mass." He paused abruptly, and bowed without adding another word; then delayed a moment more, to cast a parting look on the objects of poverty which surrounded him, and left the room.

To the two simple-minded nuns, the whole affair had all the interest of a romance. Their faces displayed the most intense anxiety, the moment the priest informed them of the mysterious gift which the stranger had so solemnly presented to him. Sister Agatha immediately opened the box, and discovered in it a handkerchief, made of the finest cambric, and soiled with marks of perspiration. They unfolded it eagerly, and then found that it was defaced in certain places with dark stains.

"Those stains are *blood stains!*" exclaimed the priest.

"The handkerchief is marked with the royal crown!" cried Sister Agatha.

Both the nuns dropped the precious relic, marked by the King's blood, with horror. To their simple minds, the mystery which was attached to the stranger, now deepened fearfully. As for the priest, from that moment he ceased, even in thought, to attempt identifying his visitor, or discovering the means by which he had become possessed of the royal handkerchief.

Throughout the atrocities practised during a year of the Reign of Terror, the three refugees were safely guarded by the same protecting interference, ever at work for their advantage. At first, they received large supplies of fuel and provisions; then the two nuns found reason to imagine that one of their own sex had become associated with their invisible protector, for they were furnished with the necessary linen and clothing which enabled them to go out without attracting attention by any peculiarities of attire. Besides this, warnings of danger constantly came to the priest in the most unexpected manner, and always opportunely. And then, again, in spite of the famine which at that period afflicted Paris, the inhabitants of the garret were sure to find placed every morning at their door, a supply of the best wheaten bread, regularly left for them by some invisible hand.

They could only guess that the agent of the charitable attentions thus lavished on them, was the landlord of the house, and that the person by whom he was employed was no other than the stranger who had celebrated with them the funeral mass for the repose of the King's soul. Thus, this mysterious man was regarded with especial reverence by the priest and the nuns, whose lives for the present and whose hopes for the future, depended on their strange visitor. They added to their usual prayers at night and morning, prayers for *him*.

At length the long-expected night of the 21st of January arrived, and, exactly as the clock struck twelve, the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs announced the approach of the stranger. The room had been carefully prepared for his reception, the altar had been arranged, and, on this occasion, the nuns eagerly opened the door, even before they heard the knock.

"Welcome back again! most welcome!" cried they; "we have been anxiously awaiting you."

The stranger raised his head, looked gloomily on the nuns, and made no answer. Chilled by his cold reception of their kind greeting, they did not venture to utter another word. He seemed to have frozen at their hearts, in an instant, all the gratitude, all the friendly aspirations of the long year that had passed. They now perceived but too plainly that their visitor desired to remain a complete stranger to them, and that they must resign all hope of ever making a friend of him. The old priest fancied he had detected a smile on the lips of their guest when he entered, but that smile — if it had really appeared — vanished again the moment he observed the preparations which had been made for his reception. He knelt to hear the funeral mass, prayed fervently as before, and then abruptly took his departure; briefly declining, by a few civil words, to partake of the simple refreshment offered to him, on the expiration of the service, by the two nuns.

Day after day wore on, and nothing more was heard of the stranger by the inhabitants of the garret. After the fall of Robespierre, the church was delivered from all actual persecution, and the priest and the nuns were free to appear publicly in Paris, without the slightest risk of danger. One of the first expeditions undertaken by the aged ecclesiastic led him to a perfumer's shop, kept by a man who had formerly been one of the Court tradesmen, and who had always remained faithful to the Royal Family. The priest, clothed once more in his clerical dress, was standing at the shop door talking to the perfumer, when he observed a great crowd rapidly advancing along the street.

"What is the matter yonder?" he inquired of the shopkeeper.

"Nothing," replied the man, carelessly, "but the cart with the condemned criminals going to the place of execution. Nobody pities them —and nobody ought!"

"You are not speaking like a Christian," exclaimed the priest. "Why not pity them?"

"Because," answered the perfumer, "those men who are going to execution are the last accomplices of Robespierre. They only travel the same fatal road which their innocent victims took before them."

The cart with the prisoners condemned to the guillotine had by this time arrived opposite the perfumer's shop. As the old priest looked curiously towards the state criminals, he saw, standing erect and undaunted among his drooping fellow prisoners, the very man at whose desire he had twice celebrated the funeral service for the martyred King of France!

"Who is that, standing upright in the cart?" cried the priest, breathlessly.

The perfumer looked in the direction indicated, and answered—

"THE EXECUTIONER OF LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH!"

## A FIRST VISIT TO THE COURT OF QUEEN ADELAIDE.

When I was a little girl of some twelve years old, I enjoyed a pleasure, which at any time I should have valued, but which, at that happy age, was so delightful, that it nearly drove me mad with joy; for I had an invitation, in company with my mother, to an evening party at Windsor Castle, in the good old time of Queen Adelaide, when all the loyal (or, as they call themselves, royal) county of Berks, enjoyed the distinction of once at least a year seeing their fat old king *chez soi*. Considering my age, which in years reduced me to a mere child (though in feelings I was as precocious a little wretch as many a girl of sixteen), I verily believed the invitation was entirely a mistake, and I scanned the name on the grand printed card most carefully, for fear the letters might vanish, and reveal something else, or all prove a dream or a fairy delusion. But there they were, written plainly, in large letters. After having convinced myself of the reality, I forthwith proceeded to inform all my friends, high and low, of the extraordinary circumstance, that I, little F. D., with a head barely recovered from some ten years of close cropping, a face where the poppy certainly flourished rather than the rose, a skin well browned by incessantly running out in the hottest sun, hands much stained by grubbing in my little garden and climbing various trees in the park for the purpose of better enacting Romeo and Juliet, a form very plump and round, and broad-shouldered (being very innocent of the restraint of stays), that I was indeed going to Court!

I may have incurred the suspicion of egotism, it is to be feared, by this little sketch of myself, but from which I could not refrain, because, without giving the idea of what a wild romp I was then, no one could conceive the extraordinary contrast, nor the effect of my intention of dressing all at once, from what I was, into a simpering, mincing, young *débutante*, about to make her appearance in a Court circle. However, with a perfect confidence in my own powers, being at that time utterly unaware of my deficiencies, I set myself to the pleasing task, which my impudence and girlish fun pictured in glowing colours.

Although the hour for our departure was not until the evening, that was of no importance, nor was it even considered; the mighty business of the toilet was an anticipation of the party, so early in the afternoon I set to work to achieve the great change which was to fit me for a Court. Having no lady's maid to assist me, my ideas were very simple, and confined to a thoroughly good scrubbing, something in the same style, with flannel and soap, as described in Burns's "Saturday Night," a kind of ablution which brought out my ruddy cheeks in high relief, and certainly was more meritorious in intention than successful as to effect. After a considerable time spent in this kind of miscellaneous cleaning, the knotty point of hair was to be considered. Alas! this part of the question was indeed fraught with difficulty; too short to plait, too straight to curl, each particular hair seemed to set up a defiance, on its own account, to all the efforts of the tirewoman of a friend, who came at an appointed hour to dress my unhappy head. She shared in the general feeling of respect to me, as being about to appear in such a circle, and affected to think my hair remarkably fine; but I felt the reverse, for, oh! how I suffered! First torn with a comb,

that in disentangling knots that had for many a day resisted my efforts, my hair was dragged out by handfulls, and lay a silent but eloquent witness to my pain; then the tears were brought into my eyes with the desperate effort required to tie the hair behind, which ended by being done so tight, I felt as if the very skin must crack, and I already experienced the truth of the old adage, that "pride must be pricked." But I bore these and various other tortures with the patience of a martyr, grave as became so important an occasion. I offered no unavailing complaints, for there, displayed on the bed, lay my reward, my dress, white, and beautiful, and new, and pretty, because so simple; and when the moment came for viewing myself arrayed in the glass, I cannot tell how perfectly contented I was at the effect of my appearance; and rushing up to my mother (who had also arrayed herself to her own entire approval), I entreated her to admire, not myself but my dress! and then I set off full tilt to the kitchen, to show myself to the cook, between whom and myself a cordial friendship existed, by reason of divers curious little underdone loaves, which she called, and I considered, cakes, and which, on a baking day, were smuggled into the oven for me; and various little tit-bits (for I fear I was a little greedy) I at divers times partook of in the pantry. She, good soul, held up her hands and eyes at the radiant effect her young lady cut; and this so elated me, I began to dance all among the pots and pans, running imminent danger of literally darkening all my glory, for in the middle, aroused by the noise, rushed in my old favourite Newfoundland "Crab," and wishing to enjoy the fun, he made a leap at my shoulders, which, had I not evaded, would have utterly annihilated me. Roused to a sense of danger by my narrow escape, I flew up stairs, and sitting down in the room, conceded to my mother's entreaties of being quiet until the carriage came to the door.

How long I listened for the sound of the wheels! I was sure it was late. I was in a terrible fuss; but at length the welcome sound was heard, and the carriage was there; and oh, what a funny little carriage it was! drawn by the two lame horses, Peter and Paul, as the coachman called them; an open carriage, made very light, and furnished with a hood, and green curtains to draw at night. There I sat in uncommon dignity, and, from the consequent exultation of mind, indulged in singing various snatches of songs, as, I considered with propriety and emphasis; but my voice at that time being wholly untutored, was anything but harmonious, and, moreover, was very harsh. I used to be frequently desired by the rest to be silent, which I thought very hard; for I was so happy in those days, the mirth within needed some safety-valve to give it vent.

But at the time I am writing of, the carriage, the horses, and all seemed to me some triumphal car to bear me in triumph to the glorious scene I anticipated, and I jumped in with a beating heart, and off we drove. But very slow we went, for we had seventeen long miles to go, and, as I before said, the horses were afflicted with a kind of chronic lameness, which, though it did not prevent their moving in a sort of shambling trot, entirely impeded rapidity. I beguiled the way with chattering incessantly to mamma of all I expected to see, and at length we drew near the Castle. There was a considerable pause and consideration at which door we should enter, and we, being quite unacquainted with the localities leading to the sanctum sanctorum of the private apartments, were obliged to apply to one of the porters for direction, whose official gruffness soon, however, melted into civility, on

being informed we were guests arriving for the Birthnight. This intelligence was indeed a regular "Open Sesame;" and as the carriage rolled under the lofty arches, the vaulted passage sending forth a hollow echo, we seemed in a fair way of reaching the proper entrance.

By this time, truth to tell, all my courage, all my confidence, had entirely vanished. I dreaded the lights, I dreaded the bedizened servants, I dreaded the grand rooms, and, above all, I dreaded, and got quite nervous, at the idea of positively facing the Queen; and by the time we had reached the entrance, made sufficiently plain by various lights, and crowds of servants in scarlet liveries, my heart beat so quick, and I felt so frightened, I could almost have renounced all the honour and glory, and wished myself back in my own little bed, gazing at the moon. My mother, however, not seeming to share in my terrors, I said nothing, but, when we had dismounted, kept tight hold of her, and advanced under the lofty doorway, facing which was a broad staircase, well lighted, up which we were ushered by the scarlet gentlemen. As I approached the doors of the reception-room, I got very cold and rather sick, and heartily wished it all over; still, on entering the splendid suite of apartments, such is the paradox of human feeling, instead of rejoicing I was quite blanked and disappointed, at finding no one there, not a creature; we were the very first arrival. Now this seemed ridiculous, and I knew quite well the cause was no other than my excessive impatience to be off, and felt somewhat confused and angry, which made me forget my terror, and I began to look round on the surrounding scene, being considerably reinstated in my own feelings of self-confidence by a passing glimpse of my fine dress in one of the lofty mirrors.

The suite of rooms thrown open on that evening comprised the whole of the private apartments; and superb they indeed were, and fit for the privacy of a great King. In the room we had entered stood a bust of the King in marble, wreathed with laurel, a delicate compliment in honour of his birthday. The glittering chandeliers threw down floods of brilliant light, and brought out in glowing colours the superb green hangings of the windows, and an enormous vase of malachite, presented by the Emperor of Russia to George the Fourth. The next room, the grand drawing-room, was larger and grander; beyond that was another, and another apartment, each more brilliant than the last, and, as we moved along, we heard the military band in the adjoining St. George's Hall, and the hum of the royal guests still at the banquet; and this sound so revived all my nervous fears, that I instantly beat a retreat back to the room we first entered. By the time we had returned, other guests had arrived, country neighbours like ourselves, and some friends of our own; but there was a kind of shyness and chilliness in our conversation anything but cordial, for we all felt we were acting a part, and had put on our court manners, and each was unwilling the other should see the change, or notice the awe and fear they felt on the occasion of a visit to royalty. Mrs. L. would not be seen talking to Mrs. B., because she was a common sort of a body, and Lady R. had *really* dressed herself such a scare-scrow, it was impossible to keep with her; and as Mrs. C. piqued herself on her London friends, she would not appear for all the world intimate with her county neighbours; and Lady R., who knew the Duchess of Gloucester, had set her whole mental powers to catch her eye when she should come in. Child as I was, I noticed all these little worldly ma-

nœuvres, and depised them, though I had no reason to complain, for being, as I said, an heiress, every one was civil to me, specially the young men, for that reason; and many were the wonders that I should have been invited; but I *was* invited, and I was *there*, the only child present among all the sweeping dowagers and languishing misses, and my spirit began to rise, and my courage to come, and I now thoroughly enjoyed and entered into the spirit of the scene, when my reflections were cut short by the folding doors from the hall being thrown open, and a murmur passing round their Majesties were about to appear—every one then formed an alley, down which they were to pass on to the great drawing-room. I was all eyes, all ears; and at length very quietly entered Queen Adelaide, followed by the King. She looked quiet and amiable as ever, but extremely ugly, the unfortunate redness of her face heightened by her splendid dress, which was of white satin, the whole body covered by diamonds, and on her shoulder a small medallion miniature of the King set with jewels; her thin neck glittered with a ponderous necklace, and on her head she wore a superb circlet of diamonds, but so ill arranged, and so badly put on, I observed the large black hair-pins placed to keep it firm, sticking straight out from it, and wholly spoiling the effect; indeed, her whole dress was *décousu*, and looked as if put on in a vast hurry, and hung about her thin figure in anything but stately folds. Nor was the appearance of the old King more majestic; he looked fat, comfortable, and good-humoured; his broad, weather-beaten face lighted up by smiles, gave him much the appearance of some old farmer, who had for the time being unaccountably got possession of the blue riband and brilliant star he wore on his breast.

The royal pair acknowledged the general reverence with which we received them, and passed slowly on, stopping to speak to those of the evening company with whom they were personally acquainted. But then behind them came the real glitter of the court; and how I wondered, and stared at the shower of sparkling diamonds, and gazed with silent admiration on the brilliant train of jewel-circled lofty dames, sweeping the floor with satin robes; the dazzling coronets, the fair faces, and long hair of the younger ladies; the various colours, the brilliant uniforms of the officers, cocked hats under their arms, with the white feathers reaching the ground; the bishops with their funny little black silk aprons; the ministers in their lacquey-like bag wigs, uncollared coats and lace ruffles, and swords; the lawyers in their long woolly wigs and dingy gowns—in a word, all the paraphernalia of court passing before me, so gay, so smiling, one might (judging thereby) have thought *no* care, *no* trouble, lurked under those gay robes! My very soul passed into my eyes, and all I wanted to know was, *who* they all were; for, as far as I could tell, they might have been visions of the times of Louis Quatorze, or any other monarch, but a friend pointed some out to me. There was her grace of Cambridge, with her tall, gaunt figure, caricatured by the enormous coronet of diamond wheat-ears, and her funny little daughter the Princess Augusta, so very fat, and so round shouldered, she seemed to have her good-natured large face fastened to her bosom, without the ordinary addition of a neck. Then came the King of Hanover, with his mysterious glass eye, and his profusion of white hair, wound round his face in whiskers and moustaches of every shape, and bushy thickness. There was proud Jersey, still conscious that her fading charms, even in their decline, excelled the full glory of inferior

beauties: the lofty carriage of her head told of the proud spirit within. Near her came that holy-looking man the Primate of Ireland, who looked so good, so kind, he seemed the very model of an apostle; there seemed such a holy calm about him, and such a sweetness in his pale face, and commanding figure, he looked all dignity. There was the lovely Emily Bagot, then in the zenith of her beauty, like some pale moss-rose bud, she seemed, for I can never forget her lovely, pensive face, set off by the most becoming head-dress of white ribbons, and her slender figure, draped in white,—such a contrast in her stainless elegance to the glittering crowd around her. I could only half admire the proud, imperious beauty near her, the King's natural daughter, who, though a splendid creature, looked a very female Lucifer, and, as she tossed up her head with haughty air, reminded one that *parvenus* are ever presumptuous. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury, looking just like some little, old, shrivelled walnut, so brown skinned, and so wrinkled, with his little apron, and scanty hair, anything but dignified, and marvellously out of place in the gay scene.

Many, many more passed whom I do not remember, and on glided the glittering crowd, and we followed, into the state drawing-room, where their Majesties took their place on the sofas, with Lady Jersey between them. This reminded me that I was very tired of standing, and I was on the point of committing the enormous error of sitting in their presence, but just in time mamma dragged me off into another room, where I could rest in peace; and now, when I had looked about, and wondered, and admired, twenty times over, and found every one speaking in whispers, and going along sideways, as people afflicted with severe colds not daring to use their handkerchiefs, I really (in spite of the lights, and the glitter, and all) began to get a little tired, to suppress an incipient yawn, and to wonder what o'clock it was; but just in time to save me from *ennui*, came the announcement that the refreshment-room was thrown-open, and being exceedingly hungry, I was determined to sup royally, at least *that* night.

On our way to that room, which closed the suite, I again caught a glimpse of the lovely Bagot surrounded by a crowd of beaux, who fluttered about her *fauteuil* like bees round a flower. She, the Court Beauty *par excellence*, with perfect grace dispensed her favours, her pensive smiles, and gentle words to the favoured few. One more face I must note; I remember as so Juno-like and queenly, Harriet Paget, where the most brilliant complexion was admirably contrasted with the darkest hair, all spoilt by a look of ungracious pride and hauteur; for had her eyes been lighted up with amiability, her face would have been faultless, though her figure was even then extremely dumpy and ill-made. As to the men, I noticed none. I remained faithful to my first hero, the stately Primate. The supper-room was indeed splendid and singular, for the walls were carved in the gothic style, and heavily ornamented with groins, and spires, and borders, with large apertures in the walls, into which were let the most magnificent articles of gold plate set in cases of crystal. This took my childish fancy amazingly, it was so like the stories in the Arabian Nights, so like Aladdin's cave, and in my desire minutely to examine these wonderful things carved in all the minute intricacies imaginable, I forgot my hunger for awhile, though there were spread the tables round three sides of the room, covered with every luxury; things so

tempting, and sweetmeats so crystallized, that I soon had my attention riveted upon *them*, and set to work quite in the style of Captain Dalgetty, to cram as much as possible of the royal cheer: and here I must own to a most nefarious transaction, for I not only eat all I could *then*, but secreted a perfect mine of sugar-plums and *bon-bons* in my handkerchief and gloves for quiet discussion at home, and laden with my spoil I rose from the table, and we now began to think of descending and trying to find our carriage; so taking our last farewell look at the King,—who was indulging in a quiet doze,—at the brilliant rooms still crowded with the guests, and one envious glance more at the diamonds, and jewels, the possessors of which I determined, when I was a woman, to rival, by having just as brilliant, we descended the staircase to the cloak-room, where everybody was pushing everybody else, and diving among mounds of dark silk, for their own particular covering, which some attendant beau placed on the ladies' shoulders; where porters were screaming, and men-servants harshly responding, causing a very Babel of sounds composed of the names of half the peerage. Here we stood unheeded, dinned by the noise, and I, for my part, with open ears at the names of all the grandees, among whom I found myself.

As I stood there, a tall woman passed me, and stood for a moment near; and never shall I forget the impression she made on me—never forget that momentary realization of beauty. To speak of the white foam on the dark sea, the snowy Alps against a stormy sky, the river flowing onwards, bearing the reflection of the bright stars above,—all this is to say nothing, nor can words describe that lofty queenly figure, that pale calm face, those flashing dark eyes, lofty brow, and raven hair, that like some beautiful apparition, glided majestically past me. It was a face once to be seen and never forgotten; and ere I looked again she was gone, all making way before her, as she gracefully bowed, passing through the yielding crowd.

These high-flown observations may appear overstrained in a child of my years, but in truth they are most real, for I was a solitary child, placed apart from others, and drawing my ideas from books, and poetry, and plays, and when I saw any actual realization of those poetic dreams which were impressed on my mind, with all the vigour of a dawning understanding, I was sensibly alive to the impression, and I became instantly transported to some fancied scene,—the actual retired before the unreal,—or, remaining, only served as a framework or background to some form invested by my fancy with more than mortal attributes. It is impossible for children, brought up in a little community together, where all is noise, fun, and sociability, to conceive the strange day-dreams I experienced, invested with a nature essentially poetic and dramatic,—a state in which childish ignorance and an excited imagination, combined to make me clothe the commonplaces of my life with a halo from an aerial region.

These grave reflections are necessary to excuse my fancies; but my beautiful apparition impressed me so entirely, that I heeded no longer the throng around me, and by some miracle found myself once more seated in the carriage, and drawn along at the usual monotonous pace with which Peter and Paul traversed space, and which brought us home long after midnight, when I sank on my pillow, filled with delight, to dream of all and everything I had seen in tenfold lustre.

# THE LAST NEW LONDON PLAGUE;

OR,

## A WORD ABOUT BETTING OFFICES.

We make no pretensions to be political economists, but we think we may venture to assert as an axiom indisputable, that it is a fair proof of the prosperity of any calling or trade when new men embark their time and money in it daily. For example, take Life Insurance Companies. How many have started into existence within the last half dozen years, aye, within the last two years? We have no statistical returns at hand to refer to, and we do not require any. We simply ask an observant and impartial reader whether he can recollect a month passing over his head without his seeing a fresh advertisement of some new company of the sort, with directors, trustees, bankers, solicitors, standing counsel, actuaries, auditors, secretary, &c., all complete, and with a fresh set of tables, and two or three "new principles" to recommend it to the notice of a provident public? We ask such observant reader, does he doubt that these companies are very profitable affairs to those who "get them up?" Does not the very fact of their multiplicity bear witness to their prosperity?

Take again mining companies. If every acre of Col. Fremont's Californian estates were made a separate mine, we doubt whether they would supply one a-piece to the companies already formed and daily springing into existence to dig up, wash, crush, and export the precious metal. Don't they pay also?

We are not speaking of their *permanent* prosperity, because as it appears that each company is to *fight* for its mine, we doubt whether they will "carry on the war" long; but we speak of the profit which somebody must derive from such schemes as evidenced in their constantly increasing number.

Now we have not a word to say against insurance companies. They encourage providence and forethought, and prevent much want and destitution in the world, and probably the more of them there are the better will these desirable objects be attained. It is true that we don't thoroughly appreciate all the "new principles," and we suspect that the "new tables" are old ones with 10*d.* turned into 8*d.* and so on in proportion, while the "indisputability," &c., we appreciate at their true value. No matter, the end is good, so we heartily wish prosperity to them all. We don't even quarrel with mining companies, though we have not the slightest intention of investing our earnings in any one of them, and we by no means advise our readers to do so. Still, digging, crushing, washing, and exporting gold are unobjectionable occupations, and so we wish success to the mining companies.

There is, however, another bait for this investment of superfluous cash, held out to the good citizens of the metropolis, which is flourishing most wonderfully, but which we fear is neither beneficial to morality, like the insurance companies, nor harmless in its objects, like the mining companies. It is not extensively advertised like them, nor does it parade

a list of directors, bankers, &c.; it is modest and retiring in its attitude. Its abode is sometimes a slip of a cigar shop, occasionally the bar of a beer shop, often a quiet looking place with a wire blind, and "Mr. Tomkins's Office" inscribed on it, and here and there a print shop. We allude to Betting Offices. If our reader should happen to be a quiet country gentleman, or a prosperous London merchant, or a professional man deeply engaged in the mysteries of his calling, he will probably say, "surely such low places are not worth noticing. Who goes to them but the dissipated and the worthless?" Of such a reader, or of any other who may entertain similar sentiments, we ask only a little patience while we present him with a little sketch of these places as they are, their doings, patrons, and frequenters; and we will leave him to judge whether they are not worth a little more serious consideration than is generally bestowed on them.

Tom Surcingle began life as a stable-boy at Newmarket. He was a sharp lad, and groomed a horse as well as anybody in England. He rode as well as he groomed, never went beyond the right pace while giving the horses their exercise, and handled their mouths with a lighter hand than most of his fellows. Tom got a fair salary, and increased it by a judicious bet now and then, made on the strength of the information he picked up in the stable. He seemed on the high road to the summit of a stable-boy's ambition, to become a jockey. But alas! Tom's hopes were blighted by his personal infirmity—he grew too fast. He tried gin and starvation to "stunt himself," but all to no purpose. Nature had decreed that he should be five feet eight, and weigh ten stone and a half, and so were Tom's prospects in life blasted.

"A fellow can't be a stable-boy for ever," thought Tom, and so he determined to strike out a new course. First, he advertised for a situation as groom to a single gentleman, and soon got one in the establishment of the Hon. Charles Harebrain.

The Honourable Charley (as his friends called him) was a very "fast" young gentleman indeed. As a younger son, he enjoyed a paternal allowance of 400*l.* a year, on the strength of which he had chambers in the Albany, six horses at livery in town, four hunters at ditto in Leicestershire, and a little villa at St. John's Wood, where somebody with astonishingly pretty bonnets and an unexceptionable brougham, lived, and called herself the Hon. Mrs. Harebrain. How many times four hundred pounds the Hon. Charley spent, or owed, in the course of the year we are not prepared to say, though several irate tradesmen declared, after the young gentleman had retired to Baden-Baden for his health, that the prefix to his name was the greatest of misnomers. Strange, by the way, that tradesmen never find out these things till all the mischief is done.

In the establishment of this scion of nobility, Tom Surcingle rapidly completed the education he had commenced in that very questionable school of morals—a racing stable. He was a far better judge of the world than his master; for while the latter daily lost its respect by his extravagance and consequent state of need, he daily profited by his master's errors, and put by money for a rainy day. Tom was completely in his patron's confidence: knew all his debts and difficulties, and his want of means. Tom could always find him a customer for his horses, when he wanted to sell one, and of course when he disposed of one for *guineas* he pocketed the odd shillings and accounted only for *pounds*, besides getting a hand-

some bonus from each party to the transaction. At the end of a twelve-month the Hon. Charley was off to Baden-Baden, as aforesaid, the sheriff of Middlesex took possession of his stud, Mr. Chopkins of the Stock Exchange took possession of the villa at St. John's Wood, including the pretty bonnets and their wearers, and Tom Surcingle was out of place.

> "The world was all before him where to choose
> His place of rest," &c.

Tom Surcingle opened his money-box and counted its contents. Bank notes, gold and silver, amounted to one hundred and seventy-eight pounds, nine shillings, and sixpence. "Not bad for a year's work," thought Tom; and he felt sorely tempted to abandon his idea of henceforth leading an independent life, and to try for another such situation; but, to use his own simile, the odds were a thousand to one against his ever getting such a profitable one again.

Tom dressed himself in a suit of his late master's clothes, and being a tolerably good-looking fellow and well built, he would have passed muster with the multitude for a gentleman. Having completed his toilet to his satisfaction, he strutted down to see his friend, Mr. Santiagos, a Spanish Jew, who dealt in tobacco, and whose shop was situate in Jermyn Street.

Mr. Santiagos stared at Tom in his elegant apparel, and swore that he looked far handsomer than "that poor Carlos, poor devil," meaning Tom's late master. Tom accepted the compliment, and then proceeded to business. He wanted to rent half of Santiagos' shop as a betting office. He showed the Jew how his "lists" would draw scores of people to the place, how some of them would of course smoke, and consequently how his scheme would bring profit to them both. The Jew liked the idea, but wanted a share in the betting profits. This Tom would not consent to, and a pretty little contest ensued between the pair, who were admirably matched in cunning and love of pelf. Tom gained the day, however, the Jew contenting himself with extorting an exorbitant rent for the share of the shop, but which it suited Tom's purpose to pay.

The next thing was to prepare his "lists of odds" on the different forthcoming races; and then to advertise in a Sunday sporting paper that "Captain Trumpington's lists are posted at Mr. Santiagos', tobacconist, Jermyn Street."

Tom was now established as a betting man. He had a clerk who sat at a sort of little pigeon-hole, something like those of the money-takers at the theatres, and who received the money of those who came to invest it on any horse, and gave them in return a ticket. Thus, if Jeames Plush, Lord Tomnoddy's tall footman, came to back the "Ballet Girl" for the Oaks at 20 to 1, Jeames handed in his sovereign to the clerk and received a little card, thus:—

**EPSOM, 1852.**

OAKS.

£21. THE BALLET GIRL.

*J. Trumpington.*

which would entitle him to receive 21*l.* (namely 20*l.* gain, and his 1*l.* stake back again) from the office, in case "Ballet Girl" should win the Oaks. These tickets were torn from a book with duplicates attached to them, on which copies were made of those given out; and when Tom came every evening to look over the book, the clerk handed him up the day's receipts as shown by the duplicates. Let us now see what sort of people patronized Tom's establishment: for which purpose we will station ourselves inside the pigeon-hole beside the clerk.

The shop is very full of people. Some are well dressed and of gentlemanly appearance, but they are decidedly the minority: others have a seedy, dissipated look, and wear dirty embroidered shirts and faded dress waistcoats in the morning, which suggests to the observer that they are the haunters of night-houses and "hells," and other such reputable establishments: some have a neat, clean, sober air, and form a remarkable contrast to the last class, in fact they look like bankers' clerks, linen-drapers' apprentices, shopmen in west-end houses, or tradesmen: others are dressed in many colours, with gilt or plaited buttons on their coats, bands on their hats, and occasionally powder in their hair; they are the knights of the shoulder-knot and the napkin, and they are perhaps the most numerous class present.

What a Babel of voices! How the different classes herd together; all at least but the mercantile portion, who look shyly at each other, and and at every one else, and evidently are in great trepidation lest they should be seen in such a place. The footmen are very talkative, and those who serve sporting masters, are clearly looked up to as great authorities.

"Is it true that 'Ercules won't start?" says one of them in blue and crimson to another in green and buff.

"Not a bit of it; they mean to run him, but he ain't no good; *we* know all about him."

"Back Greenacre," says another knowing gentleman in grey and scarlet; "take *my* advice."

Blue and crimson fishes out a half sovereign, and rushes up to the clerk—

"I' ll take the hodds about Greenacre—ten bob."

The clerk writes out the ticket without a word, hands it over, and slips the half sovereign into the cash-box.

The gentlemanly-looking men are talking quietly together. They don't say much, and no one ever expresses his opinion that any particular horse will win. When one of them goes to make his bet, he hands his money in so quietly, and whispers the clerk so lowly, that no one knows what horse he backs, or the amount of his stake.

The dissipated-looking individuals, in the seedy evening costume, have a great deal to say, but as their conversation is a very peculiar slang, scarcely intelligible to any but themselves, we forbear presenting a specimen of it. Their bets are very small in amount, though very often all they possess in the world; and that fishy-eyed man, with the blue-and-white satin waistcoat, pawned his only pair of boots an hour ago, to get the five shillings he is handing over to the clerk, which is the reason why he appears in the very inconvenient *chaussure* of dancing pumps on a rainy day.

The shopmen, and the clerks, and the tradesmen skulk about, trying to overhear a little of the conversation of those who look most "knowing,"

or else they peer over the lists very carefully, and end by backing the favourite, which somehow or other never wins.

Outside the door is a young man who has passed the house once or twice, as though attracted to it by some diabolical fascination, and yet afraid to enter. He is mentally discussing the question whether it is a theft or a venial irregularity to take his master's money for the purpose of betting on Flare-up at 60 to 1. Strange to say, he decides on the latter, though by what curious process of logic he arrives at that decision we cannot say; at all events he comes in, hands over a five-pound note to the clerk, and receives a ticket for £305, in case Flare-up (who, by the by, is very lame, but he doesn't know it) should win the Derby. Within a week the young gentleman is before his Worship at Bow Street on a charge of embezzlement, where the Flare-up ticket is produced as corroborative evidence, and he is fully committed for trial, blubbering out protestations of repentance, which are doubtless very sincere.

Tom is driving a most thriving trade—one that can scarcely fail to pay. Take the case of the Derby. Tom's lists offer "odds" against every horse entered for that race—ranging from the favourite at 3 to 1, to the veriest "outsider" at 100 to 1. Now there are some hundred and fifty horses on Tom's list for this race, but as only about five and twenty eventually start, it is clear that Tom Surcingle pockets all the money which has been laid out at his office on the remaining one hundred and twenty-five. Then again, with regard to the twenty-five which *do* start, it is clear that only one horse of the lot can win. On that one horse Tom has to pay, but on the other twenty-four he is a gainer. It is scarcely possible, therefore, that he should be out of pocket, though such things *do* occur occasionally; as, for instance, when the favourite wins and has been very largely backed. In this case it may happen that Tom's losses on this one horse exceed his gains on all the others, though the veriest tyro in arithmetic must see that such a chance is a most distant one.

But the innocent reader must not imagine that when a betting-office keeper loses to a great extent, he sacrifices himself nobly and pays his losses—not at all. He has two excellent resources: in the first place, he can take his stand by the law of his country, which makes betting beyond a certain amount illegal. So that Tom's customers cannot recover if he chooses to "repudiate" *à la* Jonathan. Secondly, as he has all his customers' cash paid down, and they only hold his tickets, he can, as soon as he finds himself "hard hit," close his shop, walk off with the money, and open an establishment in Liverpool or Manchester, or any other large provincial town, under a new name.

Tom Surcingle had no such ill luck. His gains poured in merrily, and Tom became a great sporting man—a man well known in "the ring"—a man who was safe to pay his losings when he had any. He kept his own grooms now, and drove some of the best horses in the country. In two years he had cleared the sum of £7,000, and picked up such an acquaintance among sporting men that "Captain Trumpington" has been seen more than once arm-in-arm with a real live lord; while we have been privately informed that the St. John's Wood Villa, the pretty bonnets and their wearers, and the unexceptionable brougham before mentioned, are all actually at this moment under the protection of the "gallant" youth.

Now whence has come Tom Surcingle's gain? Has he worked for it and earned it? Has he benefited any class of the community in its

accumulation? Has he sold anything, or bought anything, or manufactured anything? Nothing of the kind. It has been simply a matter of gambling—as much so as if he had made the money at *rouge-et-noir*, or French hazard.

We are a moral people. We put down state lotteries long ago. We have tried (and to a great extent with success) to put down gaming houses. Once detected, we show these places no mercy. Even on the bare suspicion of dice and cards, roulette boxes and croupiers, we empower a file of policemen to break into any house, seize everything and everybody they find in it, and carry them before the nearest magistrate. Should the offence be proved, dire are the fines and pains and penalties imposed on the criminals; and even if some unlucky flaw in the evidence leaves the offence legally in doubt, and the suspected ones escape the arm of the law, woe betide them when next day's "Times" blazons forth all their names to the world, and some Sunday paper points out which are assumed ones, and describes the assumers so graphically as to leave no doubt on the minds of all who know them as to their identity! Even if these measures fail to annihilate gambling-houses, they at least render them so disreputable that no one who has any care for his character will venture inside one.

It is on the grounds of public morality that we do all this, and we are right, for the money lost in gambling enriches the most worthless members of society, and impoverishes the wives and children, the parents, brothers or sisters of men who might otherwise live in plenty and honour. On similar grounds we destroyed the racing sweep-stakes with which London was inundated a year or two ago. They came within the legal signification of lotteries, were therefore illegal, and were effectually abolished. From their ashes sprung the present betting offices, which by one of those wonderful inconsistencies of our legal code appear to be not only not illegal, but to a certain extent to be supported by law. This assertion may stagger many a general reader; but we beg to assure him that a bet "not exceeding £10" is a perfectly legal contract, and that it is recoverable at law. Anything more monstrously absurd than making a ten-pound bet legal, and one hundred-pound one illegal, we cannot well conceive. We would rather even see it reversed, for the heavy bets are ordinarily made by persons of large means, who, if they cannot well afford to lose the money, are at all events not reduced to beggary by the loss. The small bets, on the other hand, are risked by servants, mechanics, artizans, clerks, and petty tradesmen, and are the source of more want, dishonesty, and crime among such people, than can well be imagined.

The increase of these places is perfectly wonderful. We doubt whether there is a street of any importance in London without one or more of them. In some parts they swarm. Jermyn Street, and the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, the Strand, and the City, are crowded with them, and even the stronghold of lawyers, Chancery Lane, has one or two. It requires no capital to start one; we have shown that the chances of loss are infinitesimally small, the gains often enormous. We have known of one of these gentry clearing above £20,000 in one race. They are generally the property of men of no character, ruined gamblers and blacklegs, or the proprietors of night-houses or "hells."

Probably not one in twenty would be able to pay if he lost, and not one in fifty would have the honesty to do so. Many of those who

patronize them know this, but they choose to run the risk, thus incurring the double chance of losing their money if their horse is beaten, and of not getting paid if he is the winner.

We really think that every respectable person in this metropolis is interested in the destruction of these betting offices. Is he a father? Let him ask how he would like to find his son's money devoted to the enrichment of these vagabond places? Is he a master? Let him take a walk down Jermyn Street some day about noon, and he will chance to see his own livery in one or other of the offices; or if not his own, certainly some of his friends', be his acquaintance ever so limited. Let him reflect, that the passion of gambling (and this betting *is* gambling in one of its worst forms) is a growing and an engrossing one. No man stops gambling for want of funds, so long as he can literally beg, borrow, or steal a shilling for the purpose. How long does he think his confidential servant will retain his integrity of character, when this hideous passion has once bitten him? We have ourselves been asked by a lady, to whom we were giving the character of a man-servant, "Does he gamble? for my last servant was an excellent one till he became a frequenter of those horrible betting offices, and then he was never away from them." Has he any clerks or assistants in his business or profession? Let him look to them well, or these plague-shops will taint one or other of them ere long; and then a hand in the cash-box, or a well-imitated signature to a cheque, will bring annoyance and disgust to himself, and a voyage to Norfolk Island to the confidential clerk. Above all, let him reflect on this little piece of financial statement, which we pledge our word to be within the truth,—that above £300,000 a year is lost by individuals otherwise respectable, and goes into the pockets of the blacklegs we have described—the worthy fraternity of proprietors of the London betting offices. Think of the same sum expended in charity! Nay even think of the same sum expended on the ordinary wants of the spenders and their families, or laid by and invested for their future benefit!

And now we ask, are not these places fit subjects for legislation? It is often a matter of complaint that we make too many laws, and interfere in too many things that should be left to regulate themselves, or be controlled by public opinion. The charge is, perhaps, a just one, and we are no advocates for striving to make people virtuous by Act of Parliament. But surely it is the duty of every wise and great nation to prevent public immorality, and to remove public temptations to crime or vice. If this be so, we unhesitatingly point to the places we have described as calling loudly for the legislator's notice. The difficulties of repressing them fully, effectually, and permanently, are not great. We would undertake to draw an Act of Parliament that would accomplish the object within the limits of the sheet of paper on which we write. That it will be done sooner or later we doubt not, but we advocate all speed in the matter. The brothel and the gambling house are doomed. In the name of decency and virtue, let the "betting office" follow.

* While these pages are passing through the press we observe, with pleasure, that the Corporation of the City of London has taken up the matter in earnest.

One more fact.—We have just seen the "book" of a Betting-Office keeper on this year's "Derby." It contains 8000 bets. Reckoning the average amount of each at 4*l.* (which is within the truth) it follows that 32,000*l.* have been staked with him alone on one race!

# HUNGARY IN 1851.

BY CHARLES LORING BRACE.

My route from Pesth into the interior of the country was, at first by the railroad to Szolnok, a town on the Theiss, and then afterwards by steamer on the Theiss, up into the great central plain of Hungary. This road, from Pesth to Szolnok, is the only line of railroad east of the capital, in a part of the land which, above all others, needs a railroad, and where it could be built most cheaply. It is only about sixty miles in length, but does a very fair business. The great curse and drawback upon the Hungarian trade or commerce, has always been the want of good roads. From Pesth to Debreczin, a town of 55,000 inhabitants, to Grosswardein of perhaps 22,000, and to Szegedin, another large and important agricultural town, there is not a road which could be called even a moderately good highway. Much of the road to Debreczin is only a prairie track, with some half dozen different paths frequently straggling about the plain. In the season in which I travelled these roads, afterwards, everything about them was very comfortable and pleasant. In fact, nothing can be more agreeable than riding over meadow-roads in the late spring; but in the autumn or winter, when the rains come, all these pleasant fields become immense morasses; the roads are cut with huge ruts and filled with holes; and it is said, that it takes often as long to go [illegible] Grosswardein to Pesth in that season, as from Pesth to Paris!

In a land, the popu[illegible] which is nearly two-thirds that of the United States, with an area o[illegible] some 100,000 square miles, there are not more than three or four regular lines of stage-coaches, and only some two thousand miles of roads! I found, on inquiring in Pesth, that the public conveyances in the interior could not be depended upon, but the traveller must trust to chance, or the procuring a "vorsepann," as it is called, that is, a waggon with four horses, which the peasants are obliged, under certain circumstances, to furnish for one stage, or ten miles. However, the universal courtesy and hospitality of the people saved me all trouble on that score, and I did not use a public vehicle once after getting into the interior.

The most important part of Hungary, where the densest population dwells, and where is the greatest wealth,—Central Hungary,—is admirably adapted for railroads; universally level, with tracts of firm ground, and easy to be connected with all other important points of the country. Stone might be brought without any vast difficulty down the Theiss, from the mountainous regions, and the very considerable trade and travel between the capital and all this region, would insure business enough. Before the Revolution, the whole nation had become aroused to the importance of this matter. One road was built to Szolnok, and the line surveyed beyond to Debreczin, Grosswardein, and planned even to Klausenburg in the mountainous Siebenbürgen, from whence it was hoped it might connect ultimately with Constantinople, and bring with it the whole trade of the East to Europe. A branch line, too, was laid out through Kecskemet to Szegedin, and another, on the north, to con-

nect Debreczin with the region of the precious Tokay wine, and perhaps with the rich mining region in the Carpathians. Another very important line was much discussed, which should connect Pesth, on the south, with Fiume, and the harbours on the Adriatic, and thus at length open the long-hemmed-in commerce of Hungary to the world.

The storm of the Revolution, however, swept away everything; and not one of these lines, except that to Szolnok, was even commenced. Since the war, the Austrian Government has done a little on them, but very little. Much is said about the practical improvements which the Austrian Administration is introducing in Hungary—which improvements, in my opinion, are very generally humbugs. It is true, they are repairing fortifications everywhere, and "improving" everything which can be used in enslaving the people. It is also true, that they are constructing a highway from Szolnok to Grosswardein and Klausenburg, and are working on the railroad to Szegedin. The first two of these towns are, however, the central military stations of the Austrian army in Hungary, and Szegedin is filled with the most independent "insurrectionary" population of the country. The great object is, undoubtedly, to have the means of transporting forces rapidly to any point in the land, where a rebellion may arise.

I found no "improvements" going on out of the military routes. And it should be remembered that even these public works demand no great self-denial from the Austrian Government, the means being wrung from the impoverished people, and the work forced from the peasantry, in as extortionate a manner as ever the old feudal exaction of the "Robot" was.

The neglect in former times of these means of communication no doubt has been of infinite evil to the land. From this defect, Hungary, a land rich enough in grain to supply all Europe, with all the best products of a temperate climate, with countless herds of cattle, with wines superior in purity and flavour even to those of Spain and France, with valuable mines, and above all, a vigorous, industrious population, has never yet had a foreign trade of any importance whatever. Her harbours on the Adriatic are shut off from the interior, her valleys in the north are separated from the capital. The overflowing harvests of the central plains will scarcely pay the freight to the borders.

Such was the difficulty of communication and the little enterprise in consequence a few years ago, that it proved cheaper, when the suspension bridge at Pesth was built, to bring the iron from England and carry it overland to the city, than to obtain it from the iron mines of North Hungary, though these furnish the best iron in Europe.

The whole value of the exports of Hungary, of every article, raw and manufactured, in 1845, did not amount to 9,000,000*l.* and in 1847 did not probably exceed 9,500,000*l.*

The fault of this most injurious neglect seems to lie on several sides; but, first and foremost, on the shoulders of the Austrian Government. They never wanted any "improvements" which might make Fiume a rival to Trieste; and their great object in all their legislation was "to keep Hungary down." The Austrians talk a great deal of "the fatherly care" of the Government over Hungary in former years; but it is evident at a glance that it is a care which is altogether devoted to one side of the family. For instance, in the export of Hungarian wine, the paternal regulation made it necessary to pay 2 florins, 4 kreutzers (or

124 kreutzers), on the eimer; but on the import of Austrian only 27 kreutzers—that is, not one-fourth as much. Or again, on cloth, the Austrian import into Hungary paid a duty of $5\frac{1}{3}$ florins; the Hungarian export $8\frac{3}{4}$ florins for the centner. Many of the Hungarian exports paid an export duty of 60 per cent., and nearly all imports were burdened with a duty as great. Carpenters' work, for instance, exported, paid 100 per cent., and the export of wrought iron was altogether forbidden. The same principle was carried out in all matters of internal improvements—encourage all which can aid Austria, discourage everything else.

Besides, it should be borne in mind, that Hungary is a country where it would be very difficult to build roads, except by some aid from the State. There is scarcely any wood or stone in Central Hungary, and building a highway is a matter of no small expense. It was the great principle, too, of the Hungarian Constitution that every little town, district, county (Comitat), should have its own municipal government, and manage its own affairs. It was very unusual for the Central Government to interfere; and great enterprises, naturally demanding much capital, were neglected. However, with all this, very much of the blame lay also on the old Hungarian feudal constitution. A system under which one class must build the roads which another class used, and under which the men who could most afford to ride were never obliged to pay toll, could never expect any great progress in the improvements of highways and bridges. Within the last twenty years these exactions on the Bauer were much changed, and the nobleman has his own taxes, heavy enough, which he must pay. Still no candid man can avoid confessing, that such an inequality as the above, must have its natural ill effects on the country.

The country through which the railroad passes from Pesth to Szolnok is remarkably pleasant; much more diversified than the land east of the Theiss, and with fine groves, seldom to be seen on the other side of Szolnok. Everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, it was green with rich fields of wheat, or with long rows of vines, giving the impression, which even the peasants always seem to feel with pride about their Fatherland, that it is a rich and fruitful country with abundance of corn and wine.

Szolnok itself is a genuine Hungarian village, forming a singular contrast to the modern European Pesth. It always has seemed to me in walking through Hungarian villages, as if one could see in them, as in a thousand other things in the land, the signs of their Oriental, nomadic origin. The houses seemed placed exactly as a company of Huns or Tartars might have pitched their tents; each house, in the most populous village, separate, with its yard and trees about it, and bearing no particular relation in its position to any other house. The streets consequently wind about in the most entangling manner.

Every house, too, is not much higher than a tent, never more than one story, though of course much longer than our rustic dwellings, to give room for the inmates. The consequence is, that their villages occupy an area about four times the extent which our own do, with the same population. The town of Debreczin with 55,000 inhabitants, and much more city-like than most of the interior towns, is spread around over a space of ground greater than that of Boston, in the United States, with its 136,000 inhabitants. In a Hungarian village,

there is no grass or shrubbery in the streets, and the spectacle, wherever a broad street occurs, is of a wide tract of bare ground, with high wicker-work fences on each side, behind which are a row of low, white, neatly-kept houses, with their trees and shrubbery around them. In wet weather, the vista is varied, by the streets forming one immense mud-hole, from one end to the other.

---

Szolnok, April, 1851.

I have just been walking about through these entangling streets, or rather tracks, among the houses. The fences all along are either woven together with reeds from the Theiss, or are made by merely joining these reeds together. Occasionally they are mud-walls, painted white, like the fences in Ireland. Everything shows the great want of wood and stone under which the country suffers. The houses are built of blocks of mud, and plastered and whitewashed. There is not a stone building, and scarcely a wooden building or fence in the whole village. The streets on the whole have a bare appearance, but the acacias everywhere behind the hedges give a pleasaut, rural aspect to the houses, and fill the air now with fragrance. The appearance of the village is disappointing. The houses are neat enough, but nothing seems comfortable or tasteful. It is a village of Bauer (peasants), and I was quite curious to see how their houses would appear externally. However I may have been disappointed about the looks of the dwellings, I have not been at all in those of the men. It is my first sight of the Hungarian Bauer, and I should say, that if all this "oppressed race" look like the men here, they have thriven very well under their slavery.

It seems to be some sort of a market-day, and great numbers of them are gathered in the square before my lodgings. Each man wears a broad-brimmed black hat, and a sheep-skin with the wool outside, which he folds around him somewhat as the old Romans did their toga. There is scarcely one among them who is not six feet high; and all with well-proportioned, muscular frames, as far as one can judge under their sheep-skins. They stride by, as erect and stately as one can imagine the old Indian chiefs to have done in the days of their power. There is something almost Indian-like in their appearance—their long, lank, black hair, their swarthy complexion and thin faces, with their powerful bodies. Some wear tanned skins, embroidered very much like the Indian robes. In fact, I have not seen a finer looking set of men in Europe than these peasants gathered out in the market-place here. Every man seems a soldier.

The women are brown and healthy-looking, but short, and by no means so handsome as the men. They all wear little jackets of tanned leather (the ködmöny), prettily embroidered, and short dresses, with high boots of red leather under them, making altogether rather an original appearance, according to our ideas of female apparel. They are engaged in doing all the market business, and are chaffering most busily—the men looking on in a dignified way, or lying, like Orientals, dreaming and enjoying the warm spring sun-light. Occasionally a village squire comes by, and they all touch their hats to him, though by no means in a slavish manner. They look and act like an independent, sturdy set of men.

Besides its interest as a specimen of the Hungarian villages, Szolnok

is also worth visiting for its reminiscences connected with the last war. It may be remembered that in the winter of 1848-49, the Hungarian army had withdrawn itself to the central plains behind the Theiss, making that river the cover of the front of their position. Of course, all the bridges or fords were of great importance. Of the four bridges for four hundred miles, one is at Sznolnok, and at this point were some of the hardest contested battles. The plan of the attack in the spring of 1849, said to have been drawn by Vetter and Dembinski, was very skilful indeed. The main principle of it was, to neglect the capital, as of no importance in a strategical point of view, and to concentrate their forces at the angle of the Danube near Waizen, and thus cut off the Austrian line of communication, and relieve Komorn. To effect this, a feigned attack had to be made near Pesth, in order to concentrate the main body of the Austrians there, and call off their attention from the attack above. The Hungarians fought at much advantage, acting from a centre — "the Hungarian plain" — on a wide line of enemies around them. The whole proved even more successful than was anticipated. The feigned attack toward Pesth, made at first in Szolnok, drove the enemy back with immense slaughter — the Hungarian General having crossed the river in the mists below, and falling on the Austrian army on its flank; and finally, from all the neighbourhood, the enemy's forces were driven back into Pesth, where Prince Windischgrätz took his stand, patiently awaiting a combined attack from the whole Hungarian army. He was only undeceived by hearing of Görgey's victorious progress on the line of his communication northward; and the only step left for him, was to evacuate Pesth as rapidly as possible. We all know the result—that the Imperial forces were utterly beaten out of Hungary; and that, if Görgey had followed them up, as he ought to have done, they would have been annihilated, and Vienna itself probably taken. Besides this battle at Szolnok in March, there was another previously, wherein Perczel, by a similar manœuvre of crossing the Theiss on the ice, had utterly defeated a large corps of Austrians posted near the bridge. The town is said to have suffered much in these hotly-contested struggles. It must have been speedily repaired, however, for I could see very few marks of injury to the houses.

---

After a short time spent in Szolnok, I started in a neat little steamboat up the Theiss. These steamers, as well as those on the Danube, belong to the Company of the "Austrian Lloyd," and have only been running a few years. It is said, however, that the Government are just on the point of taking them forcibly into their own hands, not wishing to have the interior communications of Hungary in the power of any one except Austrian officers.

The Theiss is the peculiar, almost sacred, river of the nation. It enriches in part the land of the original, genuine Hungarians. The people on the Eastern side of it, on those wide plains, are the strength, the sinew of the country. It is from among them that the best of Hungary have come—her statesmen and orators and soldiers. It was from the indomitable peasantry of this district, that the Austrian and Russian armies met with the stoutest resistance. Within these plains, as I have said, all the wide-spread forces of the Hungarians withdrew themselves, to fight from them as a centre, against the vast circle of the enemy.

The Theiss, with its immense swamps, besides guarding as it were

this country, is exceedingly important for its trade. The wood and stone from the mountains on the north can be brought down to the steppes southerly, destitute of them. The rich wines of Tokay and the hills around can be shipped to Szolnok, and so, without difficulty, to Pesth and Germany. On the south, too, that garden of Hungary, the Banat, can transmit its grain and fruits to Szegedin, and thus upward by this river to the Danube and the capital. It is the channel, indeed, for the immense produce of Central Hungary, in wheat and Indian corn and wine, to find its way out. The great difficulty is in the nature of the river itself. The following extract from my notes, will show something of this:—

"We are working our way up the Theiss, and despite the engine being somewhat powerful, it is very slow work. The current is exceedingly rapid, and for windings and turns and crooked channels, I do not think any river ever equalled the Theiss. It is said there is one spot where the distance has been measured, and found to be seventy miles by land, and more than two hundred by water! We find ourselves occasionally with the bows pointed directly to the opposite point of the compass from what they were ten minutes before.

"The stream is exposed to great floods, and, with the low banks, the waters are frequently five miles from one side to the other. The spring floods are hardly over now, and we passed through wide tracks of water, where it was very difficult to find the channel. Add to this, that it becomes very dry in summer, and some idea may be formed how many hindrances there are to its navigation. We passed, in one place, through a canal made between two bends of the stream, which saved a long distance. These canals occur very often on the Theiss, and are made simply by digging a little opening at one of the turns of the stream, then by loosening the ground here and there on the line of the canal; in spring, when the ice comes down in the floods, the current opens the canal at once. Very much has been done by the Hungarian Government and by individuals for the regulating the Theiss, and for draining the immense marshes on its banks. Some of the most valuable estates in Hungary have been recovered in this way from the swamps. Still enough is left to be done."

---

On the Theiss, April, 1851.

Our journey up the Theiss continued through nearly the same scenery as that near Szolnok. Banks filled with willow bushes, vast swamps filled with flocks of water-fowl, and the peculiar prairies, or Pusztas of Central Hungary, stretching as far as the eye could reach, were the only objects to vary the view. Occasionally, immense herds of horses or of white cattle could be seen on the banks, or the low white houses of a Hungarian village; but, throughout, the whole left an impression of solitude, of monotony, though of grandeur also, upon the mind. Tired, at length, of a scene so unvarying and almost desolate, I went forward to see what company we had on the fore-deck. There were a few common Austrian soldiers, and several peasants stretched out asleep on the deck in their sheep-skins, and one or two standing about. As I was watching them—their bronzed, strongly-marked faces, and long black hair streaming over the flooring as they slept—a full friendly voice near me, asked "Where I thought the poor creatures were going?" I turned round and saw a

stout, hearty-looking man, with something of a farmer's dress. "I had no idea," I soon answered; "perhaps to get work in the mountains." "Perhaps so," said he; "and perhaps to emigrate to another part of the land. A great many go up the Theiss for that purpose; but, it 's a hard thing for a working-man to begin life all over in a new place. I wonder what they are hoping and wishing for?"

There was something so friendly and pleasant in the man's voice that I could not avoid getting at once into conversation with him. I asked him soon whether the Bauer (peasants) in that part of Hungary, were at all pressed to get along comfortably.

"No," said he, "the Hungarian peasants everywhere live well. They work hard, but they get the best price for their work. Then their wants are very few indeed."

I inquired how the freedom from the Robot had worked there. The Robot, by the way, is the old feudal exaction on the peasants, by which they must work a certain number of days for their masters in return for occupying his land—one of the greatest burdens and grievances of the old Constitution of Hungary.

In reply, he assured me that the first effect now was very bad for the masters or the land-owners. "The peasants will not work at all, except for themselves. The Robot they looked on as an old duty laid by the government on them, and they would work faithfully under it. It was something public—established by the laws. But now, to work for wages—and when Kossuth had made them independent landholders—how could they? Besides, the peasant says, 'Why should I be working for others? Here I have my little farm, I can raise wheat enough for winter, and wine more than I can possibly use, and I have hogs enough for all the speck (pork-fat) I shall want during the year: what is the need of working?'

"The fact is, they want very little, these peasants. Their sheepskin, which is their only cloak or coat, will last them summer and winter, eight or ten years. Give them their pork-fat, and bread, and wine, and tobacco, which they themselves grow, and they will ask for nothing else. Perhaps, after a while, when they find they can get more, they will begin to want more; but now it is not so."

I had stumbled on a very intelligent man. It appeared that my companion was a small farmer from the neighbourhood of Szolnok; and, in the course of the conversation, I inquired what was the feeling of the Bauer, in that section, toward Kossuth.

He said that it was impossible to imagine the devotion—the love of the people to him; in his exile and disgrace they remember him with prayers and tears. The poor creatures, some of them, think he was inspired from Heaven, and they talk of him as if he was their prophet, when they meet; and they believe he is coming with the spring under the earth to free the land! They pray for him in their houses, and though his picture is forbidden, most of them have it concealed. "He is almost worshipped."

I had not at all expected to find Kossuth's name so loved among the peasantry, and expressed my astonishment.

The passionate attachment, he said, arose partly from the wonderful eloquence of the man; "and then," said he, "every peasant remembers what Kossuth's government gave them. Under that, for the first time, the Bauer could choose their own rulers. They had elections for their

Judges and Bürgermeister. They could vote for their Representatives to Parliament. To be sure, some of them had had these rights before; but the majority had never possessed any share in the elections for the National Assembly. Then, under Kossuth, they began for the first time to be independent, free land-holders. They knew how long he and his party had been striving to make men of them, and when at length he succeeded, of course they were grateful. But it was Kossuth's sympathy with them—Kossuth's eloquence, as he spoke of freedom and the wrongs of Hungary—which helped all this influence."

"But why," said I, "do they not ascribe something of their present freedom to the Austrian Government? You know the Emperor also decreed, in the course of the war, the manumission of the serfs."

"Perhaps," he replied, "the Government officers might have made them believe that, if they had been shrewd enough. But they have taken away everything which the Bauer had under the Hungarian Ministry. Instead of being allowed to elect their own magistrates, the pettiest town-clerk is appointed by the Austrian Military Board. All the chief officers of a town are either foreigners, or appointed from men whom they despise. They have no voice or hand in the matter. The taxes, too, are heavier and more vexatious than even the old Robot was. Then, there are a thousand little annoyances, which remind them continually that they are not at all under a government which would make them freer. They cannot shoot even a crow without an 'order' from Government. They must have a *passe* to go to the next village; soldiers are all the time watching them, or interrupting them. Every Hungarian too," said he, "has from time immemorial had the privilege of grumbling, to any extent he desired. Now, at a word against the Government, he has the gens-d'armes after him. The truth is, the Austrian Government has gained nothing among the peasantry. It might, perhaps, have won them—but it has lost them now utterly."

He had spoken thus far, with so much moderation, and in such good German, that I had nearly concluded he must be one of the German farmers, who I knew were settled near Szolnok, though there was a richness of tone and a kind of natural eloquence in his voice, such as one seldom hears except from Hungarians. I asked him, accordingly, "if he were a German!" He started back, almost as if insulted.

"No, I am a Hungarian— Hungarian, body and soul! And all the more, now that my country is in its time of misfortune!"

I inquired what the sentiment of the country was, since the Revolution, under the new Government?

"Sir," said he, "we have lost all—our Constitution is gone—the rights of eight hundred years are swept away at once. We are now slaves, and nothing else. Spies watch us everywhere. We cannot speak or act, or think free; and no man is safe. The emissaries of the Government are everywhere!"

"But how do you dare," said I, "to talk in this way to a stranger? There may be spies about us—or I myself may be a German spy."

"We cannot help it," said he, "we Hungarians have always talked as we wished.—Wir sind so gewöhnt! We are used to it. If we were to go to the gallows to-morrow, we should still talk. It is our nature. They may crush us, as they can, but we must have the liberty of speech!"

I had observed, before this, on board the steamer, a great quantity

of farming machines—new model ploughs, threshing-machines, the latest inventions for sowing and harrowing, &c., and I asked whether they were in general use in the land. He assured me they were, and especially since the Revolution. The gentry found it so difficult to hire labourers that they were everywhere introducing machine work.

After some further very pleasant conversation with my fellow-traveller, who was a remarkably intelligent specimen of the Hungarian farmers, I went aft to the company on the other deck. I noted down, at the time, that the most elegant part of the passengers on the boat did not by any means best represent Hungary. If these were the examples of the gentlemen of Hungary, I was very much disappointed. They looked much more like the "fast men" or the dandies one sees in Broadway and Hyde Park, than the manly, intelligent gentlemen I had expected to meet. I afterward learned that these men, though belonging to the highest nobility of Hungary, were nearly all of that party of the magnates who have always done least credit to their country. Men of immense wealth, but despising their people, and squandering their fortunes at the Court of Vienna, or in Paris. They took no part in the Revolution, and never cared anything for Hungary, except for the rents they could squeeze from their tenants, and the studs they could collect on their estates. They have before this been satisfied with the smiles of the Court, but now, when everything Hungarian meets with "the cold shoulder" at Vienna, they have come back to Hungary quite as discontented as the rest of their countrymen. It is such privileged drones as these that are always the weight upon any country. They meet with little respect in Hungary; and, even with all their wealth, have a very slight influence over the people.

It happened that we did not reach the landing-place where I was to stop, till about midnight. After stepping ashore I found there was no inn, and found myself in a somewhat unpleasant predicament, when luckily I met with one of the gentlemen to whom I had letters. As soon as he heard who I was, he invited me immediately to his house. "No Hungarian," said he, "ever allows his guest to go to an inn; and, besides, there is no inn here for several miles." Accordingly, I was soon established in one of the long, spacious rooms of a genuine Hungarian country-house, discussing a hearty lunch, and not long afterwards slumbering away soundly the fatigues of the day.

---

April, 1851.

We have been walking through every part of the village, and calling on many people, and examining farms and farming, altogether in a very interesting way. The village is even more completely like a collection of tents pitched at random, here and there, than Szolnok. The streets form almost a labyrinth of tracks. Every house is of one story, whitewashed, and with a little piazza upheld by short, thick columns. The roofs are all thatched with a covering nearly a foot and a half thick, from the reeds of the Theiss. These reeds (röhre) are in universal use here for hedges, baskets, wicker-work in the wagons, matting, &c. There is scarcely any stone or wood used in the village, and the fences are of these reeds, or occasionally of willow twigs, plaited together. The houses, as in Szolnok, are built of square blocks of mud. Before every house is a long-bodied, shaggy white

dog, with a small pointed head, very much resembling on the whole, a white bear. A peculiarly unpleasant animal he is too, to a traveller, without a walking-stick, as he has a way of diving right out at one's legs, without ceremony or warning. It is a breed peculiar to the country, I am happy to say.

It is evident I am getting among the genuine Hungarian population; and a very different people they are from any I have ever seen. We should not call them very highly cultivated, but one sees at once there is a remarkably quick, practical intelligence in them, which promises as much for the nation as a more elaborate education. They come before you at once as a "people of nature"—as men bred up in a generous, vigorous, natural life, without the tricks of civilization, but with a courtesy, a dignity, and hospitality which one might imagine the old oriental patriarchs would have shown in their day.

At the house of the gentleman where I am visiting, friends come in, take a bed in the large ground-floor room, and spend the night, apparently without the least ceremony. The tables are heaped to overflowing at every meal, and people seem to enter and join in the party without any kind of invitation, as if the gentlemen kept "open house." Wherever we visit, it appears almost to be thought an unfriendliness in us if we do not drink of the delicious wines they bring out to us, and I can only escape by pleading the poverty of our country in wines, and not being in the habit of drinking much.

Besides this generous hospitality, one is struck at once with a certain heartiness and manliness in almost every one. They all speak of Hungary, and with the deepest feeling—but no one whines. Every one seems gloomy at the misfortune and oppression through their beloved land—but no one is at all crushed in spirit. If this be a specimen of the nation, they are not in the least broken by their defeat.

The whole effect of the courtesy and manly bearing of the people, too, is extremely increased by their fine personal appearance. I have never seen so many handsome men in my life; in fact, one gets some idea here what the human frame was intended by nature to be. Every man tall—in frame not brawny, but with full chest, and compact, well-knit joints; limbs not large, but exceedingly well proportioned, and a gait the most easy and flexible which can be imagined. The type of the race, I believe, is not a great stature. These men here, however, made me, though not at all under the average height, feel quite like a pigmy.

Their whole proportions are exceeding well set off by the Hungarian costume, which many of them still wear in part, though it is contrary to law to do so. This, as one sees it still in Hungary among the gentlemen, is a tight-fitting, half-military frock-coat, buttoned up to the chin, and breeches fitting close to the leg, with high polished boots and spurs. The cloak (dolmány) which used to be the most graceful part of the dress, as it was handsomely embroidered, and hung from one shoulder by a tasselled cord, is altogether forbidden. However, the costume, as it is worn now, is remarkably tasteful. And to all this, fine-cut, regular features, jet-black hair usually, and flowing beard and carefully trained moustache, and you have among these men, as fine specimens of manly beauty as can be seen in the world.

The women, as I remarked among the Bauer, do not seem by any means to equal the men in this respect.

The Hungarians are quite proud of this peculiarity of their race, and though not at all a frivolous people, they take an oriental delight in rich and graceful costume, or whatever sets off their handsome proportions. This consciousness of the strength and beauty of the race seems to enter as one element into that very peculiar attachment, or pride, they all show in regard to their country and nation.

A Protestant clergyman whom I afterwards met, who had served in the ranks in the Revolution, told me in illustration of this, that he entered Klausenburg in the course of the war, banner in hand, at the head of a large force of recruits, just drawn from the Hungarian plains. They were as fine-looking a set of men, he observed, as ever served in the ranks, generally Bauer, tall, vigorous fellows, accustomed to work and exposure from childhood. As they entered the town, banners flying, file after file of strong men, marching on erect and proud in their enthusiasm for the struggle, an old hussar happened to be at the gate, and rode aside to make way for them; but at sight of this new addition to the prime of the Hungarian manhood, he turned, stopped, took off his helmet, and with his hands stretched out over them, and the tears running down his weather-beaten face, said, "God bless you, my children! You are worthy of the Hungarian Fatherland! One sees you have not been fed on bran!" My companion said he went out of the ranks, and shook the old soldier by the hand as they passed.

Everywhere that I then went among the Hungarians, I heard the most anxious, continual questioning about the Hungarian emigrants in America and Europe. I was at that time in the neighbourhood of the former residence of Ujhazy, a man so well known in America. He had been a man of great wealth, owning wide lands, and an Obergespan (or Vicegespan) of a Comitat—a place like that of a Duke in England, or of a Governor of a great State in America—they said, yet a man always remarkable in Hungary for the extreme simplicity of his life and manners. He was a famous "Wirth," or farmer and economist, and his estates were among the best managed in the land. On his farm, in the district near Tokay, he had drained lands, introduced improvements, erected schools, and really helped on the whole neighbourhood in a most efficient manner. They said, it seemed almost a Providence that he was one of the few wealthy gentlemen of Hungary who always worked with his own hands. Even when he was an acting member of the Parliament, and in one of the prominent offices of the nation, he might be seen, with his family, doing merely servants' work, drawing water and labouring about the house. He was a thorough Republican and had joined heart and soul in the Revolution, and had, it was thought, lost his all in it, not saving a penny.

It needs not to be said here, that the Hungarians have borne themselves bravely in their disasters, I have heard it myself, from a leader on the Conservative benches in the English House of Commons, "that whatever might be the opinion of the Hungarian cause, no man could avoid respecting the manly bearing of the exiles in their misfortunes!" Still, it will be a consolation to the Hungarian exiles to know—what, perhaps, they need not to be told — that they are remembered with undiminished affection in their country. Their exile, and poverty, and suffering, have only deepened the love of their countrymen for them.

# THE POINT OF HONOUR.

## A CHAPTER OF REAL LIFE.

William Lawrence had been tolerably fortunate as regards promotion. At the age of twenty-four he was a captain of two or three years standing; he had been only two months in India at the time of the conversation above noted, having come out from England at the expiration of a term of leave of absence of some duration. He was the son of a deceased officer of the army, who, during a long life of active service had miraculously acquired a competent fortune, and, much more consistently with the common lot of the soldier, had lost limbs, health, and finally life, in pursuit of his profession. Just before his death he lost also the greater part of his earnings by the failure of a colonial bank, but not before he had been enabled to send his son to Eton, and afterwards to a military college, where he obtained his commission.

In personal advantages Captain Lawrence rose above mediocrity; his figure was symmetrical, his countenance handsome, open, and winning. A cheerful temperament and kindly heart had made him a general favourite with his brother officers; but it was observed by some of those who knew him best that, since they and he had parted in England, not many months before, he had lost much of his original joyousness of manner, looked careworn and absent, and withdrew himself very obviously from the pastimes of his light-hearted contemporaries; and this was the more remarkable, because Lawrence, alike accomplished in the hunting-field, the ball-room, the shooting-cover, and the parade-ground, as well as in the many manly games of old England, had always been looked up to as one of the choice spirits of the corps.

Just previously to his arrival in India, his regiment had served a short and gallant campaign, during which, both officers and soldiers had found, and brilliantly availed themselves of, opportunities of distinction; and now and then, when their late exploits became, very naturally, the theme of general conversation, he would speak bitterly of his evil fortune in having in these pacific times missed such rare occasions of active service, adding more than once that he would rather be now lying in one of those glorious fields they described than have suffered the misery which he had encountered in his native country, whilst so unfortunately absent from his duties.

Such was the position of affairs with regard to Captain Lawrence about six or eight months after he had rejoined his regiment in India. Every mail from England had replunged him into the state of gloom, which the interval between them only partially cleared away; when suddenly, and manifestly on the occasion of the arrival of a large packet of home letters, every cloud seemed to have been swept from his heart and countenance; and William Lawrence became once more the life of the mess; and although a large portion of time was given to solitary rides and rambles, and to lonely musings in his quarters over certain apparently much esteemed and closely hoarded letters, still the vital disquiet had passed away, his former sunny aspect had returned. It was clear that he was happy. He hunted, shot, danced, talked, laughed, and was, in short, once more the pride of the corps.

Meanwhile a general subject of interest and of concern among the

officers, as well as of comment in the society at large, was the unsuccessful suit of young Fitzgerald to the only daughter of a gentleman, high in rank and fortune, in the Honourable Company's Service, whose hospitable doors were open to all comers, and especially to the inhabitants of the station.

The gallant subaltern's personal exterior and character were precisely those most fitted to carry by storm the vulnerable heart of an inexperienced and susceptible girl; while by the very openness of the attack, and the sort of flourish of trumpets accompanying it, the vigilance of parent or guardian, however sleepy on his post, is aroused, and every drawbridge, portcullis, boarding netting, wet ditch or wet blanket, with other ordinary repellents of pauper enterprise upon dowered beauty, are arrayed against the incautious assailant. All these elements of defence bristled in opposition to one, who, by way of fortune, poor fellow, had nothing to boast of but high health, high spirits, a handsome, impudent, Irish face, a tall strapping figure, a lieutenancy of grenadiers, and a chance of the reversion of an "elegant domain" in that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland. He would be sure to succeed to it in a year or two," he said, "for landed proprietors don't live long in that climate."

The young soldier's rhetoric was vain. The hospitality of Mr. Merritch was unbounded; his house, table, and stable were open to all; but his heiress was reserved by him for a better fate, a more elevated position in society, than those of a subaltern's wife; and, in short, incredible as it may appear, Lieutenant Hugh de Montmorency Fitzgerald was denied the daughter and forbidden the house!

It is not the writer's province to decide, nor his pleasure to divulge whether Miss Grace participated in this cruel proscription of the luckless sub.; but those sagacious gossips who opined, and who assured every acquaintance within visiting reach, that such *was* the case, imputed the fair lady's supposed rejection of her military lover to her preference for a certain civilian rival, who had lately appeared on the scene of action, and had already rendered himself a tolerably prominent personage in the society of the station.

Mr. Williamson was the junior partner of an opulent mercantile house in the presidency. He seemed to be travelling as much for his own private amusement as in furtherance of the business of the Firm; had unlimited powers of expenditure, and having taken a good house, and being well supplied with introductions, showed an intention to tarry some time at ——pore: he was an occasional guest at the mess, as well as of the residents of the neighbourhood.

Mr. Williamson seemed to be about thirty years of age, of active and athletic frame, with a tolerably good-looking face. In complexion he was very dark, too dark to be purely Saxon: somewhat hasty and petulant in temper, he was painfully thinskinned on the subject of the probable cause of this very skin's olive tinge and its evidently Oriental derivation. He was a proficient in all corporeal exercises; the bat, the racquet, the gloves, the foils; the hogspear and rifle were equally familiar to his skilful and powerful hand; and from his experience in Indian sporting, and his knowledge of the language and country, he had become a kind of authority with the young Nimrods, both civil and military, as well as their companion and guide in some of their most successful excursions.

His usual manner was cold and guarded, never cordial; and, on one or two occasions when excited by wine, he had let fall expressions, not lost upon the more observant of the officers, which indicated a latent feeling of hostility towards those who could boast of purer European blood than himself. Such at least was the inference drawn from the acerbity of his manner and remarks when the thoughtless conversation of the younsters grazed, as it were, the delicate subjects of mixed race or illicit origin.

Captain Lawrence and Mr. Williamson were on friendly, without being on familiar, terms. They "maintained" that sort of "amicable relations" so constantly forming a staple of speeches from the throne,—the plain English of which means a suspicious and well-armed watch over our neighbours, far and near; or it ought to mean it. There evidently existed some unacknowledged elements of repulsion between them, and equally unaccountable to themselves. Between Williamson and Fitzgerald, however, there was an undisguised aversion. The young subaltern plainly perceived that the suit of the opulent merchant was favoured by the father of the adorable Grace. The said merchant more than half suspected that the adorable Grace aforesaid secretly preferred to him her fair-haired and red-coated adorer.

Thus stood matters when cards were issued by Mr. Merritch* for one of his periodical grand dinners, followed by an evening party; and poor "Fitz" was one of the few unbidden to the festivities.

"I have got a hint to stay away," said he, with a lengthened countenance—if anything could possibly elongate that peculiarly Hibernian cut of face so well represented by poor Power; and indeed, nothing but famine can! "I have got a hint to stay away," said he to his friend and captain, "and I suppose I must be content to smoke the kulliaun of resignation, as the copper-coloured relatives of that crab, Williamson, would say, almost within hearing of the clatter of knives and forks, and the popping of 'Simkin,'†—certainly within that of the quadrille band of the regiment. I have a great mind, Lawrence," added he, after some hesitation, "to ask you to grant me a favour to-night. Of course you *do* me and Grace the justice to believe that your obedient servant stands higher in her good opinion than that indigo friend of ours. In short, my dear fellow, I may as well tell you without further palaver, that we are mutually plighted, and that, although old Merritch Sahib may delay, he cannot prevent, our eventual union; you may trust an Irishman's word for that!"

The captain having declared his willingness to do anything in his power to alleviate his young friend's pain, whilst an exile from the gaities of the evening, the latter thereupon produced from his waistcoat pocket a remarkably diminutive *billet*, and requested him, in the most moving terms, to deliver it privately to his lady love during the dance.

"You are a favourite partner of hers," said he, "and can easily make an opportunity to let her know you have something from me, and she will find means for you to give it to her unseen."

Lawrence demurred, and argued sagely against this proceeding, but in vain. The urgent solicitations of his heart-stricken lieutenant overruled his scruples, and he finally promised to perform the service of friendship required of him.

Whilst the sound of harp and violin rang in his ears from the distant

* "Merritch," Hindost. "Pepper." † Hindoo-British for champagne.

windows of the gaily crowded mansion of The Resident, poor Fitz strode up and down his rather circumscribed veranda, in the utmost turbulence of spirit. He smoked three chillums, half a dozen cheroots, drank "no end" of "brandy paunee," killed two cats and one jackal in his "compound" with his terriers, knocked over a couple of brace of flying foxes from the opposite trees with his pellet-bow, punched the heads of his hookah-badar and sirdar-bearer for not understanding his unintelligibly bad Hindostanee, stalked for the fiftieth time into his bedroom, put his right heel into the bootjack and pulled off one boot and the corresponding leg of his pantaloons, sat despondingly down on his bed, fell into a train of thought, gradually subsided into the horizontal, and finally forgot his sorrows in profound sleep.

---

In the Resident's ball-room, meanwhile, Time flew on rosy pinions and young ladies and gentlemen on white satin shoes and patent-leather boots and pumps. Lawrence, who was prudent in the love affairs of his friend, found it no easy matter to execute his commission unobserved. He danced a quadrille with Grace Merritch. Williamson stood nearly opposite to them, and rarely withdrew his eyes from the lady of his vows. He strolled with her to the veranda; Williamson followed with his partner, and kept them in sight. At length the young lady of the house was carried off by another cavalier, but not before she had, with some earnestness of manner, promised a valse after supper to the gallant captain. This little arrangement, overheard by the other, who had not long before received a civil refusal from her on the plea of numerous engagements, was somewhat galling to his feelings; but he assumed gaiety, if he felt it not, and danced sedulously with more willing damsels during the remainder of the evening.

The supper was profuse in viands and wines, the weather sultry, and the dancers, as is usual in India, and indeed elsewhere, were somewhat thirsty. The frequent reports of champagne and soda-water corks gave to the old campaigners a faint idea of the independent firing of a line of skirmishers. It was remarked that the young merchant looked flushed and irritated, and that he paid continual and reckless visits to the foaming bottle, whilst engaged in loud argument with a knot of the rougher diamonds of the station, who, no votaries of Terpsichore, had got together in a small offshoot of the refreshment room, where, during supper, they escaped the "the deuced bore of waiting on the women."

At length the after-supper valse came round, and Captain Lawrence, claiming his partner, made one or two tours with her round the rooms, and then giving her his arm, strolled into a small conservatory, where, taking an opportunity of slipping the *billet* into her hand, he wished her good night, and allowed her to escape to her own room to revel in the contents of the precious and secret document.

The amusements of the evening were by this time drawing to a close. He passed through the supper room to the hall, where a large proportion of the guests, female and male, civil and military, were, according to custom on like occasions all the world over, engaged in appropriating the best hats, cloaks, and shawls, that were left to their choice.

Gallant hands were dispensing and fair shoulders receiving shawls, scarfs, boas, pelerines, and other angelic wrappers,—a ceremony which, few readers require to be informed, is sometimes protracted beyond the time absolutely necessary to mere investment. Lawrence had found

his cap and cloak, and was getting up a walking party with some of his brother officers, for the enjoyment of a cigar *en route*, when this proceeding was suddenly arrested by the hurried entrance into the lobby of Mr. Williamson, who, rushing straightway up to the captain, exclaimed in a voice almost choked with rage,

"Captain Lawrence, I have watched your proceedings this evening, and I tell you that your conduct has been mean, contemptible, and unworthy of an officer and a gentleman."

The crimson blood coursed like a torrent through the veins and suffused the face and forehead of our hero; but he replied coldly,

"You are intoxicated, sir, or you would not choose the presence of ladies for this scene."

"I repeat," roared the other, "I repeat before all here present, that Captain Lawrence's conduct has been low, contemptible, and ungentlemanlike;" and, brushing close past the officer, with an evidently intentional sweep of his cloak he struck the forage-cap out of his hand, and, as he passed on, kicked it from his path.

A circle of officers quickly formed round William Lawrence, and two of those most intimate with him accompanied him to his quarters. The major offered his services on the spot to carry a message to the merchant, requiring his public retraction of the offensive expressions, with an ample apology for the insult, or, in default of this, to arrange a meeting for the following afternoon, for it was morning already. This handsome offer was eagerly and gratefully accepted by the captain, who, left to himself, buried his face in his hands, and for nearly an hour remained absorbed in meditation. When he again raised it, it was pallid as that of a corpse. He rose and strode up and down his chamber, until his eyes, falling upon his writing-desk, he hurriedly unlocked it, and taking out a package of letters, fell to perusing them earnestly. Seizing a pencil, he hastily copied out some passages and dates, and then, with the help of an almanack, made some rapid calculations; when again starting to his feet, and clasping his hands over his troubled and ghastly brow, he exclaimed with a groan,

"Good God! what can I do? I am ruined—ruined for ever; nothing can save me!"

We will now request our reader to accompany us to an apartment in the residence of Mr. Williamson, where Major Rough was closeted with an officer of a regiment of Irregular Horse, employed by the former gentleman to arrange preliminaries on his part. It must be confessed that the gallant Major was not, perhaps, the most eligible individual in the world to conduct a delicate affair to an amicable termination; and accordingly no sooner did he find the adverse second indisposed to make reasonable terms, than he clenched the affair at once, by proposing perfectly inadmissible ones,—"I require," he said, "that your principal do meet mine at the Resident's house, that in the presence of a given number of the members of the society, he do raise from the ground, and deliver to its owner Captain Lawrence's cap, declaring at the same time that he retracts and regrets the foul language he used, and admitting that his conduct was the result of intoxication."

Lieutenant and Brevet Captain Loot,* of the Raggedabad Irregulars seized the welcome occasion of making a personal affair of the Major's

* "Loot," Hindost. "Plunder."

insulting conditions; and there appeared a very promising chance of a quadrangular duel to stimulate the social languor of the worthy inhabitants of ——pore.

Like good men of business, however, and active attorneys at war—as seconds in such affairs might not inappropriately be styled—these meritorious gentlemen first proceeded to settle the affairs of their employers:—and here arose a difficulty, where the fighting Major expected and intended to offer none. Mr. Williamson, through his representative, insisted peremptorily on his right to the choice of weapons, as the challenged party, and named the *sword*. The Major fumed and fretted, asserting that the pistol was now the acknowledged arm of the duello in all civilized nations. The other then replied,—"I am instructed, sir, by my principal, to say, that he was present at a mess dinner, not many weeks ago, when Captain Lawrence made the remark, that an officer ought always to be ready to use the sword entrusted to him by his country, in defence of his honour. If the blade he wears by his side be anything more than an useless and unmeaning plaything, he surely will not be afraid to measure it with that of a civilian."

The Major was fairly at a *non plus*.

Mr. Williamson was an accomplished fencer, he was more, he was the best swordsman in India. Of this elegant science, a proficiency in which was so rigorously expected of our grandfathers, and which was indeed absolutely necessary for their self-defence, Lawrence knew no more than falls commonly to the share of British officers of the present day — less than nothing. His almost certain death would be the result of the meeting. The Major, perplexed in the extreme, demanded a truce of one hour in order to weigh this unlooked-for proposal; and, whilst consulting with two other officers — who, considering the professions of the respective adversaries, admitted the difficulty of the case—was interrupted by the entrance of young Fitzgerald, who, rushing without apology into the room, exclaimed,—"Good Heavens, Major, he won't fight the ruffian. Come and see Lawrence, and set this matter to rights, for he must be mad! He has declared to me repeatedly that he cannot meet Williamson at present, but that in June next, three months hence, he will fight him to his heart's desire." Repairing immediately to the Captain's quarters, they were readily admitted; and in half an hour, were seen to retire with a gloomy and indignant expression on their countenances. Groups of officers drew together, eagerly conversing, in different parts. The Major threw up his office of second. Lawrence was avoided by all excepting the Colonel and his Lieutenant; and not without apparently substantial cause; for although still persisting in the impossibility of meeting the young merchant at present, he refused to state his reasons, and, when urgently and impatiently pressed by the veteran commanding officer and his young friend, burst into an agony of grief, and declared that his honour was pledged against making any more explicit statement, except to one individual in India; and he named the clergyman of the station, who was however now absent for a few days on a tour of duty. Captain Lawrence had never been in action, had never engaged personally in an affair of honour. His character for courage, therefore, although not doubted, had never been proved. It was now called seriously in question. He confined himself to his quarters, in a state of feverish illness little short of delirium; and the old surgeon looked askance at his pale

face, and had no kindly word to give him, as he administered his prescriptions. In short our hero was in complete disgrace, whilst his opponent vapoured about the town and cantonments in deep and malicious enjoyment of his triumph, and of the smiles of the ladies, who are seldom backward in giving personal bravery its mead, even when that quality does not go hand in hand with other virtues.

Meanwhile the return of the Rev. Chaplain was anxiously and somewhat uneasily awaited by the officers of the regiment; for to him, and to him alone, Lawrence had promised to reveal the secret of his mysterious impugnacity; and the Colonel at least, if not all his messmates, had agreed to abide by the Reverend gentleman's opinion and judgment on this most inscrutable case. He came, received the revelation of his young friend, and instantly repairing to the mess-room, where the officers were already assembled, with symptoms of strong emotion declared, on the sacred word of a churchman, and on the honour of his former calling—for he had originally served with credit in the army—that the singular and unusual circumstances of Captain Lawrence's position imperatively forbade, at the present juncture, his hostile appointment with Mr. Williamson, notwithstanding that the Captain himself, in the heat of the first moments, had been the challenging party.

The Chaplain's gallant audience were struck dumb with astonishment; the countenance of a few cleared up indeed in some degree; others retired sad and unconvinced—whilst one of them thrusting his cap over his eyes and buckling on his sword, took a friend under his arm, and in half an hour was—lying on the sod of Mr. Williamson's lawn, run through the body.

Poor Fitz had somehow discovered or suspected that the execution of his commission regarding the *billet-doux* had involved his Captain in this mysterious quarrel. He had heard that—on the delivery of the message to Williamson that Lawrence would meet him, with any weapon he might choose, in three months,—Williamson had loudly expressed his contempt and disgust that a military man should require a quarter of a year's schooling at the foils, to enable him to engage a merchant—for thus only could he account for the unusual delay demanded. He protested against being bound to wait any man's pleasure (or practice) for so unreasonable a period, and he clenched this protest by proceeding instanter to the club to post the Captain as a poltroon. He had just returned home after accomplishing this labour of love, when the Hibernian Lieutenant walked in.

"I have been expecting this honour," said the owner of the house, with a profound bow of ironical courtesy, "and had almost begun to fear that a general registration of vows against duelling had taken place in H. M's. regiment."

The young Irishman's reply quickly convinced him that he, at least, was, in that point of conscience, no disciple of the great patriot of his native isle; and in two minutes the young men were foot to foot on the turf.

At a sign from his master, a grey-bearded Mussulman attendant brought from the house a certain oblong box, from which the merchant selected a long rapier of German manufacture. Drawing it carefully and deliberately, he eyed its point, coolly bent it in his left hand, and then placing himself in a firm, graceful, and most orthodox "pose," said quietly, "Now, sir."

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips before the "regulation" spit of his impetuous opponent fell rattling about his ears in startling contempt of the minor ordinances of "L'Escrime." In another minute the worthless piece of cold iron was snapped in two across the steel guard of his adversary, inflicting in its fracture, however, a deep wound on Williamson's cheek, and, quick as thought, the keen rapier passed through the young soldier's side, and he fell heavily on the grass.

It is almost needless to advert to the painful and perplexing predicament in which the colonel of the regiment was placed by the occurrences above narrated. On one hand stared him in the face an "article of war," delivering over to the mercies of a court martial every officer who shall give, send, convey, promote, or accept a challenge from or to another officer, or who shall upbraid another for refusing, or for not giving a challenge, &c.: on the other, the honour of his regiment and profession were at stake; and although the chaplain's solemn pledge in favour of Lawrence's courage and character, and his own good opinion convinced the worthy chief that all would eventually be explained to the satisfaction of the corps, still he could not help perceiving that this charitable view was not taken by the majority of the society, civilian and military.

As soon, therefore, as our hero had become convalescent from the fever into which he had been thrown by the agonizing conflict of mind he had undergone, the commanding officer summoned him to his presence, and without attempting to shake his resolution of silence, announced his desire that he should withdraw himself from the station on leave of absence until the time he had specified for affording public explanation should arrive.

Captain Lawrence bowed, and, his heart bursting with wounded pride and tortured feelings, returned towards his solitary quarters; and as he rode on his way, not only was he compelled to observe the faces of more than one acquaintance studiously averted, but he noticed that even the private soldiers of his regiment avoided him, in order that they might escape the necessity of a salute.

The following day found him sailing down the stream of the Ganges, and on the deck of his vessel, side by side with the exile, stood his faithful friend, the chaplain.

Other more ordinary circumstances soon began to occupy the attention of the *quidnuncs* of ——pore, and in less than six weeks after Mr. Fitzgerald's very presentable person had been perforated by the ruthless rapier of the young merchant, an event happened which was in itself a perfect windfall to the tittle-tattledom of this celebrated inland city, and which—like many other events when discussed by that sharp-sighted public, who, in nine cases out of ten, are hood-winked by the really concerned few — found this aforesaid public in what may be vulgarly described as a state of "Who'd have thought it?"

This event was no less than the sudden and simultaneous disappearance of the generally supposed half-dead subaltern and Miss Grace Merritch.

"My dear, it can't be, I tell you," insisted the fat and fussy lady of the regimental surgeon; "for only yesterday Dr. Drain himself told Mrs. Rummage and Miss Smallhopes, in my presence, that Mr. Fitzgerald was as well as could be expected, but that he had a great deal to go through before we should see him again."

"Confound it, my dear fellow," exclaimed Cornet Scrimjaw, of the Bengal Light Cavalry, addressing a circle of his messmates, "the thing is not on the cards—it can't be done for the money—a fellow may be a deuced good fellow, and a deuced fast fellow, and all that; but when he has just been pinked right through the midriff, he cannot run away with a girl, and a girl of any gumption would not run away with him."

The society of ——pore were, as I have above hinted, once more in an interesting puzzle. The impenetrable doctor smiled a grim smile, and said nothing, although he looked unutterable satire. All the arguments of the most ingenious or matter-of-fact disputants could not gainsay the physical absence of the two personages, male and female, named in the indictment.

"The displacement of matter is clearly demonstrated," remarked old Rummage, the pedagogue and public lecturer; "it only remains for us to trace the effect up to the cause."

---

Time advanced. The 30th of June, the day on which William Lawrence had promised an explanation to his brother officers, and a meeting *à l'outrance* to Mr. Williamson, was drawing near. The morning of the 28th had scarcely dawned when a carriage drove up to the bungalow rented by the captain. A gentleman advanced in years, a beautiful young woman, and the reverend chaplain, our old acquaintance, alighted from it, whilst Captain Lawrence, the fourth occupant of the vehicle, drove off to the commandant's quarters to report his return.

After a few minutes' conference the worthy colonel ordered a cover for Lawrence at his breakfast table, and, about an hour later, was seen to shake hands heartily with him at the door of his residence. The good old chief having dismissed the morning parade of the regiment, then summoned his officers to a meeting, and laid before them the narrative he had just received from our hero.

The main points of the important passage in the life of William Lawrence which had so suddenly plunged him into a concatenation of difficulties so distracting to his feelings, were, after all, capable of easy and simple elucidation.

On leaving England to join his regiment, he was engaged to a young lady considerably his superior in fortune, whose guardian obstinately objected to the, in his eyes, unsuitable match; when, one fine day, the fair one, becoming of age, asserted, in affectionate but resolute terms, her independence, and announced her intention to join her betrothed in India, and become his wife.

She laid before the old gentleman a letter from William, in which he represented to her the utter impossibility of his returning to England, when the services of every available soldier were required for the defence of her eastern colonies, and in the most moving terms besought his lady-love to share his pilgrimage rather than submit to the separation which might endure until both their youth and their happiness had suffered ruin and passed away.

Mr. Rivers, the uncle and guardian, was a hale old bachelor of seventy, closely connected with a commercial house in Calcutta, where, in his early youth, he had first wielded the quill, thumbed the ledger, and balanced at the same time his books and his person on the top of a tall office stool.

Affluent beyond his wants, he had no near relative in Europe with

the exception of his dearly-loved niece; and, finding, as usual in such cases, that love was deaf to argument, the kind-hearted old man—as confidently expected by his sharp-sighted little ward—not only ceased all opposition, but zealously and warmly entered into her views, at once announcing his readiness to be her companion and escort to India, for which country, be it added, his early associations had left him a latent, but decided yearning.

Alice Rivers had lost both her parents during her childhood, and although at their death her paternal uncle was appointed to her guardianship, she was brought up by and lived almost entirely with the relatives of her lost mother who was the daughter of a noble house. These most affectionate protectors of her infancy and youth, once assured that the happiness of their beloved Alice depended on her union with William Lawrence, raised no obstacle to its accomplishment. In permitting her, however, to accede to his urgent solicitations to join him in the East Indies, they for many obvious reasons required her to bind him by a promise to reveal to no one, with the sole exception of the clergyman whom he might select to perform the ceremony on her arrival, nor to suffer to transpire through any means which he could control, this most disinterested resolve of the beautiful and high-born girl to relinquish home, friends, and country, for a distant colony and a husband liable to all the chances and changes of military life, and who had little but his love to offer in exchange for all she sacrificed.

This most natural and reasonable stipulation was readily and solemnly ratified by the happy Lawrence; and the worthy chaplain became the immediate and sole depository of a secret which Lawrence felt to belong not to him, but to be the sacred property of another, and that other his adored and generous-hearted Alice.

Could, we ask, a high-souled young soldier actuated by keenly susceptible and chivalrous feelings of honour, have been forced by a fortuitous and unlooked-for combination of circumstances into a more painful and perplexing position? Could he deliberately invite nearly certain death when the honest-hearted, trusting, and loving girl, won by his prayers, was braving the horrors and dangers of the ocean, supported only by her trust in God, and the hope to end her perils in the arms of him on whom she had bestowed the rich gift of her affection?

On the other hand, how was this same honourable and really high-spirited soldier not merely to slur over without notice a wantonly offered insult, but to recoil from a hostile meeting actually invoked by himself in reparation of an intentional and ostentatious affront passed upon him in public?

William Laurence and his staunch friend, the chaplain, were at Calcutta when Mr. Rivers and his niece arrived. The wedding took place privately at the Presidency, and the party travelled together towards ——pore, where they arrived in safety as has been narrated.

The morning gun had just boomed over the cantonment on the day named by the Captain for his encounter with Williamson. The air was damp and chill, and dense wreaths of fog hung on the palms and prickly pears on one side, and the tall reeds of a swamp on the other, framing in a level space of sward, where several figures were seen employed in the very significant preliminaries of a duel. There were a carriage and two or three Arab horses among the trees, with half a dozen native servants, some of whom were already squatted on the

ground smoking their kulliauns in sleepy indifference as to the intentions of their English masters.

At length the mist partially lifted itself from the earth, and two individuals, accompanied by a like number, approached and confronted each other in the centre of the open space; and the first beams of the rising sun glanced on the bright blades of a couple of rapiers as they were drawn from their sheaths.

The seconds were in the act of retiring a few paces after having measured and handed the weapons to their principals, when suddenly a heavy trampling sound in the neighbouring jungle was heard, and a huge elephant, carrying a houdah, in which were seated two gentlemen, and urged at a rapid pace by his mahout, stepped into the natural amphitheatre above described, where the young men were on the point of engaging in mortal combat.

"Hold your hands, rash boys!" cried the venerable, but much excited Mr. Rivers, while the tall and slim cooli, looking like a bronze figure of Mercury, quickly unslung and reared the ladder against the side of the docile and now kneeling animal; "hold your hands, at least until I have said my say, and then you may fight it out if you have appetite for it."

The countenance of the swarthy young merchant grew crimson with anger, and he was beginning to bluster out some words about "insolent interference," when the old gentleman cut him short—

"My fighting days are over, my young game cock—if I ever had any, so pray reserve your fire for some worthier object: meanwhile answer me one question as you value your future peace. What, sir, are your Christian and surnames?"

"Lawrence Edward Williamson," was the sullen reply.

"I was sure of it," resumed earnestly Mr. Rivers. "Your Christian names," turning to the Captain, "are William Edward Lawrence; and, gentlemen both, the names of your deceased father were those of Captain Lawrence. He was the dear and intimate friend of my youth. I give you the honour of an old man, whose word was never forfeited, that what I have told you is the truth. Spill each other's blood first, if you please, then call on me for positive and incontrovertible proofs of your fraternity—and you shall have them on the spot."

Let the reader imagine the conclusion of our tale. He may find a moral perhaps among its incidents—for a moral may always be gathered from a chapter of life.

---

# SWORN AT HIGHGATE.

It had been a day of boisterous excitement. The gravity of the ship had been strangely disturbed. We had "crossed the line" in the morning, and there had been the usual Saturnalia on deck. Of these, as I was returning to India, after a sick furlough, I had been only a spectator; but still, when the evening came, and the fun was at an end, I felt sufficiently weary with the heat and excitement, to enjoy a quiet *causerie* in my own cool cabin.

My companions were, a bottle of "private" claret, and the "chief officer" of the ship. Now this chief officer was an excellent fellow, I think that I never knew a better. His name was Bloxham. He was about eight-and-twenty years of age, with a round, fresh-coloured, but intelligent face; bright, laughing eyes, and the whitest teeth in the world. There was in him a rare union of the best parts of the old and the new race of merchant-seamen, that is, he had all the openness and frankness, the seaman-like qualities of the old men, without their coarseness and vulgarity; and he had the more refined and gentlemanlike manners of the new, without their dandyism and effeminacy. He was in my eyes the very pink and perfection of a sailor.

We discussed the incidents of the day, and discoursed upon the character and objects of the *Saturnalia*, or rather, as we agreed, the *Neptunalia*, which we had been witnessing. I have no intention of describing what has been so often described before. But there is one part of the ceremony on which I must say a few words. Before the unhappy *neophyte* who has to be initiated into the mysteries of the equator is finally soused in the tub of water, which by a merciful dispensation is made to follow on the begriming and befouling operation of the shaving, he is asked by the operator if he has been "Sworn at Highgate." Now to be sworn at Highgate, is to undertake not to do certain things, when you can do better, as "never to drink small beer, when you can get strong, *unless*," (there is always a saving clause) "unless you like small beer better than strong." I do not remember all the obligations, though they are not many, named in the recital. But one I have every reason to recollect. Bloxham, with his smiling face and joyous manner, was talking over this part of the ceremony; and when he repeated the words of the Highgate oath, "Never to kiss the maid, when you can kiss the mistress—*unless*, you like the maid better than the mistress," I could see a significant twinkling in his eyes, which stimulated my curiosity. I asked him what he was thinking of, and he said that he "could believe it very possible to like the maid better than the mistress," and I said so too. "At all events," added Bloxham, "it often happens that the maid is the better worth kissing of the two."

I could see plainly enough from my friend's manner, that I had not got at the bottom of this roguish twinkling of the eye. His whole face was indeed one bright smile, and there was a world of meaning dancing beneath it. I was determined, as sportsmen say, to "unearth" it; so I said at once, that I should enjoy my claret all the more, if he would impart to it the relish of a good story. Then I took the bottle off the swinging tray, filled our glasses, and told him to "leave off making faces and begin."

"Well," he said, making himself comfortable in a corner of my couch. "I must acknowledge that 'thereby hangs a tale.' 'Never kiss the maid when you can kiss the mistress, *unless*, you like the maid better than the mistress.' At the risk of your thinking me a low fellow, I'll give you a chapter of my own experiences, illustrative of this portion of our sailorly interpretation of being *sworn at Highgate*.

"After the last voyage but one, our good ship went into dock for a thorough refitting, and I had a longer spell at home than I had enjoyed for many years. I would not change this way of life for any in the world; but I was glad for once to stretch my legs fairly on dry land, and see something of green fields, brick and mortar, and my shore-going friends in the neighbourhood of Canterbury.

"Among the families, in which I was most intimate, was that of a Mr. Harper. He had made a comfortable fortune by trade, and now was enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in a good house on the outskirts of the city. An only daughter kept house for him; for he was a widower. Now Julia Harper, when I first knew her, was a fine handsome girl of two-and-twenty; tall, well-made, but on rather a large scale, with bright restless eyes, and a profusion of dark hair. She had a great many admirers in Canterbury, some of whom, there is every reason to suppose, admired the old gentleman's money as much as the young lady's eyes, but they met with no great encouragement. Miss Harper, it was whispered, had determined not to marry a Canterbury man. She wished to see more of the world. Her tastes inclined towards the army or the navy; and it was predicted that some fine day, a young officer from one of the regiments in garrison, with an eye to the paternal guineas, would succeed in carrying off the prize. Everybody, however, said that she was heart-whole, when I was first introduced to her, and some of my more intimate friends jestingly said that there was a chance for me. I confess that I was a good deal struck by the girl. The artillery of her bright eyes soon began to do some execution. I liked her open, bold manner. I had very little experience of the sex, and I thought that her candour and unreserve betokened a genuineness of character and a truthfulness of disposition, very refreshing in such an age of shams. I think I liked the old gentleman too,—I know I liked his dinners and his wines,—I was certainly a favourite with Mr. Harper. Whether he ever contemplated the probability of his daughter and myself becoming attached to one another, I do not know; but if he did contemplate it and with pleasure, it must have been pleasure of the most unselfish kind, for of all his daughter's admirers, in point of worldly advantages, I must have been the least eligible. However, he had been heard to say, that he did not look for a rich son-in-law, as his daughter would have plenty of money of her own; so sometimes, I thought it possible that the old gentleman would not close his paternal heart against me, if I were to offer myself as a suitor for the fair Julia's hand, and a claimant to her heart.

"I often met with Julia at the house of mutual friends. I certainly liked the girl; and my vanity was flattered, because with so many admirers around her, she showed me, as I thought, a decided preference. She seemed to be never tired of talking about the sea. She wearied me with questions about it; and on more than one occasion, said very unguardedly, that she thought a voyage to India would be the most delightful thing in the world. Of course I made fitting answer, that

with a congenial companion, a voyage anywhere would be delightful; and more than once, opportunity being favourable, I was on the point of declaring myself, when an internal qualm of conscience arrested the dangerous avowal.

"Affairs were in this state, when an accident befell me which brought matters to a crisis. There was a steeple-chase one day in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, which I attended on foot. During the excitement of the race, I attempted a difficult cut across country, failed at a leap which was beyond my powers, and had the misfortune to sprain my ankle. The injury was a very severe one, and I was laid up for many weeks in my lodgings. You have often laughed at me for taking everything so coolly. I assure you that I did not take this coolly at all. I chafed, indeed, like a lion in the toils, and was continually arresting the progress of my recovery, by putting, in spite of repeated prohibitions, the crippled member to the ground. At last, I began to learn a little philosophy, and resigned myself to the sofa with a groan.

"The loss of my liberty was bad enough, but the loss of Julia's society was a hundred times worse. Her father came often to see me, and brought me kind messages from his daughter,—but, if I had had no more substantial consolations, I believe that I should have gone mad. Julia did not actually come to see me; but she wrote me repeated notes of inquiry, and often sent me flowers, and books, and other tokens of womanly kindness. The messenger employed on these occasions was Miss Harper's maid——"

"Ah! sworn at Highgate," I interrupted; "we are coming to it now. Another glass of claret to improve the flavour of the story."

He tossed off the bumper I had given him, as though he were drinking devoutly to some lady's health, and then continued with increased animation.

"The messenger employed on these occasions was Miss Harper's maid. She was generally enjoined to deliver the letters and parcels into my own hands, and sometimes to wait for an answer. She came, therefore, into my drawing-room, and if she had occasion to wait, I would always desire her to be seated. The girl's name was *Rachel.* She might have been old, or ugly, or deformed, for anything I cared, or, indeed, that I knew about her. I had a dim consciousness that she had a very pleasant manner of speaking; but I give you my word that, after she had been half-a-dozen times into my room, I should not have known her if I had met her in the streets; I regarded her only as an appendage to the fair Julia, whose image was ever before my eyes, shutting out all else from my view.

"This, however, did not last for ever. It happened one day, that when Rachel brought me a parcel, I, in my lover-like enthusiasm, started up from the sofa, and incautiously planted my injured foot on the ground. The result was a spasm of such acute pain, that I fell back upon my couch with an involuntary cry, and a face as colourless as marble. Rachel immediately stepped forward, and, with a cordial expression of sympathy, asked if she could do anything for me; and proceeded, with a light, gentle hand, to arrange the pillows under my crippled limb. I felt very grateful for these ministrations, and as I gave utterance to my gratitude, I looked for the first time inquiringly into Rachel's face. Though she bore a Jewish name, she did not bear by any means a Jewish cast of countenance. She had dark hair and dark eyes, it is true—but her face

was round, her nose short, and, if anything rather *retroussé*; and she had the sweetest little mouth in the world. I thought that, altogether, she was a very pretty girl, and moreover a very genteel one. I observed now, what I had never observed—indeed, had had no opportunity of observing,—that she had a charming little figure. Her shawl had fallen off, whilst she was arranging my pillows, so that I could now see her delicate waist, and the graceful outline of her lightsome form; and there was something in her movements that pleased me better than all. I was interested in her now for the first time; and was sorry when she took her departure, with the expression of a hope that I might not suffer further inconvenience.

"I hoped that she would come again on the following day, and I was not disappointed. She came with a note and a *bouquet* from Julia; but, before delivering either, she inquired after me, with what I thought genuine concern. I answered kindly and gratefully; and before opening her mistress's note, asked her several questions, and drew her into conversation. The more I saw of her the better I liked her. She was at first a little reserved—perhaps embarrassed; but, after a few more visits, this wore off; and there was a quiet self-possession about her, which pleased me mightily. I could not get rid of the impression that she was something better than her social position seemed to indicate; at all events, she was very much unlike all the waiting-maids I had ever seen. I soon began to delight in her visits. She came almost every day with some letter or message from her mistress. I looked forward to the time of her coming, and felt duller when she was gone. I thought that it would be very delightful to have such a hand-maiden always about me, to smooth my pillows, and bring me my meals, and talk to me when she had nothing better to do.

"I was interested in Rachel, and enjoyed her visits; but, believing still in Julia Harper's fidelity, I was faithful to the core myself. But circumstances soon occurred which shook my faith, and then my love began to dwindle. The first of these was a mere trifle—but it was a suggestive one. Rachel brought me, one day, a note, and a little bundle of flowers, unusually well-arranged. I read the note, and to my astonishment there was a postscript to it in these words—"I am sorry that I cannot send you a *bouquet* to-day,—there is positively not a flower in the garden." I mentioned this to Rachel, and asked whence the flowers had come. She blushed, and said with some confusion of manner, that she had picked them in the garden herself.

"The next was something still more demonstrative of the fair Julia's disregard of truth. Rachel brought me a note one day, and a parcel containing a pair of worsted-work slippers, which her mistress said she hoped I would wear for her sake until I was able to leave my room. She did not actually say, but she implied that she had worked them for me herself. When I said something to Rachel about the time and trouble Miss Harper (I never said 'your mistress' now) must have expended on them, I observed a very curious and significant expression on the girl's face. I had observed it once or twice before, when I had said something indicative of my confidence in Julia's sincerity. It was an expression partly of pity—partly of disgust; and seemed to be attended, for I could see the compressure of her little mouth, with a painful effort to repress the utterance of something that was forcing its way to her lips. I was thinking what this could mean, when a piece of folded paper fell

from the parcel; I picked it up, and found it was a bill—a bill for my slippers, which Miss Harper had bought at the Berlin Repository in the High Street. I knew now the meaning of the look. Rachel saw that I had got a glimmering of the truth, and I thought that she seemed more happy.

"She had wished me 'good morning,' and was about to depart, but I told her that I could not suffer her to go. It was altogether a deplorable day, what we call in the log *squally*. There was a great deal of wind, a great deal of rain; and just at this moment the latter was coming down in torrents. After some persuasion, she consented to remain. Then I asked her if she would do something for me; and with a bright smile she answered 'Yes.' I had a new silk neckcloth waiting on the table to be hemmed. She took it up, and then turning to me, asked naively how she was to hem it without needle and thread. To this question, for which I was well prepared, I replied, that in the other table-drawer she would find something containing both. She searched and found a very pretty Russian-leather case, silver mounted, with all the appliances a sempstress could desire. Then I begged her acceptance of it,—said that I had ordered it to be made on purpose for her use, and that I should be bitterly disappointed if she did not accept it. And she did accept it with undisguised pleasure. And a very pleasant thing it was to lie on the sofa, and watch her neat little white hands plying the needle in my behalf. I had been longing to see the hand without the glove, and I was abundantly satisfied when I saw it.

"She had hemmed one side of the handkerchief, and we had conversed on a great variety of topics, when the weather began to clear up, and the sun to shine in at the windows. Rachel rose at once to depart. I said that I was quite sure it must be dreadfully wet under foot, and that I was certain she was thinly shod. 'Not very,' she said. But I insisted on satisfying myself, and would not be content until she had suffered to peep out beneath the hem of her gown one of the neatest little patent-leather slippers I had ever seen in my life. I said that they were very dainty little things, but altogether fine-weather shoes, and not meant for wet decks. But I remembered presently that I had seen in her hand, when she entered the room, a pair of India-rubber overshoes, and I reminded her of them. 'They are my mistress's,' she said: 'I had been desired to fetch them from the shop.'—'Wear them,' I said, 'all the same,—they will be none the worse, and will keep your little feet dry.'—'But how can I?' she answered with a smile; 'they will not fit me at all.'—'Too *small?*' I said, laughing. 'Yes, sir,' she said, with another smile, even more charming than the first. I told her that I should not be satisfied until I had decided that point for myself; and at last I persuaded her to try. The little rogue knew well the result. Her feet were quite lost in them.

"If I have a weakness in the world, my good fellow, it is in favour of pretty feet and ankles; so, when Rachel insisted on taking her departure, I hobbled as well as I could to the window to see her pick her way across the puddles in the Close. I satisfied myself that the girl's ankles were as undeniable as her feet; and she was unequivocally *bien chaussée*. I could not help thinking of this long after she was gone. And then it occurred to me that Julia Harper was certainly on a rather large scale. She had a good figure of its kind, and she had fine eyes; but Rachel's were quite as bright, and much softer; and as for all the essentials of a

graceful and feminine figure, the mistress's was far inferior to the maid's. I kept thinking of this all the evening, and after I had gone to bed. And I thought, too, of the very unpleasant specimen of Julia's insincerity which had betrayed itself in the case of the slippers. But it is astonishing how little it pained me to think that Julia might not be really attached to me, and that our almost engagement might come to nought after all.

"I am afraid that if I dreamt at all about female beauty that night, it was less in the style of the mistress than the maid. Morning came, and with it an eager hope that I should see Rachel in the course of the day; but she did not appear. I never kept such long watches in my life. I got horribly impatient. I left my couch, and seated myself at the window, with a sort of forlorn hope that I might see Rachel pass; but I saw only a distressing number of clumsy feet and thick ankles, and no one remotely resembling Miss Harper's spicey little maid. Night closed in upon me savage as a bear. But the next day was a more auspicious one. Looking prettier than ever, Rachel came with a note from her mistress. I was in no hurry to open it, you may be sure. I asked Rachel a great number of questions, and was especially solicitous on the score of the wet feet, which I feared had been the result of her last homeward voyage from my lodgings. She had by this time habituated herself to talk to me in a much more free and unembarrassed manner than when first she came to my apartments; and the more she talked to me, the more charmed I was; for she expressed herself so well, had such a pleasant voice, and delivered such sensible opinions, that I soon began to think that the mental qualifications of the mistress (none of the highest, be it said) were by no means superior to those of the maid. Indeed, to tell you the truth, my good fellow, I was falling in love with little Rachel as fast as I possibly could.

"This day, indeed, precipitated the crisis. We had talked some time together, when Rachel reminded me (I thought that there was an expression of mock reproachfulness in the little round face) that I had not read her mistress's letter. I opened it in a careless manner; and had no sooner read the first line, than I burst out into loud laughter. 'Bravo! Rachel,' I exclaimed. 'You are a nice little messenger, indeed, to carry a young lady's *billets doux*. You have given me the wrong letter.' She took up the envelope, which had fallen to the ground, and showed me that it was directed to '*Edward Bloxham, Esq.*' 'All the better, Rachel,' I said; 'but this begins '*I am so delighted, my dear Captain Cox*—' Hurrah, for the envelopes!'

"I looked into Rachel's face. It was not easy to read the expression of it. First she seemed inclined to laugh — then to cry. Then she blushed up to the very roots of her hair. She was evidently in a state of incertitude and confusion—puzzled what course to pursue. I folded up the letter, placed it in another envelope—not having, of course, read another word of its contents. What was the cause of Julia's excessive delight I am not aware up to this moment; but I could not help asking Rachel something about Captain Cox. One question led to another. Rachel hesitated at first; but at last, with faltering voice and tearful face told me the whole truth. She said that she had felt herself, for some time, in a very painful and embarrassing situation. She recognized her duty to her mistress, who had been kind and indulgent to her—but she could not help seeing that much which had been done was extremely wrong. She had all along been ashamed of the duty on which she was

employed, and had more than once hinted her disapprobation; but had been only laughed at as a prude. She had often reproached herself for having been a party to the fraud which had been practised on me. She had not at first fathomed the whole extent of it; but now she knew how bad a matter it was. The truth was, that Miss Harper had for some time been carrying on something more than a flirtation with Captain Cox. But her father disliked the man, who, though very handsome and agreeable, bore anything but a good character,—and, therefore, Julia had acted cautiously and guardedly in the matter, and had feigned an indifference which had deceived Mr. Harper.

"When I first came to anchor at Canterbury, Captain Cox was on 'leave of absence;' and, as he had gone away without making a declaration, it had appeared to Julia that an overt flirtation with me in the captain's absence—something that would certainly reach his ears—might stimulate him to greater activity, and elicit an unretractable avowal. Her flirtation with me was intended also, to impress on Mr. Harper's mind the conviction that she was really attached to me, and he ceased, therefore, to trouble himself about Captain Cox. He liked me, and he encouraged me, on purpose that the odious captain might be thrown into the shade. Such was the state of affairs at the outset of Julia's flirtation with me. But Rachel assured me that I really had made an impression on the young lady's heart, though she had not by any means given up the gallant captain.

"I asked Rachel how this could be—how it was possible that any heart could bear two impressions at the same time. She said, that she supposed some impressions were not as deep and ineffaceable as others. At all events, she believed that to Miss Harper it was a matter of no very vital concernment whether she married Captain Cox or Mr. Bloxham; but that she was determined to have one or other. The fact is, the girl was playing a double game, and deceiving both of us. All this was very clear to me from Rachel's story. But she told me it was her own belief, that Julia would determine on taking me, after all—and that for the very excellent reason that Captain Cox was engaged elsewhere. At least, that was the story in the town since his return to barracks.

"Poor Rachel shed a great many tears whilst she was telling me all this. She said that, having betrayed her mistress, she could not think of remaining with her. She was decided on this point. With warm expressions of gratitude, I took her little hand into mine, and said that I would be her friend,—that she had done me an inestimable service,—that I was glad to be undeceived,—that the little incident of the flowers and that of the slippers, had shaken my belief in Miss Harper's truth, that altogether my opinions had changed, and that I knew there were worthier objects of affection. Then I spoke of her own position—said that of course her determination was right,—but that she would confer a very great favour on me, if she would do nothing, until she saw me again. This she readily promised; and it was agreed that on the following day, which was Sunday, she should call on me during afternoon service. I pressed her hand warmly when I wished her good by, and with greedy eyes followed her receding figure across the Close.

"She came at the appointed hour, looking prettier and more lady-like than ever. She was extremely well-dressed. I shook hands with her and asked her to seat herself upon the couch beside me; and then asked her, laughingly, 'What news of Captain Cox?' She said there was not

the least doubt that Captain Cox was engaged to be married to a lady in London; and that Miss Harper, on the preceding evening, not before, had been made acquainted with the fact. I then asked Rachel what the young lady had said on receiving back her letter to the Captain; and learnt that she had been greatly excited by the discovery, and had been very eager to ascertain how much of the letter I had read. When Rachel told her that I had read only the words, *I am so delighted, my dear Captain Cox*, she somewhat recovered her spirits, but this morning she had pleaded illness as an excuse for not coming down to breakfast, and had not since left her room.

"There was at this time lying unopened on my table, a note from Miss Harper, which had been brought by her father, an hour before. I asked Rachel to give it to me saying 'Now let us see, Rachel, whether any new light is thrown upon the subject.' I think her hand trembled when she gave it to me. I opened and read;—

'My dear Mr. Bloxham,

'Very many thanks to you for your promptitude in returning the note, which, stupid little bungler that I am,' ('Not so very little, is she, Rachel?' I paused to remark,) 'I sent you by mistake—I am very glad that I had not sent *the other* to Captain Cox,—for, although it does not much matter if one's letters to one's acquaintance fall into the hands of one's friends, it is not at all pleasant if one's letters to one's friends fall into the hands of one's acquaintance. I wrote to Captain Cox only to tell him how delighted I was to hear of his engagement—for he is going to be married to a Miss Fitz-Smythe,—a very ladylike girl, who was spending some time here once with the Maurices; and was really quite a friend of my own.'

"I had not patience to read any more. I knew it to be all a lie. So I tossed the letter into the middle of the room, and said, 'We have had enough of that.' I was ineffably disgusted. One thing, however, was certain; that Julia Harper, with her £15,000, was now to be had by me for the asking. But I would not have asked, if the money had been told over twenty times.

"I had other views for my humble self. Rachel, I found on inquiry, was the daughter of a Mrs. Earnshaw, the widow of an officer in the Preventive Service. The widow's means of subsistence were slight, and her daughter had obtained a situation as, what people called, Miss Harper's maid.

"My good fellow, I can hardly tell you what happened after this; I have a confused recollection of having looked inquiringly into Rachel's face, read whole chapters of love in it; then threw my arms round her waist, pressed her fondly to my bosom, and whilst I untied her bonnet strings, and removed the obtrusive covering from her head, said to her, 'We sailors have all been sworn at Highgate,—all sworn never to kiss the maid, when we can kiss the mistress,—*unless we like the maid better than the mistress*, and heavens knows how much *I* do!'

"After the lapse of two or three weeks, and very delightful weeks they were too—Rachel Earnshaw became Rachel Bloxham, and I the happiest husband in the world. I have got the very best of little wives, and never, I assure you, for one moment, though we have little enough to live upon, and I cannot bear these long separations, have I deplored the loss of Miss Harper and her fifteen thousand pounds, or regretted that I availed myself of the *saving clause*, when I proved that I had been Sworn at Highgate."

# PARIS IN 1852.

Paris, to whomsoever turns an eye-glass upon it from London, at present appears, with its million of inhabitants, a city utterly lost in the heavy atmosphere of politics. Nothing else, we are apt to imagine, is either seen or breathed. Enter it, however, penetrate into its saloons, and mingle with its crowds, and never could you find so little of the political element mingling with conversation and with life. Politics no doubt have their influence, but it is indirect, remote. It is like fate, idle to rail against, and hopeless to discuss. The French have universally turned their attention to something else, either to pleasure-seeking or money-getting, and most people have delivered themselves up to the profound research, of what and how the best is to be made of a new order of things.

The charm of Paris to a stranger has always been the social changes which it undergoes. Quit London, and unless you make a ten years' absence, you find pretty much the same laureates, the same dandies, the same modes, and the same ideas. But the Parisian must have a new piece every season on that great stage, metropolitan life, and tragedy does not differ more from pantomime than one season from another. But three years have brought changes with a vengeance, new plots, new catastrophes, a new list of *dramatis personæ*. Louis Napoleon may not be altogether the fashion; but if he has not yet succeeded to instal his own image in that temple he has, at least, thrown down and smashed all the old idols.

The most marked and manifest effect produced by the events of the last year, and the final upshot of these events has been to give a greater *éclat*, preponderance, and value to wealth, than it has ever had even in Paris. In England mere wealth is eclipsed and very often snubbed. In France, political, scientific, and intellectual eminence disputed the palm with it. But riches now carry the day. There is no political notability to look down upon it, no room for any eminent member of the Institute to boast ignorance of Rothschild. Wealth alone seems to have solidity and duration in it. Wealth, therefore, being *noblesse*, gentility, and eminence, every one pretends to it, and puts forth the blazon. Hence there is more display, more of what the French call *luxe*, and which is anything but luxury. The political saloons have closed, but the *salons dorés* have opened, and the crowd, not merely of pleasure-seekers, but of *ambitieux*, and *intriguans*, is quite as great.

The prominent representatives of wealth are no longer the legitimate pains-taking heads of mercantile houses, who have spent a life at the work. Their wealth is not the result of two generations of parsimony and wisdom; it is rather of the Arabian Nights' fabric, built one day and in full display the next. Nothing can have so bad an effect as these instances of quick-gotten wealth. They drive men into all sorts of exaggerated efforts and fabulous speculations. The princely fortunes of the Rothschilds and the Barings have a good moral effect. They tell society that the first rank and influence in the world may be attained by industry, but that it is by long, pains-taking industry. Such examples excite no envy, for all that is got has been hardly earned, and tempt to no folly.

One of the first social positions in Paris is occupied by a personage, who was agent or Intendente for a well-known Spanish noble. He had not been many years Intendente when the grandee was ruined and obliged to sell his estates, when the Intendente himself came forward to purchase them. It is somewhat of the old story of Castle Rackrent. But the Thady of Miss Edgeworth did not open a house in Grosvenor Square and gather nobility and gentry into his crowded routs. This is what the Intendente now does in Paris, and no one disputes his right to do so, for he is intelligent as well as rich, and his lady of excellent demeanour and accomplishments, although from the lowest rank of life.

At first there was a great inclination on the part of the old legitimist and noble families to open their houses, closed during the twenty-eight years of the Orleanist rule; and many did so, possessing the belief and confidence that the President would enact the part of Monk, and do homage, sooner or later, before the great principle of legitimacy. That belief, fortunately for decorators, confectioners, and milliners, remained strong during the winter months, and gave birth to some balls, where, after all, it was found very difficult to make any pleasant amalgamation of imperialist and royalist notabilities. With the spring, however, the belief and confidence, which gave rise to this, have very much diminished. The Count de Chambord has forbidden oath-taking and ball-giving; and those who remain firm are the needy legitimists, glad of place and of excuses for keeping it.

Secessions are as bad a manœuvre in society as in Parliamentary life. The Faubourg St. Germain, which *boudoit*, and remained solitary in its chateaux during Napoleon's reign, and which gave splendour and weakness, not strength, to the Restoration, has by its second secession during the Orleans reign, become forgotten and ignored. Even great names, when totally withdrawn from public cognizance, cease to be great names, when there are but wealth unemployed and birth unnoticed to recommend them. Napoleon, during his reign, could not efface the old *noblesse*, because he had no wealthy and eminent civilian class to take their social place. But in the reign of Louis Philippe there did arise a number of wealthy and eminent notabilities, country gentlemen, too many of them, well seen and well endowed. And these, though not of the *premier noblesse*, took the first place in society with effect, and were then known to all. These have now receded from society, and as M. de Beaumont wrote the other day to the papers, reside in the country *chez eux*, and never make their appearance in Paris but for a *séance de l'Institut*, or other unpolitical ceremony.

In fact, the chief, if not the only power that remains to the Orleans party, is a *puissance de societé*, that power which the legitimists imagine themselves to possess, but which they have lost by abdication and neglect. Despised by the people and uncared for by the middle class, which should most care for them, the Orleanists have no friends save in that good and genteel society which predominates nowhere more than in France.

A great deal was said of M. de Morny's dismissal from the cabinet of Louis Napoleon after having implicated himself in the great work of the *coup d'état*. The fact is, he had no quarrel or difference with the President, but he found himself cut in society, backs turned upon him in that club, and menaced with the loss of his acquaintances. He

who had braved everything could not brave that. Louis Napoleon laughed at his susceptibility; but M. de Morny, who cared not for being execrated by France, would not stand the *désagrément* of being cut by his club. The President thinks him chicken-hearted to have strangled the republic, kicked out the chambers, and defied the Orleanists politically, yet tremble before their social verdict, and resign after rather than brave it. Such, however, is the truth of De Morny. Every one knows his long and constant attachment to Madame Leh—, a lady who has contrived to make her beauty, her wealth, and her splendour survive the ruin of her husband's family. She inhabits that splendid mansion at the *Rond Point* of the Champs Elysées, so distinguished by gilding and red drapery. By the side of this gorgeous palace there stands a small bachelor house, consisting of a couple of rooms, and one story. In this dwells M. de Morny; and this small tenement at the gate of the big palace so much resembles the wooden box, so generally appropriated to the favourite dog, that the Parisians call M. de Morny's house by no other name than that of the *Niche à fidèle*.

There is great regret amongst the Bonapartists that M. de Morny was not retained by the President in the post of home minister; not but that M. Persigny, who has replaced him, is able. But Persigny, like the President himself, is a *rêveur*, a man who dreams, who shuts himself in his cabinet, and amuses himself by setting his imagination to work to raise political plans, concoct schemes of French glory and European regeneration. The old and the cold heads dread this facility of conception, followed too often by precipitateness of execution in Louis Napoleon and in M. de Persigny; and they would prefer seeing the active and imaginative brain of the Prince, counteracted by a minister like De Morny, who, as a man of the world, lives amongst and amidst facts, and gives no reins to his imagination.

M. de Morny, however, is too glad to escape the disagreeable task of espioneering and snubbing, not only all the gentlemen but even the ladies of that good society, in which he was wont to live. Imagine the position of a statesman whose duty it is to keep Frenchmen from intriguing and French women from talking politics. An Englishman can never see the necessity for any such duties. His invariable answer would be, why not let things alone? why not let M. Thiers talk in his own *salons* at the very top of his anger and his lungs. Seeing his talking could not do so much harm, as an arbitrary decree sending him out of the country for such a crime. To such a remark the Napoleonist will reply, that it was indispensable to silence the Orleanists, and that, though driven from the helm and the press, they would still keep up a *guerre de salon*, most dangerous if not summarily put down.

The war has, however, ceased to be one of *salon*, or of general society. For people dread the fall of M. Thiers, and do not wish to be expatriated. But it is carried on not the less, and good society in Paris is merciless, as described in the case of De Morny, against all who openly embrace the cause of the President. This is a matter of sore embarrassment to diplomatists. They always wish to be of the side of good society, and this led Lord Normanby into hostilities with the President. Lord Cowley, who has succeeded to him, is a man by nature and connexion more inclined to ally with birth and herd with ultra-monarchies than Lord Normanby, but he dared not. Were such

a colour given to the English embassy, its relations with the Elysée would cease.

The chief field of battle, and seat of war against the President, is literature. Here the Orleanists have drawn up their forces, and the Bonapartists are doing their utmost to raise an army, and to do battle. You have read Romieu's *Ere des Césars*. There are also a young sect of Bonapartist writers and journalists, some of whom show talent. But in the meantime, all the old eminences of literature are anti-Bonapartists. There are the three great professors, Guizot, Cousin, Villemain, who all have resigned their chairs. There is Mignet, Molé, Tocqueville, and in fact, the entire Institute, or at least its literary section. All let fly their arrows at the President. Villemain made the most ingenious address possible, to the *élèves* of the Polytechnic school, descriptive of the respect of the great Napoleon for literature and science, and implying reflections on Napoleon the little. We fear, however, that the former had little taste for anything beyond the declamation of Talma; whilst Louis Napoleon certainly wants neither force, taste, nor *esprit* as a writer. This, however, is far from saying that he deserves to be a favourite with the literary class. Louis Napoleon himself says, that if literary men in France were merely literary men, he would not interfere with them. But French literary men are politicians and placemen. The professors, Guizot, Villemain, and Cousin, have all been cabinet ministers, have had a party in politics, and have been more politicians than men of letters, and have therefore no right to claim the exemption of literary men, strangers to party. Letters are now paying dearly for their previous advantages in being wedded to politics, and in opening the way for penmen and professors to become miuisters and senators. The writers who thus shared in the prosperity of political party, are involved in its fall and its proscription.

Literature and public institutions in France occupy much the position that the church does with us. Those who pursue them as a profession are from the middle and easy classes. The law is also followed by the young men of these classes. Thus you have in France, the university, the bar, and hitherto the administration, recruited from the middle and educated classes. Whilst the church and army are for the most part recruited from the lower and uneducated classes. Hence the antagonism and war that rages in France between the army and the church, and the peasant classes ranged on the side of Louis Napoleon, with the bar, the university, and men of letters representing the middle classes, ranged upon the other, and longing for the Orleans, or for a moderate and rational republic. This is the true meaning of the struggle, or of the sullen and silent war, for struggle there is none, now carried on by different parties and classes in France, one against the other.

Nowhere, and upon no occasion, was this more manifest, than in the great *fêtes* which have just been celebrated in Paris, and which have drawn together such crowds from all parts of Europe and of the world. London itself, in the midst of its great Exhibition, its grand review, and *fête* of peace, never drew on any one day or two, greater crowds than what may be called a *fête* of war, since its origin and characteristic was the re-distribution of Napoleon's eagles to each regiment of the French army. The English *fête* was eminently that of the productive, the French that of the unproductive classes. The

idlers were the actors in Paris, the industrious folk the spectators. But the industrious folk made no comparison, or entered into no speculations of this kind, for they certainly enjoyed the review and the ceremony as only Frenchmen can enjoy such things.

We must say, on the part of Louis Napoleon, that the ceremony was decorously and modestly arranged. There was as usual a pavilion and an altar of the country in the midst of the Champ de Mars. Napoleon used to mount here in white robes and orb, or imperial diadem, sometimes alone on the top of a pyramid, more like a divinity than a common mortal. On the present occasion, Louis Napoleon merely saluted the great altar, and leaving it to the clergy, took his seat in a distant portico of the *Ecole Militaire*. By eleven o'clock, the prepared galleries in front of the *Ecole* were filled with a splendidly attired audience of both sexes. Side galleries were equally thronged, and extended half down the Champ de Mars, the crowd dense as they could stand, filling the grassy slopes that surrounded the sandy review-field. The gradual filling of the ground with hosts of all arms, did not excite so much attention as the regiment of the clergy, which at least spent an hour in defiling. Their black and white garments, flaunting in the wind, which was strong, gave them the semblance of birds, as they settled in a flock upon the slopes, summit and sides of the altar, covering the whole structure from base to apex.

By this time the several regiments had taken their position in the Champ, the infantry on one side, the cavalry on the other. Cannon announced the coming of the President, who galloped down one line and up the other, with a brilliant staff and a posse of Arabs. No foreign officers were in his suite. There were officers of all nations present, to the amount of more than a hundred. One could not have been asked to join the *cortège* without the others, and had all joined, it would have been a review by foreign officers. This puts one in mind of the trick which the Emperor Nicholas played General Lamoricière, when the latter went to Warsaw, as envoy from the French Republic. The Poles were at the time conceiving hopes of the French military envoy, and looked upon him as an enemy to Russia. A great review being ordered, it was so managed, that Madame Lamoricière's carriage should be in front, and General Lamoricière at the side of it, whilst the Emperor and his staff took his behind the carriage. It was thus General and Madame Lamoricière, not the Czar, who passed the Russian troops in review, and the circumstance gave the Poles a bad idea of what they were to hope from French intervention. Such a trick would defeat its own purpose in France. As it was, the foreign officers looked certainly as neglected and *dépaysés* in the Champ de Mars. The Jockey Club supplied the duties of the French, however, by distributing refreshments from their tribune, and doing the honours of the *fête* to foreigners. Independent of the general officers and military grandees, who were on horseback in the Champ de Mars, there were crowds of men in uniforms in the alleys and on the slopes, most of the bearers holding tickets in their hand, but ignorant or unable to reach the seats allotted to them. There were guardsmen, riflemen, yeomen, and Highlanders, all courteously received, and admitted as denizens of the *fête*. Singular to say, the re-introduction of Napoleon eagles to the standards of French regiments, was welcomed by a deputation from

every European army. The circumstance took away much that was alarming, and all that was heroic in such a *fête*.

The President's address to the colonels after he had distributed to them the eagles, was decorous and what it should be. Colonels are not enthusiasts. Little Archbishop Affre then preached a sermon, which was lost in the immensity of the Champ de Mars, and in which he likened Louis Napoleon to Solomon. To David, that was the great Napoleon, was not vouchsafed to build up the Temple, but to Solomon. This for the Archbishop Affre, who at first opposed Louis Napoleon, and refused him Notre Dâme for a Te Deum, the expression is strong. The archbishop also dwelt on the accord between church and army, two bodies, whose principles are duty and authority, and who, according to the archbishop, are devoted to allaying the evil passions of man, and rendering them obedient to order. A queer compliment certainly, both to army and to clergy, especially the former, to call them the great extinguishers of licentiousness and passion. The prelate alluded also to the crusaders, and to the times when soldiers took an oath of sanctity and chastity as well as courage. It was not the golden age that the Archbishop eulogized, but the Middle Ages, which he declared to be about to return in spirit. This certainly was not the least singular invocation of the *fête*.

The Prince having taken his stand, the regiments passed before him. In England the difficulty is to make a review last long enough, and the soldiers often go one by one before the general. Here the prevailing desire seems to be the hurrying over the business. The regiments marched most rapidly; the light ones at a run rather than march. But this, we believe, makes a part of French discipline, and is the regular step of the light infantry. The slow and measured tread of the regiments of the line appeared, however, far more imposing than the disorderly scampering of the Chasseurs de Vincennes. Amongst the new uniforms, those most admired were the *Guides*, a resemblance of the *Guides* of Napoleon. They wore a colbach or muff of fur upon the head, which in some of the companies was white, and looks passing strange.

A difference of opinion exists as to the cries of the troops. I chiefly heard that of "Vive Napoléon;" but the Cuirassiers shouted "Vive l'Empereur." Not a doubt but that the army in general would gladly confer the highest dignity on the Prince, who reigns by its support. There is as little doubt that the will of the peasantry throughout France would be to the same effect. Emperor, therefore, Louis Napoleon is, or will be, as soon as he has obviated the inconvenience of certain of its results. The principal of those is, that the Act making him Emperor, makes the Bonaparte princes heirs of the empire. All of them are liberal, one of them a red-republican. This possible succession alarms many in France and frightens the Czar upon his throne. It would also indispose the legitimists in France, all of whom, if not favourable to the President, are at least tranquil and tolerant. These considerations retard the restoration of the empire and imperial dignity. The President has lately had several interviews with his cousin, Jerome, and a reconciliation has been spoken of. But the entire family, men and women, however they may keep a calm and decorous face in public, display the most startling and violent passions in their daily and domestic intercourse with those around them.

What indeed is chiefly wanting by the Bonapartes is decorum of

private life — that virtue which the Orleans possess to a very high degree, and which commanded such general respect externally amongst the Parisian better classes. But the great French public, living in the provinces, know little the difference between Queen Amelia and the Princess Mathilda. The latter, who does the honours of the President's court, is a daughter of Lucien, married to Prince Demidoff, immortalized by Sue. Having had the courage to marry him, the Princess Mathilda had the address to interest the Czar of Russia in her fate; and the Czar not only compels Prince Demidoff to allow his wife 60,000 francs a year, but also compels him to keep away from Paris whilst his wife is there. There 's an obliging Czar for you! Neither the presence of the Princess Mathilda, nor of the English, nor of any other ambassadress, however, prevents Mrs. Howard from appearing at the balls of the Thuileries.

This want of decorum, a part of the adventurous and wayward life of Louis Napoleon, raises another bar between him and the self-respecting classes of the capital. Napoleon knew well the tendency of a military court to foster and suffer such irregularities. This made him severe to repress them, and he showed no mercy or indulgence to scandals of the kind. From his election to his *coup d'état*, Louis Napoleon paid every attention to *bienséances* of the kind, and nothing could be more decorous or more brilliant than the balls of the Elysée in 1849 and 1850. But since all good society, even that of England, has turned its back upon the President, he has become more reckless. Ball-rooms must be filled; and when dowagers will not come, demi-reps are invited. This is another reason for the official balls being not what they ought to be; especially the balls which took place during or immediately after the great *fête*. There is the custom of sending ladies' tickets to the officers invited. These officers give the tickets to their female acquaintances — *et il en resulte* — what was visible, for example, at the ball of the *Ecole Militaire*, where, as the "*Débats*" says, whilst some toilettes were brilliant, others were *less so*. Mrs. B——t, an English lady of fortune, lost all the jewels and ornaments she had upon her. Handbills of the loss were allowed to be circulated, but the circumstances of the robbery were not permitted to appear in the public papers, lest they should throw a slur on the respectability of the ball. As the tickets for it, however, were selling for one hundred francs at Meurice's and elsewhere, it is no wonder that an adroit pickpocket deemed the expenditure of an hundred francs on a ticket to be a good investment.

The President ought in truth to appoint a Grand Chamberlain, or some officer, who would watch over the respectability of the court, even whilst it remains a Presidential one; for all these mistakes do him great harm. He seems to think that it is enough to give a dance and supper to officers, with liberty to bring their female friends. The officers would be much more highly flattered by finding themselves in an assembly of good society, and being at the same time forbidden to bring their female friends. It was all very well when Napoleon made his officers marshals, and their female friends duchesses and princesses, with viceroyalties, and now and then a permission to plunder or to ransome. But these things are not, and show no likelihood of coming into existence.

A little discontent, however, or a want of enthusiasm in the army, is

not so dangerous as one is apt to suppose. The French army is a machine, of which one wheel presses so rudely and irresistibly on the other, that whoever has, in the name of a government, the right to turn the spring and communicate the first movement, is, to all purposes, master of it. The French soldiery, at this moment endowed with more power and authority, as a mass, than ever army possessed, is treated individually with far more rigour than ever it was. A cigar seen in the mouth, a woman seen on the arm of a soldier; his being heard to utter a political cry, not ordered by his superior; his frequenting popular shows or public-houses—any of these infractions cost the soldier fifteen days' or a month's imprisonment. With all this, they are very hard worked, more so in Paris than elsewhere, notwithstanding their numbers; and altogether the life of a French soldier is one of more toil, more punishment, and less enjoyment than ever it was. Yet Englishmen are apt to think the French soldiers insolent and licentious at present, and as genuine Prætorians. Nothing can be further from the truth. The danger at this moment lies not in the soldiers' licentiousness, but in the circumstance of the bonds of discipline being drawn too tight—indeed almost to cracking.

Nor are the officers treated with less indulgence by their superiors, than the soldiers by theirs. The system of Soult and of Changarnier prevails through all ranks and grades—*qu'il faut que l'armée soit tenue* — in other words, maintained with strictness and severity in their line of duty. This is very well for a time; but it disgusts men with a profession which affords less liberty and less enjoyment than any other, and which is only supportable to a quick spirit, when united with the exciting lottery of war. With war in view, then discipline, rigour, and privations are supportable, because intelligible; but to be kept as strictly as a monk, with no higher purpose than public quiet and individual beatitude, suits not the temper of the soldier. Yet to a military eye nothing can be more satisfactory at present than the state of the French army. It is exemplary in conduct, unanimity, and discipline. It is not inclined to the people, nor hated by the people, yet it is most efficient as police to keep down insurrection. And yet with all this, I do not think that its present state of high discipline with peaceful prospects can be long maintained.

The other pillar of the present *régime* is the clergy, as it lends Louis Napoleon a cordial support. But the events of the last fifty years have sufficiently demonstrated that no dynasty, and no political principle, can count upon the constant adhesion of the Roman Catholic priesthood more than any other can. The Church of Rome served Napoleon. It monopolized power, and got possession of education, under the elder Bourbons. Yet this did not prevent the clergy from rallying to the House of Orleans very generally. In 1848 the Archbishop of Paris was a good and a staunch republican; he is now an eloquent preacher of adhesion to the present system, based on the double militia of the church and army. It appears as if the best guarantees of public peace and amicable settlement, the church and army in France, are thus neither of them bigotedly attached to any dynasty or any system. The clergy ought to be fanatic for King Henry V.; the army ought to be fanatic for Napoleon; but the truth is, that neither of them are fanatic for person or for thing. If they get their due in respect, influence, and profit, these great corporations will be quiet, and direct their efforts to putting

down discord and civil war, instead of the old trick of supporting it. They favour the illiterate classes, nevertheless, and this diminishes the lettered and intelligent class here; but it is from chance, and from the bad management and faults of the intelligent classes, not from any hatred that French blockheads have to brains.

The true science, not merely of government, but of regulating and maintaining a social system at all, is indeed the knowledge of the ways by which the influence of the educated and enlightened may be preserved and exercised over those great masses, which can think somewhat for themselves, but to which the materials as well as the conclusions of thought must be communicated. In France it has been the lot of the intellectual classes to lose their hold of the people, and to be in consequence set aside and at nought by them. The intelligent classes give the impulse now and then, indeed; but in a short time that impulse leads to acts, creeds, and things that no intelligence ever contemplated. In 1789 the educated classes gave the impulse, which ended in proscription and terror. In 1846 and 1847, the intelligent classes kept up a form of contempt and deprecation of Louis Philippe, producing thereby flight, not intending the overthrow of the monarchy. In the first revolution the mob ruled, under Napoleon the army, under the elder Bourbon the clergy, and now we have the army and clergy again. The educated class were more masters under Louis Philippe than at any other time. But they did not turn their education and superior intellect to the uses of government. They were utterly ignorant of political economy, afraid of the people, without knowing how to conciliate or manage them. They fought it nobly, either in religion or philosophy. No good luck inspired it or got hold of it. Government was prodigal, and taxation grew heavier. Public men grew corrupt from want of severity and publicity. Political science was confined to diplomatic trickery and parliamentary management. And all this was going on whilst the press was most powerfully and impatiently exposing it.

After all, it was the most free, the most prosperous, the most happy, the most intelligent reign that France ever lived under. Yet there was neither satisfaction, nor content, nor security. When Lamartine threw into the public that terrible work, "The Girondins," its fierce and distorted power sufficed to revolutionize and republicanize classes far superior to the mere mob, classes that ought to have known better. It was "The Girondins" that made even the well-disposed applaud and accelerate the fall of Louis Philippe. They had enough of Girondins immediately after in *propriis personis*, and of poor Lamartine himself.

It was Lamartine who made the Revolution of 1848 by his wonderful book, and who saved the same revolution from being an anarchy by efforts of his eloquence and his courage, more astonishing than even his book. Yet in three months he was again reduced to zero in the esteem of Frenchmen. He bears his fate with dignity and equanimity. Broken in health, ruined in fortune, Lamartine at this moment plies his pen in order to live. His own landed property still unsold, unsold because land now fetches nothing, but pressed by debts far greater than the worth of anything he possesses, his pen is his only resource. The events of December passed from him, whilst confined to bed by a cruel malady. In the *coup d'état*, therefore,

he was precluded from playing a part of either acquiescence or resistance. He deprecated the blind inveteracy of the Assembly against the President, saw what was coming, but could neither prevent it before, nor approve it after. He is of course on bad terms with the Elysée, and is afflicted with the remains of his malady, in a swelled foot and a broken constitution. Frenchmen in general have lived ten or fifteen years during the last few years. All are changed, broken, haggard. The grey head has become white; the black head, grey.

Guizot strides along like the shadow of Peter Schlemil. Not even English roast beef has restored Thiers. The celebrities of socialism are starring amongst us. His excellency Count Walewski does seem to enjoy an enviable *embonpoint*. This is more than can be said of his imperial cousin, Louis Napoleon, who has grown paler and whiter in complexion, redder in hair, scantier in beard and locks, as if he had grown old,

> "In deeds not years
> Piercing the depths of life."

With whatever rapidity men have grown old, they have not kept pace with things in the career of becoming antiquated. And in this respect it is lucky that the severity of the President has given the veterans of the university such as, Villemain, and Guizot, good pretexts for withdrawing. Influence or profession they now no longer wield. Their ideas are certainly behind the time, none more than Guizot's, whose pen goes on dreaming of Monk, whilst the modern Monk, Changarnier, was trotting off to Ham on a *voiture cellulaire*. The sweeping Michelet, Quinet, Mickewitz, and all that band of misty and moral opium-eaters, form the professional charm of the metropolis. Louis Napoleon had but completed an already evident award of the public, which was sick of philosophy without principle, and enthusiasm without passion, and eloquence without ideas.

The difficulty lies in replacing those two schools of profession and university men. Louis Napoleon looked in the first place to the church; but the French church seminaries rear very few intelligent men, and like rather to unfit them for literary and intellectual strife than to prepare them. In this respect the Jesuits have lost their vocation. Go through their ranks and you will find not one man of the world amongst them, nor a man fit to become and take place as a man of the world. The Jesuits, the continental Jesuits, have grown to be mere monks, undistinguished from other monks. They are just as like the intriguing, violent, villanous creature, that Sue depicts, as they were the able philosophers whom Pascal attacked and exposed. The Archbishop of Paris is one of the oldest of the clergy; but he is ultramontaine and anti-Jesuit. All he wants is some knowledge of political economy to be an Archbishop Whateley.

It seems impossible for the clergy to take the great professional claim and position. Who then are to take them, and what is to be their school? This is a very important point; such a thing as an academical school cannot be raised in a day. But if Louis Napoleon reigns half-a-dozen years without rearing one he will be considered to have failed in one of the most important functions of French government. M. Forteuil, the minister of public instruction, is a clever man, one of the cleverest of ministers, and at one time much connected with the best of

the St. Simonians and Socialists. But whether he will succeed in getting any eminent men to complete his university, more than Louis Napoleon, himself to find professors and statesmanship, remains a case of considerable dubiety.

Hitherto the change in the system of public instruction chiefly consists in the separation between letters and science. At a certain age every student is to enter his choice of prosecuting his studies in either one or the other; but as it will be at the same time understood that science leads to all advancement, and letters to none, the classes of letters, which include ancient languages, will of course be deserted. After Louis Napoleon or his ministry had issued his decree to this effect, an eminent person asked him, how or why he could have made such a mistake. The President replied, that it was the old policy of Napoleon, of Metternich, and of every one who had studied and understood the art of keeping down the frowardness of literature; they always recommend the teaching of science and the prescription of letters. Here the great Napoleon and the great Metternich were both in the wrong, both ignorant of the result of their own organization. For the most radical and revolutionary schools and students within my experience, were precisely schools and students of science. The Polytechnic school has, since its origin, and despite of its military discipline, been a hot-bed of sedition. The Sorbonne, with its cultivation of letters, has been quite the contrary. Letters create a disgust of politics, and scientific men have always liked to turn politics like any other element to their personal advantage. An idea, however, once settled in Louis Napoleon's mind, is not to be altered; so he will go on to cut and slash the university with Napoleon's old hanger. By chipping and paring, a large block of wood may, in the progress of being shaped, be reduced to nothing. Should this be the case of the university as well as the constitution, of the learned, as well as of the politicians, the mission of Louis Napoleon will be to reduce France to a *caput mortuum*. In seeking tranquillity he will effect a solitude—a solitude where there is no talent, inspiration, or capacity left. Such was the result of the great Napoleon's reign, and one of the causes of his being overcome.

Louis Napoleon is very anxious to get up a literati, on whom he can smile, and that can furnish him with laureates. He seldom gives a party that an ode is not recited. Mery is one of his poets. The French, however, are as fastidious about poetry as we are ourselves. And with such powerful living writers of prose as Sue and Dumas, it is not easy to be first-rate in verse which ought to excel prose in spirit. With none of these great spirits of the age is Louis Napoleon on good terms. They look down upon him from the height of their well-earned literary grandeur. Sue he has persecuted. George Sand is the only one that presuming on the privileges of her sex, has dared to trace him in the recesses of the Elysée, to upbraid him with his sin, and to demand from him some reparation for society and liberty outraged.

From what has transpired of the conversation between Louis Napoleon and Madame Sand, the latter has had no reason to complain of the peculiar views of society, and preference of certain of its classes, encouraged by the French President. In their *entretiens*, he professed to participate in all that regard for the *bourgeoisie* which distinguished

Louis Blanc and the Socialists. With this difference, however, that the socialists object to the *bourgeoisie* for their employing their own money for the purposes of their own interest; whilst the Napoleonists, with the glory-party in general, object to the spiritless, selfish, money-adoring politics entertained by mercantile men, and inculcated by them wherever they have influence. This influence they must have under a constitutional system, and, therefore, the Napoleonists repudiate a constitutional system, as one in which a middle and money-getting class dominates.

This is also the great political principle of M. de Persigny, the Achilles of the President, who leans to the Legitimists, and deems them quite right in their contempt and aversion of the middle classes. M. de Persigny rails against them to his friends, and Louis Napoleon rails against them to Madame Sand; and the Napoleonist journals denounce them as totally without reverence for the Emperor's memory, and recognition of his nephew's virtues, which would be desirable. But railing against a middle class, is like railing against womankind or mankind. It is like finding fault with the air, which we must breathe in order to live, or quarrelling with one's own nose. Politicians, like other people, must take the world as they find it. And if they hope or intend to govern without what they call the middle class they must go back to the middle ages, with their poverty, their ignorance, their turbulence, their civil wars, and cruelty, and insecurity of life.

The word *middle classes* is, however, a very vague one. In France it is generally applied to all who live by industry and are not opulent. The capitalists and manufacturing portion of the middle class, the monied interest in fine, get on very well with Louis Napoleon. They like the recent changes, and with some reason. For in the Assembly, just defunct, there was a stupid jealousy of capitalists and of the monied interest, which led to a host of most salutary schemes being negatived and set aside, under the idea, that some rich Jews were to become much richer thereby. Railroad companies, for example, could never obtain justice under the government of the Republic, because the Assembly was jealous of them. It in fact showed a much greater jealousy of that portion of the middle class, than the President and Persigny together. This Socialist feeling, however, pervaded even the Legitimists and Orleanists.

It is the monied interest that is so hostile to Louis Napoleon, or the retail, or shop-keeping classes. These, especially in Paris, are the greatest foes of him and his soldiers, and his mock constitution and his imperial *régime*. Their hatred, however, is not of a turbulent or of an immediately dangerous kind. There are no class in the world so careless of enjoying political power, as the French *épicier*. He has never known what it was, indeed, to have a voice or an influence, even in the affairs of his parish; still less does he want to direct the government. But he is critical. He is a judge. He loves to award praise or shame. And he views politics as he does a new drama at the *Français*. They are works of genius or of folly; they succeed and deserve applause; are hissed and deserve to be damned. The *épicier's* political enthusiasm was after all founded upon them. There was no terror in his disapprobation. And however the depth of his disgust may have driven the Parisian shop-keeper to take up arms against Charles the Tenth, he was never so seriously vicious against Louis Philippe. He merely thought that he acted the part of king, without dignity, honesty, or glory.

All the middle class does in France is, in fact, to form and express an opinion, and that opinion, when formed and when fully expressed, has great power; it puts up and pulls down by its breath. Dynasties live on its sufferance, or perish by its contempt. How, it is not easy to explain; but the lower, and active, and operative classes do, after all, take their cue from the middle class, and whomsoever these condemn, the mob become in time prepared to rush out and destroy. In overthrowing the Bourbons of the elder branches, as well as the Orleans, the mob of Paris did not follow their own instincts or impulses, so much as the impulse of the middle classes. These gave their judgment, the mob executed the decree.

The middle classes of France are just as ready to give judgment in the case of Louis Napoleon, but the mob are not ready to execute their judgment; herein lies all the difference. But it is only an adjournment, for the firm, fixed, and universal opinion of the middle classes, will in time become that of society in general, the very soldiers included, at least in such a country as France, should it remain at peace; and conciliated they must be, because crushed and slaughtered they cannot be. The age will bear a certain amount of evil, but blood-spilling or further cruelty it will not tolerate. There are sufficient reasons here given to show why neither Louis Napoleon nor Madame Sand, M. Persigny nor Ledru Rollin should like the middle classes. They are difficult to please in all cases, but common sense and common honesty are qualities indispensable, even in the smallest degree, to approbation. The socialists want the former and the Bonapartists the latter.

The most distasteful policy to the middle classes is the government flinging itself into the hands of the clergy. There are no two things so irreconcilable as the counter and the confessional. The priest may make himself a welcome visitor in the *boudoir* of the chateau, or the kitchen of the cottage; but into the back parlour of the tradesman's shop, a father confessor will never come and be welcome. The middle classes have no dislike to religion or to the clergy in their proper sphere and influence. But whether prying into the interior of families, or interfering in the business and direction of the state, the middle classes will not tolerate nor respect them. Hence the Archbishop of Paris was becoming most popular, for the liberal way in which he sympathised with the republic, and afterwards repelled the ultra-montaine tendencies of the President. But that is past, and the archbishop in rallying to a military government, has lost the admiration of the shopkeepers.

Another annoyance with the middle classes is the stoppage of the press. They rejoice indeed at the silence of the Socialist journals, but to find their own "Constitutionnel" and "Siècle" gagged and mutilated is humiliation as well as privation to them. Never, indeed, were a class of men so willingly courted and ruined as the Parisian, we may add, the French journalists. From the editor to the stenographist, and from the stenographist to the printer's devil, all have been turned adrift; not a few indeed transferred to Cayenne, and that without trial. Heaven help Louis Napoleon when pens again are free! How heartily he will be cursed, and how deservedly condemned!

The worst for the journalists is, the too prevalent impression that they abused their former power, and contributed in no small degree to all the faults that have been committed. The only journals that remain

are, the Imperialist *Constitutionnel*, the Republican-Bonapartist *Presse*, an Orleanist organ, and a Legitimist one. The Republican Bonapartist is the best-written paper ; it has, however, the defect of being so very profound, that it is absolutely unintelligible. As Wordsworth's "Excursion" is only intelligible to poets, so the *Presse* is only intelligible to veteran politicians, the men who have lost the use of principles and the sense of words. Still Girardin is a wonderful man. He is the seamew of each political and social revolution. He heralds it by his cries, rides joyous in the midst of its fury, and reappears in the sunshine after it, when every man, thing, thought, and existence have been engulphed and swept away. When the recent political and personal history of the age shall be written, Girardin will form a prominent figure. Veron, the proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*, is equally remarkable in his way. The clear and uncompromising way in which he abetted Louis Napoleon's utmost pretensions, is only equalled by the audacity with which he holds his position. This was amusingly exemplified in a recent sitting of the legislative body, in which an important law was to be introduced, and when there was unfortunately nobody but the minister to speak either for or against it. It was important to treat it at least with the semblance of parliamentary discussion. Veron accomplished this, by making a long speech for the project of law himself, and getting his colleague and brother editor of the *Constitutionnel*, M. Granier de Cassaignac, to make as long a speech against it. Had such a debate been reported, it would have been absurd, and the people would have laughed at it ; but as no reports are allowed, Veron and De Cassaignac had the honour and appearance of enacting government and opposition, and of accomplishing the greatest difficulty of a parliamentary debate between them.

Those who wander into the Tuileries from the Rue de la Paix, as all English folk do, may pause on entering the gardens to look at the handsome Rue Rivoli, now extending to the Louvre. In the act of contemplating the street, the eye of the stranger will probably rest on the balcony of the *premier* of that house which forms the corner of the Rue de la Paix. And on that balcony in the gay afternoon, when every one is abroad, he will probably perceive a portly gentleman in a rich dressing-gown and a cap of the same material, enjoying an after-breakfast sniff of the pure and fresh air, as well as of the gay and fashionable crowd. That man is Dr. Veron, one of the political pillars of Louis Napoleon's silent and legislative body, his mouthpiece and his counsellor, his *alter ego*, and his "fat friend."

There are none of the old journals and of those old notabilities, the *Débats*, for example, and the *National*, which exist but in a ghostly shape, wearing the same names and features — each writer is indeed obliged to pin his name to his article—but with the spirit gone. They open their mouths, that is, it appears every morning, but they say nothing. They suffer under a permanent lock-jaw. The marvel is, that they are not dead of nervousness and inanition.

Political discussion, thus cramped, will, however, soon take refuge in literature, as was the case in Germany. Already Lamartine is doing the work of opposition more in his thick volumes than in his thin periodicals. And there is little doubt, that if the present *régime* continues, France will have a brilliant epoch of literature, of science, philosophy, and historic literature. At present Dumas and Sue occupy the field.

The romance *feuilleton* is still in vigour. But so much have its writers strained and exaggerated crime and character, sentiment and adventures, that future writers must tack many degrees nearer to the pole-star of truth before they again win the favour and attention of the public.

What renders foreign novel writing so strange to our habits and sentiments, is chiefly the total want of freedom, will, independent mind, and responsible existence, in young unmarried females. This class, consequently, which furnishes us with all our heroines, can afford none to the French reader, save of the most insipid kind. A widow, therefore, used to be invariably the heroine of French romance. For a widow had at least a will and a choice, and this was necessary to the novelist in the use of his chief personage and the development of her character. Widows, however, have been worn out for this purpose; and, shocking to relate, the *Lorette* has taken the place. The heroine of a modern French romance must necessarily have lost her virtue. To render her interesting, not merely in despite of this, but *à cause de cela*, is the effort of the French novelist and dramatist. It certainly is not an easy, and can scarcely be an agreeable task.

The most successful drama of the Parisian season has been the *Dame aux Camélias*, written by the son of Alexandre Dumas. It is founded on a true story, that of the celebrated Duplessis, who acquired fame in the character of a *Lorette*, not for her innocence, but for the contrary, united of course with wit. She died of consumption; and the frequenter of Paris will recollect the excitement caused by the sale of her magnificent furniture and effects. There is nothing veiled in the Dame aux Camélias, as she is called. She is introduced in the first act as under the protection of Count ——. She goes through four acts, the object of a variety of passions, and especially of an ultra-virtuous kind, most absurd to read, but worth seeing, as powerfully played by Fechter. The last entire act is occupied by the slow death of the heroine in consumption, with all the symptoms and the accidents, studied from the life. The hospital could furnish nothing more disgusting and more true. And the Parisians looked on with delight! They whose nerves and whose views of propriety could not bear to see Cæsar stabbed upon the stage, witness the last half hour of a consumptive patient's life! To be sure, the consumptive patient is played by Madame Doche.

Another favourite drama of the season, but a favourite with another class, is that of Benvenuto Cellini, as the Ambigu. It depicts the life and rhodomontade of a successful artist. Benvenuto is, "hail, fellow, well met" with Charles the Fifth and Francis the First, who both appear on the stage and frequent his *atelier*. He bullies the Duchess d'Etampes, models a Hebe on the stage, and takes a full half hour for the operation, which the audience, far from thinking tedious, applauded! He abuses King and Prince, and puts his artistic foot upon their royal necks. And this the Parisian audience, with Louis Napoleon's foot upon them, most strenuously and naively admire.

The last drama, which need be mentioned, as a sign of the times—for the opera means nothing in any country—is the *Mémorial de Ste Hélène*, in which Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe figure, one being of course the hero, the other the villain of the piece. Sir Hudson is ugly enough in all conscience. Still, we must say, there are redeeming traits, and that popular obloquy is directed not so much against the English nation, as against Sir Hudson in particular, and Tory government in

general. Napoleon kisses all the children, and acts paternity to all the young girls. Lady Lowe takes his part, and a Captain Blakeney breaks his sword rather than execute his order to deprive the Emperor of his weapon. There were, last night, three rows of the orchestra filled with military from the different regiments in Paris. These worthy *militaires* seem awakened to no pitch of enthusiasm by the distress of Napoleon. They neither weep at the cruelty, nor bristle at the insolence of Sir Hudson. On the contrary, they seemed to find little interest in the piece, and to yawn far more lustily than the rest of the audience.

This brings one to remark what is evidently at present the most wonderful, and at the same time the most unexpected quality of the French — and that is discretion. Go where you will, and you will never hear a Frenchman talk politics, or commit himself in any way, unless he be in the most sure company. What is beneath all this, God only knows, but to all appearance Louis Napoleon has as contented a set of subjects as Louis Philippe himself in the first year of his reign. It is difficult to imagine how a people so *bavard* should have become so taciturn. One who did not know the French, would attribute it to fear. But this would wrong the French, who are a brave people, and who would not stoop to such universal silence and dissimulation, if fear was their only motive. But there prevail at the same time, a disgust of political discussion, and of political freedom itself, from the results which it produced; and the present feeling is that of voluntary power, temporary acquiescence in a necessity, and in a necessity that may be excused, rather than in a violent and indefensible tyranny.

This is very well and easy for the private individual, for the man not affected by all that has taken place. But the last revolution has ruined so many existences, that there is a large portion of society from which equanimity cannot be expected. All the functionaries, all the professions have been turned topsy-turvy. These men require prudent conduct, for no doubt they are spied and watched. And sentiments of present fear and future vengeance must mingle with their thoughts. In forming a judgment, therefore, the stranger must take care to learn, whether his informant be of the functionary or professional classes, or not. The lawyer or the journalist cannot fail to devote Louis Napoleon to the infernal gods. The capitalist, unless he happen to have been a holder of Four per Cents., will plainly tell, that the confidence he has restored is worth more than the liberties he has destroyed.

But the consideration is not what is, but what might be, or what is likely to be, in case that the present system is overthrown. There is no one party in opposition which can hope to succeed to power without a severe struggle. A legitimist, an Orleanist, nay, a moderate republican restoration, can only be achieved by arms. And no one desires anything achieved by arms. All are for amity or peaceable relations, and for making the best of time and of circumstance till then.

It were to be wished that we English would aid them in their purpose, by confining our sentiments to respectful commiseration. By showing exultation and contempt, or fear, or aversion, by telling the French they deserve their fate, or by taunting them to rise unseasonably, in order to fling it off, we shall but exaggerate and irritate a situation, which ought to be treated as a malady and a misfortune, and left to time and soothing means to cure.

## AN UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.*

Madame Berthe Nathermick believed that in marrying Doctor Maurice Fraussen, now minister of state, she had united herself to a man who sincerely loved her. It was not long, however, before she discovered that his attention had been chiefly directed to the large fortune of the wealthy widow whose hand he had obtained. She felt this disappointment keenly, but a source of consolation was ere long opened to her, and in her devotion to her first-born son she forgot the neglect and indifference of her husband. The love of the young mother was still further augmented by a new and painful trial. The child was seized with alarming illness, and for nearly a month she endured all the tortures of suspense. By the mercy of God, however, the disease took a favourable turn, and little Maurice recovered rapidly.

The joy of Madame Fraussen, on seeing her son restored to her, was so great, that it seemed to leave no room in her heart for any feeling unconnected with him. She beheld in the past only the fearful recollection of his danger, in the present the delight of seeing him once more joyous and robust, in the future the fear lest his health should again fail. Bertha's whole life was passed in watchfulness over his physical welfare, or in terror if she perceived in him the slightest symptoms of indisposition. Compared with the cause of her present solicitude, the greatest sorrows of her past life appeared to her but as trifles altogether unworthy of interest. So long as she was under no apprehension for her little Maurice, she was content. If she went out, it was on his account; if she came home, it was still for him. It was the one engrossing principle of her life, and rendered her completely indifferent to all besides.

While his wife, her whole heart thus filled by an absorbing passion, was happier than she had ever been before, M. Fraussen was tortured by political anxiety, and engaged in what appeared to be a losing struggle against powerful adversaries.

Maurice beheld the decline of his power with feelings of anguish almost as bitter as those with which Bertha had watched by the sick-bed of her son. His days were passed in disappointment, defeat, and mortification; his nights were sleepless. He became gloomy and morose, and his character acquired a harshness hitherto foreign to it. His subordinates approached him in fear and trembling, and quitted him almost always with irritated or wounded feelings. He appeared to have lost all his former self-command, and, on the slightest opposition, would give way to the most undignified ebullitions of temper, while the fever of his mind produced an uncontrollable restlessness.

Bertha, absorbed in her maternal anxieties, had no suspicion of her husband's sufferings. Accustomed as she was to take no part in his affairs, she looked upon political interests as altogether beyond the sphere of a woman, and never sought to afford him any consolation under troubles which she was powerless to avert, which she did not even understand, and of the importance of which she was consequently unaware.

* From the French of H. S. Berthouel.

Meanwhile an anniversary recurred, which hitherto, whatever might have been his political engagements, M. Fraussen had not failed to celebrate, namely, his wife's birthday.

Early in the morning a present was brought to her, consisting of a bouquet of white camelias, which were her favourite flowers, together with a picture in a richly sculptured ebony frame, and admirably executed, representing the Flemish château which was the birth-place of Madame Fraussen.

Bertha recollected having one evening expressed a desire to possess a sketch of the spot connected with all the recollections of her childhood, and much touched by this attention to her wishes, she hastened to her husband's study to thank him warmly. He did not at first understand her. Neither the bouquet nor the picture was from him. He even acknowledged having entirely forgotten that it was his wife's birthday.

This confession chilled Bertha's heart, and destroyed the pleasure caused her by the mysterious present. From whom, then, could it come? Who could have remembered her wish, and gratified her with so much delicacy?

"But who was present when I spoke of my old château? There were M. de Vandreuil, M. Fraussen, the Prince George, and yourself. Could it be you, Marceline?" asked she in the evening of her friend.

Madame de Matthiæsen acknowledged that the bouquet and the picture came from her.

Bertha made no answer, and during the rest of the evening she appeared thoughtful and almost sad. This proof of affection had sunk deep into her heart, wounded by the neglect of Maurice. She could not free herself from these painful thoughts, and the whole night long she brooded sadly over the kindness of Madame de Matthiæsen and the indifference of her husband.

When she rose the next morning, however, these ideas were but too quickly dispelled. Her son appeared to be unwell. She hoped, and so did the Doctor, that it was a mere trifle, which rest and a careful diet would easily set to rights. But her hopes were disappointed; far from diminishing, the ailment assumed a more serious character, and the poor mother recognized, or fancied she did so, some of the symptoms of the illness with which her little Maurice had been attacked a few months previously. She imparted her fears to the Doctor, who did not share them, and to her husband, who paid little heed to them. They were both accustomed to her imaginary terrors on her son's account, and looked upon her gloomy forebodings as the result of exaggerated anxiety. Bertha, reassured by their arguments and by their security, endeavoured to lay aside her fears; but this she found to be impossible. It was in vain that she repeated to herself that the opinion of the most celebrated physicians, and, above all, that of her husband, must have more foundation than a woman's fears. The symptoms which were declared to exist only in her own imagination, appeared to her to be obvious and incontrovertible.

Two days later, M. Fraussen and the Doctor could no longer deny the illness of the child. They were alarmed, but they did not despair. Once before, Maurice had saved his boy from a similar danger, and he desired that the same means which had then proved efficacious should

be again adopted. The little invalid began to exhibit manifest signs of improvement, and one morning he stretched out his arms to his mother, and for the first time for a whole week raised his heavy head from the pillow.

While his anxiety on his child's account detained M. Fraussen from his post, his affairs were assuming a more and more alarming aspect. The Chambers had been dissolved, and the elections were to take place almost immediately. The agitation was great throughout the whole country; the different political parties had assumed an attitude of hostile opposition, and nothing was heard of but pamphlets, plots and counter-plots, attacks and recriminations. Being now reassured concerning the state of his son, M. Fraussen returned to the direction of affairs, resolved, as became the leader of a party, that if he fell, it should be at the head of his followers.

One morning, after a sleepless night, he was gloomily reflecting upon the difficulties and dangers of his position, when Bertha's maid entered his room.

"My mistress is very unwell, sir," said she, "and I thought it my duty to inform you of it. She sat up all last night with her child, and she is very anxious and unhappy about him. Yesterday she sent me five or six times in the course of the evening to see if you were come in, and beg you would come to her. She has now fallen asleep from fatigue, and I thought it best to let you know, sir, in case you might please to take advantage of this opportunity to see the child without alarming my mistress, for the poor little thing appears to me to be very ill."

"You were quite right, and I am much obliged to you, Fanny," replied Maurice; "I will come to my wife's room directly. Is the child awake?"

"He seems very much exhausted, sir, but he has not slept these two days. His eyes are never shut, and he keeps up a perpetual low moaning."

"M. Fraussen rose to go to his wife's apartments. He had already crossed the threshold of the ante-chamber, when he heard the sound of a carriage driving at full speed into the court-yard. He approached the window. A post-chaise stopped at the door, and a man sprang hastily out of it. Maurice uttered an exclamation of surprize, as he recognized M. Dupont of Bergues.

There must of necessity be some mighty reason for M. Dupont's appearance, for the worthy man was not likely to undertake an expensive journey, which broke through all his habits, and removed him for a time from the provincial town which he inhabited, and never willingly quitted without sufficient cause. The minister was endeavouring to divine what could be the object of the old man's visit, when the latter burst into his study with all the eagerness of youth.

"Your excellency must return with me immediately to Bergues," exclaimed he, without further preamble. "By a day, or even an hour's delay, we risk the loss of everything."

"Of everything!—of what do you mean?"

"Of your election," replied the notary, whose reply was a thunder-clap to the minister.

Hitherto, whatever might have been his political anxieties, he had never dreamed that there could be a doubt on the subject of his election. He looked upon it as certain that his native town of Bergues,

proud of being represented by a man of such distinction, and above all, by a minister, would re-elect him without opposition. The tidings imparted to him by the notary mortified him deeply. Not that he feared a defeat, but he was angry that the idea of bringing forward another candidate in opposition to him should ever have been conceived.

"And who is my opponent?" asked he in a tone of contempt.

"A formidable one, for he is an inhabitant of the place, wealthy, and possessed of considerable influence."

At this moment the maid again entered the room.

"My mistress entreats you to come to her, sir," said she.

"I am coming," replied he. Then turning impatiently to Dupont, he inquired, "and who is this wealthy and influential man?"

"M. Gabriel Rusconnetz."

"Sir, my mistress is in the greatest distress, and again entreats you to come," said the maid once more.

"My son is ill," said Maurice to the notary; "I am going to my wife, who is in great alarm; when I have reassured her I will return to you, and we will set out immediately for Bergues."

The notary established himself in an arm-chair, and M. Fraussen went to seek his wife. He found her bending over the cradle of the child, and gazing at him with a countenance of despair. The two doctors who attended the child were standing beside her, with looks of perplexity and consternation. A glance sufficed to reveal to Maurice the full extent of the peril.

The doctors exchanged with him a glance of dismay.

"The inflammatory symptoms are assuming a very serious character," said one.

"The breathing is becoming difficult," added the other.

"The fever has increased."

"He is delirious."

Maurice laid his finger on the child's pulse and counted its throbbings. There was no hope now. Science and skill were alike powerless to arrest the progress of the disease. He endeavoured to conceal his anguish, for Bertha, her eyes fixed upon his face, seemed endeavouring to read his inmost thoughts.

"You will yet be able to cure him?" cried she, in a tone of agony. "You have already saved him once, Maurice; he will owe you his life this time also, will he not?"

"He does not need my care," replied Maurice, with painful embarrassment. "These gentlemen," added he, turning to the doctors, "will continue the treatment which they have pursued so skilfully."

She turned upon him a look of astonishment and dismay.

"You will not leave our child? you will not leave me, Maurice? If you go away, it seems to me as if you would take with you my boy's life. When you are here I feel calm and hopeful, but in your absence I feel nothing but terror."

"That is mere superstition," said he, endeavouring to force a smile.

"No matter; do not leave me, Maurice; you have saved him once, and I feel that the same happiness is reserved for you this time also."

Maurice hesitated, not knowing what to do, when M. Dupont's powdered head and keen countenance appeared at the door. He made a sign to M. Fraussen to lose no time.

"You will stay, will you not? Oh thanks! thanks! If you knew

what I suffer alone here, without any one to comfort me, watching my child perhaps on his deathbed! Maurice, your presence gives me strength."

He gently disengaged his hand which she had clasped within her own. M. Dupont redoubled his signals.

"An affair of the utmost importance compels me to leave you. My absence will not be long. Nothing but a positive duty"——

"Oh, Maurice! do not leave me! Can any duty be more positive than that of remaining with your wife and with your child at such a moment? To leave us now would be to kill us both."

M. Dupont impatiently drew out his watch.

M. Fraussen made a movement towards him.

Bertha fell at her husband's feet, and clasped his knees.

"Maurice! Maurice! stay! I will not let you go till you have sworn to me upon your honour not to abandon my son. For the sake of your child have pity upon me!"

M. Dupont glided behind the minister.

"Time presses," whispered he; "every moment costs us a vote."

Maurice pressed his lips to the forehead of his wife.

"I shall soon come back," said he.

The notary made his escape.

She rose and placed herself in front of the door.

"You shall not go," said she; "or if you do, you must first trample under foot a despairing woman, the mother of your dying child. She has no hope but in you; and would you forsake your son?"

"I have no need of any one to teach me my duty," said M. Fraussen harshly, for he was disgusted at his own meanness; and being angry with himself, sought, as is too often the case, to find cause of anger with another, in order to escape from the reproaches of his own conscience. "If I acknowledged the necessity of remaining with the child, do you suppose it would be needful for you to urge it upon me? My assistance is useless here; urgent calls summon me elsewhere, and I obey them."

"You shall not go! you shall not go!" cried Bertha, scarce knowing what she said, and clinging to her husband.

He sought to put her aside.

"No! no! stay! stay!"

He disengaged himself from her hold, not without some violence, thrust her aside, closed the door behind, hastened tc rejoin the notary, to take his place beside him in the post-chaise, and to call to the postillion to drive on as fast as his horses could gallop.

"Oh, sir, stop! my mistress has fainted away," cried the voice of the terrified maid from the window of Bertha's room. But the sound of her voice was drowned by the rattle of the wheels; the minister did not hear it and M. Dupont, who did, took care to say nothing on the subject to his companion.

When Bertha saw her husband forsake her and his child, when he thrust her so unfeelingly aside in order to follow Dupont, and sacrifice his duty to his family to the calls of ambition, she went and resumed her place in silence, by the cradle of her son. She felt and understood from that moment that it was all over with the poor little child, and that she must lay aside every shadow of hope. The countenances of the physicians, during the visits which they paid every half hour to the

little sufferer, confirmed her in this terrible conviction. Bertha no longer questioned them, no longer implored them to save her child. With feelings of anguish, which words are inadequate to describe, she waited there in silence. How fearful for a mother thus to await the death of her child! Her eyes fixed upon the countenance once so bright and joyous to watch the gradual extinction of life. Poor little fellow! his lips were parched, the breath rattled in his throat, his features were stiffening beneath the cold grasp of death. The physicians no longer attempted to afford relief,—all was useless now—they gazed with compassion upon the mournful scene, and withdrew without uttering a word.

The child's breathing became fainter and fainter, until at length complete silence reigned in the room. His mother bending over him could scarcely detect, at intervals, an almost imperceptible breath upon her cheek, which proved to her that the struggle was not yet over.

At length she felt nothing more. She sank down upon her knees clasping her hands in almost delirious agony.

When she was raised from the ground a covering had been drawn over the corpse, and two persons were kneeling and praying beside her. They were Madame de Matthiæsen and her husband.

She exchanged a rapid glance with them, and then turning to the cradle, raised the veil which concealed the corpse and stood mournfully contemplating it in a silence unbroken by her friends, the only witnesses of this painful scene, from which the servants had respectfully withdrawn.

Suddenly she appeared to awake as if from a painful dream.

"He is not dead? surely he is not dead?" she murmured. "I must be sleeping,—tormented by a fearful dream. My child! my son! surely God cannot have taken him from me. He would not take take a child from his mother!"

She took the little corpse in her arms, laid it on her lap, and began rocking it gently. The child's limbs were already stiffening, and its extremities had become icy cold.

"He does not move!" cried she; "he is cold! he is dead! he is *dead!*"

M. de Matthiæsen and his wife endeavoured to take from her the remains, and to remove her away from a sight so painful. But she resisted all their efforts, and resumed,

"He is dead! and his father might have saved him, as he had already done once before. He is dead! and it was his father who trampled him under foot: he forsook him without hesitation. His power, his position, or I know not what was at stake! and what mattered it if the child died? What are a mother and a child when compared to interests of such magnitude? What is a despairing woman, who, on her knees implores the life of her child from him who holds it in his power? She is thrust rudely aside and he departs. He leaves her alone to watch the death-agony of her child, and it dies! Look here! look here, and behold the work of a husband and a father!—A corpse upon the lap of his mother!"

"A curse upon him!" exclaimed M. de Matthiæsen, whose wife strove to silence him by placing her hand upon his lips.

"Suffer your husband to speak," cried Bertha; "he but expresses my own feelings," continued she, laying her hand upon the head of her

child. " Standing by the corpse of my son, I implore the vengeance of God upon his crime—it cannot remain unpunished. If the law cannot reach it, eternal justice has its judgments, and the world its scorn for the infanticide. For myself," added she, "I will never again behold the murderer of my boy."

"For God's sake do not listen to the counsels of your despair," pleaded M. de Matthiæsen.

She replied by a smile—but such a smile.

"I have no child now—I have no husband—I am alone in the world!"

Marceline lighted a taper and placed it beside the little bed. M. de Matthiæsen placed a golden crucifix on the breast of the child. Then all three knelt around it, and thus the night wore away.

At break of day Bertha rose from her knees and went to the window, which she opened. The fresh morning air, laden with the sweet odours of spring, entered the chamber of death, and a little bird began to sing cheerily. Bertha drew the cradle close to the window and fixed a gaze of painful intensity upon her child. He seemed to be sleeping sweetly. She fetched his prettiest clothes and began to deck him with them. Marceline gathered some flowers in the conservatory, and returned with a crown of white roses, which she placed on the head of the little corpse, whose angel spirit had been recalled to heaven.

M. de Matthiæsen brought from the adjoining room an ebony coffin lined with white satin. Bertha looked at him with a bewildered expression, but not a tear moistened her burning eyelids. She laid the child in the coffin and strewed around him the flowers which Marceline had brought together with the crown. Then she chose from amongst his playthings those that had been his favourites, and laid them at his feet. This done she sat down beside the coffin and remained in a kind of stupor until the approaching footsteps of the priest were heard in the court-yard and entrance-hall. She shuddered, rose, and stretched out her arms towards the coffin, while she strove to utter some words which her white lips seemed unable to frame. God at length took pity upon her, and she sank senseless on the floor.

While Madame de Matthiæsen came to her assistance her husband placed a lace veil over the child's remains, closed the lid of the coffin, screwed it down, and, taking it in his arms, delivered it to the priest.

When he returned Madame Fraussen was beginning to recover; she looked with astonishment upon those around her, and appeared to have forgotten everything until her gaze rested upon the empty cradle of her son. Then she recollected the truth, her heart sank within her, and she again fainted away.

After three days M. Fraussen returned. All his ambitious hopes had been defeated.

"My wife! my child! where are they?" asked he anxiously.

"God has had mercy upon her," replied Madame de Matthiæsen, who was kneeling in tears beside Bertha's bed: "He has reunited the mother to her child."

---

It is said that in the asylum at Charenton is a maniac, who believes himself to be prime minister, and who is constantly crying aloud for his wife and child.

He tells his name to no one.

# POPULAR FRENCH AUTHORESSES OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

MADAME D'AULNOY enjoyed some celebrity in her time for a variety of clever writings. She was nobly born, and nobly married, and died a pensioner of the court at Madrid. She describes well, and an account she gives in a letter of her first journey to Spain, from Bayonne to St. Sebastian, where her husband was sent on an embassy, is lively and amusing, and might pass for a page of Madame de Sevigné. She tells of crossing the little river of Andaye, rowed by a party of young girls, who formed part of a community of somewhat remarkable habits and picturesque manners, besides being not a little martial and imposing.

"The little barks which bore me and my suite were ornamented with painted and gilded flags, and conducted by girls whose grace and agility were remarkable. There are always three in each boat, two who row and one who steers. These young women are tall and well made, with clear brown complexions, ivory teeth, and jet black shining hair, which they plait in tresses and tie with bows of ribbon. They wear a veil of muslin embroidered in gold and silk, which flutters round their heads and is fastened over their bosoms; they have ear-rings of gold or pearl and coral necklaces. Their bodice is close with tight-fitting sleeves, such as our gypseys wear. I assure you they quite charmed me, and their singular habits surprised me as much. I am told they swim like fishes, and form a sort of little republic amongst them, admitting neither men nor married women. They are recruited from many places, are very numerous, and are sent by their mothers to the community at an early age. When they decide to be married they go to mass at Fontarabia, the nearest town, where it is the custom for all the young men who wish to choose wives to repair. When the choice is made the lover applies to the girl's family, who apprize her of his offer and, if she consents, she returns to her home and the marriage duly follows.

"I never saw so great an air of gaiety as appears on all their countenances: they have little cottages ranged in a line along the shore, and they are under the guidance of elderly unmarried women, whom they obey as if they were their mothers. All these particulars, which we listened to with much interest, they related to us in the most cheerful and agreeable manner in the world, when suddenly some evil spirit interfered to interrupt the harmony of the moment.

"My cook, who is a Gascon, and very brisk and forward, like most of his countrymen, happened to be in one of the boats and took it into his head to admire particularly one of these pretty Basque damsels. He was not content with telling her this fact, but attempted to raise her veil, and that not in the most gentle manner. She instantly flew into a most indignant passion and, without a moment's pause, seized the boat-hook which lay at her feet and struck him violently on the head. No sooner had she performed this exploit than she became terrified at what she had done, and threw herself at once overboard into the water, although the cold was extreme. At first she swam with great swiftness, but as she had all her clothes on and the shore was at a considerable distance, her strength began to fail her. Several of the young girls who

were standing at the water-side instantly put off their boats to her aid; meanwhile, those who had remained in the boat with my unlucky cook, fearing the loss of their companion, threw themselves upon him like so many furies, resolved to drown him. This commotion did not conduce to the safety of the little boat, which was every moment on the point of overturning: from ours we were witnesses of this quarrel, and my people had all the difficulty in the world to separate and appease the combatants. I assure you the indiscreet Gascon got terribly the worst of the battle and made a most woeful appearance. At length we reached land and had scarcely disembarked when we saw the young heroine of the tale arrive, saved just in time by her friends, for she had begun to sink when they laid hands on her to drag her out of the river.

"She came to meet us with about fifty others, each with an oar on her shoulder. They marched in two long files, and were preceded by three who played admirably on the *tambour de Basque.* The spokeswoman advanced, and addressing me as *Andria,* a word which she repeated several times and which I found meant Madam (for it was all I could make out of her harangue), informed me that my cook should only remain in a whole skin on condition that the clothes of the adverse party should be paid for in proportion to the damage she had sustained.

"When she had finished this address the three performers on the tambour de Basque recommenced striking their instruments with violence, uttering loud cries and accompanying them with an exercise of their oars, which displayed considerable agility and a certain grace.

"Some *paragons* were distributed amongst this belligerent band, on which their good-humour returned, and their cries and dancing became louder and more animated as they wished me a happy journey and a safe return, and we left this maritime colony, still dancing and playing their tambours with infinite vehemence."

This agreeable writer goes on to describe her onward progress to Vittoria, and thus introduces us to the theatre of that town :—

"As soon as I entered the house cries of 'mira, mira!'—look, look!—were heard. The decorations were not particularly magnificent; the stage was raised on trestles and the boards were uneven, all the windows were open and no light borrowed from torches or lamps, so that you can imagine how much the spectacle gained by that circumstance. The play was the Life of St. Anthony, and whenever any of the actors said anything to please they were rewarded by loud cries of 'Vittoria, Vittoria!' which is, it appears, their manner of applauding. The only difference made in the dress of the devil from that of the other personages was, that his stockings were flame-colour and he wore a pair of horns to distinguish him. The drama was in three acts, between each of which was enacted a farce full of drolleries, in which a character, called *Gracisso,* appeared—a buffoon who, amongst a quantity of stupid things, sometimes says a clever one; dances, with harp and guitar accompaniment, filled up the other intervals, the female dancers having castagnettes and wearing a small hat; when they dance the saraband they appear not to touch the ground, so light and nimble are their movements. The style of dancing is entirely different to ours, they have too much movement of their arms, but they pass their hands frequently over their heads and before their faces in a manner which possesses a certain grace sufficiently pleasing in its way.

"You are not to think because these actors I describe were in a small

town that they are very different from those at Madrid. I have heard that the king's company is rather better, but all act the same *Comedias famosas,* and it must be confessed all are equally ridiculous. For instance, when St. Anthony says his *confiteor,* which he does very often, all the audience fall on their knees and give themselves such violent blows to accompany their *miâ culpâs,* that it is a mercy they escape without putting an end to themselves."

The character she gives of the Spaniards is not devoid of correctness, and her observation shows that they have not degenerated.

"The Spaniards have generally been considered proud and vain; theirs is a grave pride, and they carry it to an extreme. They are brave without being rash, and are accused, for that reason, of wanting boldness; they are passionate and vindictive without exhibiting their anger; liberal without ostentation; abstinent and sober, too presumptuous in good fortune, and too much humbled in adverse circumstances. They adore their women, but their passion is such that mind has but little to do with their attachments. They are patient to excess, obstinate, idle, precise, philosophical, and, on the whole, are an honourable people, considering their word as precious as life itself. They have a great deal of wit and vivacity, comprehend rapidly and explain themselves quickly in few words. They are prudent, outrageously jealous, careless of economy, disinterested, cautious, superstitious, and apparently very good Catholics.

"They compose verses well and readily, and are capable of acquiring the highest perfection in science if they would condescend to apply. They have much greatness of soul and elevation of mind, firmness, natural seriousness, and a respect for the female sex nowhere else to be met with. Their manners are quiet but affected, and they are fully convinced of their own merit, seldom rendering due justice to others. Their bravery is shown in holding themselves resolutely on the defensive without shrinking before danger, but they do not care to seek it, and are not naturally prone to the love of it; this is, however, an effect of judgment rather than timidity, for knowing peril they avoid it.

"Their worst fault, in my opinion, is the passion of revenge and the means they employ to indulge it; the maxims they hold respecting it are utterly at variance with Christianity and with honour, for if they receive an insult they assassinate, and this not so much from vengeance as from fear that, if they are not beforehand with their enemy, they will themselves fall victims to his blow. They have many futile arguments to support their reasoning, and, besides this, the impunity they meet with encourages the custom, for the churches and convents in Spain afford sanctuaries to criminals, consequently, as often as they can, their crimes are committed near some shrine that they may have as little space as possible between the action and their refuge: it consequently happens that one frequently sees a wretch clinging to the altar with the dagger still reeking in his hand with which he has committed a murder."

The time at which Madame d'Aulnoy wrote was before and just after that of Charles the Second of Spain's marriage with the niece of Louis the Fourteenth: she gives some amusing particulars respecting the court of Philip the Fourth when he married Anne of Austria, daughter of Ferdinand the Third, mother of Charles.

"When Anne, the young Queen, was on her way from Germany to Spain, the first town she stopped at that owned the King's sway,

happened to be celebrated for the manufacture of woollen petticoats and waistcoats and silk stockings. A deputation arrived to do her honour by presenting a quantity of this merchandise of the best quality and of a variety of colours; but the Queen's Major Domo, who was a mirror of etiquette and whose Spanish gravity nothing could disturb, felt himself shocked by this offering. He took all the packets of silk stockings and threw them contemptuously back to the deputies of the town, who presented them, exclaiming indignantly,

"'Know, base men, that the Queens of Spain are without legs.'

"Meaning that their rank is so exalted that they do not allow their feet to touch the ground like the rest of their sex.

"Be the meaning of the phrase what it might, the young Queen knew too little of the Spanish language to feel its delicacy: she only understood the words, and burst at once into a passion of tears, crying out, 'That she would return immediately to Vienna, and that if she had known before setting out that it was intended to cut off her legs, she would rather have died there than have consented to go to Spain.'

"It was not difficult to reassure her, and, tranquillity being restored, she resumed her journey. When she arrived at Madrid, this story was told to the King, who was so amused at her simplicity that he actually smiled, a circumstance worthy of note, for, from some unexplained reason, it was remarked that he had never smiled three times in his life.

"The future fortunes of the Queen were less amusing, as her exclamation may show, when, on being forced to dismiss her confessor, who was odious to the people, and on finding that his enemies were too strong for her, she threw herself on her couch exclaiming, with bitter tears,

"'Alas, alas! of what avail is it to me to be both Queen and Regent!'"

Amongst the anecdotes related by Madame d'Aulnoy of Mademoiselle, niece of Louis the Fourteenth, is one on which has been founded several romances, and the popular modern theatrical piece of "Ne Touchez pas à la Reine," in which she shows how, in consequence of a piece of antiquated court etiquette, the young King was nearly losing his bride, who, having been thrown from her horse, was dragged some distance before any knight was hardy enough to risk his own life to save hers, it being high treason to touch her; and even after two young lords had devoted themselves, the Queen was obliged to entreat their pardon on her knees in order to obviate the consequences of their generous act.

Madame d'Aulnoy has also written "Memoirs of the Court of England," but they are not so amusing as those furnished by De Grammont, not to speak of Pepys and many others of less note. The Duke of Monmouth is the hero of most of her anecdotes, but there is a want of reality about them, which deprives them of interest. She tells one story of a meeting of Buckingham and the Duchess of Monmouth in the Park, which might have suggested the well-known scene in the "Marriage of Figaro."

The most entertaining part of these anecdotes is, perhaps, the extravagant manner in which the authoress spells the names of her English characters. This is little surprising when we find the very latest of French novelists quite as far from the real orthography of our names. Buckingham is spelt Bouquinkam, certainly not a very bad way to convey the sound of the barbarous word to her ears.

In another of her professed romances she talks of the "My Lord de

Duglas," of the palace of "Withalt" and of the court of the King at "Medelan;" perhaps this is sufficient to show that the briefer the notice of her English reminiscences the better for English readers. The romance, however, of the "Comte de Warwick" assisted La Harpe to the plot of his tragedy, and might have helped more than one dramatist also, who have given a fictitious picture of the love of Edward and the King-maker for Lady Elizabeth Grey.

It was the fashion, at the time of Madame d'Aulnoy, for almost all writers of fiction to indulge their readers in childish fairy tales, too tame and spiritless in general to excite any interest in the nurseries of the present day. The fashionable lounger of that period, however, not only endured, but discovered in them a charm which might make one think they were under the spell of the fairies, for the merit is invisible to modern understandings. There is no end to the common-place imitations of the charming original fairy legends of old, which never lose their lustre and delight children in all ages, not to say *at* all ages.

One of the least insipid of these kind of tales by Madame d'Aulnoy is called, "La Belle aux Cheveux d'Or." The description of the heroine is pretty :—

"This King's daughter was so beautiful that she was called 'The Fair one with the golden hair,' for her hair was finer than the finest gold, marvellously fair, all waving and falling as low as her feet. She always appeared with her hair curling in this manner, bound with a circlet of flowers; her robes embroidered with diamonds and pearls, and she could never be seen without being loved. She sat on a throne of gold, ivory, and ebony, which sent forth a balmy odour, and the ladies who surrounded her played on divers instruments and sang *softly, in a manner not to disturb any one.*"

This latter virtue in the attendant ladies is certainly beyond praise; probably the authoress wrote feelingly in her description after a noisy concert.

The fairy tale of "Fortunée" is not badly told, and was considered a *chef-d'œuvre* at the time, but it is merely necessary to name those works which are far inferior to her letters, the latter forming her claim on the reader's attention.

---

# RECENT ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES.

The third volume of Humboldt's "Cosmos," the English translation of the second part of which has just been laid before the public, is exclusively devoted to the astronomical portion of his grand and comprehensive subject; and so many and so great have been the discoveries of late years in that department of science, that we think a short review of some of the principal facts may not be uninteresting to our readers.

Some idea may be formed of the rapid strides which we have been recently making in astronomical knowledge, by the fact that, when the first volume of the "Cosmos" appeared in 1845, our planetary system was supposed to consist of eleven principal planets, eighteen moons or satellites, and a vast number of comets, the paths of one hundred and fifty of which had been calculated. The present volume gives a list of no less than *twenty-two* principal planets, twenty-one satellites, and one hundred and ninety-seven comets, whose paths have been calculated, while, even as we are writing these lines, an announcement has appeared in the daily papers of the discovery of a twenty-third planet, simultaneously made in Italy and in England.

We purpose, therefore, to give in the following article a short sketch of some of the more striking facts and phenomena that have now become established, avoiding all technical terms and minute details, which, though invaluable to astronomers, would be wearying or unintelligible to the majority of our readers, and dealing rather with the results presented to us than with the mode in which they were attained.

Of all the heavenly bodies the moon is the one which is most nearly connected with us, and by its proximity affords the clearest insight into its physical constitution. Recent observations have only served to confirm the opinion which has long since been entertained by astronomers, that the moon is entirely devoid of atmosphere, and that, as a necessary consequence, a total absence of sound must prevail there. In Humboldt's own words, "the moon is a desert where silence reigns unbroken." The absence of water is another peculiarity, which, though not resting on evidence quite so conclusive, has been considered by the ablest astronomers as a fact already sufficiently established by the recent improvements in our telescopes. Those parts which in ancient times received the name of seas, are considered to be only depressions or valleys in the arid surface of the moon. The height of the mountains, by which these valleys are bounded, can be very accurately calculated, and the most lofty of them are found to be about twenty-two thousand feet high, slightly lower than the highest of the Himalaya. These are almost universally of the volcanic or crateriform structure, their craters being six or eight times as large as the largest known in our planet. In fact in consequence of the absence of water, the inequalities in the surface of the moon are entirely owing to igneous causes, and we may thus form some idea of what the state of our earth might have been, had the powerful agency of aqueous denudation and stratification been removed.

It was for a long time supposed that no heat whatever could be discovered in the lunar rays; an appreciable elevation of temperature has, however, been detected by means of very delicate instruments, and of a

lens or burning-glass of three feet diameter. The want of heat, however, is owing to its absorption in the upper regions of our atmosphere (where its effect is shown by the manner in which clouds are dispersed under the full moon), and not to any want of heat in the satellite itself, for, exposed as is the surface for fourteen days uninterruptedly, and unshaded by any atmosphere, to the full blaze of a vertical sun, it has been surmised by Sir John Herschel that its heat may possibly exceed that of boiling water !

Of the planets which, like ourselves, revolve around the central luminary of our system, there is but little to be said that is not either already well-known to our readers, or of a nature too purely scientific for our present purpose. The discovery of Neptune must, however, be mentioned as a proof of the proficiency that astronomical science has at present reached. The planet Uranus was found not to occupy the place which, theoretically, it ought to have done, and in 1846, two astronomers, Adams in England and Le Verrier at Paris, calculated independently that another planet ought to exist, whose attraction should account for the discrepancy. M. Le Verrier's observations were forwarded to M. Galle at Berlin, who searched the heavens in the direction indicated, and, within one degree of the spot pointed out by theory, the planet was actually discovered.

The numerous other planets which have been recently added to our list, belong without exception to that family of asteroids or smaller planets, of which four were discovered in the beginning of the present century. It seems by no means improbable that they all originally formed part of a larger planet which had been dashed to pieces in some convulsion of nature. This theory is somewhat supported by the fact that their orbits are all so connected that, if we suppose them to be material rings and any one of them to be taken up, the others would all be found to be lifted or suspended on it.

If we now turn from the contemplation of the planets properly so called to that of those wonderful and imperfectly-known bodies, which we denominate comets, we feel the sort of excitement that a sportsman might do when, after trudging along a turnpike road at eight miles an hour, he mounts his favourite steed and dashes across the country at the top of his speed, ready for everything that may offer itself, regardless of all obstacles in his path, and prepared to run any risks that he may incur by so headlong a course.

The bodies now under consideration, instead of revolving uniformly in the same direction, with a regular velocity, in orbits almost circular, and situated in nearly the same place, removed from all danger of mutual injury or collision, appear regardless of all such considerations. Revolving in orbits of every degree of eccentricity, they are now exposed for a brief period to a scorching heat, of which we can form no conception, and again are hurled to a distance remote from all light and heat, where for hundreds of years they drag their slow length along, till the inevitable period again recurs when they are once more summoned within the planetary circles. But even then, when we may imagine them rejoicing in their return to the source of light and heat, they are liable to disappointment, and to a total change in their movements from anything they had previously experienced. Should they incautiously approach too near to one of the larger planets, cool to them, their fate is sealed, the direction of their motion is altered, and they may very possibly, by a change

in their orbit from an ellipse to a hyperbola, be for ever banished from our system. It is upon record that one of the comets of shorter period, which made its nearest approach to the sun in 1770, and ought again to have done so in 1776 and 1782, has never been since seen or heard of. In 1776 it no doubt again approached the sun, but circumstances rendered it invisible in Europe, but in 1779, ere its period of revolution was again completed, it passed so close to Jupiter that the attraction excited upon it by that planet was two hundred times greater than that of the sun, and necessarily deflected it so much from its course that it has since been quite impossible to recognize it. "Jupiter indeed," Sir John Herschel remarks, "seems by some strange fatality to be constantly in the way of the comets, and to serve as a perpetual stumbling-block to them." ("Outlines of Astronomy," § 585.)

The great comet of 1843, which must be in the recollection of all our readers, approached the sun within about one-seventh part of his own radius. To give some idea of this proximity, it may be sufficient to state that the sun must have appeared nearly two hundred and forty times larger than it does to us, and the light and heat derived from it more than forty-seven thousand times greater. At this time the comet was moving with the velocity of three hundred and sixty-six miles in a second, in contrast to which we may state that the great comet of 1680 has been calculated, at its furthest distance from the sun, to move only ten *feet* in the same time. But the most remarkable event in connection with the history of comets which has happened in modern times, took place in 1846, when a well known comet of small period was actually seen before the very eyes of the astonished stargazers to divide into two distinct comets, both of which pursued their own paths, slightly increasing their distance from each other, till their remoteness from the sun rendered them invisible. Their return may be looked for early in next year, by which time it has been calculated that an interval of sixteen days will have taken place between them, and most anxiously will the heavens be examined at that time to ascertain, if possible, the sequel to so strange a story. This is the comet whose orbit intersects that of the earth ; a fact which, unless some change should take place in its motion, must render a collision sooner or later inevitable.

Another curious result that we obtain from the study of the cometary movements, is the existence of a subtle fluid that pervades space, and which, subtle as it is, has yet sufficient density to exercise an appreciable influence on the movements of bodies, that themselves possess so small a mass in proportion to their volume. It has been ascertained that the period at which Encke's comet returns to the sun is shortened at every revolution ; a fact which is explained by the supposition of a resisting medium, which lessens the centrifugal force, and thus increases the power of the sun's attraction. The ultimate result must be that the comet will either fall into the sun or become altogether dissipated by his increasing heat.

---

# INDEX

## TO THE THIRTY-FIRST VOLUME.

---

A.


Adelaide, Queen, First Visit to the Court of, 639.
Adventures of a Beauty, 593.
Advice to Lovers, 319.
Albemarle's (Lord) Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham, 209.
Amateur Soldiering, 220.
Amboise, The Arabs and Abd-el-Kader at, 258.
American Humour, Sam Slick's Traits of, 349.
American Revolution, Bancroft's History of the, 353.
An Ancient British Coin recently discovered at Dover, 334.
Anecdotes of Horses, 225.
Anecdote of Lord Byron, 115.
Anecdotes of Ostriches, 491.
Anglo-Saxons (The) in America, 353.
Antony, the Deaf and Dumb Boy, 351.
April, The First of, 453.
Arabs (The) and Abd-el-Kader at Amboise, 258.
Architect (Life of an)—School Days,—My First Coming to London,—First Christmas in London,—I Leave School, am Apprenticed, and fall in Love,—London as I found it, and as it was some sixty years before, 326, 398, 507, 512, 613.
Astronomical Discoveries, Recent, 710.
A. W. C., The Carrier Pigeon, 544.


B.


Baalbec (A Visit to) the Baalath of Solomon, 385.
Bancroft's History of the American Revolution, 353.
Bartlett's Footsteps of Our Lord and His Apostles, 15.
Beauty, Adventures of a, 593.
Beck (The Baroness Von) 314.
Better Things, 460.
Betting Offices, The Last New London Plague, 645.
Bishop Berkeley and Rationalism, 294.
Blackwood (The late Robert), Esq., 333.
Bombay, Life in, 244.
Brace (C. L.)—Hungary in 1851, with an Experience of the Austrian Police, 516, 652.
British Empire, Macgregor's History of the, 336.
Burton's Scinde, or the Unhappy Valley, 83.
Byron, Anecdote of Lord, 115.


C.


Campbell's Modern India, 469.
Cape (The) and the Kafirs; or, Notes of Five Years' Residence in South Africa. By Alfred W. Cole, 33.
Career (The) of Prince Schwarzenburg, 558.
Carrier Pigeon (The), by A. W. C., 544.
Charade, 106.
Clara Harrington, 103.
Clarendon Gallery (The), 377.
Cloud (The) in the Honeymoon, by M. A. B., 136.
Cluster (A) of Novels, 346.
Coke's California, 197.
Coin (An Ancient British) recently discovered at Dover, 334.
Cole's (A. W.) — The Cape and the Kafirs; or, Notes of Five Years' Residence in South Africa, 105.
Collins', Mr. Wray's Cash-box, 106.

Columbus Unveiling America to her Sister Continents, 397.
Convent (The) and the Harem, 104.
Correspondence of the Count de Mirabeau with the Count de la Marck, 7.
Coup d'Etat, How Mr. Robert Smithson assisted in the late, 148.
Creasy's Unsuccessful Great Men. — No. III. Vercingetorix,—IV. Coligni, —V. The Gracchi, 60, 107, 475.
Cretins and their Benefactors, 405.
Crocodiles. Zoological Notes and Anecdotes, 123.

D.

D'Aulnoy, Madame, 705.
Death Flag (The), 102.
De la Pryme, Charles, Love and Law, by, 628.
Dennistoun's Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino, 80.
Dewdrop (The), 51.
Diplomatist (Leaves from the Life of an Old), 203.
Doncaster (A Glance at) Races and Racing, 116.
Don Manuel de Rosas, 487.
Dream-Ladder (The), 185.
Du Pan, Memoirs of Mallet, 553.

E.

Emily Howard, 351.
Emperor Joseph II. (The) of Austria: Regulations drawn up by the Emperor for the Education of his Nephew, the Archduke Francis, afterwards Francis I. Now first published, 340.
England and her Historians, 336.
England in the Reign of Edward the Fourth, 266.
English Administrations from 1815 to 1830, 320.
Eta's.—The Dewdrop, 51; Liberty. A Fable, 152; Columbus Unveiling America to her Sister Continents, 397.
Every Man his own Monument, 438.

F,

Fair Carew (The); or, Husbands and Wives, 101.
Falkenburgh, 105.
Farewell to the Old Year, 52.
Ferdinand de Candolles, 414.
Fiancées, My Three. A Tale of Disappointed Love, 252.
First (The) of April, 453.
First Visit to the Court of Queen Adelaide, 639.
Florence Sackville, 106.
Footsteps of our Lord and his Apostles, 15.
Franklin's Parables of our Lord, 16.
Frogs, oh! 263.

G.

Glance (A) at Doncaster Races and Racing, 116.
Glance at the Zoological Gardens in 1852, 622.
Grand Review at St. Petersburgh, 590.

H.

Hearts and Altars, 350.
Heir (The) of Ardennan, 593.
Highgate, Sworn at, 674.
Hollis, (W.) "The Sea." Latinè Redditum, 257.
Honour, A Point of. A Chapter of Life, 663.
Horace Grantham, 351.
Horses (Anecdotes of), 225.
How I distinguished myself at Portsmouth, 610.
How Mr. Robert Smithson assisted in the late Coup d'Etat, 148.
How to Write a Play, 580.
Hungary in 1851, with an Experience of the Austrian Police, by Charles Loring Brace, 516, 652.

I.

India (Modern), 465.
India (Society in), 220.
Italy in the Fifteenth Century, 80.

J.

Jacob Bendixen, the Jew, 347,
Japan (What we Know about), 545.
Jewish Heroine (The); a True Story, 89, 140.
Joseph II. (The Emperor) of Austria: Regulations drawn up by the Emperor for the Education of his Nephew, the Archduke Francis, afterwards Francis I. Now first published, 340.

K.

Kavanagh (Julia), Women of Christianity by, 474.

L.

Lambert (Madame de), 565.
Last, The, New London Plague; or a word about Betting Offices, 645.
Late Baroness (The) Von Beck, 314.
Leaves from the Life of an Old Diplomatist, 203.
Lena; or, The Silent Woman, 594.
Liberty. A Fable, by Eta, 152.
Life of an Architect. — School Days,— My First coming to London,— First Christmas in London.—I Leave School, am Apprenticed, and fall in Love,— London as I found it, and as it was

some sixty years before, 326, 398, 507, 512, 613.
Life in Bombay, 244.
Literary Gossip (A) with Miss Mitford, 165.
Literary Novelties, for the Winter Season, 101.
Literature and Romance (The) of Northern Europe, 592.
Little Mistake (A), 281.
Lives of John Stunning, by J. Jumbell; and of the Duke of Smith, by Israel Benoni, M.P., 289.
Love and Law, 628.
Lovers (Advice to), by M. A. B., 319.

M.

M. A. B.'s The Shoe, 21; Farewell to the Old Year, 52; Charade, 106; The Cloud in the Honeymoon, 136; Advice to Lovers, 319; Stop, Thief; 404; How to Write a Play, 580.
Macaulay (Memoir of the Right Hon. Thomas Babington), 1.
Macgregor's History of the British Empire, 336.
Man of the World (Reminiscences of a), 273, 361, 572.
Marck (Memoir of Count de la), 173, 301, 368.
Marriage, An Unhappy, 698.
Mary Russell Mitford, 597.
Memoir of Count de la Marck, 173, 301, 368.
Melville's The Whale, 105.
Memoir of the Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay, 1.
Memoirs (The) of Mallet du Pan, 553.
Midnight Mass, The, An Episode in the Reign of Terror, 629.
Mirabeau (Correspondence of the Count de) with Count de la Marck, 7.
Mitford, Mary Russell, 597.
Mitford (Miss), A Literary Gossip with, 165.
Mitford's Literary Life, 165.
Modern India, 465.
Moore (Thomas), 423.
My Three Fiancées. A Tale of Disappointed Love, 250.

N.

Napier's History of General Sir Charles Napier's Administration of Scinde, 83.
Napier (Sir Charles) and the Unhappy Valley, 82.
Nathalie, 595.
New Granada (Notes on), by an English Resident, 23.
New Illustrated Publications, 15.
Nicaragua (Mr. Squier and), 442.
Northern Europe (The Literature and Romance of), 592.
Notes on New Granada, by an English Resident, 23.
Novels (A Cluster of), 346.

O.

Old Engagement (The), 103.
Old Year (Farewell to the), 52.
Oregon, California, and the Sandwich Islands, 197.
Ostriches (Anecdotes of), 401.
Oyster-bed (An) in Difficulties, 53.

P.

Pampas (The) Fired by the Indians, 70.
Pappenheimers (The), 102.
Parables of our Lord, by Franklin, 17.
Paris in 1852, 682.
Passage (A) in the Life of Mr. Perugino Potts, 153.
Perils (The) of Fashion, 593.
Pisani's (The Countess) Convent and the Harem, 105.
Point of Honour, A. A Chapter of Life, 663.
Popular French Authoresses of the Seventeenth Century.—Madame de Lambert, 565, Madame D'Aulnoy, 705.
Portsmouth, How I distinguished myself at, 610.
Potts (A Passage in the Life of Mr. Perugino), 153.
Pre-Raphaelitism; or Obsoletism in Art, 598.
Publications (New Illustrated), 15.

R.

Rationalism and Bishop Berkeley, 294.
Ravenscliffe, 102.
Recent Astronomical Discoveries, 710.
Recent Visit to Thebes, 581.
Reminiscence of a Man of the World, 273, 361, 572.
Revelations of a Nervous Man, 535.
Rippingille's Pre-Raphaelitism; or Obsoletism in Art, 598.
Rockingham (Albemarle's, Lord), Memoirs of the Marquis of, 209.
Roebuck's History of the Whig Ministry, 320.
Rosas (Don Manuel de), 487.

S.

Sam Slick's Traits of American Humour, 349.
Schwarzenburg (The Career of Prince), 558.
Scinde, or the Unhappy Valley, 83.
"Sea!" (The). Latinè Redditum, by W. Hollis, 257.
Shoe (The), 21.
Society in India, 242.
Soldiering (Amateur), 220.

Spiritual Alchemy, 349.
Squier (Mr.) and Nicaragua, 442.
Statues (The Twelve Black), 17.
Stop, Thief! 404.
St. Petersburgh (Grand Review at), 590.
Sworn at Highgate, 674.

T.

Thebes, Recent Visit to, 581.
To a few Violets enclosed in a Letter from "La Belle Jardinière," by G. M. M., 413.
Tours with Old Travellers. Travels in England in the Reign of Edward the Fourth, 266.
Traditions of Whig Cabinets, 209.
Twelve (The) Black Statues, 17.

U.

Unhappy Marriage, An, 698.
Unsuccessful Great Men.—No. III. Vercingetorix, — IV. Coligni, — V. The Gracchi. By Professor Creasy, 60, 107, 475.
Urbino (Dennistoun's Memoirs of the Dukes of), 80.

V.

Violets, To a few, enclosed in a Letter from "La Belle Jardinière," by G. M. M., 413.
Visit (A) to Baalbec, the Baalath of Solomon, 385.

W.

Whale (The), 105.
What we Know about Japan, 545.
Whig Ministry (Roebuck's History of the), 320.
Women of Christianity, by Julia Kavanagh, 474.
Wray's (Mr.) Cash-box, 106.

Z.

Zoological Gardens, A Glance at, in 1852, 622.
Zoological Notes and Anecdotes.—Crocodiles, 123; Horses, 225; Ostriches, 491.

END OF THE THIRTY-FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:
Printed by Samuel Bentley and Co.,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.