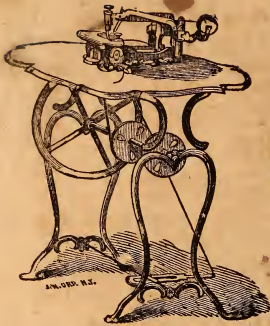


LITTLELL'S
LIVING AGE.
SECOND SERIES.

LITTELL, SON & COMPANY:
Tremont Street, Boston;
343 Broadway, New York;
140 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.



WHEELER & WILSON'S FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

These improved Machines are rapidly coming into general favor, and acknowledged to be the ONLY machines adapted to family use. The beauty and durability of their stitching are unrivalled, working equally on fine cambric, quilting and heavy broadcloth. The rapid and noiseless operation of these machines is an advantage possessed by no other, while their simplicity of construction renders them easier of use, besides being less liable to get out of repair,—an objection reasonably urged against all other machines. To families, shirtmakers, Tailors, Milliners, &c., one of these machines is invaluable. Specimens of work furnished at any time where the machines are in operation, and for sale, at

63, Court Street, corner of Cornhill, Boston.

J. E. ROOT, *Agent.*

ALSO, AT 343 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

C I R C U L A R .

OFFICE OF THE LIVING AGE.

The stereotype plates of this work now fill 1000 boxes, and weigh 30 tons. The amount of capital locked up in them, even as mere metal, is greater than we can afford; so that we are obliged to melt and sell them. Before doing so, we propose to print as many complete sets as may be ordered, and to sell any numbers or volumes necessary to complete volumes or sets in the hands of our subscribers. We press this upon their attention, for the value of a complete set is very great, and well worth the expense necessary to make it complete.

Here are 40 volumes, equal in quantity of matter to 120 ordinary octavos; in other words, equal to a whole set of the Edinburgh Review for sixty years. And it is made up of the best productions of the best writers of the last ten years; not dull, dry or abstract, but instinct with the Motion and Spirit of the Age we Live in. Its interest will not diminish as the volumes grow old, and fifty years hence it will be read with as much zest as at present.

On the grounds of public good, his own profit, and his future reputation, the Editor is desirous that a set of this work should be placed in every public library and school district in the United States; being confident that its influence will be only good upon every reader,—especially upon those who may be stirring up their spirits to self-instruction.

It is a material requisite in making up a library, that the works should not only contain good matter, but should be various and attractive. The Editor of the Living Age is confident in saying that this work is eminently *readable*, and will continually be taken from the shelves of any library, public or private, in which it may be placed. We have seen in the Franklin Library at Philadelphia, a set of the "Museum," which we edited before the Living Age was started, the volumes of which were *thumbed* to pieces, like old spelling books. Made up of *the best*, it cannot be otherwise.

Your advice and assistance, dear reader, is invited, toward the accomplishment of the object above set forth; and while by so doing you will do good to all who read the work it will perhaps be pleasant to you to know that you will also benefit the person who has long and laboriously "winnowed the wheat from the chaff," that you might enjoy it the more easily.

LITTELL, SON & CO.

CONTENTS OF LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 582.

1. England's Forgotten Worthies,	Westminster Review, . . . 131
2. Love's Provocations,	Hogg's Instructor, . . . 149
3. Our Ally to a Certain Extent,	Examiner, 173
4. French Love,	Household Words, . . . 175
5. The Veda and its Translation,	Times, 180
6. Printing: Antecedents; Origin; Results,	Economist, 183
7. The Magic Chessmen,	Fraser's Magazine, . . . 184
8. Poor People's Children,	Chambers' Journal, . . . 186

POETRY:—Louis David—the Regicide; To June, 129. Ode to Sleep, 130. Strive, Wait and Pray, 174. Time and the Premier, 179. Protestant Sister of Mercy, 185.

SHORT ARTICLES:—A Scotch Song, 145. Our Houses, 179. Anecdote of a Sheep, 185.

A. S. BARNES & CO.,

51 & 53 JOHN STREET, N. Y.,

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

BROOKFIELD'S

First Book in Composition,

ON AN ENTIRE NEW PLAN.

This little work is an attempt to furnish a text book in this department, adapted to the wants of beginners. Subjects have been selected upon which the thoughts of all children exercise themselves spontaneously; and an outline of each given in the form of a series of questions. This form has been chosen upon the principle, that in answering a question the mind is forced to take an attitude of the highest activity. It also possesses the advantage of leading the child to express his thoughts in writing in the same manner as in conversation. It is hoped that the above work may save many hours of fruitless effort to the child, and that what is generally considered an unpleasant task may be rendered a pleasing and profitable exercise.

Price, 37 1-2 Cents.

Single copies mailed on receipt of price by the Publishers.

IN PRESS.

Bartlett's College Astronomy.

Davies' Cyclopædia of Mathematics.

LIFE SIZE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Messrs. WHIPPLE & BLACK, No. 96 Washington Street, are now prepared to make copies from the smallest Daguerreotype, life size, on paper or canvas; also Portraits from life executed in the same style, finished in oil colors, equaling in beauty the finest painting, and as likenesses far surpassing those produced by the ordinary method of portraiture.

THE NINTH QUARTERLY VOLUME

OF THE

Second Series of the Living Age, IS NOW READY.

It is an attractive and appropriate gift book. Price, neatly bound in cloth, \$2.

Subscribers may have the corresponding numbers bound in the same style for fifty cents.

LITTELL, SON & CO.,

Tremont, cor. Bromfield St., Boston.
343, Broadway, New York.



HERTS BROTHERS
AMALGAMATED IRIDIUM ZINC & PLATINA
PENS.
WARRANTED NOT TO CORRODE.

HERTS BROTHERS, having been many years engaged in the manufacture of Metallic Pens, and during that time having devoted their unceasing attention to improving and perfecting that useful and necessary article, the result of their unceasing efforts and numerous experiments has been the construction of a Pen on a principle entirely new, combining all the advantages of the elasticity and clearness of the Quill, with six times the durability of the Steel Pen; and thus entirely obviating the only objection that has hitherto existed against the use of Steel Pens.

This Pen will be found an invaluable article in Offices, as they never need wiping; also to Banks and Schools, as they will not spatter nor cut the thinnest paper, and are warranted anti-corrosive.

CAUTION.—The universal celebrity of these Pens having induced several disreputable makers to foist upon the public a spurious imitation, it will please to be observed that each genuine Pen is stamped "HERTS BROTHERS' PATENT, 1853," and each box of Genuine Pens will contain a label with a fac-simile of the Manufacturers' name.

May be had Wholesale of

CUTLER, TOWER & CO.

SOLE AGENTS FOR UNITED STATES,

NOS. 17 AND 19 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

Dr. Wesselhoef's Water Cure,

BRATTLEBORO', VERMONT,

Which has been in successful operation for ten years, is open for the reception of invalids without ever closing. When indicated by the disease and on request of patients, they may have the hydropathic treatment combined with Homeopathy and Kinesitherapy, or the Swedish system of Medical Gymnastics. Resident Physician, Dr. FRED. MILLER. For terms, &c., please apply to
MRS. F. WESSELHOEFT, Proprietress.

WATER CURE—HYDROPATHIC and HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, No. 15 Laight Street, New York. R. T. TRALL, M. D., Proprietor. Accommodations for 100 patients. Special department for female diseases. Competent Female Physicians for cases of Midwifery. Office consultations and out-door practice attended to. School department for education of Lecturers and Physicians. Regular or Lecture Term from November to May, and Private or Summer Term from May to November of each year.

Hilliard's Speeches;
SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES. By HENRY
W. HILLIARD; 1839 to 1854.

Sub-Treasury System. Oregon Question. Pay of Troops.
War with Mexico. Relief for Poland. Smithsonian In-
stitution. Mission to Rome. Government for Oregon.
Policy of Administration. French Revolution. Policy of
President Polk. Governments for the New Territories.
Slavery and the Union. California. President Taylor's
Policy. Personal and Political. Death of President Tay-
lor. Texas and New Mexico. Indians. Vindication of
Mr. Webster.

Address to Constituents. General Taylor's Claims to
the Presidency. Massachusetts and the Union. American
Industry. American Government. Charles Carroll. Death
of President Harrison. Character of Henry Clay. Daniel
Webster. Woman.

Harper & Brothers, New York.

Letters to Bishop Hughes;
LETTERS TO THE RIGHT REV. JOHN HUGHES,
ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

Revised and Enlarged.

By KIRWAN.

Harper & Brothers, New York.

Mountains and Molehills;
OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF A BURNT JOURNAL.

By FRANK MARRYATT.

Author of "Borneo and the Eastern Archipelago;" with
Illustrations by the Author.

Harper & Brothers, New York.

Timboo and Joliba.
HARPER'S STORY BOOKS. NO. 8. JULY, 1855.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Harper & Brothers, New York.

**Pen Drawing;—A New System of Practi-
cal Penmanship,** 26th Edition; founded on scientific
movements, explaining the art of Pen Making—**A New
Writing Book,** for the use of Schools and Acade-
mies, in 3 Numbers.

James French & Co., Boston.

JOHN PENINGTON & SON

HAVE PRINTED

A CATALOGUE OF BOOKS,

With prices annexed, forming a portion of their valuable
and curious collection. Copies will, with pleasure, be fur-
nished those who apply for them.

Philadelphia, July 1.

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN,

Wishing to reach the attention of the

BEST CLASS OF READERS

IN THE COUNTRY,

WILL FIND THE

Advertising Sheet of the Living Age

A VALUABLE MEDIUM.

*For Publishers, Booksellers, Academies, Dealers
in Piano Fortes, Carpetings, Jewelry and Silver
Ware, Engravers, Printers, First Class Hotels,
&c., the "LIVING AGE" is UNEQUALLED as
an advertising medium. Address*

LITTELL, SON & CO.

**Tremont, cor. Bromfield Streets,
BOSTON.**

North Granville Female Seminary.

First Session of 14 Weeks begins Sept. 5.

**HIRAM ORCUTT, A. M. } Principals.
MRS. HIRAM ORCUTT, }**

With a full board of experienced teachers in the several
departments

Building new and elegant, cost \$15,000; will accommo-
date some 125 boarding scholars. Expense for board, in-
cluding fuel, lights, and washing, and tuition in primary
branches, \$170 per scholastic year.

For circulars, containing full information, (with engrav-
ing,) or for admission, apply to HIRAM ORCUTT, Thetford,
Vt., until Aug. 1st; after that time, North Granville, N. Y.
A. WILLETT, Secretary.

North Granville, N. Y., June, 1855.

**TAYLOR & ADAMS,
ENGRAVERS ON WOOD,**

29 JOY'S BUILDING,

(HEAD OF STATE STREET,)

BOSTON.

P. S. Particular attention given to all Orders sent by
Mail or Express.

THOMAS GROOM & CO.

IMPORTERS OF

English and French Stationery,

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

ACCOUNT BOOKS,

INDIA BUILDING,

82 STATE STREET, BOSTON.

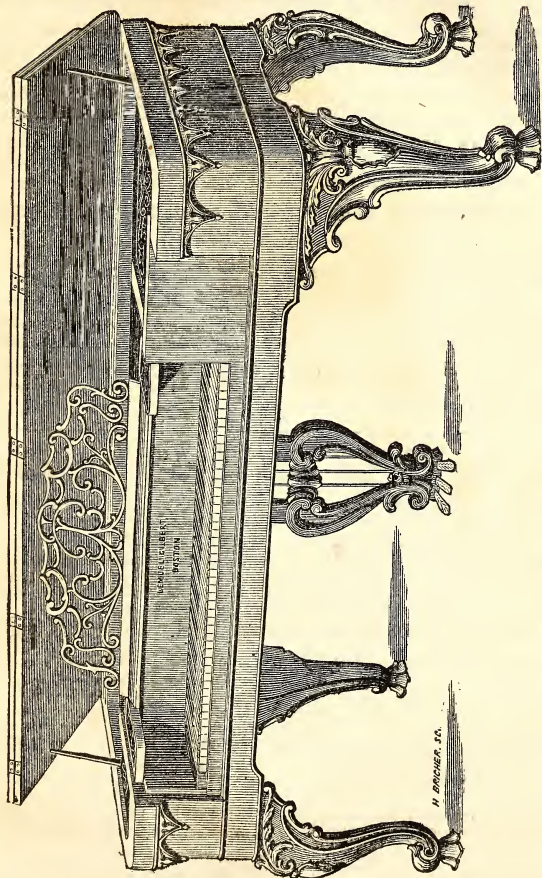
THE MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION HAVE TWICE AWARDED TO THOMAS
GROOM & CO., A SILVER MEDAL FOR SUPERIOR ACCOUNT BOOKS.

LEMUEL GILBERT,

NO. 514, WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON, MASS.

CUPID SCALE.



Having had twenty years' experience as Manufacturer it gives me pleasure to inform my friends and the public that the PIANOS which I am now manufacturing are built from an entirely new scale and of the newest patterns, with all the modern improvements.

Purchasers sending orders can rely upon particular care and attention in the selection of a PIANO; and as satisfactory Prices given as if they gave their personal attendance.

PIANO-FORTES!

MADE BY
T. GILBERT & CO.

The present senior partner in this firm is the oldest manufacturer in Boston, having been in this business more than twenty-seven years, first, under the style of CURRIER & GILBERT, afterwards T. GILBERT, and for about twenty years past, T. GILBERT & CO., and having manufactured upwards of *Six Thousand Pianos-fortes*, which can be found in all parts of the country, they refer to these, matters of fact, as their testimonials, confident that their report will be worth more than gold or silver medals, or any of the usual puffing forms of advertisement.

They are the sole owners of **COLEMAN'S PATENT AEOLIAN ATTACHMENT**, for Massachusetts, of which it is sufficient to say they have applied upwards of *two thousand*, with an increasing demand and untold success.

Orders from any part of the country, or world, sent direct to the Manufactory in Boston, with Cash or satisfactory reference, will be promptly attended to, and as faithfully executed as if the parties were present, or employed an agent to select, and on as reasonable terms.

WM. H. JAMESON.

T. GILBERT & CO.,
484 Washington Street, Boston.

RUSHTON'S COD LIVER OIL,

FOR CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, SCROFULOUS DISEASES, &c.,

Prepared only by **FREDERICK V. RUSHTON**, son of the late **WILM L. RUSHTON**.

ORIGINATOR AND SENIOR PARTNER OF THE LATE FIRM OF

RUSHTON, CLARK & Co.

The firm of Rushton, Clark & Co., being dissolved by its own limitation, I will carry on the business in all its branches at the old establishment No. 10 Astor House cor. Barclay st., and No. 417 Broadway cor. Canal st., (Brandreth House,) New York. Possessing all the receipts of the late W. L. Rushton, and of all the firms he originated and was senior partner of, I will continue to make all the preparations of the late Rushton, Clark & Co.; and having obtained my knowledge of preparing them from my father, I feel I can safely claim for them the same character, for superiority and purity, for which they have been noted.

CARPETINGS.

WILLIAM P. TENNY & CO.

HAYMARKET SQUARE,

Have now in store a large assortment of FRESH CARPETINGS, for spring sales, embracing the latest patterns of

ENGLISH & AMERICAN MANUFACTURE,

FROM THE LOWEST TO THE HIGHEST COST GOODS, IN

Ingrain, Three-Ply, Brussels, Velvet and Wilton Carpets,

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,

COCOA AND CANTON MATTINGS, RUGS, MATS, &c.

Purchasers are invited to examine.

ENCAUSTIC TILES, for Floors of Churches and Public Buildings, and for Vestibules, Halls, Conservatories, Dining-Rooms, and Hearths in Dwellings. These Tiles are of an almost infinite variety of patterns, and very hard and strong, and are in use in the best houses in all parts of the country.

ALSO, GARNKIRK CHIMNEY-TOPS, suited to every style of architecture, and recommended in Downing's work on country houses and by architects generally. For sale by **MILLER, COATES & YOULE.**

Story of the Campaign;

A Complete Narrative of the War in Russia. Written in a Tent in the Crimea. By MAJOR E. BRUCE HAMLEY Author of Lady Lee's Widowhood. Price, 37½ Cents.

Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

MONUMENTAL WORKS

Plain or Decorated,

At **JOS. CAREW'S,**

143 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON,

Where Designs and Models may be seen.

Agency for Scagliola works.

The Sure Anchor;

By REVEREND H. P. ANDREWS.

12mo., Cloth. 216 pages. Price, 62½ Cents.

James French & Co., Boston.

MOORE & ATKINS,
PURCHASERS OF ACCOUNTS
 AND
GENERAL NEWSPAPER AGENCY,

FOR THE
 COLLECTING OF SUBSCRIPTIONS
 IN THE STATES OF

NEW YORK, CONNECTICUT AND NEW JERSEY,

Also, Agency for Receiving Subscriptions and Advertisements for Newspapers and Periodicals throughout the United States.

EDWARD P. MOORE,
 CHARLES H. ATKINS. }

335 BROADWAY, N. Y.

A BOOK FOR FAMILY READING AND INSTRUCTION!

**The Pictorial Sunday Book, Scripture Atlas, and
 GEOGRAPHY OF THE HOLY LAND,**

By DR. JOHN KITTO, F. S. A.

Illustrated by 1600 Engravings on Wood and Steel, and a series of Illuminated Maps.

To the Sunday School Teacher, it is admirably suited as a Text-Book, and will form a valuable addition to the Congregational Library. Now publishing in parts, at 50 Cents each; to be completed in 13 parts.

ENGLAND'S BATTLES BY SEA AND LAND,

INCLUDING THE

PRESENT EXPEDITION AGAINST RUSSIA,

Illustrated by Portraits of all the leading men of the present war; also, Maps and Views of interesting places, in connection with current history. Now publishing in Parts at 25 cents and 50 cents each, and in Divisions handsomely bound at \$2.

THE LONDON PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY,

S. D. BRAIN, Agent, 55 Dey St., N. Y.; 182 Washington St., Boston.

AGENTS REQUIRED TO OBTAIN SUBSCRIBERS FOR THE ABOVE WORKS.
 APPLY TO THE PUBLISHER.

Cincinnati Retreat for the Insane.

IN CHARGE OF

EDWARD MEAD, M. D.

Editor of the American Psychological Journal, Lecturer on Insanity and Forensic Medicine, late Professor of Obstetrics, and formerly of Materia Medica, &c.

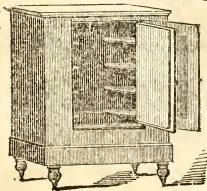
This Institution is open for the reception of patients. It is a select establishment, presenting superior advantages. None but quiet patients are admitted. The long experience of the Superintendent as a practitioner and teacher, affords a guaranty of kindly care and the most successful treatment.

Terms made known on application to Dr. MEAD, Cincinnati, Ohio.



AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE,
 68 Tremont Street, Boston, where can be found a large assortment of TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS and SHOULDER BRACES. Also, the best apparatus for the Correction and Cure of all kinds of Deformities. The above instruments are used at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and are recommended by the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this country and in Europe.

REFRIGERATORS



Manufactured by

DARIUS EDDY

102 Railroad Block,

OPPOSITE

Worcester Depot.

BOSTON.

Books Published at the Office of the

Living Age, in uniform style—to match the Living Age. Sent by mail to any part of the United States, postage free, for the following prices:—

- Deborah's Diary; by the author of "Mary Powell,"—124 cents.
- The Experiences of Richard Taylor, Esq.—25 cents.
- Marston of Dunoran, a Tale,—25 cents.
- Leaves from the Note-Book of a Naturalist,—50 cents.
- Fardorougha, the Miser,—25 cents.
- The Heirs of Gauntry, a Story of Wales—124 cents.
- Lizzie Arnold, History of a Household, and Lizzie Wilson,—25 cents.
- The Story of a Family, by the author of "The Maiden Aunt,"—25 cents.
- The Modern Vassal, a Story of Poland.—25 cents.
- Feats on the Fiord, a story of Norway, by Miss Martineau,—25 cents.

T H E BOSTON JOURNAL.

DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY, AND WEEKLY.

TERMS.

DAILY in Advance, - - - Six Dollars a Year. | SEMI-WEEKLY, - - - - Four Dollars a Year.
Single Copies, - - - - - Two Cents. | WEEKLY, - - - - - Two Dollars a Year.
JOURNAL FOR CALIFORNIA, - - - - Six Cents a Copy.

On the first of January, 1855, the BOSTON JOURNAL entered upon its twenty-third year, under circumstances the most gratifying to its Proprietors. That kind appreciation and large patronage which it has been their aim to merit, has been bestowed upon it to an extent far surpassing their expectations, and they now have the pleasure of seeing the JOURNAL, as is almost universally acknowledged by its contemporaries,

Standing at the head of the Newspaper Press in New England.

THE DAILY JOURNAL,

Containing more reading matter than any other daily paper published in Boston, and sold for TWO CENTS a COPY, issued

MORNING AND EVENING,

Making two complete papers each day. Each edition contains the very LATEST NEWS received by MAIL and by TELEGRAPH up to the moment of going to press. The publication of the JOURNAL, MORNING and EVENING, in connection with its being printed on one of HOE'S FOUR CYLINDER, FAST PRESSES, capable of printing

Ten Thousand an Hour,

Enables us to hold back our forms until the latest moment, and often to publish important News from TWELVE to TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN ADVANCE OF OTHER PAPERS.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL,

Containing all the business and reading matter of the Daily for three days, is published Tuesday and Friday mornings, at Four Dollars a year in advance.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL,

Published every Thursday Morning, at Two Dollars a Year, contains the cream of all the current news of each week; reports of meetings and lectures, miscellaneous reading, calculated to interest, amuse and instruct the reader.

ADVERTISERS

In the JOURNAL not only get the LARGEST CIRCULATION for their advertisements, but the benefit of advertising in TWO PAPERS AT ONE PRICE, AS ALL ADVERTISEMENTS ARE INSERTED IN BOTH MORNING AND EVENING PAPERS. All advertisements are set up in uniform style, in clear type, and arranged under appropriate heads, and are inserted at rates CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER BOSTON PAPER, in comparison with the circulation they obtain.

The Journal is sold at all the Principal Newspaper Depots in New England.

ALL ORDERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO

HENRY & CHAS. O. ROGERS,

12 State Street, Boston.

BOSTON JOURNAL.

OPINIONS OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

"They are always up to the times; no news escapes their notice."—Boston Courier.

"The Journal is a model newspaper—readable, reliable and enterprising."—Lowell Courier.

"One of the ablest and most judicious of American newspapers."—Salem Gazette.

"One of the best and most enterprising papers in the country. There are more than twice the number of copies of the Journal sold in Bath than either of the other Boston dailies."—Bath Times.

"The Journal is a general favorite in this community."—Haverhill Gazette.

"Its morning and evening issues are numbered by thousands, and they are found scattered all over New England."—Newport Mercury.

"In general news articles, we rely more upon the Boston Journal than upon all other papers."—Concord Reporter.

"From a very limited circulation the Boston Journal has attained an influence and a popularity equalled by few papers in New England. In this city it is as familiar as any of our own local papers."—Providence Journal.

"As the Boston Journal keeps well posted up in all such matters, the impatience of our citizens to get it, bordered on fanaticism. Some of the copies were sold three or four times over, and in some instances for twelve and a half cents each."—R. I. Freeman, at the time of the Burns riot.

"Boston boasts more newspapers in proportion to her population than any other city we know, and none of them is worthier of success than the Journal. The industry, enterprise, talent and tact, that go to make a useful and popular paper, it possesses in abundance."—N. Y. Tribune.

"It is, beyond all question, the very best paper published in this city, celebrated as Boston is for the superiority of its newspaper press."—International.

"We regard the Journal as the model newspaper of Boston."—Portland Advertiser.

"The Boston Journal is one of the best exchanges on our list."—N. Y. Express.

"In the fullness, promptness and variety of its intelligence, its general good sense and candor, it is inferior to no New England paper that we see."—Christian Register.

"The Boston Daily Journal has commenced the new year with increased facilities for giving to its patrons the earliest and fullest abstracts of the news of the day, from all parts of the civilized world. It is well known to the reading public that the proprietors of the Journal spare no pains or expense in procuring the latest and most reliable intelligence from every point accessible by mails or telegraph, and we can, from our own personal knowledge of the proprietors, bear witness to their fair and liberal spirit towards contemporaries, and to the gentlemanly character as well as ability of their numerous corps of editors and reporters. There is none of the press to whom we could more heartily wish a prosperous and happy New Year."—Boston Herald.

"The Journal is an industrious, well conducted, prompt and efficient advocate of whig principles, is never behind-hand in the current news, and deserves the favor it receives. May its shadow never be less."—Boston Atlas.

"Probably at no time since its first publication has this enterprising sheet been so well conducted or received so large a share of public favor as at present. It is fully up with the times, and none of its contemporaries are allowed to get the start of it as regards news or local intelligence. Its leaders, both political and general, are admirably written, while its miscellaneous departments are filled with capital articles, carefully selected. Its typographical execution is on a par with that of any paper of its large circulation, whilst its advertising columns show how well it enjoys the confidence of business men. But its chief merit is its reliability, and the man who remarked that it 'must be true because he saw it in the paper,' was undoubtedly a subscriber to the Boston Journal. It is gratifying to chronicle the prosperity of this well-conducted

sheet—a prosperity which, we trust, will daily increase."—Saturday Eve. Gazette.

"There is a great deal of satisfaction in speaking of a contemporary when such an expression is genuine and disinterested. In such a manner, it is a matter of pleasure to speak of the Boston Journal, published by the Messrs. Rogers. An old established paper, of twenty-three years' existence, it has kept up with the times, in progress and enterprise, in every respect. Its political opinions are uttered in a spirit of candor and honesty, which is more calculated to make friends of its opponents than enemies; while, as a medium of general news, it cannot be equalled by any journal in the country, for reliability and quick publication. Such papers give a dignity to the press, which is advantageous to the fraternity, and has caused the one under notice to receive the success which it so well deserves."—Boston Times.

"The Journal justly enjoys the reputation of being one of the most enterprising and news-gathering sheets in New England."—Boston Bee.

"A jolly Englishman would as soon go without his roast beef, as many of our business men without the Boston Journal. The contents of the Assembly's Catechism were not more familiar fifty years ago in the most puritanical families, than are now the contents of that paper every day among hundreds in this city. When any great excitement arises, and wise heads get at loggerheads about the facts, the 'clincher' is: 'Well, we shall find out all about it in the Boston Journal'—and so they do. It is a general favorite here, and with reason too, for its enterprise is not excelled. Its able corps of reporters are all over New England, where matters of great public interest are transpiring; its correspondents are numerous, and the electric wires dot over its columns with far-off news without stint, and its editors at home fill up whatever is necessary to make a model newspaper. Such it is."—Manchester Mir.

"The Boston Journal is the best paper for news published in New England. It is conducted with great enterprise and tact, and its columns are always filled with interesting matter and a full summary of the latest news, foreign and domestic. The Journal deserves its large and increasing circulation, and its great popularity."—Norfolk County Journal.

"This well-conducted paper is the leading journal of New England. Its circulation daily is near or quite twenty thousand, and for enterprise and ability the Journal is not exceeded by any paper in the county. The proprietors, Messrs. Henry and Charles O. Rogers, understand well the direction of a first class newspaper, and we are glad to learn that their endeavors are crowned with abundant success."—Boston Sunday News.

"If any of our readers want a Boston whig paper, they cannot do better than take the Journal. As a newspaper, it is not excelled by any one in New England, and being published both morning and evening, it furnishes a larger amount and greater variety of reading than any other. It is well and ably conducted, and is one of the best papers in the country."—Concord Patriot.

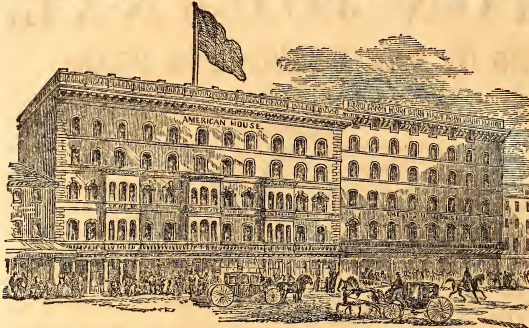
"This popular paper has now entered upon its twenty-third year of existence, and has reached a point of influence and circulation which cannot be but gratifying to its enterprising proprietors. As a newspaper, the Journal is the equal of any press in New England, and its editorials are careful, candid and able. Long may its well deserved prosperity continue."—Boston Chronicle.

"Whatever may be said of the politics of the Journal, one thing is certain, no paper in Boston is ahead of it for news. The Journal is conducted with great ability, and its publishers spare no expense or time in filling its columns with the latest and most reliable news from all parts of the world. By its accuracy and energy, the Journal has obtained a circulation of from 15,000 to 20,000 per day, which gives its advertisers great advantages. The Weekly Journal, which is conducted with great care, and is one of our best family papers, is also extensively circulated throughout the country."—Boston Eve. Gazette.

AMERICAN HOUSE,

**Hanover
Street,**

BOSTON,



With the addition, is the largest and best arranged Hotel in New England, possessing all the modern improvements and conveniences for the accommodation of the Travelling Public.

LEWIS RICE, PROPRIETOR.

BOSTON MERCANTILE ACADEMY, No. 3 Winter near Washington Street.

TEACHERS.

J. W. PAYSON, Penmanship and Bookkeeping.
L. B. HANAFORD, A. M., Mathematics and Languages.
CHARLES F. GERRY, A. M., Drawing and Crayon Painting.
SEÑOR S. CANCELO-BELLO, Spanish Language.
SIGNOR MONTI, Italian Language.
Monsieur LIST, French Language.
Session, from 9 to 12 A. M.; 3 to 6 P. M.; 7½ to 9½ evening.
N. B. Merchants and others in want of Clerks are invited to call

Bradshaw's Writing Institution.



Commercial
Education,
259 Washington St.
BOSTON,
nearly opposite Summer Street.

Writing on an approved national system. Arithmetic and Bookkeeping by JOHN BRADSHAW. Persons of all ages received (privately) and taught at any time suiting their own convenience.

Cards of terms may be obtained on application.
Hours from 8 to 12, A. M.; 2 to 5, P. M.; 7 to 9, Evening.

French's Mercantile Academy, 94 Tremont St. next Tremont Temple,

Is open Day and Evening for instruction in

**Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping,
Navigation!**

☞ The advantages afforded young men, both as regards thorough and practical instructions, and also the opportunities for obtaining GOOD EMPLOYMENT at this Academy, are superior to any other, and at the same time the expense is much less. ☞ Separate Rooms for Ladies.
Stationery free of extra charge.

Hours—9 A. M. to 12; 2 P. M. to 5; 7 to 9 Evening.

CHARLES FRENCH, A. M., Principal.

HOME SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES NEWPORT, R. I.

Circulars, giving particulars, will be sent to any address on application to A. DALTON, PRINCIPAL.

REFERENCES.

Hon. Edward Everett, Jas Walker, D. D., Pres. H. Col
Hon. Geo. Bancroft, Prof. C. C. Felton.
Jared Sparks, LL. D. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

JOHN ANDREW,



JOHN ANDREW

Designer and Engraver

UPON

WOOD,

No. 129, WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.

J. A. would inform Publishers, Authors and Printers, that he is fully prepared to undertake all orders for Designing and Engraving, from a single Illustration to a Series of any extent, for Books or Newspapers, with a strict regard to superior workmanship and moderate charges. His experience in London, New York and Boston, enable him confidently to state his reassurance to execute all commissions connected with his profession, with the utmost promptitude. The fact, that his reputation as a first-class Engraver, being a matter of somewhat extended notoriety, has enabled him to procure the services of the most efficient corps of assistants in the country.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,

Broadway, corner of Franklin Street,

NEW YORK,

JOHN TAYLOR, Proprietor.

LOUIS DAVID, THE REGICIDE.

It is now thirty years since his death at Brussels. On the subject of the interdict against his dead body by Charles the Tenth, a piece of brutality, bad taste, and blundering combined—which three attributes go together to constitute a perfect *Bourbonism*—Beranger wrote one of the most beautiful of his patriotic odes, which was rendered into English verse by the celebrated Father Prout, and published in *Frazer's Magazine* a few years afterwards. As the fifth of a century has passed away, and another generation has sprung up since this beautiful translation, scarcely second to the original, appeared in the then glorious pages of "Regina," it may be unknown to most of the readers of the *Evening Post*.

"The pass is barred! 'Fall back!' cries the guard!
'cross not the French frontier!'
As, with solemn tread, of the exiled dead the funeral drew near.
For the sentinelle hath noticed well what no plume, no pall can hide—
That yon hearse contains the sad remains of a banished regicide!
'But pity take, for his glory's sake,' said his children to the guard;
'Let his noble art plead on his part—let a grave be his reward!
France knew his name in his hour of fame, nor the aid of his pencil scorned;
Let his passport be the memory of the triumphs he adorned!'
"That corpse can't pass! 'tis my duty, alas!' said the frontier sentinelle.
'But pity take, for his country's sake, and his clay do not repel
From its kindred earth, from the land of his birth!' cried the mourners in their turn.
'Oh! give to France the inheritance of her painter's funeral urn:
His pencil traced, on the Alpine waste of the pathless Mount Gothard,
Napoleon's course on a snow-white horse!—let a grave be his reward!
For he loved this land—ay, his dying hand to paint her fame he'd lend her,
Let his passport be the memory of his native country's splendor!'
"You cannot pass,' said the guard, 'alas'—and tears bedimm'd his eyes—
'Though France may count to pass that mount a glorious enterprise.'
'Then pity take, for fair Freedom's sake,' said the mourners once again:
'Her favorite was Leonidas, with his band of Spartan men.
Did not his art to them impart life's breath, that France might see
What a patriot few in the gap could do at old Thermopylae?

Of by that sight for the coming fight was the youthful bosom fired:
Let his passport be the memory of the valor he inspired!

"Ye cannot pass. 'Soldier, alas! a dismal boon we crave.
Say, is there not some lonely spot where his friends may dig a grave?
Oh! pity take, for that hero's sake whom he gloried to portray
With crown and palm, at Notre Dame, on his coronation-day.
Amid that band the withered hand of an aged pontiff rose,
And his blessing shed on the conqueror's head, forgetting his own woes.
He drew that scene, nor dreamt, I wean, that yet a little while,
And the hero's doom would be a tomb, far off in a lonely isle!"

"I am charged, alas! not to let you pass,' said the sorrowing sentinelle:
'His destiny must also be a foreign grave!' 'Tis well!—
Hard is our fate to supplicate for his bones a place of rest,
And to bear away his banished clay from the land that he loved best.
But let us hence! sad recompense for the lustre that he cast,
Blending the rays of modern days with the glories of the past!
Our sons will read with shame this deed, unless my mind doth err,
And a future age make pilgrimage to the painter's sepulchre!"

TO JUNE.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

ILL heed no more the poet's lay—
His false fond song shall charm no more;
My heart henceforth shall but adore
The real, not the misnamed May.

Too long I've knelt and vainly hung
My offerings round an empty name;
O May! thou canst not be the same
As once thou wert when earth was young.

Thou canst not be the same to-day,
The poet's dream, the lover's joy;
The floral heaven of girl and boy
Were heaven no more, if thou wert May.

If thou wert May, then May is cold,
And all things changed from what they've been;
Then barren boughs are bright with green,
And leaden skies are glad with gold.

And the dark clouds that veiled thy moon
Were silvery-threaded tissues bright,
Looping the locks of amber light
That float but on the airs of June.

O June! thou art the real May—
Thy name is soft and sweet as hers;
But a rich blood thy bosom stirs,
Her marble cheek cannot display.

She cometh like a haughty girl,
So conscious of her beauty's power;
She now will wear nor gem nor flower
Upon her pallid breast of pearl.

And her green silken summer dress,
So simply flower'd in white and gold,
She scorns to let our eyes behold,
But hides through very wilfulness.

Hides it 'neath ermined robes which she
Hath borrowed from some wintry queen;
Instead of dancing on the green,
A village maiden fair and free.

Oh! we have spoiled her with our praise,
And made her froward, false, and vain—
So that her cold blue eyes disdain
To smile as in the earlier days.

Let her beware, the world full soon,
Like me, shall tearless turn away;
And woo, instead of thine, O May,
The brown bright joyous eyes of June.

O June! forgive the long delay—
My heart's deceitful dream is o'er;
Where I believe I will adore,
Nor worship June, yet kneel to May.
Dublin U. Magazine.

From the Charleston Mercury.

ODE TO SLEEP.—By Paul H. Hayne.

I.

Beyond the sunset, and the amber sea
To the lone depths of ether, cold, and clear,
Thy influence, Soul of all tranquillity,
Hallows the earth, and awes the reverent air;
The laughing rivulet quells its silver tune;
The pines, like priestly watchers, tall and grim,
Stand mute, against the saintly twilight dim,
Breathless to hail the advent of the Moon;
From the white beach the Ocean falls away,
Coily, and with a thrill; the sea-birds dart
Ghostlike from out the distance, and depart
With a gray fleetness, moaning the dead day;
The wings of Silence, overfolding Space,
Droop in dusk grandeur from the heavenly steep,
And through the stillness gleams thy starry face,
Serenest Angel—Sleep.

II.

Come! woo me here, amid these flowery charms;
Breathe on my eyelids; press thy odorous lips
Close to mine own; enwreath me in thine arms,
And cloud my spirit with thy sweet eclipse.

No dreams, no dreams! keep back the motley throng,

For such are girded round with ghastly might,
And sing low burdens of despondent song,
Decked in the mockery of a lost delight;
I ask Oblivion's balsam—the mute peace,
Toned to still breathings, and the gentlest sighs—
Not music wrought of rarest harmonies,
Could yield me such Elysium of release;
The sounds of earth are weariness—not only
'Mid the loud mart, and in the walks of trade,
But where the mountain Genius broodeth lonely,
In the cool pulsing of the sylvan-shade;
Then bear me far into thy noiseless land,
Surround me with thy silence, deep on deep,
Until serene I stand
Close on a duskier country, and more grand,
Mysterious solitude, than thine, O Sleep!

III.

As he whose veins a feverous frenzy burns,
Whose life-blood withers in the fiery drought,
Feebly, and with a languid longing, turns
To the Spring-breezes gathering from the South,
So feebly, and with languid longing, I
Turn to thy wished repentance, and implore
The golden dimness, the purpleal gloom,
Which haunt thy popped-*realm*, and make the
shore

Of thy dominion balmy with all bloom.
In the clear gulfs of thy serene Profound,
Worn Passions sink to quiet, Sorrows pause,
Suddenly fainting to still-breathed rest;
Thou own'st a magical atmosphere that awes
The memories seething in the turbulent breast,
Which, muffling up the sharpness of all sound
Of mortal lamentation, solely bears
The silvery minor toning of our woe,
And mellowed to harmonious underflow,
Soft as the sad farewells of dying years,
Lulling as sunset showers that veil the West,
And sweet as Love's fond tears,
When overwelling hearts do mutely weep.
O, Griefs! O, Wailings! your tempestuous mad-
ness,
Merged in regal quietude of sadness,
Wins a strange glory by the streams of Sleep.

IV.

Then woo me here amid these flowery charms;
Breathe on my eyelids; press thy odorous lips
Close to mine own; entwine me in thine arms,
And cloud my spirit with thy sweet eclipse;
And while from waning depth to depth I fall,
Down-lapsing to the utmost depth of all—
Till wan Forgetfulness, obscurely stealing,
Creeps like an Incantation on the soul,
And o'er the slow ebb of my conscious life
Dies the thin flush of the last conscious feeling;
And like abortive thunder, the dull roll
Of sullen passions swells far, far away—
O, Angel! loose the chords which cling to strife,
Sever the gossamer bondage of my breath—
And let me pass, gently as winds in May,
From the dim realm which owns thy shadowy
sway,
To THY diviner Sleep, O, Sacred Death!

From the Westminster Review.

ENGLAND'S FORGOTTEN WORTHIES.

- 1.—*The Observations of Sir Richard Hawkins, Knt., in his Voyage in the South Sea in 1593.* Reprinted from the Edition of 1622, and Edited by R. H. Major, Esq., of the British Museum. Published by the Hakluyt Society.
- 2.—*The Discoverie of the Empire of Guiana.* By Sir Walter Raleigh, Knt. Edited, with copious Explanatory Notes, and a Biographical Memoir, by Sir Robert H. Schomburgk, Phil. D., etc.
- 3.—*Narratives of Early Voyages undertaken for the Discovery of a Passage to Cathaia and India by the North-West;* with Selections from the Records of the worshipful Fellowship of the Merchants of London, trading into the East Indies, and from MSS. in the Library of the British Museum, now first published, by Thomas Rundall, Esq.

THE Reformation, the Antipodes, the American Continent, the Planetary system, and the Infinite deep of the Heavens have now become common and familiar facts to us. Globes and orreries are the playthings of our school-days; we inhale the spirit of Protestantism with our earliest breath of consciousness; it is all but impossible to throw back our imagination into the time when, as new grand discoveries, they stirred every mind which they touched with awe and wonder at the revelation which God had sent down among mankind. Vast spiritual and material continents lay for the first time displayed, opening fields of thought and fields of enterprise of which none could conjecture the limit. Old routine was broken up. Men were thrown back on their own strength and their own power, unshackled to accomplish whatever they might dare. And although we do not speak of these discoveries as the cause of that enormous force of heart and intellect which accompanied them (for they were as much the effect as the cause, and one reacted on the other), yet at any rate they afforded scope and room for the play of powers which, without such scope, let them have been as transcendent as they would, must have passed away unproductive and blighted.

An earnest faith in the supernatural, an intensely real conviction of the divine and devilish forces by which the universe was guided and misguided, was the inheritance of the Elizabethan age from Catholic Christianity. The fiercest and most lawless men did then really and truly believe in the actual personal presence of God or the devil in every accident, or scene, or action. They brought to the contemplation of the new heaven and the

new earth an imagination saturated with the spiritual convictions of the old era, which were not lost, but only infinitely expanded. The planets whose vastness they now learnt to recognize were, therefore, only the more powerful for evil or for good; the tides were the breathing of Demogorgon; and the idolatrous American tribes were real worshippers of the real devil, and were assisted with the full power of his evil army.

It is a form of thought which, however in a vague and general way we may continue to use its phraseology, has become, in its detailed application to life, utterly strange to us. We congratulate ourselves on the enlargement of our understanding when we read the decisions of grave law-courts in cases of supposed witchcraft; we smile complacently over Raleigh's story of the island of the Amazons, and rejoice that we are not such as he—entangled in the cobwebs of effete and foolish superstition. The true conclusion is the opposite of the conclusion which we draw. That Raleigh and Bacon could believe what they believed, and could be what they were notwithstanding, is to us a proof that the injury which such mistakes can inflict is unspeakably insignificant: and arising, as they arose, from a never-failing sense of the real awfulness and mystery of the world, and of the life of human souls upon it, they witness to the presence in such minds of a spirit, the loss of which not the most perfect acquaintance with every law by which the whole creation moves can compensate. We wonder at the grandeur, the moral majesty, of some of Shakspeare's characters, so far beyond what the noblest among ourselves can imitate, and at first thought we attribute it to the genius of the poet who has outstripped nature in his creations; but we are misunderstanding the power and the meaning of poetry in attributing creativeness to it in any such sense; Shakspeare created, but only as the spirit of nature created around him, working in him as it worked abroad in those among whom he lived. The men whom he draws were such men as he saw and knew; the words they utter were such as he heard in the ordinary conversations in which he joined. At the Mermaid with Raleigh and with Sidney, and at a thousand un-named English firesides, he found the living originals for his Prince Hals, his Orlandos, his Antonios, his Portias, his Isabellas. The closer personal acquaintance which we can form with the English of the age of Elizabeth, the more we are satisfied that Shakspeare's great poetry is no more than the rhythmic echo of the life which it depicts.

It was, therefore, with no little interest that we heard of the formation of a society which was to employ itself, as we understood, in republishing in accessible form some, if not all,

of the invaluable records compiled or composed by Richard Hakluyt. Books, like everything else, have their appointed death-day; the souls of them, unless they be found worthy of a second birth in a new body, perish with the paper in which they lived, and the early folio Hakluyts, not from their own want of merit, but from our neglect of them, were expiring of old age. The five-volume quarto edition, published in 1811, so little people then cared for the exploits of their ancestors, was but of 270 copies; it was intended for no more than for curious antiquaries, or for the great libraries, where it could be consulted as a book of reference; and among a people, the greater part of whom had never heard Hakluyt's name, the editors are scarcely to be blamed if it never so much as occurred to them that general readers would ever come to care to have it within their reach.

And yet those five volumes may be called the Prose Epic of the modern English nation. They contain the heroic tales of the exploits of the great men in whom the new era was inaugurated; not mythic, like the *Iliads* and the *Eddas*, but plain broad narratives of substantial facts, which rival them in interest and grandeur. What the old epics were to the royally or nobly born, this modern epic is to the common people. We have no longer kings or princes for chief actors, to whom the heroism, like the dominion, of the world had in time past been confined. But, as it was in the days of the apostles, when a few poor fishermen from an obscure lake in Palestine assumed, under the divine mission, the spiritual authority over mankind, so, in the days of our own Elizabeth, the seamen from the banks of the Thames and the Avon, the Plym and the Dart, self-taught and self-directed, with no impulse but what was beating in their own royal hearts, went out across the unknown seas fighting, discovering, colonizing, and graved out the channels, and at last paved them with their bones, through which the commerce and enterprise of England has flowed out over all the world. We can conceive nothing, not the songs of Homer himself, which would be read, among us at least, with more enthusiastic interest than these plain massive tales; and a people's edition of them in these days, when the writings of Ainsworth and Eugène Sue circulate in tens of thousands, would perhaps be the most blessed antidote which could be bestowed upon us. The heroes themselves were the men of the people—the Joneses, the Smiths, the Davises, the Drakes; and no courtly pen, with the one exception of Raleigh, lent its polish or its varnish to set them off. In most cases the captain himself, or his clerk or servant, or some unknown gentleman volunteer, sat down and chronicled the voyage which he had shared,

and thus inorganically arose a collection of writings which, with all their simplicity, are for nothing more striking than for the high moral beauty, warmed with natural feeling, which displays itself through all their pages. With us, the sailor is scarcely himself beyond his quarterdeck. If he is distinguished in profession, he is professional merely; or if he is more than that, he owes it not to his work as a sailor, but to independent domestic culture. With them their profession was the school of their nature, a high moral education which most brought out what was most nobly human in them; and the wonders of earth, and air, and sea, and sky, were a real intelligible language in which they heard Almighty God speaking to them.

That such hopes of what might be accomplished by the Hakluyt Society should in some measure be disappointed, is only what might naturally be anticipated of all very sanguine expectation. Cheap editions are expensive editions to the publisher, and historical societies, from a necessity which appears to encumber all corporate English action, rarely fail to do their work expensively and infelicitously; yet, after all allowances and deductions, we cannot reconcile ourselves to the mortification of having found but one volume in the series to be even tolerably edited, and that one to be edited by a gentleman to whom England is but an adopted country — Sir Robert Schomburgk. Raleigh's "Conquest of Guiana," with Sir Robert's sketch of Raleigh's history and character, form in everything but its cost a very model of an excellent volume. For every one of the rest, we are obliged to say of them, that they have left little undone to paralyze whatever interest was reviving in Hakluyt, and to consign their own volumes to the same obscurity to which time and accident were consigning the earlier editions. Very little which was really noteworthy escaped the industry of Hackluyt himself, and we looked to find reprints of the most remarkable of the stories which were to be found in his collection. They began unfortunately with proposing to continue the work where he had left it, and produce narratives hitherto unpublished of other voyages of inferior interest, or not of English origin. Better thoughts appear to have occurred to them in the course of the work; but their evil destiny overtook them before their thoughts could get themselves executed. We opened one volume with eagerness, bearing the title of "Voyages to the North-west," in hope of finding our old friends Davis and Frobisher, and we found a vast unnecessary Editor's Preface; and instead of the voyages themselves, which with their picturesqueness and moral beauty shine among the fairest jewels in the diamond mine of Hakluyt, an analysis and digest of their results, which Milton was called in to justify in

an inappropriate quotation. It is much as if they had undertaken to edit "Bacon's Essays," and had retailed what they conceived to be the substance of them in their own language; strangely failing to see that the real value of the actions or the thought of remarkable men does not lie in the material result which can be gathered from them, but in the heart and soul of those who do or utter them. Consider what Homer's "Odyssey" would be, reduced into an analysis.

The editor of the "Letters of Columbus" apologizes for the rudeness of their phraseology. Columbus, he tells us, was not so great a master of the pen as of the art of navigation. We are to make excuses for him. We are put on our guard, and warned not to be offended, before we are introduced to the sublime record of sufferings under which his great soul was staggering towards the end of its earthly calamities, where the inarticulate fragments in which his thought breaks out from him, are strokes of natural art by the side of which the highest literary pathos is poor and meaningless.

And even in the subjects which they select they are pursued by the same curious fatality. Why is Drake to be best known, or to be only known, in his last voyage? Why pass over the success, and endeavor to immortalize the failure? When Drake climbed the tree in Panama, and saw both oceans, and vowed that he would sail a ship in the Pacific; when he crawled out upon the cliffs of Terra del Fuego, and leaned his head over the southernmost angle of the world; when he scored a furrow round the globe with his keel, and received the homage of the barbarians of the antipodes in the name of the Virgin Queen; he was another man from what he had become after twenty years of court life and intrigue, and Spanish fighting, and gold-hunting. There is a tragic solemnity in his end, if we take it as the last act of his career; but it is his life, not his death, which we desire—not what he failed to do, but what he did.

But every bad has a worse below it, and more offensive than all these is the editor of Hawkins's "Voyage to the South Sea." The book is striking in itself; it is not one of the best, but it is very good; and as it is republished complete, if we read it through, carefully shutting off Captain Bethune's notes with one hand, we shall find in it the same beauty which breathes in the tone of all the writings of the period.

It is a record of misfortune, but of misfortune which did no dishonor to him who sank under it; and there is a melancholy dignity in the style in which Hawkins tells his story, which seems to say, that though he had been defeated, and had never again an opportunity of winning back his lost laurels, he respects himself still for the heart with which he endured a shame

which would have broken a smaller man. It would have required no large exertion of editorial self-denial to have abstained from marring the pages with puns of which *Punch* would be ashamed, and with the vulgar affectation of patronage with which the sea captain of the nineteenth century condescends to criticize and approve of his half-barbarous precursor; but it must have been a defect in his heart, rather than in his understanding, which betrayed him into such an offence as this which follows:—The war of freedom of the Araucan Indians is the most gallant episode in the history of the New World. The Spaniards themselves were not behindhand in acknowledging the chivalry before which they quailed, and, after many years of ineffectual attempts to crush them, they gave up a conflict which they never afterwards resumed; leaving the Araucans alone, of all the American races with which they came in contact, a liberty which they were unable to tear from them. It is a subject for an epic poem, and whatever admiration is due to the heroism of a brave people whom no inequality of strength could appal and no defeats could crush, these poor Indians have a right to demand of us. The story of the war was well known in Europe; and Hawkins, in coasting the western shores of South America, fell in with them, and the finest passage in his book is the relation of one of the incidents of the war:—

An Indian captain was taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and for that he was of name, and known to have done his devoir against them, they cut off his hands, thereby intending to disenable him to fight any more against them. But he, returning home, desirous to revenge this injury, to maintain his liberty, with the reputation of his nation, and to help to banish the Spaniard, with his tongue intreated and incited them to persevere in their accustomed valor and reputation, abasing the enemy and advancing his nation; condemning their contraries of cowardliness, and confirming it by the cruelty used with him and other his companions in their mishaps; showing them his arms without hands, and naming his brethren whose half feet they had cut off, because they might be unable to sit on horseback; with force arguing that if they feared them not, they would not have used so great inhumanity—for fear produceth cruelty, the companion of cowardice. Thus encouraged he them to fight for their lives, limbs, and liberty, choosing rather to die an honorable death fighting, than to live in servitude as fruitless members of the commonwealth. Thus using the office of a sergeant-major, and having laden his two stumps with bundles of arrows, he succored them who, in the succeeding battle, had their store wasted; and changing himself from place to place, animated and encouraged his countrymen with such comfortable persuasions, as it is reported and credibly believed, that he did more good with his words and presence, without striking a stroke, than a great part of the army did with fighting to the utmost."

It is an action which may take its place by the side of the myth of Mucius Scaevola, or the real exploit of that brother of the poet Æschylus, who, when the Persians were flying from Marathon, clung to a ship till both his hands were hewn away, and then seized it with his teeth, leaving his name as a portent even in the splendid calendar of Athenian heroes. Captain Bethune, without call or need, making his notes merely, as he tells us, from the suggestions of his own mind as he revised the proof-sheets, informs us, at the bottom of the page, that "it reminds him of the familiar lines :

For Widdrington I needs must wail,
As one in doleful dumps ;
For, when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

It must not avail him, that he has but quoted from the ballad of Chevy Chase. It is the most deformed stanza * of the modern deformed version which was composed in the eclipse of heart and taste, on the restoration of the Stuarts ; and if such verses could then pass for serious poetry, they have ceased to sound in any ear as other than a burlesque ; the associations which they arouse are only absurd, and they could only have continued to ring in his memory through their ludicrous doggerel.

When to these offences of the Society we add, that in the long labored appendices and introductions, which fill up valuable space, which increase the expense of the edition, and into reading which many readers are, no doubt, betrayed, we have found nothing which assists the understanding of the stories which they are supposed to illustrate, when we have found what is most uncommon passed without notice, and what is most trite and familiar encumbered with comment ; we have unpacked our hearts of the bitterness which these volumes have aroused in us, and can now take our leave of them and go on with our own more grateful subject.

Elizabeth, whose despotism was as peremptory as that of the Plantagenets, and whose ideas of the English constitution were limited in the highest degree, was, notwithstanding, more beloved by her subjects than any sovereign before or since. It was because, substantially, she was the people's sovereign ; because it was given to her to conduct the outgrowth of the national life through its crisis of change, and the weight of her great mind and

* Here is the old stanza. Let whoever is disposed to think us too hard on Captain Bethune compare them.

"For Wetharrington my harte was wo,
That even he slayne sholde be ;
For when both his leggis were hewen in to,
He knyled and fought on his knee."

Even Percy, who, on the whole, thinks well of the modern ballad, gives up this stanza as hopeless.

her great place were thrown on the people's side. She was able to paralyze the dying efforts with which, if a Stuart had been on the throne, the representatives of an effete system ; might have made the struggle a deadly one and the history of England is not the history of France, because the inflexible will of one person held the Reformation firm till it had rooted itself in the heart of the nation, and could not be again overthrown. The Catholic faith was no longer able to furnish standing ground on which the English or any other nation could live a manly and a godly life. Feudalism, as a social organization, was not any more a system under which their energies could have scope to move. Thenceforward not the Catholic Church, but any man to whom God had given a heart to feel and a voice to speak, was to be the teacher to whom men were to listen ; and great actions were not to remain the privilege of the families of the Norman nobles, but were to be laid within the reach of the poorest plebeian who had the stuff in him to perform them. Alone, of all the sovereigns in Europe, Elizabeth saw the change which had passed over the world. She saw it, and saw it in faith, and accepted it.—The England of the Catholic Hierarchy and the Norman Baron, was to cast its shell and to become the England of free thought and commerce and manufacture, which was to plough the ocean with its navies, and sow its colonies over the globe ; and the first thunder birth of these enormous forces and the flash of the earliest achievements of the new era roll and glitter through the forty years of the reign of Elizabeth with a grandeur which, when once its history is written, will be seen to be among the most sublime phenomena which the earth as yet has witnessed. The work was not of her creation ; the heart of the whole English nation was stirred to its depths ; and Elizabeth's place was to recognize, to love, to foster, and to guide. The government originated nothing ; at such a time it was neither necessary nor desirable that it should do so ; but wherever expensive enterprises were on foot which promised ultimate good, but no immediate profit, we never fail to find among the lists of contributors the Queen's Majesty, Burleigh, Leicester, Walsingham. Never chary of her presence, for Elizabeth could afford to condescend, when ships were fitting for distant voyages in the river, the Queen would go down in her barge and inspect. Frobisher, who was but a poor sailor adventurer, sees her wave her handkerchief to him from the Greenwich Palace windows, and he brings her home a narwhal's horn for a present.—She honored her people, and her people loved her ; and the result was that, with no cost to the government, she saw them scattering the fleets of the Spaniards, planting America with

colonies, and exploring the most distant seas. Either for honor or for expectation of profit, or from that unconscious necessity by which a great people, like a great man, will do what is right, and must do it at the right time, whoever had the means to furnish a ship, and whoever had the talent to command, laid their abilities together and went out to pioneer, and to conquer, and take possession in the name of the Queen of the Sea. There was no nation so remote but some one or other was found ready to undertake an expedition there, in the hope of opening a trade; and let them go where they would, they were sure of Elizabeth's countenance. We find letters written by her, for the benefit of nameless adventurers, to every potentate of whom she had ever heard, to the Emperors of China, Japan, and India, the Grand Duke of Russia, the Grand Turk, the Persian Sofee, and other unheard-of Asiatic and African princes; whatever was to be done in England, or by the Englishmen, Elizabeth assisted when she could, and admired when she could not. The springs of great actions are always difficult to analyze—impossible to analyze perfectly—possible to analyze only very proximately, and the force by which a man throws a good action out of himself is invisible and mystical, like that which brings out the blossom and the fruit upon the tree. The motives which we find men urging for their enterprises seem often insufficient to have prompted them to so large a daring. They did what they did from the great unrest in them which made them do it, and what it was may be best measured by the results, by the present England and America. Nevertheless, there was enough in the state of the world, and in the position of England, to have furnished abundance of conscious motive, and to have stirred the drowsiest routine statesman.

Among material occasions for exertion, the population began to outgrow the employment, and there was a necessity for plantations to serve as an outlet. Men, who, under happier circumstances, might have led decent lives, and done good service, were now driven by want to desperate courses—"witness," as Richard Hakluyt says, "twenty tall fellows hanged last Rochester assizes for small robberies;" and there is an admirable paper addressed to the Privy Council by Christopher Carlile, Walsingham's son-in-law, pointing out the possible openings to be made in or through such plantations for home produce and manufacture.

Far below all such prudential economies and mercantile ambitions, however, lay a noble enthusiasm which in these dull days we can hardly, with an effort, realize. The life-and-death wrestle between the Reformation and the old religion had settled in the last

quarter of the sixteenth century into a permanent struggle between England and Spain. France was disabled. All the help which Elizabeth could spare barely enabled the Netherlands to defend themselves. Protestantism, if it conquered, must conquer on another field; and by the circumstances of the time the championship of the Reformed faith fell to the English sailors. The sword of Spain was forged in the gold-mines of Peru; the legions of Alva were only to be disarmed by intercepting the gold ships on their passage; and, inspired by an enthusiasm like that which four centuries before had precipitated the chivalry of Europe upon the East, the same spirit which in its present degeneracy covers our bays and rivers with pleasure yachts then fitted out armed privateers to sweep the Atlantic, and plunder and destroy Spanish ships wherever they could meet them.

Thus, from a combination of causes, the whole force and energy of the age was directed towards the sea. The wide excitement and the greatness of the interests at stake, raised even common men above themselves; and people who in ordinary times would have been no more than mere seamen, or mere money-making merchants, appear before us with a largeness and greatness of heart and mind in which their duties to God and their country are alike clearly and broadly seen and felt to be paramount to every other.

Ordinary English traders we find fighting Spanish war ships in behalf of the Protestant faith; the cruisers of the Spanish main were full of generous eagerness for the conversion of the savage nations to Christianity; and what is even more surprising, sites for colonization were examined and scrutinized by such men in a lofty statesmanlike spirit, and a ready insight was displayed by them into the indirect effects of a wisely-extended commerce on every highest human interest.

Again, in the conflict with the Spaniards, there was a further feeling, a feeling of genuine chivalry, which was spurring on the English, and one which must be well understood and well remembered, if men like Drake and Hawkins, and Raleigh, are to be tolerably understood. One of the English Reviews, a short time ago, was much amused with a story of Drake having excommunicated a petty officer as a punishment for some moral offence; the reviewer not being able to see in Drake, as a man, anything more than a highly brave and successful buccaneer, whose pretences to religion might rank with the devotion of an Italian bandit to the Madonna. And so Hawkins, and even Raleigh, are regarded by superficial persons, who see only such outward circumstances of their history as correspond with their own impressions. The high nature of these men, and the high objects which they

pursued, will only rise out and become visible to us as we can throw ourselves back into their times and teach our hearts to feel as they felt. We do not find in the language of the voyagers themselves, or of those who lent them their help at home, any of that weak watery talk of "protection of aborigines," which as soon as it is translated into fact becomes the most active policy for their destruction, soul and body. But the stories of the dealings of the Spaniards with the conquered Indians, which were widely known in England, seem to have affected all classes of people, not with pious passive horror, but with a genuine human indignation. A thousand anecdotes in detail we find scattered up and down the pages of Hakluyt, who, with a view to make them known, translated Peter Martyr's letters; and each commonest sailorboy who had heard them from his childhood among the tales of his father's fireside, had longed to be a man that he might go out and become the avenger of a gallant and suffering people. A high mission, undertaken with a generous heart, seldom fails to make those worthy of it to whom it is given; and it was a point of honor, if of nothing more, among the English sailors, to do no discredit by their conduct to the greatness of their cause. The high courtesy, the chivalry of the Spanish nobles, so conspicuous in their dealings with their European rivals, either failed to touch them in their dealings with uncultivated idolaters, or the high temper of the aristocracy was unable to restrain or to influence the masses of the soldiers. It would be as ungenerous as it would be untrue, to charge upon their religion the grievous actions of men who called themselves the armed missionaries of Catholicism, when the Catholic priests and bishops were the loudest in the indignation with which they denounced them. But we are obliged to charge upon it that slow and subtle influence so inevitably exercised by any religion which is divorced from life, and converted into a thing of form, or creed, or ceremony, or system, which could permit the same men to be extravagant in a sincere devotion to the Queen of Heaven, whose entire lower nature, unsubdued and unaffected, was given up to the thirst of gold, and plunder, a sensuality. If religion does not make men more humane than they would be without it, it makes them fatally less so; and it is to be feared that the spirit of the pilgrim fathers, which had oscillated to the other extreme, and had again crystalized into a formal antinomian fanaticism, reproduced the same fatal results as those in which the Spaniards had set them their unworthy precedent. But the Elizabethan navigators, full without exception of large kindness, wisdom, gentleness, and beauty, bear names untainted, as far as we know, with a single crime against the savages; and

the name of England was as famous in the Indian Seas as that of Spain was infamous.— On the banks of the Oronoko there was remembered for a hundred years the noble captain who had come there from the great Queen beyond the seas; and Raleigh speaks the language of the heart of his country, when he urges the English statesmen to colonize Guiana, and exults in the glorious hope of driving the white marauder into the Pacific, and restoring the Incas to the throne of Peru.

"Who will not be persuaded," he says, "that now at length the great Judge of the world hath heard the sighs, groans, and lamentations, hath seen the tears and blood of so many millions of innocent men, women, and children, afflicted, robbed, reviled, branded with hot irons, roasted, dismembered, mangled, stabbed, whipped, racked, scalded with hot oil, put to the strapado, ripped alive, beheaded in sport, drowned, dashed against the rocks, famished, devoured by mastiffs, burned, and by infinite cruelties consumed, and purpseth to scourge and plague that cursed nation, and to take the yoke of servitude from that distressed people, as free by nature as any Christian."

Poor Raleigh! if peace and comfort in this world were of much importance to him, it was in an ill day that he provoked the revenge of Spain. The strength of England was needed at the moment at its own door; the Armada came, and there was no means of executing such an enterprise. And afterwards the throne of Elizabeth was filled by a Stuart, and Guiana was to be no scene of glory for Raleigh; but, as later historians are pleased to think, it was the grave of his reputation.

But the hope burned clear in him through all the weary years of unjust imprisonment; and when he was a gray-headed old man, the base son of a bad mother used it to betray him. The success of his last enterprise was made the condition under which he was to be pardoned for a crime which he had not committed; and its success depended, as he knew, on its being kept secret from the Spaniards. James required of him on his allegiance a detail of what he proposed, giving him at the same time his word as a king that the secret should be safe with him, and the next day it was sweeping out of the port of London in the swiftest of the Spanish ships, with private orders to the Governor of St. Thomas to provoke a collision when Raleigh should arrive there, which should afterwards cost him his heart's blood.

We modern readers may run rapidly over the series of epithets under which he has catalogued the Indian sufferings, hoping that they are exaggerated, seeing that they are horrible, and closing our eyes against them with swiftest haste; but it was not so when every epithet suggested a hundred familiar facts; and some

of these (not resting on English prejudice, but on sad Spanish evidence, which is too full of shame and sorrow to be suspected) shall be given in this place, however old a story it may be thought; because, as we said above, it is impossible to understand the actions of these men, unless we are familiar with the feelings of which their hearts were full.

The massacres under Cortez and Pizarro, terrible as they were, were not the occasion which stirred the deepest indignation. They had the excuse of what might be called, for want of a better word, necessity, and of the desperate position of small bands of men in the midst of enemies who might be counted by millions. And in De Soto, when he burnt his guides in Florida (it was his practice when there was danger of treachery, that those who were left alive might take warning); or in Vasco Nunez, praying to the Virgin on the mountains of Darien, and going down from off them into the valleys to hunt the Indian caciques, and fling them alive to his bloodhounds; there was, at least, with all this fierceness and cruelty, a desperate courage which we cannot refuse to admire, and which mingles with and corrects our horror. It is the refinement of the Spaniards' cruelty in the settled and conquered provinces, excused by no danger and provoked by no resistance, the details of which witness to the infernal coolness with which it was perpetrated; and the great bearing of the Indians themselves under an oppression which they despaired of resisting, which raises the whole history to the rank of a world-wide tragedy, in which the nobler but weaker nature was crushed under a malignant force which was stronger and yet meaner than itself. Gold hunting and lust were the two passions for which the Spaniards cared; and the fate of the Indian women was only more dreadful than that of the men, who were ganged and chained to a labor in the mines which was only to cease with their lives, in a land where but a little before they had lived a free, contented people, more innocent of crime than perhaps any people upon earth. If we can conceive what our own feelings would be, if, in the "development of the mammalia" some baser but more powerful race than man were to appear upon this planet, and we and our wives and children at our own happy firesides were degraded from our freedom, and became to them what the lower animals are to us, we can perhaps realize the feelings of the enslaved nations of Hispaniola.

As a harsh justification of slavery, it is sometimes urged, that men who do not deserve to be slaves will prefer death to the endurance of it; and that if they prize their liberty, it is always in their power to assert it in the old Roman fashion. Tried even by so hard a rule, the Indians vindicated their right, and before

the close of the sixteenth century, the entire group of the Western Islands in the hands of the Spaniards, containing when Columbus discovered them, many millions of inhabitants, were left literally desolate from suicide. Of the anecdotes of this terrible self-immolation, as they were then known in England, here are a few out of many.

The first is simple and a specimen of the ordinary method. A Yucatan cacique, who was forced with his old subjects to labor in the mines, at last "calling those miners into an house, to the number of ninety-five, he thus debated with them:—

"My worthy companions and friends, why desire we to live any longer under so cruel a servitude? Let us now go unto the perpetual seat of our ancestors, for we shall there have rest from these intolerable cares and grievances which we endure under the subjection of the unthankful. Go ye before, I will presently follow you." Having so spoken, he held out whole handfuls of those leaves which take away life, prepared for the purpose, and giving every one part thereof, being kindled to suck up the fume; who obeyed his command, the king and his chief kinsmen reserving the last place for themselves.

We speak of the crime of suicide, but few persons will see a crime in this sad and stately leave-taking of a life which it was no longer possible to bear with unbroken hearts. We do not envy the Indian, who, with Spaniards before him as an evidence of the fruits which their creed brought forth, deliberately exchanged for it the old religion of his country, which could sustain him in an action of such melancholy grandeur. But the Indians did not always reply to their oppressors with escaping passively beyond their hands. Here is a story with matter in it for as rich a tragedy as *Cædipus* or *Agamemnon*; and in its stern and tremendous features, more nearly resembling them than any which were conceived even by Shakspeare.

An officer named Orlando had taken the daughter of a Cuban cacique to be his mistress. She was with child by him, but, suspecting her of being engaged in some other intrigue, he had her fastened to two wooden spits, not intending to kill her, but to terrify her; and setting her before the fire, he ordered that she should be turned by the servants of the kitchen.

The maiden, stricken with fear through the cruelty thereof, and strange kind of torment, presently gave up the ghost. The cacique her father, understanding the matter, took thirty of his men and went to the house of the captain, who was then absent, and slew his wife, whom he had married after that wicked act committed, and the women who were companions of the wife, and her servants every one. Then shutting the door of the house, and putting fire under it,

he burnt himself and all his companions that assisted him, together with the captain's dead family and goods.

This is no fiction or poet's romance. It is a tale of wrath and revenge, which in sober dreadful truth enacted itself upon this earth, and remains among the eternal records of the doings of mankind upon it. As some relief to its most terrible features, we follow it with a story which has a touch in it of diabolic humor.

The slave-owners finding their slaves escaping thus unprosperously out of their grasp, set themselves to find a remedy for so desperate a disease, and were swift to avail themselves of any weakness, mental or bodily, through which to retain them in life. One of these proprietors being informed that a number of his people intended to kill themselves on a certain day, at a particular spot, and knowing by experience that they were too likely to do it, presented himself there at the time which had been fixed upon, and telling the Indians when they arrived, that he knew their intention, and that it was vain for them to attempt to keep anything a secret from him, he ended with saying, that he had come there to kill himself with them; that as he had used them ill in this world, he might use them worse in the next; "with which he did dissuade them presently from their purpose." With what efficacy such believers in the immortality of the soul were likely to recommend either their faith or their God; rather, how terribly all the devotion and all the earnestness with which the poor priests who followed in the wake of the conquerors labored to recommend it were shamed and paralyzed, they themselves too bitterly lament. It was idle to send out governor after governor with orders to stay such practices. They had but to arrive on the scenes to become infected with the same fever, or if any remnant of Castilian honor, or any faintest echoes of the faith which they professed, still flickered in a few of the best and noblest, they could but look on with folded hands in ineffectual mourning; they could do nothing without soldiers, and the soldiers were the worst offenders. Hispaniola became a mere desert; the gold was in the mines, and there were no poor slaves left remaining to extract it. One means which the Spaniards dared to employ to supply the vacancy, brought about an incident which in its piteous pathos exceeds any story we have ever heard. Crime and criminals are swept away by time, nature finds an antidote for their poison, and they and their ill consequences alike are blotted out and perish. If we do not forgive them, at least we cease to hate them, as it grows more clear to us that they injured none so deeply as themselves. But the *θηριώδης*

κακία, the enormous wickedness by which humanity itself has been outraged and disgraced, we cannot forgive, we cannot cease to hate that; the years roll away, but the tints of it remain on the pages of history, deep and horrible as the day on which they were entered there.

When the Spaniards understood the simple opinion of the Yucaian islanders concerning the souls of their departed, which, after their sins purged in the cold northern mountains should pass into the south, to the intent that, leaving their own country of their own accord, they might suffer themselves to be brought to Hispaniola, they did persuade those poor wretches, that they came from those places where they should see their parents and children, and all their kindred and friends that were dead, and should enjoy all kinds of delights with the embraces and fruition of all beloved things. And they, being infected and possessed with these crafty and subtle imaginations, singing and rejoicing left their country, and followed vain and idle hope.

But when they saw that they were deceived, and neither met their parents nor any that they desired, but were compelled to undergo grievous sovereignty and command, and to endure cruel and extreme labor, they either slew themselves, or, choosing to famish, gave up their fair spirits, being persuaded by no reason or violence to take food. So these miserable Yucaians came to their end.

It was once more as it was in the days of the apostles. The New World was first offered to the holders of the old traditions. They were the husbandmen first chosen for the new vineyard, and blood and desolation were the only fruits which they reared upon it. In their hands it was becoming a kingdom not of God, but of the devil, and a sentence of blight went out against them and against their works. How fatally it has worked, let modern Spain and Spanish America bear witness. We need not follow further the history of their dealings with the Indians. For their colonies, a fatality appears to have followed all attempts at Catholic colonization. Like shoots from an old decaying tree which no skill and no care can rear, they were planted, and for a while they might seem to grow; but their life was never more than a lingering death, a failure, which to a thinking person would outweigh in the arguments against Catholicism whole libraries of faultless *catenas*, and a *consensus patrum* unbroken through fifteen centuries for the supremacy of St. Peter.

There is no occasion to look for superstitious causes to explain it. The Catholic faith had ceased to be the faith of the large mass of earnest thinking capable persons; and to those who can best do the work, all work in this world sooner or later, is committed. America was the natural home for Protestants; per-

secuted at home, they sought a place where they might worship God in their own way without danger of stake or gibbet, and the French Huguenots, as afterwards the English Puritans, early found their way there. The fate of a party of Coligny's people who had gone out as settlers, shall be the last of these stories, illustrating, as it does in the highest degree, the wrath and fury with which the passions on both sides were boiling. A certain John Ribault, with about 400 companions, had emigrated to Florida. They were quiet inoffensive people, and lived in peace there several years, cultivating the soil, building villages, and on the best possible terms with the natives. Spain was at the time at peace with France; we are, therefore, to suppose that it was in pursuance of the great crusade, in which they might feel secure of the secret, if not the confessed, sympathy of the Guises, that a powerful Spanish fleet bore down upon this settlement. The French made no resistance, and they were seized and flayed alive, and their bodies hung out upon the trees, with an inscription suspended over them, "Not as Frenchmen, but as heretics." At Paris all was sweetness and silence. The settlement was tranquilly surrendered to the same men who had made it the scene of their atrocity; and two years later, 500 of the very Spaniards who had been most active in the murder were living there in peaceable possession, in two forts which their relation with the natives had obliged them to build. It was well that there were other Frenchmen living, of whose consciences the Court had not the keeping, and who were able on emergencies to do what was right without consulting it. A certain privateer named Dominique de Gourges, secretly armed and equipped a vessel at Rochelle, and stealing across the Atlantic and in two days collecting a strong party of Indians, he came down suddenly upon the forts, and, taking them by storm, slew or afterwards hanged every man he found there, leaving their bodies on the trees on which they had hanged the Huguenots, with their own inscription reversed against them,—“Not as Spaniards, but as murderers.” For which exploit, well deserving of all honest men's praise, Dominique de Gourges had to fly his country for his life; and, coming to England, was received with honorable welcome by Elizabeth.

It was at such a time, and to take their part amidst such scenes as these, that the English navigators appeared along the shores of South America, as the armed soldiers of the Reformation, and as the avengers of humanity; and as their enterprise was grand and lofty, so was the manner in which they bore themselves in all ways worthy of it. They were no nation of saints, in the modern

sentimental sense of that word; they were prompt, stern men—more ready ever to strike an enemy than to parley with him; and, private adventurers as they all were, it was natural enough that private foolishness and private badness should be found among them as among other mortals. Every Englishman who had the means was at liberty to fit out a ship or ships, and if he could produce tolerable vouchers for himself, received at once a commission from the Court. The battles of England were fought by her children, at their own risk and cost, and they were at liberty to repay themselves the expense of their expeditions by plundering at the cost of the national enemy. Thus, of course, in a mixed world, there were found mixed marauding crews of scoundrels, who played the game which a century later was played with such effect by the pirates of Tortuga. But we have to remark, first, that such stories are singularly rare; and then, that the victims are never the Indians, never any but the Spaniards or the French, when the English were at war with them; and, on the whole, the conduct and character of the English sailors considering what they were and the work which they were set to do, present us all through that age with such a picture of gallantry, disinterestedness, and high heroic energy, as has never been overmatched; the more remarkable, as it was the fruit of no drill or discipline, no tradition, no system, no organized training, but was the free native growth of a noble virgin soil.

Before starting on an expedition, it was usual for the crew and the officers to meet and arrange among themselves a series of articles of conduct, to which they bound themselves by a formal agreement, the entire body itself undertaking to see to their observance. It is quite possible that strong religious profession, and even sincere profession might be accompanied, as it was in the Spaniards, with everything most detestable. It is not sufficient of itself to prove that their actions would correspond with it, but it is one among a number of evidences; and, coming, as they come before us, with hands clear of any blood but of fair and open enemies, these articles may pass at least as indications of what they were.

Here we have a few instances:—

Hawkins's ship's company was, as he himself informs us, an unusually loose one. Nevertheless, we find them “gathered together every morning and evening to serve God;” and a fire on board which only Hawkins's presence of mind prevented from destroying ship and crew together, was made use of by the men as an occasion to banish swearing out of the ship:—

With a general consent of all our company, it was ordained that there should be a palmer or

ferula which should be in the keeping of him who was taken with an oath; and that he who had the palmer should give to every one that he took swearing, a palmada with it and the ferula; and whosoever at the time of evening or morning prayer was found to have the palmer, should have three blows given him by the captain or the master; and that he should still be bound to free himself by taking another, or else to run in danger of continuing the penalty, which, being executed a few days, reformed the vice, so that in three days together was not one oath heard to be sworn.

The regulations for Luke Fox's voyage commence thus:—

For as much as the good success and prosperity of every action doth consist in the due service and glorifying of God, knowing that not only our being and preservation, but the prosperity of all our actions and enterprises do immediately depend on His Almighty goodness and mercy; it is provided—

First, that all the company, as well officers as others, shall duly repair every day twice at the call of the bell to hear public prayers to be read, such as are authorized by the church, and that in a godly and devout manner, as good Christians ought.

Secondly, that no man shall swear by the name of God, or use any profane oath, or blaspheme His holy name.

To symptoms such as these, we cannot but attach a very different value when they are the spontaneous growth of common minds, unstimulated by sense of propriety or rules of the service, or other official influence lay or ecclesiastic, from what we attach to the somewhat similar ceremonials in which, among persons whose position is conspicuous, important enterprises are now and then inaugurated.

We have said as much as we intend to say of the treatment by the Spaniards of the Indian women. Sir Walter Raleigh is commonly represented by historians as rather defective, if he was remarkable at all, on the moral side of his character. Yet Raleigh can declare proudly, that all the time he was on the Oronooko, "neither by force nor other means had any of his men intercourse with any woman there;" and the narrator of the incidents of Raleigh's last voyage acquaints his correspondent "with some particulars touching the government of the fleet, which, although other men in their voyages doubtless in some measure observed, yet in all the great volumes which have been written touching voyages, there is no precedent of so godly severe and martial government, which not only in itself is laudable and worthy of imitation, but is also fit to be written and engraven on every man's soul that coveteth to do honor to his country."

Once more, the modern theory of Drake is, as we said above, that he was a gentleman-like pirate on a large scale, who is indebted for the place which he fills in history to the indistinct ideas of right and wrong prevailing in the unenlightened age in which he lived, and who therefore demands all the toleration of our own enlarged humanity to allow him to remain there. Let us see how the following incident can be made to coincide with this hypothesis:—

A few days after clearing the channel on his first great voyage, he fell in with a small Spanish ship, which he took for a prize. He committed the care of it to a certain Mr. Doughtie, a person much trusted by, and personally very dear to him, and this second vessel was to follow him as a tender.

In dangerous expeditions into unknown seas, a second smaller ship was often indispensable to success; but many finely-intended enterprises were ruined by the cowardice of the officers to whom such ships were entrusted; who shrank as danger thickened, and again and again took advantage of darkness or heavy weather to make sail for England and forsake their commander. Hawkins twice suffered in this way; so did Sir Humfrey Gilbert; and, although Drake's own kind feeling for his old friend has prevented him from leaving an exact account of his offence, we gather from the scattered hints which are let fall, that he, too, was meditating a similar piece of treason. However, it may or may not have been thus. But when at Port St. Julien, "our General," says one of the crew,—

Began to inquire diligently of the actions of Mr. Thomas Doughtie, and found them not to be such as he looked for, but tending rather to contention or mutiny, or some other disorder, whereby, without redresse, the success of the voyage might greatly have been hazarded. Whereupon the company was called together and made acquainted with the particulars of the cause, which were found, partly by Mr. Doughtie's own confession, and partly by the evidence of the fact, to be true, which, when our General saw, although his private affection to Mr. Doughtie (as he then, in the presence of us all, sacredly protested) was great, yet the care which he had of the state of the voyage, of the expectation of Her Majesty, and of the honor of his country, did more touch him, as indeed it ought, than the private respect of one man; so that the cause being thoroughly heard, and all things done in good order as near as might be to the course of our law in England, it was concluded that Mr. Doughtie should receive punishment according to the quality of the offence. And he, seeing no remedy but patience for himself, desired before his death to receive the communion, which he did at the hands of Mr. Fletcher, our minister, and our General himself accompanied him in that holy action, which, being done, and the place of execution made ready, he, having em-

braced our General, and taken leave of all the company, with prayers for the Queen's Majesty and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head to the block, where he ended his life. This being done, our General made divers speeches to the whole company, persuading us to unity, obedience, love, and regard of our voyage, and for the better confirmation thereof, willed every man the next Sunday following to prepare himself to receive the communion, as Christian brethren and friends ought to do, which was done in very reverent sort, and so with good contentment every man went about his business.

The simple majesty of this anecdote can gain nothing from any comment which we might offer upon it. The crew of a common English ship organizing, of their own free motion, on that wild shore, a judgment hall more grand and awful than any most elaborate law court, with its ermine and black cap, and robes of ceremony for mind as well as body, is not to be reconciled with the pirate theory which we may as well henceforth put away from us.

Of such stuff were the early English navigators: we are reaping the magnificent harvest of their great heroism; and we may see once more in their history and in what has arisen out of it, that on these deep moral foundations, and on none others, enduring prosperities, of what kind soever, politic or religious, material or spiritual, are alone in this divinely-governed world permitted to base themselves and grow. Wherever we find them they are still the same. In the courts of Japan or of China, fighting Spaniards in the Pacific, or prisoners among the Algerines, founding colonies which by and by were to grow into enormous transatlantic republics, or exploring in crazy pinnacles the fierce latitudes of the Polar seas, they are the same indomitable God-fearing men whose life was one great liturgy. "The ice was strong, but God was stronger," says one of Frobisher's men, after grinding a night and a day among the icebergs, not waiting for God to come down and split them, but toiling through she long hours, himself and the rest fending off the vessel with poles and planks, with death glaring at them out of the ice rocks, and so saving themselves and it. Icebergs were strong, Spaniards were strong, and storms, and corsairs, and rocks, and reefs, which no chart had then noted—they were all strong, but God was stronger, and that was all which they cared to know.

Out of the vast number it is difficult to make wise selections, but the attention floats loosely over generalities, and only individual men can seize it and hold it fast. We shall attempt to bring our readers face to face with some of these men; not, of course, to write their biographies, but to sketch the details of

a few scenes, in the hope that they may tempt those under whose eyes they may fall to look for themselves to complete the perfect figure.

Some two miles above the port of Dartmouth, once among the most important harbors in England, on a projecting angle of land which runs out into the river at the head of one of its most beautiful reaches, there has stood for some centuries the Manor House of Greenaway. The water runs deep all the way to it from the sea, and the largest vessels may ride with safety within a stone's throw of the windows. In the latter half of the sixteenth century there must have met, in the hall of this mansion, a party as remarkable as could have been found anywhere in England. Humfrey and Adrian Gilbert, with their half brother, Walter Raleigh, here, when little boys, played at sailors in the reaches of Long Stream; in the summer evenings doubtless rowing down with the tide to the port, and wondering at the quaint figure-heads and carved prows of the ships which thronged it; or climbing on board, and listening, with hearts beating, to the mariners' tales of the new earth beyond the sunset; and here in later life, matured men, whose boyish dreams had become heroic action, they used again to meet in the intervals of quiet, and the rock is shown underneath the house where Raleigh smoked the first tobacco. Another remarkable man, of whom we shall presently speak more closely, could not fail to have made a fourth at these meetings. A sailor boy of Sandwich, the adjoining parish, John Davis, showed early a genius which could not have escaped the eye of such neighbors, and in the atmosphere of Greenaway he learned to be as noble as the Gilberts, and as tender and delicate as Raleigh. Of this party, for the present we confine ourselves to the host and owner, Humfrey Gilbert, knighted afterwards by Elizabeth. Led by the scenes of his childhood to the sea and sea adventures, and afterwards, as his mind unfolded, and to study his profession scientifically, we find him as soon as he was old enough to think for himself, or make others listen to him, "amending the great errors of naval sea cards, whose common fault is to make the degree of longitude in every latitude of one common bigness;" inventing instruments for taking observations, studying the form of the earth, and convincing himself that there was a northwest passage, and studying the necessities of his country, and discovering the remedies for them in colonization and extended markets for home manufactures, and insisting with so much loudness on these important matters that they reached the all-attentive ears of Walsingham, and through Walsingham were conveyed to the Queen. Gilbert was examined before the Queen's Majesty and the Privy Council, the record of

which examination he has himself left to us in a paper which he afterwards drew up, and strange enough reading it is. The most admirable conclusions stand side by side with the wildest conjectures; and invaluable practical discoveries, among imaginations at which all our love for him cannot hinder us from smiling; the whole of it from first to last saturated through and through with his inborn nobility of nature.

Homer and Aristotle are pressed into service to prove that the ocean runs round the three old continents, and America therefore is necessarily an island. The gulf stream which he had carefully observed, eked out by a theory of the *primum mobile*, is made to demonstrate a channel to the north, corresponding to Magellan's Straits in the south, he believing, in common with almost every one of his day, that these straits were the only opening into the Pacific, the land to the south being unbroken to the Pole. He prophesies a market in the East for our manufactured linen and calicoes:—

The Easterns greatly prizing the same as appeareth in Hester, where the pomp is expressed of the great King of India, Ahasuerus, who matched the colored clothes wherewith his houses and tents were apparelled, with gold and silver, as part of his greatest treasure.

These and other such arguments were the best analysis which Sir Humfrey had to offer of the spirit which he felt to be working in him. We may think what we please of them. But we can have but one thought of the great grand words with which the memorial concludes, and they alone would explain the love which Elizabeth bore him:

Never, therefore, mislike with me for taking in hand any laudable and honest enterprise, for if through pleasure or idleness we purchase shame, the pleasure vanisheth, but the shame abideth for ever.

Give me leave, therefore, without offence, al-ways to live and die in this mind: that he is not worthy to live at all that, for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honor, seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal, wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno*.

Two voyages which he undertook at his own cost, which shattered his fortune and failed, as they naturally might, since inefficient help or mutiny of subordinates, or other disorders, are inevitable conditions under which more or less great men must be content to see their great thoughts mutilated by the feebleness of their instruments, did not dishearten him, and in June, 1583, a last fleet of five ships sailed from the port of Dartmouth, with commission from the Queen to discover

and take possession from latitude 45 deg. to 50 deg. north—a voyage not a little noteworthy, there being planted in the course of it the first English colony west of the Atlantic. Elizabeth had a foreboding that she would never see him again. She sent him a jewel as a last token of her favor, and she desired Raleigh to have his picture taken before he went.

The history of the voyage was written by a Mr. Edward Hayes, of Dartmouth, one of the principal actors in it, and as a composition it is more remarkable for fine writing than any very commendable thought in the author of it. But Sir Humfrey's nature shines through the infirmity of his chronicler; and in the end, indeed, Mr. Hayes himself is subdued into a better mind. He had lost money by the voyage, and we will hope his higher nature was only under a temporary eclipse. The fleet consisted (it is well to observe the ships and the size of them) of the *Delight*, 120 tons; the barque *Raleigh*, 200 tons (this ship deserted off the Land's End); the *Golden Hinde* and the *Swallow*, 40 tons each; and the *Squirrel*, which was called the frigate, 10 tons. For the uninitiated in such matters, we may add, that if in a vessel the size of the last, a member of the Yacht Club would consider that he had earned a club-room immortality if he had ventured a run in the depth of summer from Cowes to the Channel Islands.

"We were in all," says Mr. Hayes, "260 men, among whom we had of every faculty good choice. Besides, for solace of our own people, and allurements of the savages, we were provided of music in good variety, not omitting the least toys, as morris dancers, hobby horses, and May-like conceits to delight the savage people."

The expedition reached Newfoundland without accident. St. John's was taken possession of and a colony left there, and Sir Humfrey then set out exploring along the American coast to the south; he himself doing all the work in his little 10-ton cutter, the service being too dangerous for the larger vessels to venture on. One of these had remained at St. John's. He was now accompanied only by the *Delight* and the *Golden Hinde*, and these two keeping as near the shore as they dared, he spent what remained of the summer, examining every creek and bay, marking the soundings, taking the bearings of the possible harbors, and risking his life, as every hour he was obliged to risk it in such a service, in thus leading, as it were, the forlorn hope in the conquest of the New World. How dangerous it was we shall presently see. It was towards the end of August.

The evening was fair and pleasant, yet not without token of storm to ensue, and most part

of this Wednesday night, like the swan that singeth before her death, they in the *Delight* continued in sounding of drums and trumpets and fifes, also winding the cornets and haught-boys, and in the end of their jollity left with the battell and ringing of doleful knells.

Two days after came the storm; the *Delight* struck upon a bank, and went down in sight of the other vessels, which were unable to render her any help. Sir Humfrey's papers, among other things, were all lost in her; at the time considered by him an irreparable loss. But it was little matter; he was never to need them. The *Golden Hinde* and the *Squirrel* were now left alone of the five ships. The provisions were running short, and the summer season was closing. Both crews were on short allowance; and with much difficulty Sir Humfrey was prevailed upon to be satisfied for the present with what he had done, and to lay off for England.

So upon Saturday, in the afternoon, the 31st of August, we changed our course, and returned back for England, at which very instant, even in winding about, there passed along between us and the land, which he now forsook, a very lion, to our seeming, in shape, hair, and color; not swimming after the manner of a beast by moving of his feet, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body, except his legs, in sight, neither yet diving under and again rising as the manner is of whales, porpoises, and other fish, but confidently showing himself without hiding, notwithstanding that we presented ourselves in open view and gesture to amaze him. Thus he passed along, turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ugly demonstration of long teeth and glaring eyes; and to bidde us farewell, coming right against the *Hinde*, he sent forth a horrible voice, roaring and bellowing as doth a lion, which spectacle we all beheld so far as we were able to discern the same, as men prone to wonder at every strange thing. What opinion others had thereof, and chiefly the General himself, I forbear to deliver. But he took it for *Bonum Omen*, rejoicing that he was to war against such an enemy if it were the devil.

We have no doubt that he did think it was the devil; men in those days believing really that evil was more than a principle or a necessary accident, and that in all their labor for God and for right, they must make their account to have to fight with the devil in his proper person. But if we are to call it superstition, and if this were no devil in the form of a roaring lion, but a mere great seal or sea lion, it is a more innocent superstition to impersonate so real a power, and it requires a bolder heart to rise up against it and defy it in its living terror, than to sublimate it away into a philosophical principle, and to forget to battle with it in speculating on its origin and nature. But to follow the brave Sir Humfrey,

whose work of fighting with the devil was now over, and who was passing to his reward. The 2nd of September the General came on board the *Golden Hinde* "to make merry with us." He greatly deplored the loss of his book and papers; and Mr. Hayes considered that the loss of manuscripts could not be so very distressing, and that there must have been something behind, certain gold ore, for instance, which had perished also—considerations not perhaps of particular value. He was full of confidence from what he had seen, and talked with all eagerness and warmth of the new expedition for the following spring. Apocryphal gold-mines still occupying the minds of Mr. Hayes and others, who were persuaded that Sir Humfrey was keeping to himself some such discovery which he had secretly made, they tried hard to extract it from him. They could make nothing, however, of his odd ironical answers, and their sorrow at the catastrophe which followed is sadly blended with disappointment that such a secret should have perished. Sir Humfrey doubtless saw America with other eyes than theirs, and gold-mines richer than California in its huge rivers and savannahs.

Leaving the issue of this good hope (about the gold,) continues Mr. Hayes, "to God, who only knoweth the truth thereof, I will hasten to the end of this tragedy, which must be knit up in the person of our General, and as it was God's ordinance upon him, even so the vehement persuasion of his friends could nothing avail to divert him from his wilful resolution of going in his frigate; and when he was entreated by the captain, master, and others, his well-wishers in the *Hinde*, not to venture, this was his answer—'I will not forsake my little company going homewards, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils.'

Albeit, thinks the writer, who is unable to comprehend such high gallantry, there must have been something on his mind of what the world would say of him, "and it was rather rashness than advised resolution to prefer the wind of a vain report to the weight of his own life," for the writing of which sentence we will trust the author, either in this world or the other, has before this done due penance and repented of it.

Two-thirds of the way home they met foul weather and terrible seas, "breaking short and pyramid-wise." Men who had all their lives "occupied the sea" had never seen it more outrageous. "We had also upon our mainyard an apparition of a little fire by night, which seamen do call *Castor* and *Polux*."

Monday, the ninth of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered, and giving

forth signs of joy, the General, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out unto us in the *Hinde* so often as we did approach within hearing, 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land,' reiterating the same speech, well beseming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify that he was. The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hinde*, suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight; and withal our watch cried, 'The General was cast away,' which was too true.

So stirbt ein Held. It was a fine end for a mortal man. We will not call it sad or tragic, but heroic and sublime; and if our eyes water as we write it down, it is not with sorrow, but with joy and pride.

"Thus faithfully," concludes Mr. Hayes (in some degree rising above himself,) "I have related this story, wherein some spark of the knight's virtues, though he be extinguished, may happily appear; he remaining resolute to a purpose honest and godly as was this, to discover, possess, and reduce unto the service of God and Christian piety, those remote and heathen countries of America. Such is the infinite bounty of God, who from every evil deriveth good, that fruit may grow in time of our travelling in these North-Western lands (as has it not grown?), and the crosses, turmoils, and afflictions, both in the preparation and execution of the voyage, did correct the intemperate humors which before we noted to be in this gentleman, and made unsavory and less delightful his other manifold virtues.

"Thus as he was refined and made nearer unto the image of God, so it pleased the Divine will to resume him unto Himself, whither both his and every other high and noble mind have always aspired."

Such was Sir Humfrey Gilbert; we know but little more of him, and we can only conjecture that he was still in the prime of his years when the Atlantic swallowed him. Like the gleam of a landscape lit suddenly for a moment by the lightning, these few scenes flash down to us across the centuries; but what a life must that have been of which this was the conclusion! He was one of a race which have ceased to be. We look round for them, and we can hardly believe that the same blood is flowing in our veins. Brave we may still be, and strong perhaps as they, but the high moral grace which made bravery and strength so beautiful is departed from us for ever.

Our space is sadly limited for historical portrait painting; but we must find room for another of that Greenaway party whose nature was as fine as that of Gilbert, and who intellectually was more largely gifted. The latter was drowned in 1583. In 1585 John Davis left Dartmouth on his first voyage into the Po-

lar seas; and twice subsequently he went again, venturing in small ill-equipped vessels of thirty or forty tons into the most dangerous seas. These voyages were as remarkable for their success as for the daring with which they were accomplished, and Davis's epitaph is written on the map of the world, where his name still remains to commemorate his discoveries. Brave as he was, he is distinguished by a peculiar and exquisite sweetness of nature, which, from many little facts of his life, seem to have affected every one with whom he came in contact in a remarkable degree. We find men, for the love of Master Davis, leaving their firesides to sail with him, without other hope or motion; and silver bullets were cast to shoot him in a mutiny; the hard rude natures of the mutineers being awed by something in his carriage which was not like that of a common man. He has written the account of one of his northern voyages himself; one of those, by the by, which the Hakluyt Society have mutilated; and there is an imaginative beauty in it, and a rich delicacy of expression, which is a true natural poetry, called out in him by the first sight of strange lands and things and people.

To show what he was, we should have preferred, if possible, to have taken the story of his expedition into the South Seas, in which, under circumstances of singular difficulty, he was deserted by Candish, under whom he had sailed; and after inconceivable trials, from famine, mutiny, and storm, ultimately saved himself and his ship, and such of the crew as had chosen to submit to his orders. But it is a long history, and will not admit of being mutilated. As an instance of the stuff of which it was composed, he ran back in the black night in a gale of wind through the Straits of Magellan, by a chart which he had made with the eye in passing up. His anchors were lost or broken; the cables were parted. He could not bring up the ship; there was nothing for it but to run, and he carried her safe through, along a channel often not three miles broad, sixty miles from end to end, and twisting like the reaches of a river. For the present, however, we are forced to content ourselves with a few sketches out of the north-west voyages. Here is one, for instance, which shows how an Englishman could deal with the Indians. Davis had landed at Gilbert's Sound, and gone up the country exploring. On his return, he found his crew loud in complaints of the thievish propensities of the natives, and urgent to have an example made of some of them. On the next occasion he fired a gun at them with blank cartridge; but their nature was still too strong for them.

"Seeing iron," he says, "they could in no case forbear stealing; which, when I perceived, it did

but minister to me occasion of laughter to see their simplicity, and I willed that they should not be hardly used, but that our company should be more diligent to keep their things, supposing it to be very hard in so short a time to make them know their evils.

In his own way, however, he took an opportunity of administering a lesson to them of a more wholesome kind than could be given with gunpowder and bullets. Like the rest of his countrymen, he believed the savage Indians in their idolatries to be worshippers of the devil. "They are witches," he says; "they have images in great store, and use many kinds of "enchancements." And these enchantments they tried on one occasion to put in force against himself and his crew.

Being on shore on the 4th day of July, one of them made a long oration, and then kindled a fire, into which with many strange words and gestures he put divers things, which we supposed to be a sacrifice. Myself and certain of my company standing by, they desired us to go into the smoke. I desired them to go into the smoke, which they would by no means do. I then took one of them and thrust him into the smoke, and willed one of my company to tread out the fire, and spurn it into the sea, which was done to show them that we did contemn their sorceries.

It is a very English story—exactly what a modern Englishman would do; only, perhaps, not believing that there was any real devil in the case, which makes a difference. However, real or not real, after seeing him patiently put up with such an injury, we will hope the poor Greenlander had less respect for him than formerly.

Leaving Gilbert's Sound, Davis went on to the north-west, and in lat. 63° fell in with a barrier of ice, which he coasted for thirteen days without finding an opening. The very sight of an iceberg was new to all the crew; and the ropes and shrouds, though it was mid-summer, becoming compassed with ice,—

The people began to fall sick and faint-hearted—whereupon, very orderly, with good discretion, they entreated me to regard the safety of mine own life, as well as the preservation of theirs; and that I should not, through overboldness, leave their widows and fatherless children to give me bitter curses.

Whereupon seeking counsel of God, it pleased His Divine Majesty to move my heart to prosecute that which I hope shall be to His glory, and to the contentation of every Christian mind.

He had two vessels, one of some burthen, the other a pinnace of thirty tons. The result of the counsel which he had sought was, that he made over his own large vessel to such as wished to return, and himself, "thinking it better to die with honor than to return

with infamy," went on, with such volunteers as would follow him, in a poor leaky cutter, up the sea now called Davis's Straits, in commemoration of that adventure, 4° north of the furthest known point, among storms and icebergs, by which the long days and twilight nights alone saved him from being destroyed, and, coasting back along the American shore, discovered Hudson's Straits, supposed then to be the long desired entrance into the Pacific. This exploit drew the attention of Walsingham, and by him Davis was presented to Burleigh, "who was also pleased to show him great encouragement." If either these statesmen or Elizabeth had been twenty years younger, his name would have filled a larger space in history than a small corner of the map of the world; but if he was employed at all in the last years of the century, no *vates sacer* has been found to celebrate his work, and no clue is left to guide us. He disappears; a cloud falls over him. He is known to have commanded trading vessels in the Eastern seas, and to have returned five times from India. But the details are all lost, and accident has only parted the clouds for a moment to show us the mournful setting with which he, too, went down upon the sea.

In taking out Sir Edward Michellthorne to India, in 1604, he fell in with a crew of Japanese, whose ship had been burnt, drifting at sea, without provisions, in a leaky junk. He supposed them to be pirates, but he did not choose to leave them to so wretched a death, and took them on board, and in a few hours, watching their opportunity, they murdered him.

As the fool dieth, so dieth the wise, and there is no difference; it was the chance of the sea, and the ill reward of a humane action—a melancholy end for such a man—like the end of a warrior, not dying Epaminondas-like on the field of victory, but cut off in some poor brawl or ambushade. But so it was with all these men. They were cut off in the flower of their days, and few indeed of them laid their bones in the sepulchres of their fathers. They knew the service which they had chosen, and they did not ask the wages for which they had not labored. Life with them was no summer holiday, but a holy sacrifice offered up to duty, and what their Master sent was welcome. Beautiful is old age—beautiful as the slow-dropping mellow autumn of a rich glorious summer. In the old man, nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with her blessings; she fills him with the fruits of a well-spent life; and, surrounded by his children and his children's children, she rocks him softly away to a grave, to which he is followed with blessings. God forbid we should not call it beautiful. It is beautiful, but not the most beautiful. There is another life,

hard, rough, and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow; the life of which the cross is the symbol; a battle which no peace follows, this side the grave; which the grave gapes to finish, before the victory is won; and—strange that it should be so—this is the highest life of man. Look back along the great names of history; there is none whose life has been other than this. They to whom it has been given to do the really highest work in this earth—whoever they are, Jew or Gentile, Pagan or Christian, warriors, legislators, philosophers, priests, poets, kings, slaves—one and all, their fate has been the same—the same bitter cup has been given to them to drink; and so it was with the servants of England in the sixteenth century. Their life was a long battle, either with the elements or with men, and it was enough for them to fulfil their work, and to pass away in the hour when God had nothing more to bid them do. They did not complain, and why should we complain for them? Peaceful life was not what they desired, and an honorable death had no terrors for them. Theirs was the old Grecian spirit, and the great heart of the Theban poet lived again in them:—

“Θανεῖν δ' οἷσιν ἀνάγκη
τὶ κέ τις ἀνώνυμον γῆρας ἐν σκότῳ
καθήμενος ἔθοι μάταν, ἀπάντων
καλῶν ἄμωρος.”

“Seeing,” in Gilbert’s own brave words, “that death is inevitable, and the fame of virtue is immortal; wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno.*”

In the conclusion of these light sketches we pass into an element different from that in which we have been lately dwelling. The scenes in which Gilbert and Davis played out their high natures were of the kind which we call peaceful, and the enemies with which they contended were principally the ice and the wind, and the stormy seas and the dangers of unknown and savage lands; we shall close amidst the roar of cannon, and the wrath and rage of battle. Hume, who alludes to the engagement which we are going to describe, speaks of it in a tone which shows that he looked at it as something portentous and prodigious; as a thing to wonder at—but scarcely as deserving the admiration which we pay to actions properly within the scope of humanity—and as if the strength which was displayed in it was like the unnatural strength of madness. He does not say this, but he appears to feel it; and he scarcely would have felt it, if he had cared more deeply to saturate himself with the temper of the age of which he was writing. At the time all England and all the world rang with it. It struck a deeper terror, though it was but the action of a single ship, into the hearts of the Spanish people—it dealt

a more deadly blow upon their fame and moral strength, than the destruction of the Armada itself; and in the direct results which arose from it, it was scarcely less disastrous to them. Hardly, as it seems to us, if the most glorious actions which are set like jewels in the history of mankind are weighed one against the other in the balance, hardly will those 300 Spartans who in the summer morning sate “combing their long hair—for death” in the passes of Thermopylæ, have earned a more lofty estimate for themselves than this one crew of modern Englishmen.

In August 1591, Lord Thomas Howard, with six English line-of-battle ships, six victuallers, and two or three pinnaces, were lying at anchor under the island of Florez. Light in ballast and short of water, with half their men disabled by sickness, they were unable to pursue the aggressive purpose on which they had been sent out. Several of the ships’ crews were on shore; the ships themselves “all pestered and rommaging,” with everything out of order. In this condition they were surprised by a Spanish fleet consisting of 53 men-of-war. Eleven out of the twelve English ships obeyed the signal of the Admiral, to cut or weigh their anchors and escape as they might. The twelfth, the *Revenge*, was unable for the moment to follow; of her crew of 190, 90 being sick on shore, and, from the position of the ship, there being some delay and difficulty in getting them on board. The *Revenge* was commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, of Bideford, a man well known in the Spanish seas, and the terror of the Spanish sailors; so fierce he was said to be, that mythic stories passed from lip to lip about him, and, like Earl Talbot or Cœur de Lion; the nurses at the Azores frightened children with the sound of his name. “He was of great revenues,” they said, of his own inheritance, but of unquiet mind, and greatly affected to wars;” and from his uncontrollable propensities for blood eating, he had volunteered his services to the Queen; “of so hard a complexion was he, that I (John Huighen von Linschoten, who is our authority here and who was with the Spanish fleet after the action) have been told by divers credible persons who stood and beheld him, that he would carouse three or four glasses of wine, and take the glasses between his teeth and crush them in pieces and swallow them down.” Such he was to the Spaniard. To the English he was a goodly and gallant gentleman, who had never turned his back upon an enemy, and remarkable in that remarkable time for his constancy and daring. In this surprise at Florez he was in no haste to fly. He first saw all his sick on board and stowed away on the ballast, and then, with no more than 100 men left him to fight and work the ship, he deliberately weigh

ed, uncertain, as it seemed at first what he intended to do. The Spanish fleet were by this time on his weather bow, and he was persuaded (we here take his cousin Raleigh's beautiful narrative and follow it in his words) "to cut his mainsail and cast about, and trust to the sailing of the ship."

But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through their two squadrons in despite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way, which he performed upon diverse of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better; and might well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing; notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded."

The wind was light; the *San Philip*, "a huge high-carged ship," of 1500 tons, came up to windward of him, and, taking the wind out of his sails, ran aboard him.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with the *San Philip*, four others boarded her, two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip*, having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. The Spanish ships were filled with soldiers, in some 200, besides the mariners, in some 500, in others 800. In ours there were none at all, besides the mariners, but the servants of the commander and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitude of their armed soldiers and musketeers; but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ship or into the sea. In the beginning of the fight the *George Noble*, of London, having received some shot through her by the *Armadas*, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him; but being one of the victuallers, and of small force, Sir Richard bade him save himself and leave him to his fortune."

A little touch of gallantry, which we should be glad to remember with the honor due to the brave English heart who commanded the *George Noble*; but his name has passed away, and his action is an *in memoriam*, on which time has effaced the writing. All that August night the fight continued, the stars rolling over in their sad majesty, but unseen through the sulphur clouds which hung over the scene. Ship after ship of the Spaniards came on upon the *Revenge*, "so that never less

than two mighty galleons were at her side and aboard her," washing up like waves upon a rock, and falling foiled and shattered back amidst the roar of the artillery. Before morning fifteen several armadas had assailed her, and all in vain; some had been sunk at her side; and the rest, "so ill approving of their entertainment, that at break of day they were far more willing to hearken to a composition, than hastily to make more assaults or entries." "But as the day increased so our men decreased, and as the light grew more and more, by so much the more grew our discomfort, for none appeared in sight but enemies, save one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning, bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare among many ravenous hounds—but escaped."

All the powder in the *Revenge* was now spent, all her pikes broken, 40 out of her 100 men were killed, and a great number of the rest wounded. Sir Richard, though badly hurt early in the battle, never forsook the deck till an hour before midnight; and was then shot through the body while his wounds were being dressed, and again in the head; and his surgeon was killed while attending on him. The masts were lying over the side, the rigging cut or broken, the upper works all shot in pieces, and the ship herself, unable to move, was settling slowly in the sea; the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round her in a ring like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony. Sir Richard seeing that it was past hope, having fought for fifteen hours, and "having by estimation, eight hundred shot of great artillery through him," "commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards; seeing in so many hours they were not able to take her, having had above fifteen hour's time, above ten thousand men, and fifty-three men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days."

The gunner and a few others consented.—But such *δαιμονική ἀρετή* was more than could be expected of ordinary seamen. They had dared do all which did become men, and they were not more than men, at least than men were then. Two Spanish ships had gone down, above 1500 men were killed, and the Spanish Admiral could not induce any one of the rest of his fleet to board the *Revenge* again, "doubt-

ing lest Sir Richard would have blown up himself and them knowing his dangerous disposition." Sir Richard lying disabled below, the captain finding the Spaniards as ready to entertain a composition as they could be to offer it, gained over the majority of the surviving crew; and the remainder then drawing back from the master gunner, they all, without further consulting their dying commander, surrendered on honorable terms. If unequal to the English in action, the Spaniards were at least as courteous in victory. It is due to them to say, that the conditions were faithfully observed. And "the ship being marvellous unsavourie," Alonzo de Bacon, the Spanish Admiral, sent his boat to bring Sir Richard on board his own vessel.

Sir Richard, whose life was fast ebbing away, replied, that "he might do with his body what he list, for that he esteemed it not; and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again, desired the company to pray for him."

The Admiral used him with all humanity, "commending his valor and worthiness, being unto them a rare spectacle and a resolution seldom approved." The officers of the rest of the fleet, too, John Higgins tells us, crowded around to look at him, and a new fight had almost broken out between the Biscayans and the "Portugals," each claiming the honor of having boarded the *Revenge*.

In a few hours Sir Richard, feeling his end approaching, showed not any sign of faintness, but spake these words in Spanish, and said, "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honor. Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do." When he had finished these or other such like words, he gave up the ghost with great and stout courage, and no man could perceive any sign of heaviness in him.

Such was the fight at Florez, in that August of 1591, without its equal in such of the annals of mankind as the thing which we call history has preserved to us; scarcely equalled by the most glorious fate which the imagination of Barrère could invent for the *Vengeur*; nor did it end without a sequel awful as itself. Sea battles have been often followed by storms, and without a miracle; but with a miracle, as the Spaniards and the English alike believed, or without one, as we moderns would prefer believing "there ensued on this action a tempest so terrible as was never seen or heard the like before." A fleet of merchantmen joined the armada immediately after the battle, forming in all 140 sail; and of these 140, only 32 ever saw Spanish harbor. The rest all foundered, or were lost on the Azores. The men-of-war had been so shattered by shot as to be unable to carry sail, and the *Revenge* herself, disdaining to survive her commander, or as if to complete his own last baffled purpose, like Samson, buried herself and her 200 prize crew under the rocks of St. Michael's.

"And it may well be thought and presumed," says John Huyghen, "that it was no other than a just plague purposely sent upon the Spaniards; and that it might be truly said, the taking of the *Revenge* was justly revenged on them; and not by the might of force of man, but by the power of God. And some of them openly said in the Isle of Terceira, that they believed verily God would consume them, and that he took part with the Lutherans and heretics. . . . saying further, that so soon as they had thrown the dead body of the Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Grenville overboard, they verily thought that as he had a devilish faith and religion, and therefore the devil loved him, so he presently sunk into the bottom of the sea and down into hell, where he raised up all the devils to the revenge of his death, and that they brought so great a storm and torments upon the Spaniards, because they only maintained the Catholic and Romish religion. Such and the like blasphemies against God they ceased not openly to utter.

A SCOTCH SONG.—The Abbé Moreillet, in his *Memoirs*, says,—

"Franklin was very fond of Scotch songs; he recollected, he said, the strong and agreeable impressions which they had made on him. He related to us that, while travelling in America, he found himself beyond the Alleghany Mountains, in the house of a Scotchman, living remote from society, after the loss of his fortune, with his wife, who had been handsome, and their daughter, fifteen or sixteen years of age; and that on a beautiful evening, sitting before their door, the wife

had sung the Scotch air, 'So merry as we have been,' in so sweet and touching a way that he burst into tears, and that the recollection of this impression was still quite vivid, after more than thirty years."

Where are the words and music of this song to be found?

Philadelphia.

UNEDA.

[The words and music of the song, "Sae merry as we twa hae been," will be found in Johnson's *Scot's Musical Museum*, vol. i. p. 60.]—*Notes and Queries*.

From Hogg's Instructor.

LOVE'S PROVOCATIONS.

BEING EXTRACTS TAKEN, IN THE MOST UNMANNERS
AND UNMANNERLY MANNER, FROM THE
DIARY OF MISS POLLY C——.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE, B. A.

PROVOCATION THE FIRST.

I NEVER was so provoked in all my life—never! I don't know what "the Provocations of Madame Palissy" may have been, but I am quite confident that they could have been nothing to mine. To think that dear Walter should have behaved to me so! *Could* anything have been more provoking! I am sure that "Fox's Martyrs," whom papa has in his study, could not have had that to try them, though they seem to have gone through a good deal, poor things! I think it will comfort me if I write down some of my provocations, and make a confidante of my Diary. So, now for a plunge into this cold paper; it may brace me up for new exertions.

When Mrs. Trotman sent to invite us to her evening party, mamma and papa were unfortunately engaged to dine at the Brums', who live two doors from us, in Uppington Square; and of course they would not hear of my going to Mrs. Trotman's by myself. Then Fred, though he is a very good brother in most things, yet does not always think of his sister as he ought to do; and so, when I told him of my dilemma, he pretended that he could not help me out of it, for that he too was going out to dinner (he called it 'a spread'), with some other young men who were in chambers, and that he would 'see the Trotmans anywhere, first, before he was going to waste his evening by making himself a wall-flower in their rooms!' for, unfortunately, Fred is not so fond of dancing as *some one* I could mention, who can waltz—oh! like a duck! So mamma said that she should write to decline the invitation; and I was so provoked, for I knew that he would be there, and I had set my heart upon going.

But what will not the ingenuity of love accomplish? I said to mamma—to whom I had not breathed a word about expecting to meet Mr. Vernon (dear Walter) at the party—"I'll write the note for you, ma', dear; if it goes this evening, it will do." And then I at once put on my bonnet (the very one in which dear Walter first saw me at the Chiswick Flower Show, and about which he made such delightful speeches), and away I flew to the other side of the square to see if Madge and Nelly Winny had also got an invite to the Trotmans. For Madge and I had grown up from childhood together, had been at the same school—had never quarrelled—except, indeed, a little tiff about that handsome Captain Wilton, who used to stare at us so, when we were in the school-pew at church—and we have always told each other our *secrets*. I had confided to her all about dear Walter, from the very first day that I met him (which was the flower-show day), when it poured so with rain, and he made way for me inside the tent, and afterwards offered me his umbrella. Of course, I ought to have behaved civilly to *any*

one who was so polite; and I should have acted just the same, I am sure, to dear Walter, if he had been old an ugly, instead of being young and handsome, *as he is*. Madge says, that it was clearly *mamma's* fault for getting separated from *me*, and not *my* fault for losing *her* (as mamma said it was); and that I could not do less than allow Mr. Vernon (what a *sweet* name dear Walter has!) to take me under his umbrella, and see me safe to a cab, and (at my request) tell the cabman where to take me to. And it was but right and proper (at least so Madge says) that he should call at our house the next day, to ask if I had *taken cold*. And when he made himself so agreeable to mamma, and told her about his grand connections in the north, with whom he had been at the flower show (that stupid 'Times' never gave their names!) poor mamma, who has rather a weakness for great people, became so friendly, that she asked him if he was not better engaged for the next Thursday, if he would come and dine with us? He just glanced at me in such a *meaning* way, and said that he had half promised his friend Fitzcarbine of the Guards; but that he *could* have no better engagement than ours, and that he would throw Fitzcarbine over, and come to us.

I got Madge to meet him to see what she would think of him, (though I cautioned her that she must be sure and not fall in love with him), and Madge agreed with me, that Mr. Walter Vernon *was* quite fascinating. On that evening, dear Walter's attentions to me were marked with such *empressement*, that I could not but perceive that his heart was mine—as, it is vain to deny, mine was his—even from that delicious hour when we stood with wet feet under the dripping tent at Chiswick! But, as some poet very justly and sweetly observes, "the course of *true* love never doth run *smooth*;" and though dear Walter was, I am sure (and so Madge says), all that *any* parents could desire for their daughter; yet, somehow, after that first evening, both papa and mamma seemed to grow less fond of him, and did not ask him to our house quite so often as a *certain* person could wish. And when one day I ventured to say before Frederick that Mr. Vernon was very handsome, Fred said, in his rude, brotherly way, that the "feller (as he called him) was like a wax gent in a barber's window;" and that, "as to the place where he said his rooms were, in Bryanston Square, he only hired the door-bell, and had his letters directed there;" and that he "believed he was a humbug;" and that "perhaps his father lived in a castle in *Ayrshire*" (I knew what he meant); and that "his talk about his connections in the north, and his great expectations, was all a *chouse*." Of course, I told Mr. Frederick, that if he could not boast another person's good looks, he might at least try to emulate that person's good manners; and that he never heard Mr. Vernon make use of such vulgar expressions, or indulge in such ill-natured and *groundless* remarks; and that I dare say, when Mr. Vernon came into his property, no one would sooner pay court to him than Mr. Frederick!

But when I told my troubles to Madge, she gave me the very best advice: for she said that I could still love dear Walter in secret, and that

papa and mamma perhaps only *seemed* to be reluctant, in order that Mr. Vernon might think their daughter was not to be easily gained, and so might propose the sooner. And then (dear girl!) she got her mamma to ask him to their house; and there he became introduced to other people, who asked him to their houses; and as these were places where we visited, I met him frequently. I had contrived to know that he would be at the Trotmans, so I thought that Madge might be able to help me in my dilemma.

Unfortunately, Madge was taking her harp-lesson from signor Pussigutti, and I was obliged to wait half an hour (*quite* that!) before the signor (who speaks such good English!) would go, and allow me to unbosom myself. Indeed, I was so anxious to know if Madge was going, that I was obliged to make her tell me *that*—though I had to interrupt her harp-lesson; much to the annoyance of Signor Pussigutti, for she was just in the middle of his "Potpourri," and delicate Variations on "Polly put the Kettle on." But at last the lesson came to an end, and Signor Pussigutti took his delicate Variations to some one else; and we went up to Madge's own room, where we could have a nice chat, and see her new *barège* dress; and I told her what a pucker I was in about the Trotmans, and that she must join me in asking her mamma to take pity upon me, by offering to chaperone me. Mrs. Whinney, who had always been very kind to me, at once granted my petition, and wrote to mamma, begging her to let me accompany Madge and Nelly to the Trotmans, under her chaperonage. Much to my joy, my generalship was quite successful, for the lady-mother consented to let me go; and, not to keep any one sitting up for me at home, it was agreed that I should dress at Mrs. Whinney's, and stay and sleep with Madge.

I waited with great impatience for the evening of the party, and prevailed upon mamma to let me have a new dress—*one of the sweetest white muslins I ever saw, with a Valenciennes fall, and bows of cerise ribbon.* I also decided to wear the same colored ribbons in my hair, as it would show dear Walter that I remembered what he had said about them on a previous occasion. *Quite* accidentally I met him in the Park—where I was in the habit (at least, ever since I had known dear Walter) of taking a morning walk regularly on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at eleven o'clock; and I told him that we should meet at the Trotmans; and he said that he should count the minutes till then, etc., etc. I told him that I should do the ditto ditto, etc., etc.

Well! at last the evening came; my things were taken across to Mrs. Whinney's, and I followed them. I dressed along with Madge and Nelly, and we had their maid Julie all to ourselves—which is so nice! and I wish mamma would let me have a proper maid, instead of having to put up with our housemaid Sarah, who is always sticking pins into me, and pulls my hair about terribly; whereas Julie always understands the present fashion, and can make one's hair go far again—I really never thought my poor wig could have been made so much of!

When we were quite dressed, and had given one final good look at ourselves in the cheval glass,

and had each told each other that we looked lovely, we went down into the drawing-room, to wait for Mrs. Whinney; and there was Madge's brother, Mr. Joseph, dressed (according to rather a vulgar expression of Fred's) "to within an inch of his life." I had quite forgotten that he was going with us; indeed, I do n't suppose that I had even given the creature a thought; for, if there ever was a goose in the world, it is Mr. Joseph Whinney!—a shallow, soft-headed, effeminate creature—he quite provokes me, I declare! And though we *have* known each other all our lives, and I am so intimate with his sisters, yet that is no reason why he should pester me with his attentions—which I never shall return, and never encourage—never, I am sure."

"So glad you are going to the Trotmans, Miss Mary," said Mr. Joseph, in his silly, simpering way; "because your step suits mine so well, and I want to dance with you a great deal this evening."

And the wretch took out some tablets (fancy a *man* carrying tablets!) and asked me to tell him all the dances for which I was disengaged. But Madge, who knew I was looking forward to dance with dear Walter all the evening, told Mr. Joseph to put up his tablets, and not make a monopoly of any young lady; and the dear girl gave me a kiss, as she whispered in my ear: "You had better dance once or twice with Joe, because if you were to dance with no one else than the one you wish, you might be talked about, Miss Polly." So I made Mr. Joseph happy (he said so at least), by promising him the first set, and perhaps another; reserving all the delightful vales and polkas for—somebody!

As soon as we had got to the Trotmans, I, of course looked about for Mr. Vernon, but he had not yet come; so I was glad to occupy the time, which had otherwise been wasted, by at once giving my hand to Mr. Joseph for the first set of quadrilles, which were then being formed. Just when Mr. Joseph was pastoreling in the most grotesque way, dear Walter came—looking so handsome, and *such* a contrast to the wretch who was then capering in front of me. He entered the room with the Madder Brown girls. I found afterwards, that Mr. and Mrs. Brown had asked him to take a seat in their *carriage*, as they call that vehicle of theirs; and, in the most provoking way, he either could n't, or would n't, see me, although *my cough* became *very* troublesome, and I am sure he must have *heard* me. But the Madder Brown girls had got hold of him, and they carried him off to the other drawing-room, where I could hear them giggling with that *silly* laugh of theirs. They had been making up to him very fiercely for a fortnight past; in fact, as soon as they had heard of his great expectations and his high connections in the North; and I could see that they were doing their best to cut me out, and get dear Walter for themselves—for they did not seem to be at all particular whether he chose Hyacinth or Rose; or, for the matter of that, *both* of them, if the laws had allowed him!

Though I had told him that I should come early, and though he must have known that I was there, yet he never came to look for me all through the quadrille. So when the last figure

was ended, I told Mr. Joseph (who must have found me very absent) that I would go into the next room to look for my *fan*. We went; and there was Walter, making himself very comfortable on a sociable with the Madder Brown girls, who looked quite elate with the conquest which (as *they* thought) they had effected. I thought Walter seemed rather abashed when he met my look, for he must have read there the reproof it was intended to convey; but he got up and offered me his seat, in his usual gentlemanly manner, and pretended to think that I had but just come; and when I told him that I had been there half an hour, as he might have seen, had he not been so much better engaged (I said this with *such* sarcasm!) he looked quite penitent. Fortunately, we were then left comparatively alone, as the Madder Brown girls had been very reluctantly dragged to a portfolio of engravings by Mr. Joseph, so I told Walter that he appeared to have quite forgotten his old *friends* (I said this with *such* sarcasm!) for his new ones; and that his behavior was altogether very provoking. He looked at me so imploringly, and called me his own dearest Polly (I allow him to call me Polly when there is no one to overhear him, because *all* my most intimate friends call me so), and said that I was cruel to think he should ever care for the Miss Browns, and that he only came to the Trotmans on my account, and did not wish to speak to any one else all the evening. All this (and several et ceteras) he said in low, soft tones that were quite enchanting; so I brightened up, and told him that I would show my amiability by giving him my hand for the waltz which the band were just beginning to play. Saying this I stood up to take his arm, when Walter, looking very confused, said that he had promised to dance that waltz with Miss Brown. "And the dance after that?" I asked.—"With Miss Rose Brown," he replied.—"Oh! indeed, sir!" said I, quite coldly; "I am really delighted to think that you have such an agreeable evening before you!"—"And so it will be, dear Polly," he whispered, "if you will make it so for me. Those two girls *made* me promise them, but as soon as I've done with them, I'll come to you; so, remember!"

But I was determined to show Walter that I *would* remember, and that I was not to be put after the Madder Brown girls for nothing, so I plucked up my spirit, and I told him that he was not the only person who had made their arrangements, and that after the two next dances I was engaged. And, as Mr. Joseph just then joined us, I at once put my arm in his, and told him to take me to his sister. I got Madge up into a corner, and I told her all about it; and she said (dear girl! she always gives me much *good* advice!) that my best plan would be to make Walter jealous, and bring him to his senses, and teach him to be properly attentive to *one* individual, and not to go flirting with every young lady that noticed him. I therefore determined to make Walter just a *little* bit jealous.

Mr. Joseph seemed to me to be the very person who would require the least encouragement to offer me marked attentions; and, as I was on such intimate terms with his family I could more

easily risk this with him than any one else there; and, besides, he was such a goose that I did not care about deceiving him. So I not only danced with him nearly every dance, but I walked about, and sat on the stairs with him, and went into the little orangery, and kept up such a pleasant rattle all the while, that Mr. Joseph seemed perfectly transported, and I was even dreadfully afraid each time we went into the orangery, that he would take the opportunity and propose!

Of course, Walter saw how engrossed I appeared with Mr. Joseph; and the first time that I allowed him to dance with me, he spoke to me about it; but I told him that Mr. Joseph Whitney was a very old friend of mine; a much older friend to me than the Miss Browns were to Mr. Walter Vernon; and that his flirtations had not escaped my notice. Walter seemed quite put about by what I said; and when I told him that I was engaged for every other dance before supper, he said that if he had known I should only have danced once with him, he would never have come; but that he must see if the Miss Browns would have pity on him. Of course I said that no doubt they would, they were such dear amiable girls! And then, whether it was to provoke me, or whether it was because those girls encouraged him, I don't know, but he went and flirted with them—oh! quite abominably!—and took no more notice of me than if I had not been in the room!

I intended, after supper, to make it up with him; but, till that time, I thought I would show Mr. Walter that I could be quite independent of him; so I encouraged Mr. Joseph, and made myself so agreeable to him—(the wretch!)—and I told Madge to hint to him that he had got Mr. Vernon for a rival. Mr. Joseph had already guessed this, but now that he knew it, his attentions to me were redoubled; and he marched me down to supper in the most glorified manner, and scowled at Walter as though he was his personal enemy. Mr. Joseph had great opportunities of doing this, because Walter was sitting just opposite to us—with Hyacinth Brown, too! So Mr. Joseph took champagne with me, and gave me all the silliest mottoes out of those stupid *bondons*, which I pretended to think were charming, and poked them into my glove, and said that I should keep them; which was of course, all *fudge*. And when Walter made me pull a cracker with him across the table, I let the motto fall into the trifle, and wouldn't read it, but said something very severe about "triflers." And then, a ring had been put into the trifle, and Mr. Joseph found it in his plate, and gave it to me, saying something very stupid as he did so.

All this made Walter very angry; and I was therefore not surprised to hear afterwards, that when the ladies had left the gentlemen at the supper-table, he and Mr. Joseph had some high words together. Indeed, Walter told me as much himself, when he came to me after supper, and said that *my friend* Mr. Joseph Whitney had grossly insulted him, but that he had overlooked it, because Mr. Joseph was making himself tipsy by drinking too much champagne. I had half expected that this would be the case, because I saw Mr. Joseph was so excited that he did not

know how much wine he was taking; and he was such a weak-headed young man, that I was sure he would be overcome by it. I at once went and told Madge what Walter had said about her brother's condition; but she had found it out already, and she had contrived to wait for Mr. Joseph on the stairs, to prevent him from returning to the drawing-room; and, as he would not go home and to bed (which was the wisest place for the idiot!) she had persuaded him to go into the card-room, where the old fogies were playing whist; and the dear soul did not leave him until she had seen him fixed down at a whist-table.

So, as Mr. Joseph was gone, and as I thought that I had plagued Walter sufficiently, and given him a lesson that would teach him to behave better in future, I began to be very amiable, and was all smiles and sunshine. But Walter seemed determined to try and provoke me; for, though he waltzed with me most delightfully, yet he would talk about nothing else but those Madder Brown girls, and said that Hyacinth was a delightful girl, and so agreeable, and full of good nature (but that is just the way they impose on the gentlemen). He would talk about nothing else, and was altogether very provoking and disagreeable. So I thought I would try what effect a *tête-à-tête* in the orangery would have; and, complaining of the heat, I proposed that we should go there.

Though small, it was quite a delightful place; very cool and refreshing to sit in; with the orange-trees near one, with their shining leaves and golden fruit, and, above all, the *sweetly tender* associations connected with their blossoms. A few Chinese lanterns were hung from the roof of the conservatory, and made that nice subdued sort of light that makes one think of moonlight and other very delightful things. Fortunately, we had got the place all to ourselves; and I had just sat down on the little couch, and was preparing to make Walter think of somebody else than Hyacinth Brown, when who (most *mal à propos!*) should suddenly make his appearance but Mr. Joseph, looking, oh! so *peculiar*, and not even able to speak distinctly. He had got away from the card-room, and had been drinking some more champagne, and had come to look for me. He came zig-zagging his way up to us, and said to dear Walter (speaking of me in the most insulting and familiar way), "Oh! here you are, talking to Miss Polly! What do you mean by talking to Miss Polly?"

I gave a little shriek, and caught hold of dear Walter's arm, and implored him to be calm, and not to annihilate him, or to mind what a person in that condition said; and Walter told Mr. Joseph to go home, and that he should make him beg his pardon when he was more sober than he was at present.

"Do you mean to insinuate I'm tipsy?" said that dreadful Mr. Joseph; "I'll teach you to say so of me, young feller," (think of calling Walter young feller!) "If I was tipsy, I couldn't do this;" and what most the wretched creature do, but pull a large orange off one of the plants, and throw it right in dear Walter's face, hitting him on his sweet classical nose; and before Wal-

ter could recover himself, Mr. Joseph picked off a handful of oranges as quickly as he could, and kept throwing them at him, and crying out, "I'll teach you to say I'm tipsy! If I was tipsy, I couldn't do this!" though, of course, it was a proof that he *was* in that disgraceful state.

Well! several of the oranges missed dear Walter, and went crashing through the glass of the conservatory, and knocking down the Chinese lamps; and I was so frightened, that I screamed; and Walter, whose dear nose was bleeding dreadfully, tried to rush by Mr. Joseph, and they struggled—oh! so terrifically—with each other; and several of the orange-tubs were knocked down; and there was altogether such a noise, that every one came running from the drawing-room to see whatever was the matter.

I saw the gentlemen interfere, and take Mr. Joseph away; and I thought that I could do no less than go into hysterics. So I sank on the couch, and began to go into them; but Walter, instead of at once coming to support me through them (as naturally I intended him to do), left me in the most provoking manner, and went out of the conservatory; to attend to his own nose, I suppose. I then, of course, came to very quickly, more especially as I heard Hyacinth Brown say that my hysterics were on Mr. Joseph's account. Mrs. Trotman insisted on taking me to her own room, to have some *sal-volatile*, and bathe my forehead with *eau-de-cologne*; and when I got back to the drawing-room, I found that the *fracas* had quite broken up the party, and that Mr. Joseph had been escorted home by some of his friends, and that Walter had gone away with the Madder Browns, without ever waiting to see me, or inquire how I was, although he had left me in such *dreadful* hysterics. Could ever any one behave so disgracefully? It was *enough* to provoke me!

Madge and Nelly were very sorry for me, and when we got back to their house, all sorts of kind things were said to excuse Mr. Joseph's outrageous conduct; and, indeed, he himself was very penitent, having been somewhat soothed and sobered by the night air. But I felt so provoked to think that Walter should behave so unkindly to me, and should take up with such a girl as Hyacinth Brown, that when Julie had taken off my sweet muslin dress with its *cerise* ribbons (which he had never once spoken about all the evening), I went to Madge's bed, to pour out all my sorrows and provocations to her, and, having felt sure I should lie awake all night, twined my arms round her neck, and sobbed myself to sleep in less than ten minutes.

PROVOCATION THE SECOND.

I NEVER was so provoked in all my life! never! I am sure. Walter's unkindness to me on that dreadful evening at the Trotmans was sufficiently provoking; but, really, to think that—however! let me begin at the beginning.

On the morning after the Trotmans' party, that goose of a Mr. Joseph, to my great delight, was not visible at the breakfast-table, being kept to his bed, very unwell with a bad headache, which had been brought on by his disgraceful conduct on the previous evening: and serve him

right, too, for so disfiguring dear Walter's chaste, classical outline. But Mrs. Whinney, and Madge, and Nell, were kindness itself; and they said, that, as soon as Mr. Joseph got up, he should go to Bryanstone Square, and apologize to dear Walter for his disgraceful behavior. And Madge whispered that a certain other person ought to come and apologize to me, for the very provoking way in which he had left me while I was in such dreadful hysterics; but, as I said to Madge, of course that dear certain person would do so, and would put an end, as soon as possible, to remorse of conscience which he would be sure to feel at having slighted me for Hyacinth Brown.

"And here he is!" I cried, as a loud double knock echoed through the hall (for we had been such rakes, that it was quite mid-day before we had got breakfast over): "here he is, Madge! for he knows that I'm staying here; and I can feel my heart answering his knock, just for all the world as though it was a spirit-rap."

I was not much mistaken; for, though it was certainly not dear Walter in his own proper person or in propria que maribus, as the Latins so expressively say (I never quote a language that I don't know, unless I am sure I am quite correct, because it makes a person look so silly!)—yet it was a friend of his, who sent up his card—"Captain O'Bang, Bombay Fencibles"—and inquired for Mr. Joseph.

I felt myself go perfectly white and deathly, and Madge went very red and hot, and we looked at each other, and we gasped, and said, "Oh! Madge!" and "oh! Polly;" and we knew that something very dreadful was about to happen. Just at that moment, too, Mr. Joseph came downstairs, seeming so woe-begone and forlorn, that I was almost sorry for him; and he was just beginning to repeat his excuses to me for what he had done at the Trotmans, when Madge effectually stopped him, by saying:—"Oh, Joe! what ever will you do! do anything but fight!" and while Mr. Joseph looked greatly perplexed and alarmed (as well he might be), she handed him Captain O'Bang's card, and said, "He's waiting for you in the library, Joe; and he'll want you to fight a duel with Mr. Vernon." Mr. Joseph at once let fall the card, and dropped into a chair as though he had been shot by the very thought of dear Walter's weapon. He had little expected that the pop of the champagne would lead to the pop of a pistol. He trembled very much, and opened his eyes and mouth (they were exactly like those of a cod-fish!), and groaned out:—"A duel! pistols! oh, Madge, get me a glass of brandy; I'm not very well." And he struck his forehead, and behaved altogether as though he had been a wicked steward in the last scene of a stage play.

"Mr. Joseph," said I, "very resolutely, "you behaved most disgracefully to Mr. Vernon; and if you are a gentleman, you will apologize, and tell Captain O'Bang you are very sorry, and will never do so any more; and if you attempt to fight him, and anything should happen to Mr. Vernon through you, my ghost shall haunt you day and night, and you shall never have a moment's happiness—no, never!" So, having said

this, I burst into tears, and allowed Madge to comfort me. Mr. Joseph had comforted himself with two glasses of brandy, and that seemed to give him a little courage; and he said that Mr. Vernon should not fall by his hand, unless he was provoked into fighting him: and the servant coming in to say, that the gentleman in the "libery" was in a hurry, and must see Mr. Joseph alone, he had another glass of brandy, and walked out of the room with a very poor assumption of bravery.

Now, on that morning we had breakfasted in the dining-room: but, usually, the Whinneys breakfasted in a small, back morning-room, adjoining the library, and opening into it. As I thought of the door of communication between the two rooms, I suggested to Madge that we had better go there; so that we might be at hand ready to scream, in case Captain O'Bang should use personal violence to Mr. Joseph. So, as Madge saw that this was a wise precaution, and might be the means of saving her brother from danger, we stole quietly across the hall, and into the breakfast-room. As good luck would have it, the door leading into the library had been shut to, but not quite closed; so that we could distinctly hear all that took place. Under any circumstances, I think we should have heard the powerful voice of Captain O'Bang, who, in rich Milesian tones, appeared to be giving a résumé of Mr. Joseph's performances on the previous evening.

"And hwat did ye do then?" said the captain. "Whoy, yez up wid an ounge, an' ye heave it roight at me friend's nose, an' ye dhrav his clarrt, and spile him a shirrut front av the finest an' whoitest cambric, ye do! An' hwat d'ye say to that?"

"Say?" said a tremulous voice, which we well knew. "Oh, I shall be happy to give him a dozen shirts, Captain O'Bang; and I am very sorry for all that has happened, and, indeed, it was quite unintentional."

"Quoite onintentional!" was the Milesian echo.

"Shure, then, it was mighty onpolite behevviour to illthrate a jontleman before the ois of the leedies, and a mane, spoiteful, an' durruty advantage to select the toime when he wor in the societee av the fairest an' emiablest av the female sex! A yong leedy, too, whose charrums of parson, an' illigance of moind, have projuiced a faling in me frind's harrut which toime can niver efeec." (If the captain had known that I was listening, he could scarcely have made a nicer speech. I believe I blushed; but I knew that Madge pinched me so that I nearly squealed, and discovered our hiding-place.) "An' me frind," continued the captain, "would have ye to know, that if ye preshume to intrude yer intintions on a leedy on whom me frind has fixed his oi, that it's yer loife's blood will have to pay the forrurfeit av yer audacitee!" ("Oh, Polly!" gasped Madge, as she convulsively seized my hand. I motioned her to be quiet, and to listen to her brother.)

"Mr. Vernon need not give himself any trouble on that account," said Mr. Joseph, "because the young lady you refer to was never any friend of mine, and I don't care this for her!"—

And we positively heard the wretch snap his fingers!

"Shure, an' it's lucky for yer frinds, then," said the captain; "for it's the expinse of a berryin' they'd have been put to for ye; and the yong leedy moight not have croied her oies out for grief nather! But we'll proceade to buzinness iv ye please, and make an ind ov this plaisin' efair, in which oive the honor to ripresint me frind. To be brief wid ye, sir, will ye give him the sateesfaction of arms or an apawlogee?"

"Oh, I will apolozize with pleasure," said Mr. Joseph apparently very frightened; "for I bear no ill-will to Mr. Vernon, and, indeed, I intended to call upon him to-day, to express my sorrow for my conduct last night. Can I say more, Captain O'Bang?"

"Shure, an' ye can't then," replied the captain; "and oim deloighted to foind ye act loike a reasonable baing. So, now o'll throuble ye jist to soign yer neem to this bit of an apawlogee, which me frind has dhrawn out for ye, an' which, as ye percave" (and we heard the captain unfold a piece of paper), "spakes in the following purty wurds:—'Oi, the undersoigned Joseph Whinney—shure, now,'" said the captain, parenthetically, "if yer godfawthers give ye any other neem, we'll put it in for ye—'do hereby express my onfeigned sorra an' regret for having been guiltee to Mr. Walter Vernon of beheavior onworthy the neem av a man an' a jontleman.' To which," added the captain, "ye'll have the purloiteness to soign yer neem."

Mr. Joseph appeared to demur; but Captain O'Bang began to talk in such a terribly fierce way, saying, that his only way to avoid a sanguinary encounter would be by putting his name to the paper, that Mr. Joseph seemed to be quite alarmed, and expressed his willingness to sign anything that was required of him. "Shure now," said the mollified Milesian, it's aloive to yer own interests that ye are! Here's the pen handy for the purrurpose."

I thought that I could now safely steal a look at them through the key-hole; so I stooped down, and did so. Captain O'Bang, with his back towards me, was leaning over the table, with his hand upon a piece of paper, pointing out the place where Mr. Joseph was to put his name, which the poor, shaking coward was doing with some difficulty. "Let me peep!" whispered Madge; and I was just rising to change places at the key-hole with her, when, somehow or other, my dress caught against the handle of the door; it flew open, and I almost fell into the room!

The captain hastily thrust the signed paper into his pocket, and Mr. Joseph started up, each of them looking terribly confused, though, perhaps, from different causes. "H'what's the matter, leedies?" asked Captain O'Bang, who was a wild, Esau-looking man, with that inattention to personal appearance and dress which his Indian service in the Bombay Fencibles would probably beget.

"It's my sister, and the young lady for whom Mr. Vernon professes such an attachment," said Mr. Joseph, with a sneer, as he introduced us to

the captain. "What brought you listening at the door, Madge?"

"Listening!" replied dear Madge, indignantly; "I scorn your insinuation, Joseph; Polly's dress caught in the door as we were coming in; that was all."

"But what did you want here?" pursued Mr. Joseph, who, I daresay, did not wish us to overhear his conversation with the captain.

"Why, we thought, Joe," said Madge, with a sort of inspiration, "that Captain O'Bang would like to take a glass of wine; so we came to ask him." I, of course, echoed Madge's *clever* idea.

"Leedies, you do me proud!" said the captain, speaking and bowing profusely in the (I presume) Irish or Indian manner. "Oi shall be dheloighted to dhrink to the health of me young frind here, who has conducted himself in this egrabile intherview, wid a cordialitee, and emiabilitee, which shows his harrut's in the roight pleeces. Leedies, oi am yer sleeve!"

So we led the captain to the drawing-room, where the wine was laid out, and where he drank not only one glass, but ever so many after that (Mr. Joseph imitating him), proposing a toast with every glass, in, I presume, the Indian or Irish manner. To have witnessed the affectionate manner in which he and Mr. Joseph pledged each other, one would have thought that they had been bosom friends for years. After the third glass, the captain became so friendly and confidential, that he not only hinted that he should hope very soon to salute me as Mrs. Walter Vernon (how charmingly nice that looks!), but further enforced his hints by several winks of his eye—also, I presume, according to the Indian or Irish custom; at last, he profusely made his adieux, and departed with Mr. Joseph's apology in his waistcoat-pocket. Shortly after, I returned home across the square, anticipating, of course, that Walter would call upon me: but the provoking creature never came near me all day, and I at once began to imagine that he was with Hyacinth Brown, and all sorts of dreadful things.

The next morning, too, when I went my *usual* walk, in the park, he never met me; but the day after that, when I was sitting down in the drawing-room to write him a very *severe* letter, his lordship put in an appearance, and in spite of my anger, how glad I was to see him!

He soon explained the cause of his absence: his poor dear nose had been quite *swelled* by the *ruffianly* attack which Mr. Joseph had made on him with the horrid oranges! It had been very painful, he said, and if Mr. Joseph had not made the proper apology, through his friend, he should have had him out and shot him; "though," added the dear *generous* fellow, I should have been sorry to have done so, on account of his friends." To which I said, "Oh, Walter! but suppose that you had fallen! I should never have survived you, but should soon have faded and passed away, gazing upon *this*:" and to complete the impression of my *touching* speech, I took out the gold locket in which I had some of his splendid dark hair.

Dear Walter's hair was perfectly beautiful;

curling and waving in long raven locks. As some poet *sweetly sings*, he had

"High Peerian curls,* the front of Job himself,
An eye like Ma's to threaten and command ;"

and this lock of hair was my greatest treasure, for it was the *only* gift which dear Walter had given me. Not that I needed any other ; although Hayacinth Brown *did* say, that *she* would not give a *pin* for a lover unless he made her plenty of presents ; and I dare say she would not—a mercenary thing ! but, thank my stars, I am *not* Hyacinth Brown. However, to return to dear Walter.

We had a most agreeable conversation, and quite made everything up between us ; and he told me how grieved he was to leave me in hysterics at the Trotmans, but that he was in such agonizing pain from the blow on his dear nose, that he did not know what he was doing ; and he laughed at poor Hyacinth Brown being so silly as to fancy that he really could care for *her* while I was in existence. So we were very happy ; and I was just going to ask him about his friend Captain O'Bang, when mamma came in. Of course, she had been told all about the *fracas* at the Trotmans ; and I thought it best to tell my tale in such a way that she should understand Mr. Joseph had been very insulting to me, and that dear Walter had interfered on my behalf. So mamma expressed her sorrow that Mr. Vernon had been such a sufferer, while protecting her daughter from insult, and said she should hope to see him and his friend Captain O'Bang to dinner on the following Wednesday. And dear Walter accepted the invitation for himself, and said he would deliver the note to the Captain ; and I felt very happy, because mamma seemed to be more kindly disposed toward him than she had been for some time.

The days passed very quickly ; I saw dear Walter twice ; and Captain O'Bang accepted the invitation to the party.

On the Tuesday morning, papa said that he wanted to speak to me in his study. This was a very unusual proceeding ; so I went there with a fluttering heart, expecting that he was going to speak to me about a *certain* person. I was not deceived.

"Polly," said papa (very kindly, I must confess), "I have observed your attachment to this Mr. Vernon, whom chance has so frequently thrown in your way ; and, as you know that the acquaintance has never had my sanction, I desire that you will cease to regard him otherwise than as a simple friend. Your brother Frederick has been making many inquiries about him, and we cannot learn that he has any real property, or such means as would enable him to support a wife in comfort—more especially one who has been used to all the indulgences, and even luxuries, of comfortable home."

"Oh ! but papa, dear," I interrupted, "Fred is prejudiced, and you must not believe all that he says. Mr. Vernon may not, perhaps, be very

rich at present, but then he has great expectations ; and very high friends—in the North."

"Expectations ! my dear Polly," said papa, with a laugh and a shrug of his shoulders ; "expectations won't boil the kettle, or rock the cradle. No, my dear ! you must let older and wiser folks judge on these points, more truthfully, though less romantically, than a young girl who is all unused to the ways of the world : and you must not, under pain of my displeasure, give the slightest encouragement to this Mr. Vernon. After what has occurred, we could scarcely help asking him here to-morrow, though I would gladly have avoided it ; but, remember, that I fully trust in you not to encourage his attentions." (I did not say a word.) "But there is one person coming here to-morrow, to whom I wish you to show particular attention. Can you guess who I mean, Polly ?" (I am afraid I said, that I neither knew nor cared). "Well, my dear ! then I will tell you. It is Mr. Brum." (What was there surprising in that ? I asked : Mr. Brum often dined with us.) "He has done so, very often," said papa, "and he has thus seen and known so much of you, that he thinks you will make him an excellent *wife* ; and, from a conversation I had with him yesterday, I believe that he has come to the resolution of making you an offer, and laying his fortune at your feet."

"If he did, I should spurn it !" I said, just as though I did not care the least bit for money ! "Mr. Brum !" (and I laughed outright) "Mr. Brum, indeed ! a vulgar drysalter, who is old enough to be my father !"

"I see nothing to laugh at, my dear," said papa, very gravely ; "you ought to feel honored by Mr. Brum's choice ; he is a worthy respectable man, and my most intimate friend. As to his age—he is still in the prime of life, (Mr. Brum in the prime of life ! the very idea !), and will be able to guide you, and *you* will be able to look up to him as your adviser and protector. As to his having been a drysalter, my dear, there is nothing to be ashamed of in that ; and when you consider his fortune—which is not," said papa, very meaningly, "like Mr. Vernon's, in *expectation*, I am sure, my dear Polly, that you will think yourself a very lucky girl to have such an offer made you. So, Polly," said papa, as he drew me to him, and kissed me, "let me see you a good girl on this subject ; and, perhaps, to-morrow evening, you had better wear this bracelet, which Mr. Brum, through me, begs you to accept." And papa opened a dear, delightful little jewel-case, and there was a most splendid gold snake bracelet with emerald eyes, which that *dear* old thing of a Brum had really purchased for me ! and it looked so well on my arm (which is *by no means* an ugly one), that I had not the heart to take it off again. For though (*unlike* Hyacinth Brown) I require no presents from a *real* lover, yet, when they come from an old fogie like Mr. Brum, it is *quite* a different thing. I suppose that papa saw how pleased I was, for he said, "Let Mr. Brum see that you appreciate his gift, and then you may have, not only as many more bracelets as you please, but a wedding ring also !"

It was very provoking of papa, to set his face

* *Peerian*, which evidently means like a peer—that is to say, conferring nobility on the wearer ; which I am sure dear Walter's did

against dear Walter, but of course it only made me the more resolved not to give him up; and the next day, when we met in the Park, on our Wednesday morning walk, I began *playfully* to tease Walter, and showed him the bracelet, telling him that he would meet at dinner the gentleman who had presented it to me. But Walter got—oh! quite out of temper, and said, that he saw how it was, and that I did not regard his pure, deep love for me, because the present position of his family affairs prevented him from offering me any gift more worthy of my acceptance than a plain gold ring. And I told him that he was unkind and illiberal, and that, if he thought that of me, he had better think *no more* of me; and though, of course, I did not *mean* this; and though I said it with one of my *prettiest* pouts, yet he replied, that perhaps it would be better for him to do so, and that he knew Hyacinth Brown was dying for him. And, just as he had offered me this provocation, who should we meet, but the very lady herself, with her sister; and Walter, hastily and coldly shaking hands with me, actually went to them, and off they all walked together, leaving poor me to cry my eyes out, and tear my parasol with vexation.

Could there ever have been anything more provoking? But, of course, Mr. Walter won't dare to show his face at our dinner-table after such a provocation as this.

PROVOCATION THE THIRD.

I NEVER was so provoked in all my life! never! I am sure. To behold the object of one's young affections made a ridiculous spectacle, is sufficiently provoking; but when that object has trifled with those young affections, by an imposition which—However! before my indignation chokes me, let me tell my tale.

Although I had fancied, when Walter left me in the park in such a provoking way, and paid such *marked* attention to Hyacinth Brown, that he would, from very shame, have excused himself from coming to dine with us, yet I was doomed to be mistaken; for at six o'clock he arrived, and shook hands with me just as though nothing disagreeable had occurred between us. Poor, weak fool! I was so delighted at the return of his affection, that I had not even the presence of mind to be enraged with him for his late treacherous conduct. There was not, however, much opportunity for me to tell him my mind, since other people were in the room, and all conversation that was not on the weather, or some equally uninteresting topic, was quite impracticable.

Dear Walter brought Captain O'Bang with him; and as I had taken care that Madge should be asked, with her papa and mamma, she and the captain soon renewed the acquaintance which had so inauspiciously commenced in Mr. Whinney's library, when the captain had brought the message about the duel. Mr. Joseph had also been invited; but, as he fortunately pleaded a previous engagement, there was no danger of his causing another *fracas* like the memorable one in the Trotmans' orangery. Besides these five just mentioned, there were ourselves (I mean pa, ma, Fred, and I), Mr. Brum, and Mr. and

Mrs. Madder Brown. I have no doubt but what Hyacinth was *furious* at not being asked: but, as I said to mamma when she proposed inviting her, "You cannot ask her without her sister, and the table would not hold both; and if you asked Hyacinth alone, she would be the thirteenth person, and that is so dreadfully unlucky, you know, dear ma." So Hyacinth, thanks to my generalship, was *not* asked; and I had dear Walter all to myself.

As papa wished it—not that I cared for it myself, for I do not mind my personal appearance one bit—I wore the gold snake-bracelet with the emerald eyes, which that dear old thing of a Brum had given me, and which really made my arm look so nice; and I also put on my new poplin, and was pleased to think that I looked *quite* as presentable as Hyacinth Brown—*perhaps more* so. To remove Walter's jealousy, I told him who had given me the bracelet; and, of course, I thanked Mr. Brum for it; but I did so in such a way as to make him see I did not consider it in the light of a *gage d'amour*, for I told him that I should value it among the *many* other presents which I had received from *papa's* old friends. And when he said, "I wish to be thought *your* friend, Miss Polly, and something more," I turned it off by saying, that of course *papa's* friends were mine.

I could see that Mr. Brum had come with the worst intentions of doing something desperate, and, perhaps, making me a proposal; for, besides the elaborate way in which he had "got himself up," as Fred says (just as though Mr. Brum had been a piece of laundress's work!), he kept hovering about me in the most nervous manner, and finally, by *papa's* order took me in to dinner, greatly to the chagrin of dear Walter, who, as the married folks paired off with each other's wives, and as Captain O'Bang had given what he called his "arrum" to Madge, was obliged to follow in with Fred in the most disconsolate condition. However, I contrived that the dear fellow should be recompensed by a seat on my right; and I could as easily direct my conversation to him, as to Mr. Brum, who sat on my left, and who, indeed, was generally too much absorbed in his dinner to bestow very much attention on his neighbors.

Poor Mr. Brum! of course he was a worthy man, or else he would never have given me that *sweet* bracelet, but really I often thought it was very sad that his education had been so neglected as to leave him in entire ignorance as to the places where he should use or omit the aspirate. And if he had known, too, how to behave himself at table, it would have been to his advantage. The idea of *papa* thinking of choosing for me a husband whose daily performance over his soup would be something frightful to look forward to; and whose way of chasing pieces of fish about his plate with a fork and a crust of bread, would be a feat of skill only to be surpassed by the clever jugglery with which he occasionally varied his performance by eating his fish with a knife! Not, however, that he ought *not* to have used his knife; because many people in society use a knife and fork to their fish; though Fred (who is very silly, and imitates young Lord Foodle in every-

thing) eats his fish, in the most ingenious way, with *two forks*; but then, it was the way in which Mr. Brum used his knife that so horrified me. I was really sometimes tempted to whisper the servant to remove the implement out of his reach, to prevent his hurting himself with it.

Well! Mr. Brum having somewhat satisfied his appetite, and having eaten spring-lamb and asparagus, with (as that dreadful Fred afterwards said) "quite a Nebuchadnezzar's fondness for the grass," began to turn his attention to my affairs, and to make himself disagreeable by putting a stop to my conversation with dear Walter. First, he took wine, not only with me, but with every one else; for he still persisted in the happily exploded custom of challenging all round the table, and nodding his head, and saying "your good 'ealth, ma'am," or "miss," as the case might be; and during the intervals of this laborious ceremony, he entertained me with an account of a trip he had just made to Paris.

"I'd been a threatenin' for 'ears to 'ave a peep at the Parley-voos," Mr. Brum was pleased to observe, "and, as you can do it cheap now-a-days, I thought I'd just take a hexcursion-ticket to Paris, so as to be able to have a taty-taty about them places along with them as 'ave been there. That's why I left Hingland, 'ome, and beauty, Miss Polly," said Mr. Brum, sinking his voice, and speaking to me with great *empressement*; "for faint 'art never won a fair lady. And, when you think that I began to be huneasy hoff the Nore, and was hill right hall the way to Bolone, I 'ope that you will remember this, and debit it to my favor."

The nasty man! to mention such things at dinner. (Mr. Brum seemed to have undertaken the trip that he might win my regard; just like those dear knights in those good old times, who so romantically used to gallop away to the wars, to show their affection to the ladies they loved and left at home.) I drank some champagne to conceal my emotion, and asked Mr. Brum if his after-journey had been more agreeable than his passage.

"Ho, yes!" replied Mr. Brum, "I soon recovered; for I went to get a bit of dinner at a shop they called a restorator's; and though he only gave me kickshaws, he soon set me on my legs again. He wanted to give me a lot of sour wine, not arf so good as ginger-pop, but I wouldn't have none of it, for the restorator had stuck up a bill which said (in Hinglish, mind you, or I couldn't have read it)—"BASS'S PALE ALE *may be had here.*" So I said to the garson, as they called the waiter, bring me a bottle of pale ale. He couldn't understand me at first; but, at last, he contrived to say that the restorator didn't keep anything of that name. So I said to the garson, what does the restorator mean then, by himposing upon gents with this 'ere bill? and I pointed to "BASS'S PALE ALE." The garson seemed to understand me at once, for he began nodding his 'ead, and grimacing like those French chaps always do, and he said, "Oh! we! moshoo would mean de *Pally-ally!*" And away he went, and brought a bottle of Bass; and I took precious good care for the future, whenever I wanted pale

ale, to call for Pally-ally. But they call things very differently there to what we do in Hingland, and I couldn't have got about in Paris at all, if it hadn't been for Murray."

"I thought," interrupted Fred, who was sitting opposite to us—"I thought you had a contempt for Lindley Murray?"

"Oh, no!" said poor Mr. Brum, who could not see the sarcasm; "I couldn't have got about no-how, without one of his 'and-books. They tell you where to go and see heverythink: the Tooleries, and the Pantheon—which is not a bit like our Pantheon in Oxford Street, and hasn't any stalls or 'ot-'ouse flowers in it; and the Ark let-while" (*Arc de l'Etoile*, he meant, for I must explain the wretched man's pronunciation), "which is a good bit larger and 'andsomer than Temple Bar; and the Pearly Chaise (*Père la Chaise*), which isn't a carriage, but a cemetery; and the Pally Boorbong (*Palais Bourbon*); and the 'Otel of the Invalides (*Hôtel des Invalides*), which is a nospital, and not a ninn; and the March of the Innocents (*Marché des Innocens*), where the innocents sell fruit and flowers, just like our Covent Garden market; and all sorts of places: Murray tells you 'ow to see all of 'em."

"And what did you chiefly admire among all the sights of Paris?" I asked.

"Well! it's 'ard to say, Miss Polly," said Mr. Brum, who persisted in always addressing me in this familiar way. "They are *hall* interestin' to a Hinglish eye. Noter Damm, where they've got the crown of Charley Main, was extraordinary fine; and the Ballard was beautiful; and so was the Shongy Lizzy (*Champs Elysées*.) And there was the Looover; and the Gobbling Tapestry; and the Looksome Palace, that was built by Mary Madeitchy; and the Grand Sal in Polly," said Mr. Veal—"

As Fred, fortunately, here interrupted Mr. Brum by asking him some absurd question as to whether the Sarah he so familiarly referred to, was too grand to cook the veal in question, I turned to speak to Walter, and was leaving my *elderly admirer* to address his Parisian narrative to the *épergne*, or to Fred, or to anything or anybody save myself, when a most singular and unfortunate accident filled me with the greatest astonishment and confusion.

I have mentioned, that one of Mr. Vernon's leading attractions (in *my eyes*) was his splendid head of dark waving hair, which, together with his fine pair of whiskers (glossy as a raven's wing), had won my young untried affections: and I think I have mentioned, that the only present the dear *generous* fellow had ever made me, was one of the curls of his beautiful hair, which I had enshrined in an old gold-locket. (By the way, I turned out Edward Sweeting's hair to make room for it. Poor lad, he gave me the locket when I was a parlor-boarder, and I know, for he told me so, that it cost him nearly all his pocket-money for that half-year. But then, he loved me *madly!*) And that gold locket, enshrining dear Walter's dark hair, I wore next to my *heart*, and prized above everything, never—*never* to part with; as I thought, and I perhaps never should have done so, if it had not been

for Mr. Brum's stupid, careless *idiot* of a servant.

Mr. B. (as Mrs. Madder Brown, in her *waspish* manner, calls her husband—just as though he lived in a hive!)—Mr. Bee, by which I mean Mr. Brum, was a common-council-man, or something or other very common in the city, and at the last Lord Mayor's banquet he had been so struck with some of the liveries of the footmen, that he had put his own man-servant into habiliments of a similarly gorgeous description—green turned up with orange, with gold lace and tags, "all proper," as the coats-of-arms people say. Mr. Brum had, indeed, during dinner called my attention to this glorified footman, and had asked me if I did not think the livery "very tasty," and if he would not look well in the streets, walking after his missus—when he had got one? a question which failed of its *intended effect*.

Well, we had just finished dinner, and the glorified being (who condescended to answer to the name of 'Ennery) was stretching across between Walter and me, in order to lift up the *Épergne* while the cloth was being removed from under it, when his tags became entangled in dear Walter's luxurious locks; and, lo and behold, as 'Ennery stepped back, *away went all dear Walter's hair*, fastened on to the footman's tags! I shall never forget the anguish of my poor *lacerated* feelings at that critical moment. The hair,—the beautiful, the glossy, the raven hair which had won my young untried affections—was all *gone!* and I—I was treasuring and wearing next to my heart (oh! that I should live to write it) *a cutting from a wig!*

Of course, the instant that I had seen the beautiful head of hair suspended to 'Ennery's tags, I had at once turned to Mr. Vernon to ascertain if he was bald-headed. But I found that his head was already shrouded from view; for no sooner had Walter perceived the loss of his wig, than he caught up his dinner-napkin, and threw it over his head; and, as this happened just as papa was rising to say grace, no one else observed the circumstance. But how was the mystery to be kept secret from the rest? 'Ennery had unconsciously walked away with the wig, and it was impossible for Mr. Vernon to remain with the napkin over his head all through dessert, and not be discovered!

Well, all this takes longer in the telling than it did in the performance; and the *denouement* of the scene followed rapidly on its commencement. 'Ennery had got to the other end of the table, before he had discovered that he had become possessed of property not his own. With a sort of wild excitement and fear, he disengaged the wig from the tags of his livery and looked anxiously around to see to whom the *hirsute* appendage might belong. Now, it so happened that close to where he was standing sat Mr. Madder Brown, whose head was as bald and shiny as a billiard-ball; and 'Ennery, joyfully concluding that he had discovered the real owner of the property, deliberately placed the wig on poor Mr. Brown's bald head. But 'Ennery's presence of mind and thoughtful attention were by no means appreciated, for Mr. Brown, feeling that somebody was taking liberties with his re-

vered head, and perceiving, from the countenances of those on the other side of the table, that he was being made a Guy of, jumped up in a great passion, and snatching off the wig, threw it away from him on to the table, where it lodged with a subdued plash in a dish of brandied cherries, which had that moment been placed there.

We were all in confusion directly. Mr. Brown was storming, that a practical joke (as *he* thought) should have been played off upon him; 'Ennery was trembling with fear, and expected Mr. Brum to discharge him at a moment's notice; Fred was maliciously fishing out the wig with a fork; Captain O'Bang was exclaiming, in his rich Milesian tones, "Hwath's the matter, leedies?" while others were staring at Mr. Vernon, who presented the extraordinary appearance of a gentleman in full dress, with his head done up in a dinner-napkin!

All were in confusion and wonderment, and every one was looking at everybody for a solution of the enigma, when Walter, courageously rising up and addressing mamma, said that the wig was his; that he had, some time back, caught a fever, in going to see a poor sick man who lived on his father's estate in the north; that he had been obliged to have his head shaved, and had had *his own hair*, which had been cut off, made into a wig, to wear until such time as nature should have quite restored his loss; and he apologized for keeping the napkin round his head on the ground that he should perhaps take cold by exposure.

Captain O'Bang confirmed his friend's account; and the dark whiskers seemed to give *color* to the story. Though mamma and others expressed their sorrow that Mr. Vernon should have suffered from his kindness in visiting a sick person, yet there was a good deal of merriment at his expense, chiefly occasioned by Fred's treatment of the subject, and the wretched jokes he made about the wig being jugged *hair*, and preserved in spirits, and other *low* remarks. I could see that Fred was glad of an excuse to hold dear Walter up to ridicule, and he offered to lend him a nightcap to keep out the cold: but, of course, we were spared *that* ridiculous exhibition. As it was impossible to restore the wig to anything like shape, we were not very much surprised, when Mr. Vernon—who had at once left the room, with the wig carried before him on a tray—sent in his apologies, and begged to be excused for the remainder of the evening.

I was dreadfully annoyed with what had occurred; and, when the ladies left the dining-room, I took Madge up into my own room, and said how shamefully Walter had imposed upon me by giving me a lock of his *wig*. "And if," I said, "dear Walter would deceive me in one thing, he would in another; and perhaps, Madge, he has played me false all along." So I was very wretched indeed, and Madge was quite unable to comfort me; and I determined that I would not suffer any more provocations on Mr. Vernon's account, but would hand him over to Hyacinth Brown, who would *jump* at him. And though Madge said, that next day I should think very differently, I said, no! never! he had

really deceived and provoked me so, that I was determined to write to him in the morning, and say all was off between us.

So, when we went down-stairs, and the gentlemen had come in from their wine, I made as much fun of Walter and his wig, as though I *really* thought it an amusing subject, talking and laughing about it to Mr. and Mrs. Madder Brown, on purpose that, when they got home, they should tell Hyacinth it was clear that I had thrown Mr. Vernon overboard; and I should then have the satisfaction of seeing her gald to take up with my *cast-off* lovers. I did not care a bit for Captain O'Bang: indeed, I rattled on the more because I knew that he would report all to Walter; and when Madge had got to the piano, and was playing "La Pluie de Perles," I allowed Mr. Brum to come and sit by me on the couch in the corner; and when, unseen to the rest, he took my hand and said, "May I 'ope, Miss Polly?" I looked at him with my *sweetest* smile, and *timidly* replied, "You may hope anything you please, Mr. Brum."

PROVOCATION THE FOURTH.

I NEVER was so provoked in all my life! never, I am sure. When one has with some difficulty healed a wound, it is really too painful to have it torn open again, and it is but needless cruelty to have it probed still deeper and deeper. But be still, my fluttering heart, while I recite the provocations which thou hast had to endure.

I passed a very restless night after our dinner party. The thought that I had been for so long cherishing a lock of hair which was nothing but a deception, was in itself sufficiently annoying; but when I reflected that I had so often spoken to Mr. Vernon in terms of the greatest admiration about his luxuriant raven locks, and that he had never confided to me that he wore a *wig*, I confess that I felt unusually provoked. I might not have taken the subject so much to heart, if the fatal discovery had been made to me in a private interview; but happening as it did at a dinner party, when so many were present whom I should not have wished to have been made aware of the fact, I could not but feel that it was a very painful provocation. The burden of my thoughts was—if Walter can deceive me in one thing, he may in another; and this fancy haunted me through my restless dreams. I imagined that I saw Mr. Vernon on his knees before me, and that he said, "Dearest one! I present to you my heart! and that I took it, and found it to be a *wig* marked "Hyacinth Brown;" and that Mr. Brum and Mr. Joseph Whinney came up, and seized me by each arm, and that, just as they were tearing me to pieces, I screamed, and woke.

When the morning came, I, of course, remembered the resolution I had made on the previous evening, that I would write to Mr. Vernon, and say all was off between us; but when I sat down for this purpose, I found that I was scarcely able to express my feelings without wounding those of dear Walter; so I postponed the letter until I had talked over the subject with Madge. I was just going across the square to see her, when whom should I meet on the door-step but the

Madder Brown girls, who were coming to call upon us. Of course I was obliged to turn back with them into the house, and be as civil as it was possible to be. They had evidently got something uppermost in their minds, and it soon came out.

"We were so much amused," said Hyacinth, with her *silly* giggle, "when papa told us of the laughable scene at your dinner-table yesterday. What a ridiculous exhibition Mr. Vernon must have made of himself without his wig—he! he!" And Rose joined in the giggle; and they went on talking about the scene, and sneering away, and said that *of course* I fully believed what Mr. Vernon said about the wig being made out of *his own* hair, and about his having had his head shaved, from catching a fever while visiting a sick person on his father's *estate*.

Well, although I felt, oh, so enraged against them, I yet managed to conceal my *real* feelings, and forced myself to laugh, and pretended to join in all that they said about Walter; though I could easily perceive that they were acting a similar part towards myself; and I thought that our laughing trio was but a poor attempt at merriment. Goodness knows how the scene would have ended, for I was getting so angry with myself, and with the Madder Brown girls, that I was ready to cry with vexation, when, whom should the servant show into the room, but dear Walter himself, and his friend Captain O'Bang. Dear Walter's (false) hair looked as beautiful as ever, and had, as I afterwards learned, undergone renovation at the hands of an experienced person, who had removed all traces of the brandied cherry stains.

Of course, as I was the only person in the room who could represent mamma, I was *obliged* to receive Mr. Vernon with all proper *politeness*; though I thought to myself, how little is he aware of the blow that will shortly crush him, when I inform him of the termination of our engagement! I remembered what that dear poet, Mr. Bunn, so feelingly and gracefully utters:—

"When *hollow* hearts shall wear a *mask*,
'Twill break your own to see."

And I should, perhaps, have come to the conclusion that *my* heart must be a hollow one for wearing a mask, had not my plans been suddenly changed by the hollow, deceitful conduct of Hyacinth Brown.

Although but a minute before she had been ridiculing and laughing at dear Walter, yet she now so overwhelmed him with compliments, for what she termed "his chivalrous conduct in contracting a fever in the cause of charity," that I saw that Mr. Vernon's head was quite turned by her *gross* flattery; and he addressed the whole of his conversation to her, and scarcely noticing me, left his friend the captain to entertain me. Now this was by no means what I wanted; for, if I had written to dear Walter, to say that all was off between us, instead of imploring me to reinstate him in my love as I intended he should do, he would not, perhaps, take it so much to heart, but would forthwith transfer his attentions to Hyacinth Brown. This would have been *too* provoking, after all the trouble I had given my-

self in the business; so I turned the tables on Miss Hyacinth, by observing to Captain O'Bang, that it was a pity he and Mr. Vernon had not called ten minutes earlier, as then I should have been spared the painful discovery, that *certain* people could talk of *certain* people behind their back, in a very different way to that in which *certain* people spoke of *certain* people to their faces. I said this in a loud tone of voice, in order that Walter should hear it, and be able to judge of the true state of the case; but what was my astonishment when Miss Hyacinth suddenly caught me up, and said, "Yes, if a certain person only knew what another certain person had just been saying of him behind his back, I should think that that other certain person would never dare to look that certain person in the face again."

I was almost struck dumb; especially when that *chit* of a Rose followed up her sister's effrontery by saying, "Oh, yes! Mr. Vernon, you ought to have been here to have defended yourself from your *friend's* attack."

Dear Walter turned on me such a sad, and yet such a dreadful look, and said, "May I inquire who is mean enough, to traduce my character when I am not by to defend it?" And then Hyacinth said very sharply, "You had better inquire in that quarter," pointing to me; and I said, "No! rather in *that*," pointing to her; and then she said, "It's true!" and I said, "It's false!" and Rose said it was shameful; and Walter said it was painful; and the captain said it was "A mysterious ivint, an' that was the long an' shor-rat ov' it!" and we all got very excited, and I went into hysterics—taking care to go into them in a chair next to Walter's.

He at once took me by the hand, and endeavoured to restore me; although that *wicked* Hyacinth Brown said that I was only making a *pretence*; and, as dear Walter kept fanning me, and clasping me by the hand, I should have continued in my hysterics for some time longer, had not that stupid Captain O'Bang called out for some water, and (at that *cruel* Hyacinth's suggestion) was going to throw over me the chief contents of a bowl in which were some gold fish. Of course when I saw that the captain had brought the bowl to my side, and was positively preparing to dribble its contents upon my head, I at once came to, and, as I did so, I gave dear Walter a most affectionate look, and a reassuring squeeze of the hand. I was determined that Hyacinth Brown should not carry him off from me.

Very fortunately at this crisis, and just as the captain had restored the gold fish bowl to its proper place, mamma entered the room with Mr. Brum and the Rev. Mr. Goole; so we were all reduced to a state of calm politeness. Mr. Goole was a friend of Mr. Brum, and was very low both in birth and opinions, and he had called to ask mamma to subscribe to his charitable society for providing flannel jackets for sheared sheep. This interesting topic at once changed the conversation; and, as mamma had had the wine brought in, and as Mr. Goole seemed prepared for a long sitting, the Madder Brown girls rose to leave, and Hyacinth said, "Good morning, *dear!*" and I said "Good-by, *love!*" and we shook hands in what appeared to be a very friendly manner.

So, to my great relief, they went away; and I called dear Walter to the window, under the pretence of looking at an Indian, who was beating his fingers on a tom-tom drum, and was slowly revolving like a melancholy tee-to-tum; and I had just begun to tell dear Walter that all that Hyacinth Brown had said was only dictated by jealous ill-nature, when most provokingly, Mr. Brum joined us, and prevented my saying one more word to him in private.

However, I met him in the park three mornings after, and we had a delightfully long talk; and dear Walter was very affectionate, and I quite forgave him for not telling me that he wore a wig, more especially as it was made of his own luxuriant hair. It was only for a time (as he said) that he should be forced to wear it; and (as I told him) he might be *proud* to wear it as it was an evidence of his good and charitable heart. We were very happy together, more especially as that dear Mrs. Trotman had not only invited me to an evening party at her house, but had also asked dear Walter, in order to requite him (as far as she *could* do so) for the painful scene he had passed through at her previous party.

We were not able to meet again until the night of the party, for Fred had, somehow or another, filled ma's and pa's ears with all kinds of base insinuations against Mr. Vernon; and that *goose* of a Joseph Whinney had joined Mr. Fred in his *libellous* calumniations; for which, as I told Mr. Joseph, he *might* be imprisoned; only a certain person happened to be of a more generous nature than he was. But his sister, dear Madge, was as good as gold; and cheered me through all my provocations.

It was a very large party at the Trotmans: everybody was there that we knew, and a great many fresh faces also (the Trotmans have such a large circle of acquaintance!); of course, the Madder Brown girls came, in all the finery and jewels they could muster; for Hyacinth wore one of her mother's bracelets, and *more* than one of her rings, I am quite positive; and, of course, Hyacinth (as she always does) sang "The Spirit of Air," and turned up her eyes at the last *crescendo* passage, in a way that *rather* fails of its intended effect, when it is so often repeated.

I contrived to dance with dear Walter more than once; although I could see that Fred and Mr. Joseph Whinney tried all in their power to prevent this, by introducing me to a shoal of their gentlemen friends. I wore my white muslin with the gold lace, which (so Madge tells me) becomes me charmingly. We had very good music, although the cornet-a-piston (who had been up all the previous night) kept dropping his time, and putting us out sadly. Just before we went down to supper, we had a good deal of fun with the cotillon, which we danced in this way:—

A chair was placed in the centre of the room, and every one polked round the room, till some one couple polked up to the chair, and the lady was left seated there, and was given a hand-mirror. (Fred said it looked as though the lady were going to dress her hair, and he called her the lady in the enchanted chair, in Comb-ns. and said that we were the rabble rout—which was *quite*

true, for we made a great noise, and were very disorderly.) Of course the other couples ceased dancing when the lady was placed in the chair. Her partner then went and brought up another gentleman, and placed him *behind* the chair; and the lady looked in the mirror, and, if she *pretended* that she did not like the reflection, she rubbed her handkerchief over the glass. Her partner had then to bring up another gentleman; and, if she rubbed *him* out, a third gentleman had to be brought; and so on, until she was quite satisfied. And, when she saw in the mirror the reflection of any one she approved, she jumped up, and the favored individual took her as his partner, and polked off with her—her late partner seeking out the other gentleman's partner, and all the company polking on round the room, until some one else was seated in the chair, and then the whole affair was *à capot*.

When Madge was seated in the chair, she pretended to be very difficult to please; and she had—oh! at least a dozen gentlemen brought up to her; and sometimes, after carefully examining the reflection, she would rub away at the glass as though she violently hated the man, and would not have him on *any* account; and, perhaps, the gentleman was making faces in the glass, and doing all kinds of ridiculous things. Hyacinth Brown kept on rubbing out people until dear Walter was led up behind her chair, and then she very quickly put down the mirror, and danced off with him, looking as pleased as—yes, as Punch!

After awhile, the dance was varied by a *gentleman* taking his seat in the chair, while his partner brought up *ladies* behind him. And the gentlemen were often more difficult to please than the ladies had been, and would rub the glass across their knees with the most provoking assumption of indifference. When that goose of a Mr. Joseph Whinney did this to me, I declare that I could have *slapped* him for it!—not that I wanted to dance with the idiot—quite the reverse; but then it is galling to be— However, never mind.

Well, this cotillon was thought such fun, and so much was said about it while we were at supper, that it was proposed by my brother Fred, and seconded by a very presentable friend of his, a Mr. Temple, from the Foreign Office, that we should dance a peculiar variety of the cotillon, which Mr. Temple had seen danced, a few nights before, at a grand party at Lord Buttonhole's, where it had been introduced by the earl's new daughter-in-law, who was a German countess. Mr. Temple had explained the dance to us, and it was so extraordinary, that (I daresay) if we had not known that he had *really* seen it danced at an earl's house, we might have considered it rather a vulgar affair. But, as it was, we thought it very laughable; and being in high spirits—as is always the case, indeed, *after* a ball supper—we agreed to dance it.

The chair remained in the centre of the room, and we all waltzed round it, until one of the gentlemen had seated his partner in the chair; then the German novelty part of the dance commenced. The gentleman brought up another gentleman, and they stood *before* the lady (who

did not use the Comb-us glass,) and if she did not like him she shook her head, and then another gentleman was brought to her. When she was at length satisfied, the gentleman whom she had selected had to undergo a most remarkable transformation, for he had to put on a *lady's nightcap* (with the lace frills and all!), and tie the strings under his chin; and in this guise (or rather in this *dis-guise*) he waltzed round the room with the lady (all the other couples also dancing), until he had seated her in the chair, and had brought up some other gentleman to whom the nightcap might be transferred. But this was not all, for the second gentleman was obliged to follow (dancing) close behind the couple, holding over their heads an *opened umbrella!* It was the most extraordinary dance I ever saw.

The first gentleman who had to put on the nightcap was a guardsman, with large *loves* of moustaches, and such exquisite whiskers, six feet two—of course, I mean in *height*, not in whiskers; and it was a most ludicrous sight to see him deliberately and gravely waltzing with a lady's nightcap on his head, while another gentleman danced about behind him, and held over him and his partner an opened umbrella. The nightcap-and-umbrella dance caused great laughter; and all we girls enjoyed it amazingly—much more than I fancy one or two of the gentlemen did, who appeared not to be over-pleased at making great exhibitions of themselves, and having their hair disarranged by nightcaps. I should have had nothing but pleasing memories of the dance, if it had not been for a most unfortunate accident which befel poor Walter.

I had seen that he was very unwilling to put on the nightcap; so, of course, I had not made choice of him when it came to my turn to choose, but had selected Mr. Joseph Whinney, who looked more than usually silly in his new head-gear. But when Hyacinth Brown was seated in the chair, Fred (passing by many others) came straight up to dear Walter (who was talking to me in a nice corner), and led him up to Miss Hyacinth, who immediately made him put on the nightcap. Well, when they had finished dancing, Walter had somehow got the nightcap strings into a knot, and could not untie them; and Fred (whose turn it was to put on the cap) said, "Let me help you, Vernon!" and then (I am convinced that he did it on purpose) he tried to undo the strings (in spite of dear Walter's opposition), and saying, "This is the shortest method," he *twitched* the cap from Walter's head; and with the cap, away went his poor wig.

What was my horror on perceiving that, under the wig, Mr. Vernon had a head of *real* hair of the most *brilliant* scarlet! Yes, complete *carrots*—cut very short, indeed, so that they might not peep out from under those false black locks: for, that they *were* false, there could not now be a doubt; and all that he had told us about the wig being his own hair, that had been cut off from catching a fever while visiting a poor sick man on his father's estate—all this must have been literally a *story*.

Of course, every one—including those who were aware that Mr. Vernon wore a wig—were astounded at the discovery of the real color of his

hair; though nearly all the gentlemen were cruel enough to laugh at the contrast which his head of closely-cut flaming red hair presented to his blue-black whiskers, which we now perceived must have been dyed to match the color of the wig. But we had no opportunity for wonderment; I had not even time for a fit of hysterics; for Mr. Vernon, crying in a terrible voice to Fred, "You shall hear from me in the morning, sir," dashed out of the room, amid a peal of laughter from the majority of the party.

I felt ready to sink through the floor; and I don't know whether I should not have done so, had not dear Madge taken me quietly into the orangery and tried to comfort me. But I was quite heartbroken; "to think," as I said, "that I had bestowed my love on a man with red hair, a color I abominated. And," I sobbed, "if Mr. Vernon can be false to me in one point, he can in all; and when he told me that he would have died for my sake, I little thought that he referred to his whiskers." And the carriage just then coming for me, and Mrs. Trotman being on the stairs, I slipped out, and wished her good-night, and told her how *very* much I had enjoyed her most delightful party: and then I jumped into the carriage, and had a downright good cry.

PROVOCATION THE FIFTH.

I NEVER was so provoked in all my life! never, I am sure. Although he had given me cause to be deeply annoyed, and to cast him off for ever; yet that was no reason why *others* should set their faces against him—especially one who *ought* to have regarded him as a man and a brother; and who, instead, behaved most cruelly and provokingly.

As soon as I had arrived at home from the Trotmans' party, I at once went up stairs to bed; and, when Sarah had left me, I sat by my bedroom fire, and thought over the events of the evening, and the disastrous way in which the nightcap-and-umbrella dance had been brought to a conclusion. When I reflected that Mr. Vernon had not only deceived society at large (which was nothing to me), by appearing in a wig of raven locks, when his own hair was of the brightest scarlet; but (which was a great deal to me) that he had cruelly imposed upon me, by allowing me to admire his w—w—wig, and that he had made me make a simpleton of myself, by permitting me to cherish a lock of hair, which was nothing but a deception; when I thought of this, I confess that I almost shed tears of disappointment and vexation. Taking the hair out of the locket (which I thought I might as well preserve for poor Edward Sweeting's sake), I cast it into the fire, and saw its shrivelled ashes whirl up the chimney.—"And thus," I soliloquized—"thus perish all thoughts of Walter Vernon."

Having in this way relieved my mind, I went to bed, and slept very peaceably. But the next morning, when Frederick purposely lingered over his breakfast, in order that he might, in my presence, give mamma and papa a full account of the preceding evening's entertainment, with the addition of any absurdity that he was able to invent, I must acknowledge that the feelings that I had entertained on the previous night regard-

ing Mr. Vernon now underwent a decided change. I thought it very hard to attack an absent person, and to cover him with ridicule, because nature had given him hair of a color that we did not happen to admire; and I therefore felt that it would be a chivalrous act in me to speak up for Mr. Vernon. The more bitterly, therefore, that Frederick aspersed his character, the more gallantly I defended it; my spirit of opposition was roused by my brother's conduct—as at length he discovered, for he took himself off to his chambers in high dudgeon, leaving me the mistress of the field.

But when he came home to dinner in the evening, our contest was renewed. As I had expected, Mr. Vernon had not let Frederick's conduct to him on the previous evening pass by unnoticed; and we were favored with an account of what had occurred during the day.—"The beggar," said Frederick (by which low expression he meant to designate Mr. Vernon)—"the beggar had the impudence to write me a note, and send it me by Paddy." (By "Paddy," he meant Captain O'Bang.) "And as Paddy seemed rather to wish it, and as I was curious to see what the beggar had got to say for himself, I did him the honor to read his note. Guess what he said, sir!" (Fred was speaking to papa.)—"Why that the affection he felt towards a near relative of mine—meaning, of course, Polly—prevented him from noticing what he called the public insult I had offered to him, in any other way than by demanding an apology for the same; on the receipt of which, by Paddy—that is to say, the bearer—he would rest satisfied, and would, I suppose, forward me his forgiveness and blessing through the penny post."

"And what did you do when you had read the note, Frederick!" asked mamma; who, like all ladies, thought she could hasten on the tale by interruptions.

"I should hope," I observed, as a sort of hint for what he *ought* to have done—"I should hope that my brother was too much of a gentleman to do anything else than *apologize* for his rude conduct." But Frederick went on with his narrative without noticing my remark.

"Well, mother, I happened to be smoking at the time, "my custom of an afternoon," as you are aware—"

"Indeed I am, Fred!" said mamma; "and how often have I begged of you to let me persuade you to give up such an expensive and filthy habit; which must cost you a great deal of money, and spoils all your teeth, and your curtains, and—"

"I thought," interposed papa, with a laugh, "that you were anxious to hear what Fred did when he had read the note."

"And so I was, dear," said mamma; "but I am desirous to see *all* persons give up vicious courses—especially my own children; and smoking is a bad vice, which—"

"Which is more palatable than advice," interrupted Fred; "though very often advice, like a cigar, is only taken to be made light of. Well, as I said, when I read the note, I happened to be smoking, so I said to Paddy, "Will you blow a cloud?"—"With all my hurrut!" said Paddy,

who seemed rather a brick in his way. (Frederick is particularly low-life in his expressions.)—"So I reached out some clays and a box of weeds and sat Paddy down to them, and asked him if he'd prefer half-and-half to grog. As I imagined, he voted for a drop o' the *crathur*; and boiling-water being all handy, he brewed for himself a pretty stiff glass of my primest whiskey. I saw old Paddy's eyes twinkle as he sniffed the perfume: "Faith," said he, "an' it reminds me of the air of me own swate Imirald Oil." But the remembrance of private friendship seemed to check the crowding memories of the patriot, for, said Paddy, "An' hwath's yer reply, sir, to me frind's lethter?" Well, Paddy had just, with a great display of science, completed the filling of his pipe, and was looking about for a spill wherewith to light it; so I twisted up Mr. Vernon's letter, set it blazing, and gave it to my queer friend Paddy, saying, "There is my answer, Captain O'Bang!"

Papa burst into a laugh as though he enjoyed the anecdote; but I felt quite disgusted with Fred's frivolity and want of feeling, and I did not trust myself to speak.

"Well," continued Fred, (just as though it were well), Paddy did not seem to be at all taken aback by this, for he took the paper and applied it to his pipe, and when, with one or two puffs, he had kindled the tobacco into a glow, he threw into the fire the blazing fragment of his friend's letter. Then, turning to me, and gazing upon me in a remarkable leery way, he deliberately winked his left eye twice, and said, "The poipe of peace, me frind! the poipe of peace!" Having said which, he plunged his nose into his tumbler, and refreshed himself with its contents."

"And was that all?" asked papa.

"That was all. Paddy said no more about his friend, or his friend's letter, but made himself quite at home, and smoked a great many pipes, and drank a great many tumblers of whiskey, and told me a great many lies—I mean stories—about his Irish ancestors, and their Irish estates, and their Irish deeds, and their Irish impudence; and, finally, took himself off in a somewhat fuddled state, after assuring me, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, "that I was a foine fellow—that Ould Oirland would have been proud to have called me her son—and that he would be deloighted to see me at some outlandish-named place, for that his harrut warrumed towards me." And Paddy tramped down the stairs, where he made a most profound reverence to my clerk, who was just coming up them.—And that was all."

"And quite enough, too," said papa. "I can easily imagine that this Mr. Vernon must have felt excessively chagrined at finding his deception made public; but that he should call upon you to apologize for your accidental discovery of his imposition, is nothing less than sheer impudence which you did well to pass over unnoticed. Help yourself, and pass the decanter."

And thus they dismissed the subject; at least no more was said about it in my hearing, for mamma and I left the dining-room, and I went off early to bed, under the plea of a headache.

The next day was one of our park mornings,

and, at eleven o'clock, I walked to our usual trysting-place, with a beating heart, for I was uncertain whether dear Walter would meet me.—He soon came, however; his dark locks upon his head.

"This is generous! this is noble!" he said, as he pressed my hand. "I have been tortured with the most agonizing doubts, and racked with the conflicting passions of the most consummate despair! (Dear Walter uses such *ellegant* and *heroic* language; just for all the world like the lovers do in those *nice* novels.) "I feared that the painful scene of the evening before last would have alienated your affections, and have caused you to banish from your heart one who confesses that his conduct towards you requires some explanation, although it has been dictated by the deepest and sincerest love."

"It does indeed require explanation," I murmured. "Oh, Walter, how *could* you—how *could* you deceive me! How do I know that you would not deceive me in other things besides the w—false hair?"

"It was weak, it was foolish in me," said Mr. Vernon, "to allow the sensitive part of my nature to obtain a momentary triumph over my common sense; and my allegiance to you ought to have prevented me from practising any deception towards you, however slight and temporary it might be. But, in a moment of weakness, knowing the antipathy that exists in this country to hair of a color similar to mine, and thinking that this antipathy might be entertained by you, I determined, for a time, to conceal that despised color of my hair, and to assume locks of a more popular hue. I did so, and I shall ever regret it; but it was love for you, dearest Polly, that prompted me to this conduct.—And though you may justly regard it as folly, yet I must beseech you to remember, that when a man is as madly in love as I am, he is not as fully accountable for the wisdom of his actions, as he might be at another time."

"I have often heard, I said, as I smiled *sweetly* upon my companion, "that love was folly; but, of course I am not *wise* enough to give an opinion—though, if it is folly to be in love, I am afraid that—I—" And there I paused, and modestly hung my head.

"It is a sweet, charming folly," said dear Walter with enthusiasm; a folly which all the wise men were guilty of, and from which the sages of antiquity were not exempt. The knights of old performed their rashest acts in the cause of love; and it was the same tender sentiment that induced me to perform my rash act of concealing from you the real color of my hair. Having, as I described to you, contracted a fever in visiting a rich dependent of my father's, my hair was obliged to be cut off. When I recovered from the fever, my hair had not fully grown; and, as I was about to visit London, and keenly felt the odium in which my colored hair was held by the English ladies, I thought it a favorable opportunity (for our family physician said it was necessary for me to wear a wig for a time, lest I should catch cold, and again bring on the fever)—I thought it a good opportunity to assume a wig of a color that was not despised. I did so; and

you know the consequences. And yet, why should I not be proud of my hair? its hue was one of the characteristics of my family. My ancestors, as you are aware, dearest, came from the North. There, their hair was a part of their nationality; it was one of their glories, for it proved the pureness of their descent. My great-grandfather's grandfather, the MacVernon Beg, was surnamed Coila Baubeen, or the scarlet-haired warrior; and the peasantry of the Lowlands still sing the ballads that describe his warlike deeds, and the terror that his scarlet hair ever brought to the enemy. His portrait is preserved in our family, and strangers are struck with the great resemblance it bears to me. I feel proud of this—proud of my ancestry!"

"Of course you must be," I said: "it must be charming to have had an ancestor who really lived a long while ago, and had scarlet hair, and was so brave, and was called by such a dear, funny name; it must be delightful! How I should like to see the portrait!"

"And so you shall, some day, dearest Polly," murmured my companion, "for it shall hang in our own house; and I will take you to my ancestor's estates, and you shall hear the Lowland peasants sing of my great-grandfather's grandfather, the MacVernon Beg—Coila Baubeen, the scarlet-haired warrior. You will find that they will almost reverence my hair, for they will hail me as the true descendant of my warrior ancestor. And now, dearest Polly, do you forgive me for the foolish little deceit?"

Of course I did! How could it have been otherwise? In fact, now that I had been put in possession of the foregoing facts, I quite grudged that dear Walter should still wear the w-g of the raven locks, of which I had lately been so proud. I saw, in his red hair, a proof of his high descent—a proof that he was the great-great-(oh, ever so many greats!) grandson of that dear, romantic old gentleman, the Coila Baubeen. How delightful (I thought) it would be to be married to some one who had *real* ancestors, much more *such* an ancestor as a Coila Baubeen that they made songs about! I determined that I would get those *interesting* Lowland peasants to teach me the songs, and that I would play them on their national musical instrument; at least I thus determined, until I remembered that I should, in that case, have to play the *bagpipes*, which were not adapted for ladies or drawing-rooms.

In short, how many castles in the air did I not build? In how many day-dreams did I not indulge? I quite forgave dear Walter everything; and when we parted, I had promised to love him more *sincerely* than ever. And thus a fortnight passed away.

I never knew whether Frederick discovered anything about Mr. Vernons' relatives and property. Very probably he never made any discovery at all, but only indulged in *groundless and spiteful surmises*; but he said enough to mamma and papa to poison their minds, and put into their heads the most unjust and unkind suspicions concerning dear Walter; and his insidious remarks, coupled with the disaster that had befallen Mr. Vernon at the 'Trotmans' party, so

worked upon my too-soon-persuaded parents, that they informed me it was their wish that all intimacy with Mr. Vernon should be dropped forthwith, and that the servants had orders to say "Not at home" to him and his friend Captain O'Bang, if they *presumed* to call to renew the acquaintance.

When they said this, I felt—oh! so like a volcano ready to burst into flames! But I thought it best to smother my indignant emotions, and, without committing myself to any reply or promise, to seek the retirement of my own room, and there commune with myself on what was best to be done. But failing to decide upon any plan of action, I went across to dear Madge, to ask her counsel.

Dear girl! as usual, she made matters clear in a moment, and gave me (I am sure) the *very best* advice. For she told me, that I ought to know my own feelings best—much better than pa and ma did; and that I ought to pursue whatever course my love prompted me to follow; and that I should not be doing right to Mr. Vernon if I broke off the engagement at the caprice of a third party; and that *if* we loved each other—"If!" as I said; "why, of course we do!"—that was all that we need look to; and that if *my* parents would not receive me as Mrs. Vernon, no doubt *his* parents and friends would be very glad to do so; and that I could go and live on his property in the North.

So, as this was what I wanted to be advised, I of course allowed myself to be *guided* by the dear girl's superior judgment (as I called it), and said that I would follow her advice, and would not consent to cast off dear Walter.

As I said to Madge—"Even if papa will not give me anything (even his blessing) to marry upon, I shall have quite enough to enable us to live in a pretty little cottage, because I have got that five thousand pounds that Aunt Wilmer left me; and Walter says, that with that, and the interest or something of the sort, we should be able to live very happily and comfortably for a little while; and that then *his* property, which somebody has locked up somewhere, will be unlocked, and he will be able to get at it; and then we can take a larger house, and keep our carriage, and have everything nice and proper. But, just at the first, we have both determined that we shall not be above hiring a cab when we want to ride; and that we shall be able to put up with a cottage—of course, a cottage *ornee*."

And Madge kissed me, and said, "What a prudent little housekeeper it will be!"

As mamma knew nothing about my meeting dear Walter in the park, where she thought I walked for my *health*, I was enabled to see him there, and to tell him all that had been agreed upon between me and Madge. He told me that she had given me the best advice I could have had, and recommended me always to fly to her when I was in a difficulty. He then spoke to me about my five thousand pounds, and said, that it was not the *filthy dross* he looked to, but the means to supply me with those comforts and luxuries in which I had been brought up; and that, as I had no power over the money until I was twenty-one years of age, we had better defer

our union for four months, until my twenty-first birth-day had come, when I should be mistress of my own property, and that then we could be united, despite of all opposition.

To this I gladly agreed; and Walter then bade me a fond adieu, for he was going to the North for a month, to look after his property; and he said, that he thought we had better not correspond with each other during that time, lest we should be discovered. His absence (he said) would disarm all suspicion, and mamma and papa would imagine that I had obeyed them; and this would make it all the easier for us afterwards. So we parted, promising to meet at that spot on that day month.

I little thought of the cause that would prevent me keeping my appointment!

PROVOCATION THE SIXTH.

I never was so provoked in all my life! never, I am sure. That one who had been my bosom friend for years, and to whom I had confided the dearest secrets of my heart, should betray that confidence, is conduct which one might have expected in an ungrateful *niper*, but not in one of that class which *dear Mrs. Ellis* so patriotically calls "the daughters of England." But let me explain the cause that led to this sad estrangement.

Though dear Walter was forbidden our doors, yet Mr. Brum (my elderly admirer, as I called him) still continued to be a frequent guest at our house; and, one morning, when I was quite alone, and very busy at my embroidery-frame, he was turned loose upon me, evidently in a furious state of affection. Although he talked about all sorts of newspaper topics, yet I could see that he had something weighing upon his mind. At length he disburdened himself, by taking out of his pocket a packet carefully screwed up in crown paper. It was a jewel-case, containing one of the *sweetest* lockets, and the tiniest *little wee* of a neck-chain, that I think I ever saw! Mr. Brum had, really, not at all a bad taste in jewelery.

Of course, I could not refuse his *natural* request that I would allow him to hang it round my neck, and see how it would look there. So he slipped the chain over my head; and, as he did so, he said, in what he meant to be an insinuating, winning manner, "May I, Miss Polly?"

While I was patiently undergoing the ceremony due to him, I heard a noise behind me; and, instantly starting round, whom should I see but Mr. Joseph Whinney, staring like an idiot, as he is! He had the privilege of *entrée* to our house, and had thus come in unannounced and most inopportunately.

"Good morning, Miss Polly. I am afraid that I am intruding," said Mr. Joseph, though with no more feeling than if he were Paul Fry. Poor Mr. Brum was so dreadfully confused, that, after tumbling out some agitated words about "an important engagement in the city," he made his adieux, and departed.

Of course, the dear little wee of a neck-chain was still where he had placed it, and Mr. Joseph's attention was soon directed to it. The young gentleman was pleased to tender some observations,

to the effect, that he presumed the donor of the present had "thrown Mr. Vernon over," and had usurped his place in my affections, and several other remarks of a similarly disagreeable nature. From one thing Mr. Joseph proceeded to another, appearing to be quite jealous that I should receive presents or attentions from any one, even from so *old* a friend of papa's as Mr. Brum was; so I said to him, "I should have thought, Mr. Joseph, that I could have accepted a trifle like this without your saying all sorts of unkind things about it!" and then I began to cry—at least I buried my face in my handkerchief, and sobbed, which did quite as well.

"I—oh! dear—Miss Polly," cried Mr. Joseph, confused in *his* turn, and quite grieved at my tears—"I did not mean to hurt your feelings, I only meant" (*sob*)—"oh! don't cry, Miss Polly! I—'pon my honor, I would n't offend you for the world!" (*sob, sob*). "Oh, Polly! dear Miss Polly! really, now, I care for you more than I do for any one!" (Whatever is coming now? I thought. But I still hid my face in my handkerchief, and pretended to sob). "I—'pon my word, I idolize you, I really do! I (*sob*)—I, dear Polly, I love you! 'Pon my word and honor I do! and I should like to marry you."

Good gracious! here was an offer from Mr. Joseph. I cannot say that it was altogether an unexpected one, for, even before that evening when he had behaved so disgracefully in the Trotmans' orangery, I had perceived that he was rather smitten with me; and I have no doubt but what I might soon have led him on to make me an offer (a manufactured article, than which none can be more eagerly coveted by young ladies, if I had not been too much taken up by my affair with Mr. Vernon. But Mr. Joseph's offer had come at last, at a time when I was not looking for it.

I was just considering in what way I had best reply to him, when he prevented me by saying: "Dearest Polly, we have known each other ever so long; and now it's all off between you and that Mr. Vernon, I hope you'll think of me more than you've done lately, and will try to return my love. I do, upon my word and honor!" and Mr. Joseph looked as though he really meant what he said.

Well, I could not love him, at least as long as there was a chance of securing dear Walter; but, as I was not altogether averse to having what is called "two strings to my bow," I thought I would not decisively reject Mr. Joseph, but just give him a *little* bit of encouragement (it was *kind* in me to do so, because if I had rejected him, it would have been a *great* disappointment to him); so I said: "You have taken me so much by surprise, that I can scarcely give you an answer. I can hardly tell what my feelings are towards you. I have so long looked upon you only as an old friend, that I have *perhaps* never thought of you as being anything *more* than a friend. This is so sudden, that I can scarcely tell what answer to make to you."

"At any rate, Polly," said Mr. Joseph, who seemed glad to grasp at any straw of hope—"at any rate, you do not reject me?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Joseph," I replied, "I would not be so cruel."

"And in time, perhaps, you will love me as much as I do you," and will take me as your husband?"

"Well—in time—*perhaps!*" I said. "Who can tell, Mr. Joseph, what time will bring forth?"

"Thank you, Polly!" exclaimed Mr. Joseph, who appeared to consider my ambiguous reply as a full encouragement for him to proceed in his attentions. "I'm so grateful to you—'pon my word and honor I am. For now I shall be able to look forward to such a nice life with you; and Madge will be so delighted when she hears you've accepted me—at least you've not refused me, you know; and I think you'll soon love me a good deal more than you do now, though you *do* love me *now*, don't you? And I love you ever so much—'pon my word and honor I do! And I hope, dearest Polly, that you'll think of me well enough to regularly accept me, and make it, you know, a real and proper engagement between us—'pon my word and honor I do!" And the silly goose actually walked away, and only shook hands with me.

As I watched from the window Mr. Joseph's departure, and perceived that he went in a contrary direction to that of home, I just put on my bonnet and mantle, and ran across the square to tell Madge what her brother had been doing.

She was very much surprised; for she had never thought that her brother's friendship and admiration would have come to anything so definite as a proposal of marriage; indeed, Madge said she had always fancied that he was smitten with Rose Brown. "But I am so glad, dear!" she cried, as she seized my hands and kissed me; "I am so rejoiced that Joe's choice has fallen upon *you*; because it was always the most darling object of my life to have you for a sister-in-law, and I never thought that there was a chance of my wish being gratified."

"Well, but how *can* it be gratified?" I inquired, rather surprised; "I can't marry *two* husbands—at least, at the same time."

"No, dear," said Madge; "but now that Joe has proposed to you, I should think you would give up Mr. Vernon."

"Give up Mr. Vernon!" I cried, with the greatest astonishment; "resign dear Walter! Why, Madge, whatever are you talking about?"

"Why, you know, dear," said Madge, quite calmly, just as though she was speaking of any common transaction—"you know that your mamma and papa do n't approve of Mr. Vernon; I am sure that they would be glad to see you married to Joe; and so should we."

"Why—what?" I asked, with gathering anger, "what did you advise me the other day?—that I ought never to give up Mr. Vernon!"

"Yes, dear," said Madge, quite serenely; "but that was before Joe had proposed. I never expected that Joe would do such a thing; but now that he has, it has *quite* altered the question."

"Oh Madge! and that *you* can deceive me—you who were dear Walter's friend—you who were my best adviser, as I thought! Oh! this is more than I can bear! and I burst into (*real*) tears, partly from disappointment, and partly from vexation.

Madge did not seem at all affected by them; for when she had said, "Here's my *vinaigrette*,

it will restore you," she pursued the unpleasant theme, and still further lacerated my poor wounded feelings by the most unjust surmises. "Perhaps Mr. Vernon won't come back. I daresay he has met some one in the North who will make him soon forget you. I think he liked Hyacinth Brown quite as much as he did you," (*cruel girl!*). "If you were to marry him, you would live unhappily with your parents; and that would be very sad. Joe may not be so good-looking as Mr. Vernon, but then Joe might improve his appearance, if he chose to wear a wig" (*unfeeling girl!*). "At any rate, Joe has not got red hair—a color that I know you always detested—and what whiskers he has have not been dyed. Joe is a very good brother, and would make you a good husband; and you might do worse, Polly. He is anything but poor" (*mercenary thing!*); "and you could live near us, and we could see each other every day; whereas, if you were to go and live in the North, you might as well go to the North Pole at once, for all that we should see of you. I should like you to marry Joe, so that you might be near to us" (*selfish creature!*). "And I should think, Polly, that you will soon make up your mind to have nothing more to do with Mr. Vernon."

"And pray," said I, with all the coldness imaginable—for I had dried my tears, and felt dreadfully angry—"and pray, since your advice is so *extremely* valuable, how would you advise me to communicate this intelligence to Mr. Vernon?"

"Why," replied Madge, who kept very cool and *smiling*, "you could write to him—civilly, of course" ("Of course," I said,) "and you could tell him that you had discovered that you had mistaken your feelings towards him" ("Yes, oh yes!"); "and that you thought yourself in duty bound to obey your parents' wishes" ("Yes, of course!"); "and that you desired to be thought as nothing more than his friend" ("Yes; anything else?"); "and that you begged to return all his presents—they won't be very weighty, will they, Polly?"

I saw that Madge only asked this maliciously; because she well knew that dear Walter's only present to me had been the lock of his hair—at least, not of *his* hair, but of *his*—yet why descant on these trifles?

"And then," continued Madge, "you should beg of him to return you all *your* presents and letters; because he *might* bring an action for breach of promise, and your letters would then be read out in court, and printed in the newspapers.—Wouldn't that be nice, Polly, to see them in print, published free of expense!—at least free to *you*, because your papa would pay the damages that Mr. Vernon would gain—unless, indeed, you paid them out of your five thousand pounds; so I should decidedly stipulate that he must return you all your letters."

"There will not be any cause for that," I said, with a lofty air; "because I shall keep to my promise, and not make a breach of it. I am not *quite* so silly as to throw over Mr. Vernon for a person like Mr. Joseph Whinney; so don't think it

"You need not speak so contemptuously of

Joe," cried Madge, flying out all at once quite in a temper; "Joe is far preferable to Mr. Vernon in every way; and you know for a certainty who Joe is, and who his friends are, and where he lives, and what property he has, and all about him: which is more than you can say of that Mr. Vernon—a person who has deceived you from the first, with his wigs, and his whiskers, and his goodness knows what beside. Scorn Joe, indeed! What next, I should like to know?—Mr. Vernon is not fit to hold a candle to Joe!"

"I should think not, indeed!" I rejoined, with contemptuous scorn. "Perhaps you had better look out for a princess for Mr. Joseph; I must be quite too humble for such a high and mighty personage. Hold a candle, indeed! Mr. Vernon would not honor him by being seen near him!"

Well, from one word we got to another, until we ended in a downright quarrel, and I abruptly left the house, after telling Madge that she had destroyed all my love and affection for her, and that we could never, never be friends again.

Oh, Walter! this was not the least of the provocations that my love had to suffer on thy account; but for thy sake I could endure anything, even the estrangement of my oldest friend.

PROVOCATION THE SEVENTH.

I NEVER was so provoked in all my life! never, I am sure. After all the trouble we had taken to keep our plans a perfect secret, it was excessively provoking to have them so nearly discovered by that very disagreeable adventure, which —— However, perhaps I had better describe it.

In consequence of dear Walter's unavoidable absence from London, on a visit to his paternal estates in the North, mamma's suspicions concerning him were allayed, and she fancied that he had disappeared, never to appear again in our family circle. It suited my purpose to let mamma continue under this delusion; and as Fred had ascertained that Mr. Vernon had really left town, and that Captain O'Bang had accompanied him, he ceased to make unkind remarks about them. And thus everything went on smooth and amicably, even with regard to Madge; but it was a very hollow peace that had been patched up between us, and we were only outwardly civil to each other, and were no longer the friends we had once been.

Dear Walter was detained in the North longer than he had expected; and, when he did return, I was unable to meet him at our accustomed rendezvous; for mamma, in some way or other—of course, it must have been through Madge, because she was the only person who knew of our meetings; though, when I taxed Madge with it, she reminded me that Hyacinth Brown had met Walter and me when we had been walking in the park together; and Madge suggested, that it might have been Hyacinth who told mamma. Of course, it might have been, but I knew it was not. It was all Madge's deceit, to endeavor to hide her own disgraceful and unfriendly conduct!—But where was I? Oh, I remember. Mamma, in some way or other, became aware of my motive in walking in the park three times a week,

and he spoke to me on the subject in rather a severe manner, and absolutely forbade me to meet Mr. Vernon there again; so I was driven to my wit's end to know how we could obtain an interview. But all necessity for any ingenuity in contriving a meeting was set at rest, by papa fixing to take ma and me to Baymouth, for six weeks sea-side-ing; and now I was almost frantic at the impossibility (as I thought) of letting dear Walter know my whereabouts. As I was unable to go to the park, and see whether he had returned to London, I made a *confidante* of our maid Sarah, on whose secrecy I knew I could depend, and contrived to send her in my stead. She met Mr. Vernon, who had returned, and had been to the trysting-place once before, and was upon tenterhooks at my absence. But Sarah explained how I was situated, through Madge's perfidy, and Mr. Joseph's proposal of marriage; and Walter agreed to write a note to me, under cover to Sarah. This he did, and more than one note passed between us. It was finally arranged that he should follow me to Baymouth, where he could manage to keep out of mamma's notice (who is very shortsighted), and yet be able to meet me; and from whence we could be secretly married.

For so we had resolved. I should then be twenty-one, and mistress of my own property, which would be sufficient to support us until dear Walter came into his property (his father, he told me, was in a very infirm state), and until ma and pa were reconciled to us—which, of course, they soon would be, although, just at first, they might feel a bit displeased. How gladly I prepared for my visit to Baymouth! When mamma said to papa, "How pleased Polly seems at the thought of the sea-bathing!" she little imagined into what I was about to plunge, and she little fancied the cause of my buoyant spirits. I took almost all my wardrobe, even one or two of my winter-dresses; for, as I said to ma, "we ought to be prepared for all sorts of weather, for when it is rough at the sea-side, it is so very cold!" When mamma saw me packing up my things, little did she think that I was preparing my *trousseau*.

Papa took us to Baymouth, but only staid three days with us, and, indeed, did not come to us any more, except just for the Sundays; and, as Mr. Fred only favored us with his company on these occasions—when, of course, dear Walter kept very snug, and out of the way—we managed beautifully. Mamma is inclined to *embonpoint*, and her London life habituated her to ride when she might have otherwise gone on foot. She was not, therefore, a very good walker, and was satisfied with a promenade on the pier, or a short stroll on the beach; but she was desirous that I should extend my rambles, and derive all possible benefit from the sea air. So she used to order me out for a two or three hours' constitutional walk, under the escort of Sarah, during which time she would sit about on the pier, reading the last new novel, or the religious publications which the Rev. Mr. Goole regularly forwarded to her.

What happy times were these for Walter and me! What sweet converse we held! Occasion-

ally Sarah was with us—keeping, of course, at a *discreet* distance; but more frequently we were quite alone. For Sarah had picked up a beau for herself; and, as I could not but feel sympathy for a fellow-creature's emotions, I allowed her to meet him at the same time that I met dear Walter, provided that she rejoined me at an appointed time and place, so as to accompany me home to mamma, who naturally came to the conclusion that we had been a walk *together*. Thus everything was as *nice* as it could be, and the time was passing away most agreeably; and, as every day ended, I thought, "I am one day nearer to being a wife." For we were only waiting until one of us was duly qualified for the marriage license, by a three-weeks' residence in the parish.

One evening we had been a longer walk than usual, and were hastening home to the rendezvous where Sarah was to meet us. To avoid scrambling over the cliffs, we walked at their foot along the shingly beach. The sun was sinking, and flooding the waves with a rosy light—just the color of a *sweet* ribbon I had got on a new summer bonnet!—and the foam of the waves was sparkling like bracelets of amethysts and rubies, set with emeralds. We paused to admire this beautiful scene; and, lost in admiration, we did not observe that the tide was stealthily coming in. When we turned to continue our way, we discovered, to our unspeakable horror, that we were cut off from the land! We had been standing on a bed of shingle, which was completely surrounded by sand-beds, in which were deep and wide channels, which were now filled by the sea. We ran from one end to another of our shingly bed, and found that, in every direction, the water had cut off our retreat from the cliffs. Not a soul was in sight; the town was hid from view; no succor was at hand: destruction seemed inevitable. At first I screamed wildly—louder, almost, than the sea-gulls who were screaming around us; then terror deprived me of this power, and I fell feebly on my knees.

Dear Walter was also terribly alarmed—more on *my* account, as he afterwards told me, than his own—and we must have resigned our lives to the greedy waves, had there not (most providentially) been a small fishing-smack secured to the bed of shingles by a little anchor and a great thick rope. I mutely pointed to it. Walter at once seized upon the idea, and rushed to put it into execution, in the hurry of the moment, indeed leaving me behind, to follow his example. Perhaps it was as well that he did so, for I am sure that I should never have been able to have extricated myself from the soft wet sand into which he presently sank. However, he floundered out and came back to me; and then, with our hands clasped in each other, we endeavored to reach the boat. The water was now deeply surrounding it, and no time was to be lost. Walter courageously took me in his arms (I am no *light* weight!), and the chivalrous fellow walked with me through the raging ocean's waves, which reached *almost* to his knees! But unfortunately, when we had come close to the boat, he trod in some softer sand, which made him lose his balance; and, in his endeavors to regain it—being

burdened with my weight—he completely overbalanced himself, and *splash* I slipped down into the water, and was *quite* wet through. Poor Walter was in as bad a plight; but he quickly raised himself from the waves and scrambled up the side of the boat. It was some little time before I could follow his example, even with his assistance; and I believe that I should never have done so, had it not been for the certainty of being drowned, if I remained on the *outside* of the boat. But I scrambled on (how fortunate it was that no one saw me from the shore!) and at length fairly tumbled into the fishing-smack.

As may be imagined, I was in a terrible condition, both mentally and bodily. I was so dripping wet, that I really wrung out my clothes, as though I had been a washerwoman. The sun had sunk beneath the waves; the beautiful rosy light was washed out (just as quickly as all the color was afterwards washed out of my rose ribbon by a thunderstorm); darkness was coming on; it was past the time when I ought to be at home; mamma would be in a fever about me; Sarah would not meet me at our rendezvous, and, after an ineffectual search for me, would probably return to our lodgings, and would not be able to account to mamma for my absence without telling her the truth, and betraying my secret. All would be discovered, just at the moment when all was about to end so well. No soul was in sight; only the sea-gulls were screaming and flying around us; no other boat was near; and it was plain that we should have to remain where we were until the tide was out. And I in my wet things! Walter was also wet and wretched; and we were both too miserable even to attempt to console each other.

But soon, as though our troubles were not great enough, a new scourge of misery arose. As the tide came in, the boat began to float; calmly; then with a slight, soothing motion; then with a gentle, undulating motion; then with a swelling, rolling motion; and then with a frightful pitching and tossing motion. I saw dear Walter's face grow paler, and his eyes more glassy. I could judge of his emotions by my own. We silently withdrew to opposite ends of the boat.

A brief space of terrible uncertainty passed, and then—we were in the height of sea-sickness: he at the one end of the boat; I at the other. The scene may be imagined, but it may *not* be described.

To add to the bitterness of those *agonizing* moments, we distinctly heard Sarah calling for us: the faithful creature had rushed to the cliff as a last resource, and there she was, nearly screaming herself hoarse. Alas! we were too ill to answer her; we had no voices left; we could not have raised a shout between us. I feebly shook my handkerchief; and Walter languidly waved his hat; but it was two dark for our faithful *confidante* to recognize our signals. We heard her call our names once again, and then all was still; she had returned to tell mamma that I was *missing*, and in *whose* company she had left me.

PROVOCATION THE EIGHTH.

We passed an hour in that dreadful state of

sea-sickness. Shall I ever forget it? It seemed an age. With each toss of the boat I thought I should have expired; and although I had my back turned to dear Walter, I could hear by his groans that he was in the same sick state as myself.

The moon was feebly lighting the cliffs when the motion of the boat began to abate: the tide was ebbing. An hour passed slowly away before we had effected our escape, and had in safety regained the cliffs. How thankful was I that we were saved! but I had yet to undergo the trial of a meeting with mamma, who, in addition to the alarm she must have already felt for my absence, would probably have discovered from Sarah the real cause of my walk.

I parted from Walter, therefore, just outside the town, and flew in haste to our house. Sarah was standing at the door, on the look-out for me. "Ho! thank 'evins, miss, you're come!" cried the faithful creature. "In another ten minutes I should have had to have gone to Miss Mumbles's for your mar, and then all would have been found out." Miss Mumbles was one of mamma's Baymouth promenade acquaintances; and it appeared from Sarah's account that mamma had been a walk with Miss Mumbles, and had been persuaded to accompany her to her lodgings, where she had stayed tea, and from whence she had sent word that Sarah was to fetch her at a certain time. So the fate had befriended me; and, of course, nothing was said to mamma about my evening's adventure.

The next evening, which was Saturday, papa arrived, accompanied by Mr. Brum. On the Sunday evening we went a long walk; and Mr. Brum and I were left (designedly, I am sure) a good deal to ourselves. We were down on the beach, just by the turn of the cliffs where dear Walter and I had so nearly perished, when Mr. Brum, taking advantage of ma and pa being on in front and out of sight, suddenly spread his handkerchief on the sand, and went down upon his knees on it, and in his own peculiar style and language made me an offer of what he called his "and 'an art."

Now, it happened that the next Tuesday week was the day fixed upon for my union with Mr. Vernon—for dear Walter would have completed the necessary three weeks' residence by that time—so, of course, I could not accept Mr. Brum; not, indeed, that I should ever have dreamed of accepting him while I had a chance of an offer from any younger man, especially as I had poor Joseph Whinney still on hand. But I did not altogether wish to lose the friendship of a person who made me such valuable presents as Mr. Brum did; so, I scarcely liked to give him a positive "No;" and I was just considering what I ought to reply, when I was saved from my dilemma by a party of visitors, who suddenly appeared, armed with telescopes, as no great distance. And when Mr. Brum rose up from his knees, in some confusion, and not to be put off, urged me in the most pressing way to name a day when I would give him an answer, I mentioned that day fortnight, by which time I should be Mrs. Vernon. So poor Mr. Brum was quieted; and the next day departed with papa for

London, whispering to me, as he said good-by, "Say yes, Miss Polly! pray do."

I will pass over the next week. All went on well; I was able to meet dear Walter; and everything was in a right state of preparation for our wedding. We had made the following arrangement:—At the back of the house where we lodged there was a garden, and at the end of it a high wall, in which was a door opening upon a by-lane. Walter was to bring a chaise to this door at ten o'clock on the Tuesday morning—Sarah having undertaken to procure the key of the door. We were to watch our opportunity, steal out of the door, jump into the carriage, and drive off to the little church of Yelverton, which was only two miles off, and which was the church of the parish in which dear Walter had taken his lodgings. Sarah was to go with me, and Captain O'Bang would be in waiting at the church; the clergyman would be already there, as Walter would fix ten o'clock for the wedding, and, of course, it would not matter keeping the clergyman waiting: he was only a curate; and it would be better that *he* should wait for *us*, than that *we* should wait for *him*. The marriage service would be immediately proceeded with, and I should probably have signed my maiden name for the last time before mamma would have discovered my absence. And then, when we had been duly made man and wife, it would be of very little consequence to us how soon our proceedings were discovered, because it was my intention that we should at once return to mamma, fall on our knees, tell her what we had done, and entreat her pardon. Even if she withheld it, her anger would soon pass away, and we should straight way set off to the Westmoreland Lakes for our honeymoon; and, by the time it was over, my parents would doubtless be reconciled to us, and would countenance a union which they would be unable to sever. As I was now mistress of my own little property, and had uncontrolled power over it, I was able to draw on my own bankers for money; and it was really quite a pleasure to fill up the sweet little pink checks they gave me.

Thus all seemed to promise well; and as the faithful Sarah was true to me, I had no doubt but that our scheme would work well. I could scarcely help betraying my agitation and my joy; though, on the whole, I managed to conceal my feelings admirably, and mamma evidently was unsuspecting of what was going on.—With Sarah's assistance I had packed up in the smallest compass all the necessary things that I should want for my *trousseau*; and these I had placed safely out of sight, ready to be conveyed away when I wanted them.

I met dear Walter every evening; and I gave him the money wherewith to procure the marriage license, and buy many other things that he said would be necessary for us. I did not inquire what these things were; but I knew of course, that there were many things necessary for a wedding, and, as my purse was fortunately so well filled, I gave it to dear Walter, and told him to make use of it, for that soon we should have one joint purse, so that I was anticipating the future only by a few days. It was lucky for us

that I had this money; for Walter (so he told me) had only bank-bills or bank-notes, or checks, or something of the kind (for I don't understand these matters), which could not be paid at the country banks; so that, as he very truly said, although he had hundreds of pounds in his pocket, he was in the awkward position of a person who had not even a farthing to pay his current expenses.

Papa, and Fred came on Saturday, but, instead of returning to London on the Monday morning, they announced their intention of staying a couple of days longer, in order to have a little fishing. Although I had not expected this, yet my plans were too well arranged to be materially affected by this circumstance; and I passed that day full of hopeful expectation for the following morning. Fortunately, Walter and I had agreed not to see each other after our Saturday's walk, until he should come for me in the chaise on the Tuesday morning; so that I was able to devote myself to papa and Fred, and indeed, to go out fishing with them. They little expected the prize that I should catch the next day.

It came! that long-looked-for Tuesday morning; so bright and beaming, and with such a deep blue cloudless sky, that it quite gave a zest to the pleasure of being married on such a charming day.

I was up unusually early, and prepared everything for my wedding. How I managed to eat anything at breakfast, I can't imagine; but I compelled myself to have a ravenous appetite, in order to keep up appearances. Papa and Fred were so particularly silent, that I was obliged to talk for all parties; so I rattled on finely; and by this means got over breakfast capably. Papa and Fred then went out—to have another day's fishing, I suppose. This was fortunate. As Tuesday was one of mamma's bath mornings, I had calculated that she would be out at ten o'clock; and it was therefore, with some satisfaction that I saw her set off. Now, then, I was free!

The faithful Sarah had everything in readiness, and precisely at five minutes to ten (I knew the time to a second!) we slipped out of the house, and walked down the garden, telling the landlady that we were going that way for a stroll, and should be back soon after mamma had returned from her bath. How my heart beat as my trusty *confidante* unlocked the garden-door! but the chaise was not yet there. To consume the time, I sent Sarah back to the house for something that I had pretended to have forgotten, and was thus able to wait at the garden-door without exciting the landlady's suspicion.—When Sarah rejoined me, as the chaise had not yet arrived, we walked about in the lane. What an age those few moments seemed. Even now, I can recall the hoarse roar of the sea, as we then heard it, murmuring and breaking upon the shore, so indelibly are those moments impressed on my memory. At length, oh joy! the chaise approached, and at a sign from some one inside, drew up a few yards from us. I hastened forward as the chaise-door opened, and met—papa and Fred descending from the vehicle!

I thought I should have dropped. I knew at once that the elopement had been discovered, and I could conjecture papa's anger, from the way in which he said to me, "Mary! come with me to the house:" for when he was pleased with me, he always called me "Polly." I went with him. Sarah followed us, and I heard Fred lock the garden-door behind us. Strange to say, I neither fainted nor went into hysterics, though I felt—oh! how I *did* feel! for I had a foreboding that I had seen my last of dear Walter.

When we reached the house, papa took me into our sitting-room—mamma had not yet come back from taking her bath—and there told me how the elopement had been frustrated. What was my surprise on hearing that Sarah, whom I had believed to be such a faithful *confidante*, had turned traitress, and, on the previous afternoon, had disclosed my secret to papa. I afterwards learned that the faithless creature had been instigated to this treachery from the basest mercenary motives; her Baymouth lover having persuaded her that it would be more to her (and, consequently to *his*) advantage, if she kept her situation with mamma, than if she left Baymouth with me; and he further represented to his dupe, that Mr. Vernon would be, what he called, a "a skinflint" master, because he had never made her one present during the days of his courtship; and he also told her that she would be sure to be very handsomely rewarded by mamma and papa, for disclosing to them the plans of my intended elopement. I had, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that Sarah's perfidious treachery was punished, by papa paying her a quarter's wages in advance, and then dismissing her from the house, for the part she had taken in secretly assisting Mr. Vernon and me in our meetings and love affairs. She married her Baymouth lover, and in less than three months brought him before the magistrates for cruelly beating and ill-using her. Such was her fate.

As papa narrated Sarah's betrayal of me, I could not help speaking out against her treachery; when papa told me that I ought to be thankful for it; "though," he added, "your plans would have been frustrated without Sarah's intervention." And then he told what it startled me to hear, and what it sickens me to write.

It appeared that on the previous afternoon, when we had returned from our fishing expedition, a detective policeman had come to papa, having been sent to him from London by old Mr. Whinney, with orders to arrest dear Walter and Captain O'Bang for swindling! The dreadful way in which I had been duped was then made known to me. The captain was no captain, but a penniless, low-born Irish adventurer; and Mr. Walter Vernon, instead of being the son of a gentleman of family and property in the North, was a person of no family or property at all, but was a most dreadful character, and was known to the policemen under a variety of names, though his real name was James Higginbottom. What a contrast was the name that had attracted my romantic affection!

Papa's agonizing disclosures further made known to me the fact, that the paper which Captain O'Bang had brought to Mr. Whinney's, and

which had been signed by Mr. Joseph under the impression that it was an apology, was nothing of the kind, but was, in reality, an order for a large sum of money upon Mr. Whinney's bankers. I now remembered how I had peeped through the key-hole of the library-door, when Mr. Joseph had signed the paper, and how I had seen the way in which the trembling coward had written his name, without looking to see what he was signing. This document, so fraudulently obtained, had, it seemed, produced a large sum, which had been divided between the captain and Mr. Vernon (at least Mr. H——m), and the plot had been so cleverly contrived, that it was only by a lucky accident that Mr. Whinney had discovered the deceit.

It further appeared (I thought that papa would never get to the end of these heartrending disclosures) that my would-be husband had, as a boy, been respectably brought up as a lawyer's clerk, but, having got into bad company, and been tempted to embezzle some of his employer's money, had run away from his situation; and ever since then, had subsisted by various dishonest means, his most respectable occupation having been that of a billiard-marker. It seemed that he intended to marry me merely that he might secure as much of my property as he could lay hands upon—it was for this reason that he had waited until I was of age—and, as soon as he had done this, that he intended to desert me, and escape to America or Australia. Not that I should have been his *real* wife! for the wretch already had a wife—a low, vulgar woman, who was an inferior actress at a very common theatre, and sung at what they call "saloons." He had, it appeared, at one period of his checkered career, been an actor; and it was perhaps his acquaintance with the stage that enabled him to be so clever at his disguises (his wig of raven locks, for instance), and at those fine novel-like speeches which had so often impressed my too susceptible heart. And I had been imposed on by this monster! and, even by the time that it was made known to me, might have passed into the wretch's power, and been made Mrs. Higginbottom Number Two!

It appeared that when Mr. Whinney made the discovery that his son's name had been fraudulently secured, and that money had been obtained by the signature, he had consulted with Mr. Joseph and the detective policeman; and the result was—at a suggestion by Madge, that Mr. Vernon would probably have followed me to Baymouth—that the detective was sent down, with orders to take no steps in the matter without first consulting papa, who (as Mr. Whinney rightly concluded) might not wish to have the affair made public. It was subsequent to his interview with the policeman, that papa was told by Sarah of our intended elopement. He ordered her to say nothing about it to any one, but to obey my orders, and even to set out with me in the morning, in the way that I had proposed. Papa said that he should take care to prevent the wedding; but that he was anxious to see whether or no I should repent of my purpose, before taking the final and irrevocable step.

On hearing Sarah's tale, papa arranged with

the policeman, that the two conspirators (as I may call them) should not be taken into custody till the following morning; though, in order that they might not escape, the policeman watched their lodgings closely. Then, in the morning, he proceeded with papa and Fred to Mr. Vernon's lodgings; and, after they had concealed themselves among the bushes that grew around the cottage, he darted from his hiding-place, and arrested Mr. Vernon at the very moment that he was stepping into the chaise that was to have borne him to my side. But papa and Fred took the chaise, and drove on to me; and the policeman, after that he had placed his prisoner in security, went to Yelverton Church to arrest his other prisoner. But Captain O'Bang was not there; in some way or other he had got scent of his danger, and had made good his escape. Papa thought that he might not have been far from the scene of his fellow-deceiver's capture, and may thus have been made aware that their plot was discovered; but, however that might be, the Irish adventurer made his escape, and has never since crossed my path: nor have we ever heard any tidings of him; nor did papa take any trouble to have a search made for him.

Much of the foregoing distressing narrative papa at once explained to me: with the rest I was afterwards made acquainted. My pride was so hurt, and I felt so broken down and crestfallen, that I fell at papa's feet, and prayed for his forgiveness, promising to do my best to learn to be a better daughter than I had hitherto been.

"You may well fall upon your knees, my girl, and ask pardon," said papa; "but ask the pardon of One whom you have more deeply offended, and whose loving and obedient child you must pray to be, if you wish to live happily, and bring comfort to those around you. You have pretended to entertain feelings that you have never felt; you have been guilty of deceptions that were the worst kind of falsehoods; and what have you gained?"

What, indeed! The ridicule of my acquaintance; the anger of my parents, the estrangement of my oldest friend, Madge; the knowledge that I had confided in those who had turned against me; that I had lent myself to petty shifts and contrivances, at which I now blushed; the conviction that I had, so far as intention went, lent myself to a step which would have brought me to ruin and shame; and the galling feeling that I had endured all this for a person who had played with my affections, only for the sake of gain, and who was nothing more than a felon. As I thought of this chain of circumstances, and acknowledged my deep thankfulness at being rescued from their thralldom, I could learn from them the healthful lesson which the bitter experience of my acquaintance with Mr. Vernon had taught me, that they who seek to profane the sacred name of Love, will assuredly meet with their due punishment; for that the altar of Love is lit with a heaven-sent flame, and must be approached by Love's worshippers with hearts filled with purest motives.

If the lesson of my experience had taught me no other moral than this, I should have derived no small benefit from my "Love's Provocations."

CONCLUSION.

Why do I linger over this narrative? Yet painful as it is to me to write down the particulars of my own shame, I must need note one or two facts concerning the person who, for a time, exercised so great an influence over me.

Mr. Vernon (as I must continue to call him) was not prosecuted by Mr. Whinney. Papa was anxious to hush up the matter, as, if the case had been brought on for trial there would have been many awkward disclosures? and it would have been most painful to my family to have my name brought before the public in so prominent a manner.* The detective policeman said that the abandonment of this particular case was not of much consequence, as there were many other cases against Mr. Vernon, for whom he had long been looking. On one of these cases, a forgery, or something of that nature, he was tried, and sentenced to transportation for twenty-one years; and he is now in Van Dieman's Land expiating his many offences and deceptions.

* NOTE (of explanation and apology).—Mr. Cuthbert Bede scarcely knows how to apologize to Miss 'Polly C——' for the liberty he has taken in thus so publicly making use of the MS. which (it is needless to state how) had fallen into his possession. Miss 'Polly C——,' however, will perceive that Mr. Cuthbert Bede has refrained from bringing her name before the public; and he trusts that her sense of the moral which may be derived from the narration of her 'Love's Provocations,' will lead her to consider this explanation a satisfactory apology for the liberty he has taken.

Mr. Brum never repeated his offer. He was so grieved at my heartlessness, that, although he continued to visit at our house, he treated me with a cold indifference; and it was not until I had asked his pardon for what I had done, that he became on more friendly terms with me. I returned all his presents; but he begged me, as the daughter of his old friend, to keep them; but I have never worn them. Poor man! he died soon after this, very suddenly; and it was then found that he had once made a will, in which he had left me the greatest part of his large property, but, on discovering that I had tampered with his feelings, had crossed out my name from the will, and had left the money to certain institutions, "where charity and kindness were really known and practised." I knew too well, alas! what this meant.

Joseph Whinney, too, never renewed his offer. He also naturally felt deeply hurt at having been led to suppose that he might look to being my husband, at a time when I was expecting to become the wife of another. But Joseph Whinney did not take this to heart; he took to heart something else; for, in a year after, he was married to Rose Brown.

Thus I had been "engaged" at the same time to three persons, each of whom was anxious to marry me; and yet I had missed all three, and was still unmarried. With what greater provocation, then, could I bring to an end this record of my

"LOVE'S PROVOCATIONS?"

ILLUMINATING GAS FROM PEAT.—Messrs. Campbell, of Mary-street, have been for some time past engaged in solving a very important problem as regards this country—the production of illuminating gas from peat. Efforts have been frequently made to attain this desirable end, but, owing to certain difficulties, they have heretofore failed in completing the process satisfactorily. We may, however, state that the difficulties are at length, by combined skill and perseverance, so to speak, surmounted, and a quality of gas can be produced which will burn with sufficient brilliancy for all useful purposes. We saw the process yesterday, which is almost as simple as its result is valuable, and, though conducted but upon a limited scale, as being experimental, it illustrated satisfactorily the effects to be produced when the model gives place to the complete apparatus. We cannot here, of course, describe the method by which the gas is produced, purified, and fitted for use, but we may say that with half a pound of ordinary turf peat about a cubic foot of gas was made in the space of a few seconds, while all the ordinary deposits remain, such as charcoal, gas tar, etc., the former an admirable deodorizer. Should our anticipations be correct, it may be found that inland towns and isolated mansions in this country will ere long have within their reach a cheap and simple method of making their own gas without the heavy

charge at present necessary for the land carriage of coals and other material.—*Dublin Daily Express.*

MR. MONTGOMERY MARTIN'S MODEL OF INDIA.—There is to be seen, a large model of India constructed by Mr. Montgomery Martin. A model of India, is a history in itself. Every spot is, if we may use the term, classic ground, suggesting glorious recollections of that short and brilliant series of military triumphs which has converted Hindostan from a mere colony of merchants into the brightest jewel of the British empire. The eye takes in at a glance the southern peninsula, hedged in by its chain of Ghauts, the Deccan, the long fluvial lines of the Indus and Ganges, and the Punjab, while in the distance are seen the lofty peaks of the Himalaya chain, and the redoubtable Khyber Pass recalls dread recollections of the campaign of 1842.

THE MORNING MOON.

There are men who linger on the stage
To gather crumbs and fragments of applause
When they should sleep in earth—who, like the moon,

Have brighten'ed up some little night of time,
And 'stead of setting when their light is worn,
Still linger, like its blank and beamless orb,
When daylight fills the sky.

[Alexander Smith.

From the Examiner, 2 June.

OUR ALLY TO A CERTAIN EXTENT.

WE are glad to perceive that certain influential contemporaries are beginning to repeat a little less confidently and frequently than they did a few months ago the assurance that England and France may implicitly depend on the good faith of the Austrian Cabinet and the chivalrous character of the stern and resolute young Emperor. We hear no more praises of the wonderful diplomatic ability by which Austria was induced to take part with the Western Powers. At last it seems to be felt that a great error was committed when active military operations were delayed for the sake of obtaining the co-operation of Austria—that co-operation which was announced at least twenty times as certain and immediate, but which now appears, after twelve months' negotiations, to be further off than ever.

The most devoted believers in the Austrian alliance have indeed been unable to withstand the evidence of the Vienna protocols. It is clear that Russia, while professing to accept the *ultimatum* addressed to her by France, England, and Austria, virtually rejected the most important stipulation, which required that her preponderance in the Black Sea should be put an end to. The only terms relative to the Black Sea which Russia did not refuse to accept left her preponderance wholly untouched. Yet we were assured that the four points formed the *minimum* with which not only France and England but Austria would be satisfied, and that if any one of those points was rejected, the vaunted army of Austria would at once take the field. June, however, has commenced, and the Austrian troops content themselves, as they have done for many months, with maltreating the unfortunate inhabitants of the Principalities. They manifest not the slightest desire to cross swords with the Russians. The treaty of the 2nd December was evidently not so valuable a diplomatic triumph as our contemporaries would have induced us to believe it.

Not belonging to the school of politicians who were convinced that Russia interfered in the Hungarian war for the sake of raising up a barrier against herself by strengthening Austria, to us the result is merely that which for several years we have clearly foreseen and frequently predicted. The overthrow of the Hungarian constitution, which those who are in the habit of beholding Austria from the windows of Vienna hailed as the means of consolidating and strengthening the empire, was in fact the removal of the only real barrier between Russia and Turkey. Diplomats like Mr. Magenis, who formerly deplored as a misfortune the successes of the

Hungarians, now discover, with blank amazement, that the triumph of Austria through Russian assistance has proved the ruin of the Empire. They are forced, however unwillingly, to admit that the Power, in order to conciliate which they thought no humiliation too great, is surrounded by difficulties; and that it dares not, after all the sacrifices that have been made to insure its alliance, render any efficient aid against the common enemy.

England is now paying dearly for the blindness which thus directed her councils and guided her opinions. The success that has attended the expedition to the Sea of Azoff shows how much may be effected, and at how slight a cost, by energetic action; and the sailing of the expedition coincides curiously with the closing of the conferences. Was a measure so obviously useful, and so easy in execution, delayed for the sake of conciliating a party to these bootless negotiations? The question may fairly be asked, for such, we have been told by Lord John Russell, was the case last year with regard to the expedition against Sebastopol.

But though the negotiations at Vienna have proved hitherto so mischievous, we cannot regret that they were undertaken. Good fruit, though not of the kind their authors anticipated, will yet, we believe, be borne by them. If the Western Powers had not made concession after concession to Austria, if they had not carried forbearance and conciliation to the utmost limit, so strong was the belief which possessed the minds of many influential persons in this country regarding the reliance to be placed upon Austria as a barrier against Russia, that this dangerous illusion might never have been dispelled. Lord Palmerston we believe to be one of the very few English statesmen entirely free from this hallucination, and he owes his immunity to the opinion he has not only frequently avowed but invariably acted on, "that it is the duty of an English minister for foreign affairs to receive information from whatever quarter it is offered." He did not consider it necessarily false because it was furnished by a political refugee, or necessarily true because it proceeded from the chancery of Vienna. But if Lord Palmerston had set up this individual opinion of his on obtaining power, he would probably very soon have been hurled from it. It is nevertheless quite possible that Austria will, for the future, find it more difficult than formerly to persuade the English public that a statesman must of necessity be a firebrand who does not happen to be on cordial and intimate terms with the Imperial and Apostolic Government.

If any confirmation were needed for the opinion that the boasted army of Austria is a terror only to her subjects, and to the miserable people she protects by placing them under

martial law, it might be found in the volume recently published by the "Roving Englishman," many parts of which have just received a high and not undeserved eulogium from the *Times*. In this book we find related the following conversation with a Hungarian gentleman. It took place while the author was crossing Hungary on his return to this country, and conveys therefore very late as well as authentic intelligence respecting the actual state of public feeling in the most important portion of the Austrian dominions.

"Ah, things are very bad here," he rather groaned than said; "we are being ground to dust—arrests, hangings, shootings, floggings, are still going on here. Every one is running away who can do so. I should have gone outland also, but for my wife and large family. It is madness for me to speak to you—a stranger—so boldly as I do; but you are an Englishman, so that I know that I am safe. We are spied everywhere. We are not safe from the police in our own homes, by our fire-sides, or in bed even. We had lately some emissaries from the liberals among us. The police got scent of this, and pursued them; but we were all true, and they escaped. The people love Kossuth; the nobles and landowners do not; yet they have lost nothing by the revolution, and their estates are even more valuable than before. The abolition of the *corvée* was really little felt by the landlords.

Hungary is ill defended, the fortresses are ill kept. *The regiments here are composed chiefly of Italians and Poles, who are disaffected to a man. Even the Bohemians could not be relied on by the Emperor in another struggle.* No Hungarian is employed in any public department in Hungary, or would dare accept office under the Austrians, under penalty of being generally degraded in the estimation of his countrymen, and shunned by them. The few exceptions are most utterly despised.

We are in real righteous earnest in our determi-

nation to throw off the yoke of Austria. We hope ever that the time of our liberation from our wretched bondage is drawing nearer; when it comes we shall be ready. The present state of things cannot endure. God has hardened the hearts of our tyrants that their ruin may be more complete.

The state of the law here is melancholy to think about; no branch of it displays the smallest activity except the police. A suit on the smallest affairs often lasts for years. *The tribunals will not give decisions till they have been bribed; and abuses exist in all countries where it is forbidden to expose them.*

The chilling influence of Austria is everywhere. Education is falling off. We will not send our children to school where they only learn impious praises of despotism and the Emperor.

Our servitude is cruel. We cannot dance, fiddle, be born or marry, without permission. Our very songs and amusements are regulated, and only allowed at stated times. Three or four of us cannot meet together at dinner but there will be a spy sent to watch. We are afraid of our own shadows. We cannot trust our own wives, for a word spoken in mere carelessness or gossip may send us to a felon's jail or consign us at once to an infamous death. But we are getting very stubborn and sulky; if we get the upper hand again, we shall be terrible. Oh! if you knew how we love the very name of free England, and stretch our imploring arms to her!"

—Yes—this is the Power, needing every bayonet it can muster to maintain its own illegal and absurd system of government, to purchase whose concurrence we are told that England and France ought to make every sacrifice, and to be content with terms that would neither have given them security for peace nor have afforded them indemnity for the expenses of the war. Truly we are well rid of "our ally to a certain extent."

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

STRIVE; yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day,
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier Treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;

Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

Household Words.

From Household Words.

FRENCH LOVE.

I HAVE seen a French lover. I have even watched the process of French love-making, and traced the course of an affaire from its birth to its decay: which thing hath not been given to every Anglo-Saxon. It was a curious study; almost worth a woman's heart-ache to master. So at least I, not being the sufferer, felt during this psychological experience. Harriet was probably of a different opinion; for few like to learn pathology by their own ailments, or to study human nature by their own sufferings.

A French love affair is the most scientific matter in the world. It can be reduced to as positive rules as an Aristotelian drama, and follows as certain a course of progressive development as an historical essay or a three-volume novel. It has a beginning, a middle, and an end, all distinctly planned and foreseen; and combinations of feelings and circumstances are provisionally arranged and deliberately "played for," as if a love affair were a game of chess, where all was science and nothing chance. Consequently it is not impulsive in its action, like a Spanish, or even an English, matter of the kind; it is purely mathematical, and requires as keen an intellect to manage properly as the conduct of an army or the leadership of a party.

No French lover who understands what he is about is precipitate. He is as deliberate and cautious in love as he is passionate and inconsequential in politics. The man who would organize a revolution because he disapproved of the court liveries, would spend months in planning the surprise of certain minute evidences of interest which an Anglo-Saxon would demand bluntly in a few days, and think very little of when obtained. A faded rose, a crumpled ribbon, exalts a Frenchman into the highest realms of bliss. To see him with such a token in his possession, one would believe that he had attained the extreme point of human happiness, and that nothing now was left to fate or the future. And it is so. His opening has given him the game. An Englishman would neither feel such security nor show such rapture if all the preliminaries had been signed, and mammas and aunts were "agreeable;" for we are generally chary of our emotional expressions, and few of us think love sufficient cause for madness.

A Frenchman's love will live on food as unsubstantial as the camelion's. The color of his lady's hair will keep it in good condition for a month; the perfume she affects, the turn of her lip, the pink nail with its half-moon, the delicate finger, her smile, and the little foot, so neat and shapely — nay, even the ribbons she prefers, her shawl, and her bonnet

— will be as robust diet as it will need in the earlier days of its existence. You will never meet a French lover among the educated classes, who has not made an artistic study of his mistress, and who does not know every line of her face, and every change of her countenance. He would be only a bungling journeyman else, incapable of all the fine work of his profession. But this gives a certain poetic charm to a woman's intercourse with him, which few fail to appreciate; appealing as it does to that vague sentiment which all women possess, and the want of which they so sadly complain of in men of business and of actual life. Thus then the first step in French love making is artistic admiration, the profound knowledge of every personal peculiarity sliding into the respectful adoration of a devotee, and the spiritual appreciation of a poet. It is a long slow step, but sure and irremovable. Every day sees the smallest possible advance in his suit; but every day is an advance. As nothing is left to chance, the progress of each week is mapped out months ago; and what he will have dared, and what obtained, by such and such a time, is as definitely arranged as the manoeuvres of a squadron. He seldom deceives himself; and seldomer fails by undue familiarity. His lady-love is a saint that he worships Chinese fashion — kneeling, but ever advancing nearer to her shrine; the means of humility giving him the end of success. He installs her like a goddess that he may reverence while conquering. He makes her feel that to understand her aright is his *business*; that he has not a thought nor a wish distinct from her; that her happiness is the one unflinching endeavor of his life; her love the one adored hope of his heart. Absent, his every thought belongs to her; present, his whole being is merged and fused into hers. He becomes her own best interpreter to herself; for these lovers are wonderful readers of character — with perceptive faculties almost like clairvoyance. Not a glance but he reads and replies to; not a smile but has its meaning, such as she herself perhaps did not half understand; not a word but receives its amplification and the revealing of its mysterious import. He impresses on her that he reads the hidden secrets of her heart and brain; and that, to be understood in half her beauty, she must be interpreted by him. And, as no woman lives on this earth who, at some time of her life, does not think herself (if she thinks at all) misunderstood and unappreciated as no woman was before her, this peculiar tact and power of the French lover generally carries all before him. For it is so sweet to be understood, and yet idealized — to have all that is best in her magnified and exalted, and to see herself in a mirror that blots out all defects and heightens all beauties. It is so delicious to hear those dumb

inarticulate thoughts of ours, struggling confusedly within our brains, brought forth and set in due shape and order by one who makes himself the hierophant of the mysteries of our being: who interprets us so as to make us almost a new creation. Talk of flattery! Our coarse personal compliments deserve as little to be called so by the side of this supreme essence of flattery, as an Irish stew to be called cookery by the side of the carte of the Maison Dorée. No flattery can equal in subtle potency that which takes the form of spiritual interpretation — which reveals to us a new self, superior in beauty and goodness to that outer husk which the uninitiated only see — which heightens, glorifies, idealizes, yet preserves our individuality, and which makes us our own embodiment of the beautiful and the good. This is French flattery. It is commendable for its wisdom and ingenuity, to say the least of it.

To exalt his mistress in her own eyes, yet ever to hold himself higher than she—a hero humbling his strength before beauty—this is the first great success on the French chess-board. Pride in her lover, pleased vanity in herself, dumb greatness made articulate, and veiled beauty brought to light—what more can the soul of woman need, to lure her to the altar of her own sacrifice, to the place of her own bondage?

When this heroic love and spiritual devotion have been carried out to their sufficient limit, and when monotony would soon begin to take the place of constancy, the French lover advances another step. He offers pleasures in place of spiritualities. Flowers—even if comparatively a poor man—winter bouquets at five francs, or more; violets, bonbons, a jardinière, or flowers in pots. On New Year's day his expenditure must be magnificent: not forgetting the servants; above all the femme de chambre, if he wishes to be considered comme il faut, and un vrai Monsieur. For servants have vast influence in France. Gifts are necessities in French love-making: remember this, my brother Englishmen, ye who would attempt Gallic successes, and who would hear yourselves called gentils and charnants, by Gallic lips: make presents above all things, and begin with bouquets and bonbons. Then come gayeties. Theatres, balls, cafés, petit soupers, and petit coupés, all in due order and succession: also in due proportion to the rank of the contracting parties; for a marquise and a grisette would be wooed differently of course. And now the divinity so respectfully idolized, begins the life of a queen dowered with gayety and gladness. To the time of spiritual adoration succeeds that of social endowment.—Every pleasure within his reach the French lover showers on his mistress. And all are gay and sparkling pleasures; nothing heavy

or gross. A day down among the stately trees of St. Germain, or between the leafy walls of Versailles, is a day of unmingled happiness to both; though they do nothing but sit so well dressed under the shade for hours together—in full view of the monde—he smoking a cigar, and she embroidering a collar; talking sentiment and love. And a fauteuil de balcon, or a place in the baignoires beneath, where the lady receives a bouquet or acien, either in the dark box, or out in the foyer with the world, makes a pleasure rivalling that of children for freshness and intensity. And we may add innocence. Then, they love the hippodrome, and the Jardin des Plantes, the Jardin d'hiver, and the Tuileries and the Luxembourg; and they drive out into the wood, and walk through its alleys, bidding the carriage wait or follow them; and they dine at those charming restaurants among the trees of the Champs Élysés, or in the Bois itself at a certain famous place which all the world knows; and they hear music and see bright dresses, and eat good things, and feel the sunshine, and believe that their lives are to be forever after as bright and happy as the scene around them, and are skeptic as to all future sufferings in any shape. In fact, French love in its second stage, means pleasure.

This, then, is the middle stage of a French love affair. In the beginning the unknown and the mute found a revealer and an interpreter, and the femme incomprise was understood "for the first time in her life." In the second stage, the femme ennuyée, désolée, triste, was amused; and smiles and gayeties sprang up beneath her lover's hand as flowers beneath the footsteps of a god. The sun has risen to his zenith. The next changes will be decline; the setting; and then night.

The third. Ah! the gray that will mingle with the shining locks of youth!—the autumn that must come after the springtide promise and the summer gladness!—the waning moon that will turn into darkness—the fading French love that cannot learn friendship, and to attain a second growth, another youth. The third: the term of doubt, of suspicion, of jealousy, of dictation, of quarrellings, of weariness, of hatred, of separation; yes, this third term comes too, inevitable as storms after tropical heat; and then the game is played out, the drama is acted to its end, the idol is displaced, the queen dethroned, and, after a few hours of tears and a few days of grief, the—

Hearts so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds—or as the stream
Which smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er should sever;
Yet ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods that part for ever.

The fused individualities separate; the joined lives break assunder, like one of Prince Rupert's drops; each goes on a separate way; each finds new hierophants and new divinities; and so the ball of life and love is kept up with other players—but the same marker. What a pity it is that the third term should ever come.

Now, English women do not understand this kind of love making: we have no national equivalent for it, even among the most inconsiderate of our flirting, charming, bewitching coquettes. I cannot say it is a national loss to be filled up.

The worst characteristic of a French lover is his suspiciousness. It is the worst characteristic of French society generally. Profound ineradicable skepticism is the plague spot, the festering sore of the modern French mind.—That no man is honest, and no woman faithful, are the Alpha and Omega of the popular creed; to believe that his trusted friend will betray him for self-interest, his wife deceive him for the most paltry pleasures, that the man who offers him a service does so for some sinister motive, and that the caresses of his betrothed hide some fault planned or committed; to believe that he lives in the midst of snares and enemies, and that he must trust to his intellect alone to help him out of them—this is the creed of the modern Frenchman, and this he calls wisdom and knowledge of the world.

His suspicions know no limit, and no rest. A bouquet which he has not given, a soirée to which he is not invited, friends that he does not know; even a new gown or a new mode of dressing the hair—are all indications that the lady is betraying him, and that he must bend his mind and tax all his faculties to "find her out." He is never unconvinced; for, even if he "finds out" nothing, he says only that he has been tricked, and that Madame is more skilful than himself; more artful he says, if very angry. French women are generally submissive to this kind of thing. They are marvellously patient and forbearing, those gay little creatures; and they expostulate and gesticulate, and affirm and disclaim with a volubility and a grace and an earnestness that few men can resist. So the storms blow over; and Madame (for all that has been written refers chiefly to widows), Madame only shrugs her shoulders, and laughs, and says, "Mon Dieu, quel homme!" as she dries her eyes and settles her smooth bands of glossy hair. But, they don't much mind, they say, and would rather have a French lover—with all his fire and fury, and jealousy and suspicion, with whom they can have a dramatic scene, and then a poetic reconciliation—than a stiff sombre Anglais, cet homme sévère, who takes up

his hat and wishes them good day, and won't be brought to hear reason any how. An Englishman is the horror of most French women.

And Frenchmen too, they have the same horror of English pride and independence in English women. They almost all say that they would rather be deceived with smiles, than treated with the coldness, the pride, the disdain, the iron wilfulness of a faithful English woman. They cannot understand it. It is a new experience, and they don't admire it. Anything but this; Italian revenge, Spanish passion, and French inconstancy, all rather than the cold severity and marble pride of Englishwomen. It is a riddle to them. It is long before they can be brought to understand it, and longer still before they will accept the position—une peu basse, they say—that our women assign them. There is generally terrible confusion between French and English lovers at the first, and very seldom any real union of heart and life even if they marry; unless the wife has been so long abroad as to lose her nationality, and to adopt foreign views and foreign feelings.

Another peculiarity among the French is their strictness with the unmarried women.—They cannot understand the liberty of our young ladies. It is a crime in their eyes—a premium for immorality. A French fiancée is never allowed a moment's unrestricted intercourse with her lover. Perhaps she sees him only once or twice before her marriage—for marriage is a commercial affair in France; and so much a year with my daughter, is married to so much a year with your son: but it is the marriage portion and the income that marry: the daughter and the son are merely accessories. Which makes it very easy for our unmarried women to be totally misunderstood in France—and sometimes painfully so. For liberty recognized among us as natural and proper, is there considered dangerous and immoral. I knew an instance of this.

In the corner yonder, just under that broad-leaved palm of the Jardin d'Hiver—are M. Auguste and Miss Harriet; Mademoiselle Henriette as he calls her. Miss Harriet is about thirty, an orphan of good family, tolerably well-looking, lady-like and rich. She is a little original, and passes even in England for being eccentric and too independent. M. Auguste is the possessor of some five or six hundred a year (he is rich for a Parisian); possess- or too of certain small properties beside.—They met by accident: they were travelling together from Avignon, and they first met at Vaucluse, by the Fountain. An acquaintance sprang up between them: very naturally: which left them mutually pleased with each other. It was an adventure; and Miss Har-

riety being an impulsive lady on the verge of her wane, liked adventures. All English women do.

M. Auguste received permission to visit her. They both adroitly gave each other such proofs of their mutual respectability as took off all that might have been equivocal in their acquaintance. M. Auguste was ravished at Mademoiselle's condescension. She was truly charming; her boudoir was delicious, Mademoiselle herself was perfectly idéale, and was the realization of all M. Auguste's dreams of female perfection: compliments paid with the profoundest reverence, but with an exaltation of feeling that bewildered poor Harriet. A neglected daughter, shut up in a remote country village in the west of England, her independence gained only when her first youth had fled—it was no wonder that these new and strange devotions bewildered and unsettled her. A kind of startled gratitude, gratified vanity and personal admiration—for M. Auguste was exceedingly handsome—made up together a feeling which the world calls love, and which she herself mistook for the same.

Up to a certain point in their intercourse nothing could be more delightful than M. Auguste. The refinement and spirituality of his tone and conversation completed the charm which his wonderful knowledge of the human heart, and his good looks had begun; and Harriet was desperately in love—much to the edification of her maid, who watched that she might take lessons. Flowers, gifts, pleasures of all kinds were showered fast and thick on the Englishwoman's path, and perpetual sunshine was over her. Poor Mademoiselle Henriette in her weary past had never dreamed of such happiness.

One day Harriet had brought a large bunch of lilies of the valley, and placed them in the vase from which she took M. Auguste's last and now decidedly faded bouquet. These were very simple acts. No one would have thought them stormseeds sown broadcast. M. Auguste called. His eyes glanced to the lilies before it saw the smiling face eager to greet him. His countenance changed; his address was cool, constrained, and distressingly polite. Harriet could not understand this; and, at first, was too timid to ask; for she dreaded bad news of his own affairs or some terrible catastrophe. At last she did summon up courage enough. M. Auguste smiled gloomily. He pointed to the vase and bit out a few words spitefully, in which Harriet distinguished "un autre—prétendant—infâme—scélérat—trahi—triché—adieu—Madame." Not very intelligible to the innocent Englishwoman, who did not see any infamy or treachery in a handful of lilies of the valley bought by herself for twelve sous at the Madeleine. After a

time he condescended to be more explicit; and then he expressed his conviction that another Monsieur—one of Mademoiselle's minor friends doubtless—had given her this bouquet to replace his own—that his was not choice, not rich enough for Mademoiselle's taste—he apologized for its poverty; but he was only a poor Frenchman with a heart—he must leave the means and the power to make Mademoiselle happy to her rich compatriots, with a good deal more. And then he ended by taking up his hat and gloves and saying in a tragic voice, "Adieu for ever!" Of course that storm blew over and fine weather was restored; but this was the beginning of long days of jealousy as groundless and as worthless. Harriet bore up against them heroically. She was the essence of good temper to him, and soothed his waywardness and bore with his follies, until he himself confessed that her temper was wonderful, and that he tried it sorely. However, he went too far once. He was in bad humor, and he forgot himself; and then the English pride woke up; and she called him "Monsieur," and bade him adieu tearlessly, and never so much as sighed when he closed the door, as she believed for ever. But he wrote to her after this, and apologized for his violence: (it was all because she had walked in the Tuileries gardens with a certain relative of hers, who was too young and well-looking for M. Auguste's taste; and as Frenchmen cannot understand the liberty of our unmarried women it was grand ground for a quarrel). In his letter he besought a reconciliation with her; who was the life of his soul, and the star of his future: promising better things, and the profoundest confidence in her integrity. So Harriet relented, and the wheel of love went round once more. But he never forgot, nor wholly forgave her passionate burst of English pride; and he told her more than once that Frenchmen were much more submissive, and that he did not approve of this Roman pride, this classic haughtiness, of the English women. So they quarrelled again, because he was impertinent and sarcastic.

The third term had come, even to M. Auguste and Mademoiselle Henriette.

Quarrels, still healed by love, but becoming daily more numerous and more fierce, and the love less powerful in the healing—doubts and suspicions for ever renewed and passionately resented—these were the dying throes of the affair, painful enough to witness. His pride was now wounded as well as hers: she could not forgive her strength of will, and she could not forgive his want of trust. He was certain, she had deceived him. Yes Madame—deceived, betrayed, tricked him—the confiding French gentleman, the loyal man of honor! Which indignity Mademoiselle resented in

real earnest. So the matter ended, and they parted really for ever. Which was the best thing both could have done, if they looked to happiness and peace.

Yet M. Auguste was a fine fellow. Brilliant, generous, witty, kind, brave, romantic, and not harshly egotistical though extremely vain. He was a pearl beyond price among his countrymen, and would have made any Frenchwoman living, the proudest and happiest of her sex. For, she would have yielded to his dictation, and have managed his jealousy: she would have soothed him by flattery and amused him by her wit; his suspicion would not have fired her pride—she would have taken it as a thing of course, and perhaps have felt neglected if she had not seen it; and his anger would have been turned aside by coaxing and submission. When in

the wrong he would have been adroitly flattered into the right; and so his own sensitive self-love would never have been wounded by an over hard or fierce integrity. Yield and flatter, and his wife would be superior; oppose and reason, and she would be slave.

Reflect on this, ye Englishwomen who travel in France, and who believe in the perpetual sunshine of French love. It is the true and literal description of the general French mind in love matters; and all who are not prepared to be suspected, watched and disbelieved as a matter of course, had best eschew the charms, even of flattery, gayety, generosity, affectionate forethought, exquisite politeness, and such keenness of perception as seems to give an added sense, and to open a new world.

TIME AND THE PREMIER.

PALMERSTON is only a month or two younger than I am. . . . He certainly enjoys no immunity from the effects of age.—*Lord Aberdeen to Lord John Russell.*

His whiskers still are dark,
Tho' Time hath bleached them long,
And seventy years have left their mark
On a form once lithe and strong:
The years have borne away
The graces of his prime;
But, still no sage in spite of age,
He pays no heed to Time.

The quibble and the jest
The hollow, heartless mirth,
The sneer at what men hold most dear,
The scorn of honest worth.
The power to feel no shame—
To laugh at it instead—
No pride in England's fame,
No sorrow for her dead.

Have thy years nothing taught
Save the heart-hollow laughter,
An exile of all thought
To some remote hereafter?
From Time's unchanging laws
Thou cans't not be exempt,
The tyrant will not pause
For even *thy* contempt.

Then make of him a friend,
Retrieve thy errors past,
There yet is space to mend,
Tho' years are crowding fast.
A hoary jester's name
Be thine no more to bear,
Leave us a statesman's fame
To honor and revere.

Thou pinest for thy youth—
Recal its better part,

Its loyalty and truth,
Its warm and gen'rous heart.
Enact the lessons learned
In those more honest days,
While yet thy bosom yearned
For good men's love and praise.

Let not the people think
"The Pilot at the helm,
When our good ship is nigh to sink,
And storms to overwhelm,
Sits down with folded hands,
Laughing with senile glee,
*The planks will last till my time is past,
And that's enough for me!*"

The Press, 2 June.

OUR HOUSES.—We always look upon our houses as mere temporary lodgings. We are always hoping to get larger and finer ones, or are forced in some way or other to live where we do not choose, and in continual expectation of changing our place of abode. In the present state of society, this is in a great measure unavoidable; but let us remember it is an *evil*, and that so far as it is avoidable it becomes our duty to check the impulse. . . . It is surely a subject for serious thought, whether it might not be better for many of us, if, in attaining a certain position in life, we determined, with God's permission, to choose a house in which to live and die—a home not to be increased by adding stone to stone and field to field, but which, being enough for all our wishes at that period, we should resolve to be satisfied with forever. Consider this, and also, whether we ought not to be more in the habit of seeking honor from our descendants than our ancestors; thinking it better to be nobly remembered that nobly born; and striving so to live that our sons, and our sons' sons, for ages to come, might still lead their children reverently to the doors out of which we had been carried to the grave, saying, "Look, this was his house; this was his chamber."—*Ruskin.*

From the Times.

THE VEDA AND ITS TRANSLATION.

WHEN we are told that a geological stratum which rises to the surface in some parts of England, Germany, and Russia shows itself again with the same character, with the same organic remains in the remote regions of India, we may be startled at first, but we soon arrive at the conclusion that these distant layers must have been originally connected, that they are parts of a deposit which covered a large tract of the earth's surface at some distant period of time, and that, though torn asunder and buried under the ruins of later formations, they constitute one system, the scattered fragments of which can be used to complete and to illustrate one another. The same conclusion has been drawn in the science of language from facts exactly analogous. The ancient language of India, the Sanscrit, shows in its words and its grammatical system the same character, the same organic remains, which we find in the languages of Greece, Italy, and Germany, and hence, though it is impossible to trace historically any connection between the aboriginal inhabitants of India and of Greece, the conclusion is inevitable that at some distant period of time the ancestors of the Anglo-Saxons, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Hindoos formed a small nucleus, a united family, commonly called the Arian family, as distinguished, even at that early time, by language, manners, and religion, from the ancestors of the other two great families of the human race, the Semitic and the Turanian.

In spite of this close relationship between the people of Greece, Italy, Germany, and India, the literature of the Brahmins has failed to command that interest which the intellectual history of a cognate race might seem to deserve. What is commonly known by the name of Sanscrit literature, the laws of Manu, the Epic poems of the "Mahábhárata" and the "Rámáyana," the plays of Kalidása, the six systems of philosophy, and the Puránas, are all much later than Homer, or even the laws of the Decemvirs at Rome. Besides, they are all so peculiarly Oriental that the historian cannot use them for comparison with the works of the classical writers of Rome or Greece. All these productions belong to a period when the traces of a common origin of the Greeks and the Hindoos had long faded away, and they are of as little importance to

the classical student as the events now passing in the kingdom of Saxony would be to the student of the laws and institutions of America. The historian of America is bound to study the institutions of England; the historian of England is bound to take cognizance of the laws of the Anglo-Saxons and the literature of the Normans; nor can the Latin scholar dispense with a knowledge of the literature of Greece. But although the original relation between the Hindoo and the Greek may be the same as that between the Greek and the Roman, the Roman and the German, the German and the Celt, yet nothing remains of laws, of traditions, or of poetry in India of so early a date as to throw light on the later traditions and institutions of Greece, Rome, and Germany. The only thing which these nations share in common is their language, and, no doubt now exists that for a right understanding of the origin and the structure of Greek and Latin a knowledge of Sanscrit is indispensable. But the work to which we called attention some years ago, and of which the second volume has now been published, lays claim to a much higher antiquity than anything in Sanscrit, Greek, Roman, or German literature. It pretends to be no more or less than the *first work composed by human authors*. Professor Wilson, the translator of the *Rig-Veda*, places the hymns of this *Veda*, which the Brahmins consider as their sacred revelation, "at least fifteen centuries prior to the Christian era," and Professor Max Müller, the editor of the text and the commentary, "calls it the "first literary document of the Arian race."

"Without insisting on the fact" he says "that even chronologically the *Veda* is the first book of the Arian nations, we have in it, at all events, a period in the intellectual life of man, to which there is no parallel in any other part of the world. In the hymns of the *Veda* we see man left to himself to solve the riddle of this world. We see him crawling on like a creature of the earth, with all the desires and weaknesses of his animal nature. Food, wealth, and power, a large family, and a long life are the theme of his daily prayers. But he begins to lift up his eyes. He stares at the tent of heaven, and asks who supports it? He opens his ears to the winds, and asks them whence and whither? He is awakened from darkness and slumber by the light of the sun, and Him whom his eyes cannot behold, and who seems to grant him the daily pittance of his existence, he calls 'his life, his breath, his brilliant Lord and Protector.' He gives names to all the powers of nature, and after he has called the fire Agni, the sunlight Indra, the winds Maruts, and the dawn Ushas, they all seem to grow naturally into beings like himself—nay, greater than himself. He invokes them, he praises them, he worships them. But still with all these gods around him, beneath him, and above him, the early poet seems ill at rest within

* *Rig-Veda Sanhita*; a collection of ancient Hindoo hymns, translated from the original Sanscrit, by H. H. Wilson, M.A., F.R.S.—London, Allen & Co., 1854.

Rig-Veda Sanhita; the sacred hymns of the Brahmins, together with the Commentary of Sayana Acharya, edited by Max Mueller, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford.—London, Allen & Co., 1854.

himself. There, too, in his own breast, he has discovered a power that wants a name—a power nearer to him than all the gods of nature—a power that is never mute when he prays, never absent when he fears or trembles. It seems to inspire his prayers, and yet to listen to them; it seems to live in him, and yet to support him, and all around him. The only name he can find for this mysterious power is Brahma, for *brahma* means originally force, will, wish, and the propulsive power of creation. But this impersonal Brahma, too, as soon as it is named, grows into something strange and divine. It becomes Brahmanaspati—the lord of power; an epithet applicable to many gods in their toils and their victories. And still the voice within him has no name; that power which is nothing but itself, which supports the gods, the heavens, and every living being, floats before his mind, conceived, but not expressed. At last he calls it Atma, for *atma* means self, and self alone. Self, whether divine or human—self, whether creating or suffering—self, whether one or all, but always self, independent and free. ‘Who has seen the first-born,’ says the poet, ‘when he who has no bones (*i. e.*, form) bore him that had bones? Where was the blood, the life, the *self* of the world? Who went to ask this from any that knew it?’ This idea of a divine self once expressed, everything else must acknowledge its supremacy. ‘The gods themselves came later into being—who knows whence the great creation sprang?’

Now, according to this account it would seem as if in the *Veda* a record had been preserved to fill the vacuum between the first dispersion of the human race and the times represented by the earliest literary documents of the principal Arian nations, such as the poems of Homer in Greece, and the *Zendavesta* in Persia. No one would deny that there has been a long period during which the Arian race, after being separated from the rest of mankind, was broken up into different nationalities, each forming its own language, its religious ideas, its laws and traditions. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi*, but we could hardly have expected that in Greece anything previous to Homer, or in India anything previous to the epic poems of the “*Mahābhārata*” and “*Rāmāyana*” would ever be discovered. If the *Veda* be what it pretends to be, it would be one of the most remarkable relics in the early history of the human race, and Professor Müller, who has restored these songs from manuscripts, and published them for the first time after a lapse of more than 3,000 years, would have disinterred ruins more ancient than Babylon and Nineveh, more interesting than Thebes and Karnak. We all take an interest in the early history of our race, particularly where we can watch the gradual growth of the human mind, where we can find something besides mere names and dates, and battles, and sieges—some thoughts, ever so simple and childish, if but true and genuine.

However, we must confess to a certain disappointment in reading the first and second volumes of the translation of the *Rig-Veda*, for we do not pretend to have worked our way through the 2,000 pages quarto of text and commentary published by Professor Müller, which, by the by, seem to contain no more than about a third of the whole work. But in reading Professor Wilson’s translation we were kept in a continual state of expectation and suspense. Here and there we find some striking, simple, grand, and original conceptions; but immediately afterwards modern phrases, meaningless epithets, and mystical hallucinations. Suddenly we meet with expressions strongly reminding us of a Greek myth, with names and similes which seem to offer a clue to Greek or Roman legends, and, to furnish an explanation to what in Greece is but a strange and unintelligible fable. We see Uranos, we see Zeus, and Eos, under aspects which explain much that is enigmatical in Homer and Hesiod. But then, again, we find wild fancies, far-fetched and unnatural comparisons and conceptions, which we are accustomed to ascribe to a much later stage in the history of the human mind. It is true that our ideas of the early development of the human mind are based on no facts—that they are in many cases generalizations without particulars. Yet it is impossible to suppress a feeling of doubt whether all this which we read in the *Veda* is ancient and genuine. If it is, the generally received notions of the progress of the intellect require considerable modification, and what in the early history of Greece has been taken for a first beginning will have to be treated as the result of a previous period analogous to that which in India is represented by the *Veda*. It has been assumed, for instance, that in the early history of literature epic poetry always preceded the age of lyrical compositions; in fact, that poetry received its first impulse from epic traditions. In proof of this theory it was usual to quote the “*Mahābhārata*” in India, the ancient popular songs of Persia, the *Iliad* in Greece, the supposed ballad poetry of Rome, and the national songs of the *Edda* and the *Nibelunge* in Germany. But the *Veda*, if genuine, would tend to show that this epic period of poetry was preceded by a period of lyrical and sacred songs, and that poetry with the Arian nations began from within rather than from without—not with the actions, but with the feelings of man.

Yet, we should recommend great caution in drawing general conclusions from these Vedic songs. It is true that nothing has been brought forward, as far as we are aware, to invalidate the antiquity and the genuineness of the *Veda*, but we should like to see some fuller account of its origin, its preservation and its

general character before we assign to it that eminent place which it claims in the universal library of the human race. Besides, there seems to be considerable difference of opinion as to the real meaning of many of these poems. Professor Wilson says that in his translation the gloss of Sayana Acharya, published by Professor Max Müller, has been invariably consulted, and almost as invariably faithfully followed. But, according to Professor Müller, it would appear that this scholastic commentator, who wrote in the 14th century A.D., is not always to be depended upon. This commentator, who represents the traditional interpretation of the *Veda*, occasionally proposes different interpretations of the same passage; but, says Professor Müller:—

His scholastic notions would never allow him to accept the free interpretation which a comparative study of these venerable documents forces upon the unprejudiced scholar. . . . We shall not succeed always; words, verses—nay, whole hymns in the *Rig-Veda* will and must remain to us a dead letter. But, where we can inspire those early relics of thought and devotion with new life, we shall have before us more real antiquity than in all the inscriptions of Egypt and Nineveh; not only old names and dates, and kingdoms, and battles, but old thoughts, old hopes, old faith, and old errors—the ‘old Man’ altogether—old now, but then young, and fresh, and real in his prayers and in his praises.”

A great deal, therefore, will remain to be done even after the text, and the commentary, and the translation of the *Veda* have been published, and it will probably take many years before even this is accomplished, for the translation has only been carried to the end of the second, the text and commentary to the middle of the third, book. So voluminous a work could never have been published without the liberal support of the Government, and it does great credit to the Court of Directors of the East India Company that they have enabled the editor and the translator to carry out this grand work. Whether the *Veda* is the most ancient book of the whole Arian race or not, it will always maintain its position as the most ancient literary monument of India, and the Court of Directors showed an appreciation rarely met with in public bodies when they declared an edition of the *Veda* “in a peculiar manner deserving of the patronage of the East India Company, connected as it is with the early religion, history, and language of a great body of their Indian subjects.” Copies of the first two volumes have been freely distributed, and we have seen reports from missionaries in India stating the great advantage which they had derived in their labors from the publication and translation of the so called sacred writings of the Brahmins.

In conclusion, we shall give a few extracts,

though we quite agree with Professor Wilson that the verses of the *Veda* as translated by him, are singularly prosaic for so early an era, and that their chief value lies not in their fancy but in their facts, social and religious. The following are descriptions of nature:—

The spacious chariot, of the graceful Dawn has been harnessed; the gods have ascended it; the noble and all-pervading Ushas (Eos) has risen up from darkness, bringing health to human habitations. . . . First of all the world she is awake—ever youthful, ever reviving, she comes first: to the invocation. Let words of truth be spoken: let the blazing fires rise up, so that the many radiant Ushas may make manifest the treasures hidden by darkness. . . . Goddess, manifest in person like a maiden, thou goest to the resplendent sun; and, like a youthful bride, thou uncoverest smiling, thy bosom. Like a matron she awakens her sleeping children. At thy dawning the birds rise up from their nests, and men who have to earn their bread quit their homes. . . . Praiseworthy Ushas, be glorified by this my hymn; and may we obtain, Goddesses, through your favor, wealth a hundred and a thousand fold.

Moral sentiments are met with occasionally, such as (p. 278):—

May we, Varuna (Uranos), deeply meditating on thee, be prosperous in thy worship, glorifying thee daily like the fires that are kindled to thy honor at the coming of the luminous dawns. Cast off from me sin, Varuna, as if it were a rope; cut not the thread of me, engaged in weaving pious works. Keep off all danger from me; cast off from me sin, like a tether from a calf. No one rules for the twinkling of an eye, apart from thee.

We conclude with a strange mystical hymn metrically translated by Professor Müller in a small essay “On the *Veda* and *Zendavesta*,” from which we have quoted several times before:—

Nor aught nor nought existed; yon bright sky Was not, nor heaven’s broad woof outstretched above.

What covered all? what sheltered? what concealed?

Was it the waters’ fathomless abyss?
There was not death—yet was there nought immortal.

There was no confine betwixt day and night;
The only One breathed breathless in itself,
Other than It, there nothing since has been.
Darkness there was, and all at first was veiled
In gloom profound—an ocean without light—
The germ that still lay covered in the husk
Burst forth, one nature, from the fervent heat.
Then first came Love upon it, the new spring
Of mind—yea, poets in their hearts discerned,
Pondering this bond between created things
And uncreated. Comes this spark from earth,
Piercing and all-pervading, or from heaven?
Then seeds were sown, and mighty powers arose,
Nature below, and power and will above—

Who knows the secret? Who proclaimed it
 eher
 Whence, whence this manifold creation sprang?
 The gods themselves came later into being;
 Who knows from whence this great creation
 sprang?

He from whom all this great creation came,
 Whether his will created or was mute,
 The Most High Seer that is in highest heaven,
 He knows it—or perchance even He knows not."

PRINTING: ITS ANTECEDENTS, ORIGIN, AND RESULTS. By ADAM STARK. No. 82 Traveller's Library. Longmans, Paternoster row.

MR. STARK'S book is equally distinguished for careful research and pleasant description. Though the subject has of late engrossed much attention, and numerous books have been written on it, he finds something new to say on it. Here is a specimen:—

MISUSE OF THE PRESS.

Some errors in the printing of the Bible are gross and unfortunate. The wife of a printer engaged in an edition of the Bible, is said intentionally to have omitted the negative in the commandment, "Thou shalt *not* commit adultery," thus giving a sanction to the crime; but as a similar error was made in an edition of the Latin Vulgate printed under the supervision of Sextus V., also in an edition of the Bible printed at London in 1632, as well as in a Bible from the German press of Canstein—the lady ought to have the benefit of the common blunder, and be exonerated from intentional error. Whether the widow of another printer, engaged in an edition of a German Bible, may be entitled to this excuse, is somewhat doubtful. In the absence of the workman she took out the first two letters from *Herr* (Lord), substituting *Na* instead, thus rendering the passage in Genesis iii. 16, instead of "He shall be thy Lord," to "He shall be thy *Fool*;" the lady, perhaps, had not previously met with the wisest of helpmates.

One author, in order to escape from the penalty of an infringement of the directions issued by the Inquisition at Rome, that the word *fate* should not be used, printed in his book instead the word *facta*, almost all works being then printed in Latin, then the language of the scholar; but in an *errata* he desired the reader to substitute *fata* for *facta*, thus in one instance only using the prescribed word. Some have made the *errata* a vehicle for venting their spite and dislike. Scarron dedicated some verses to Guillemete, "Chienne de ma Sœur;" but having afterwards a quarrel with his sister, he directed in the *errata* to read instead, "Ma chienne de Sœur."

The author of an idle an imperfect book ended with the usual phrase *cetera desiderantur*, the rest wanting; another altered it to *non desiderantur sed desunt*, the rest wanting but not wanted; another, at the end of a silly book put the usual *finis*—a wit put in the *errata*—

"Finis! an error or a lie, my friend,
 In writing foolish books there is no end."

Some books are noticed in consequence of the translation of some passage being peculiar or

whimsical. Thus, the Bible translated by Coverdale, and printed at Geneva, translated a word in Genesis iii. 7, by the word *Breeches*; hence this, and another edition in quarto of the same by Barker, in 1578, is usually called the *Breeches Bible*. Perhaps the tailors may adduce this reading as an evidence of the antiquity of their art, and our modern *bloomers* also as the proper rendering. In the Bishop's Bible it was rendered *Apron*, a simple covering, and no doubt the proper meaning.

Much curious information may be gathered from this agreeable volume. *Economist.*

From the Evening Post.

THE FORGE.

I.

The night is dark, and the treeless park
 Lies black and all unbounded,
 And the sodden grass where the house-hares
 pass
 With rain-pools is surrounded.
 On the moorland damp a horse's tramp
 Sounds distantly and sullen,
 And the wet weeds shake by the naked lake
 And the hare hides under the mullen.

II.

The tramp sounds near on the moorland drear,
 And hoofs in the rain-pools splatter,
 As a horseman spurs o'er the stunted furze
 With a dull and heavy clatter.
 His steed he reins where, through window-panes,
 Half-broken, dim and scanty,
 A weak light crawls o'er the tumbling walls
 Of an old decaying shanty.

III.

"Ho! Blacksmith, rouse! within there! House!"
 The horseman hoarsely clamors,
 As with heavy sword on the gaping board
 Of the crazy door he hammers.
 "Yo! lazy wight! blow the dim coals bright;
 My steed needs shoeing sorely,
 For to-night I ride to a bonny bride,
 And I am the Lord of Morely!"

IV.

The door flies back, and the midnight black
 Is barred with the forge-light vivid.
 There the blacksmith stands, sledge-hammer in
 hand,
 And the horseman's face grows livid.
 "To the devil you'll ride!" the blacksmith
 cried—
 "All red with a poor girl's slaughter!
 So here's one blow for your bride below,
 And one for the blacksmith's daughter!"

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE MAGIC CHESSMEN.

ONCE upon a time (oh, pleasant opening of the olden legends!) there dwelt in the village of Hestbank a schoolmaster, who was also a poet. That same village must have been noticed by every one who goes from London northward, as grouse-shooter or tourist: it lies on the Great North-Western Railway, close to the wide waste of Morecambe Sands, where, twice in the twenty-four hours, the waves of the sea ride tumultuously up to the hilly shores, and twice ebb so low, that coaches, and wagons, and horsemen can cross that damp Sahara.

Charles Arnold was, as we have said, a schoolmaster and poet. His verses were execrable; he had the true scholastic irritable temper; and was a great lover of old silver, old china, chess-playing, and the luxury of the meerschäum. This last he had learnt at the University of Leipsic, where he had studied in his youth.

He lived in the queerest old house imaginable. His two or three pupils (who learnt from him German, Latin, and a little music) used to play hide-and-seek continually in its tortuous corridors. It was probably quite as old as Lancaster Castle, whose builder was great John O'Gaunt the "time-honored." Here Arnold lived, with his sister Abigail, a very demure, diminutive, middle-aged lady, who loved old china as well as her brother.

It was the cool twilight of a fervent July day. Arnold had played chess in the afternoon with the vicar's daughter, a young lady who learnt from him the glorious guttural language of Goethe, and now was sitting in his library—a room with walnut wainscoting, ill-furnished as to books—inditing verses on the subject. Thus he wrote:—

I.

Chess on the lawn beneath the pleasant trees,
When many roses flush the summer air,
And with a cooling breath the Atlantic breeze
Comes up the valleys fair.

II.

The leaves and blossoms fall upon the board,
The golden insects through the branches
gleam;
While ivory kings and knights with crown and
sword
Move through the magic dream.

"Magic dream!" The words seemed repeated by an echo, as he read them aloud in his solitary self-satisfaction. Arnold looked curiously into the darkness.

III.

Winds the fair pageant o'er the enchanted
squares,
Touched softly by Titania fingers white;

The summer wind Arabian odor bears,
The sky is chrysolite.

"Pooh!" said somebody, from a dark corner of the library. Arnold looked round. There certainly *was* a movement in that particularly dim recess. "It can't be Abby," he muttered.

The form approached him. It was a young gentleman in the costume worn by beaux in Charles the Second's days of revel, with curiously brodered doublet and hose, and the whitest possible cambric, trimmed with magnificent Mechlin, encircling his throat.

"Vile verses, Mr. Arnold," said the young gentleman. "Untrue—absurd—hyperbolic! 'Titania fingers!'—why, they're red and dumpy. 'Arabian odor!'—it's a most ancient and fish-like combination of shrimp and muscle perfumes. Vile verses, Mr. Arnold."

"You're a keen critic, Sir," replied the amazed pedagogue.

"Am I? They thought me so, some centuries back. But I want a game of chess with you, O poet and pedagogue!"

And therewith he produced a porcelain box, wrought in a style the most grotesque and quaint, put it on the table, and sat quietly down.

"A game of chess?" said Arnold.

"Yes; for these stakes. If I checkmate you, you shall have the chessmen, and perform three things which I shall require: if I lose, you shall have them unconditionally. A'n't they beauties?"

He poured them on the table from the velvet lined box. Beauties, indeed, they were; of red and white cornelian, and as elegant as if cut by Praxiteles.

"Three things!" said the schoolmaster. "Three nice things, they'd be, I expect. No, no; your chessmen might be bought for a five-pound note."

"Might they? Come, I'll tell you a little of their power. If you play with them, you'll win every game, with any odds, though your opponent were Carrera or Philidor."

"But the three things required?"

"Besides," continued the tempter, "they give you illimitable power over your antagonist ever after. You can do with him, or her, whatever you please."

"The vicar's daughter," thought Arnold.

"Nonsense!" said the young gentleman, as though replying to the thought. "You might marry a princess if you chose. Never mind the vicar's daughter."

"What are the three things stipulated?" asked the schoolmaster.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all. Simply, that you never tell any one how you got the men—"

"I'm to have the chessmen in either case; eh?"

"Precisely. Well—secondly, that you don't divulge their power to any one. And lastly, that if only a single piece be broken or lost, you shall become mine for ever."

"A rascally compact," said Arnold.

"Not at all. The chessmen are worth a dozen such fellows as you; and if it weren't that I've taken a fancy to you, on account of your likeness to an uncle of mine, you shouldn't have them at any price. Why, the present Prime Minister of England offered me himself and all his relatives for them, unconditionally."

The schoolmaster pondered. The blue eyes of Miss Agnes Mansford gleamed for a moment on his solitude. The notion of being able to marry his fair pupil was too much for him. "Place the men," he exclaimed.

The men were placed. Arnold lighted his meerschaum. The stranger, with an insouciant air, played his king's bishop's pawn. It was a delicate game, you may imagine.

The schoolmaster seemed likely to win. Several times, capital checkmates were only avoided by desperate losses. The stranger was at last reduced to a king, bishop, and

knight, while against him were arrayed queen, castles, and a numerous host of lesser pieces. Arnold's victory seemed sure.

"You're a lucky fellow," said the young gentleman. "You may send your pupils home to-morrow morning, and order in a half-a-ton of old silver and china from the curiosity shops. Only invite Disraeli's Sidonia to a quiet game of chess, and you may get what money you like out of him afterwards. Check!"

Arnold was mated!

His hair stood on end. It was an unexpected catastrophe, and he fancied the young gentleman's feet would be visibly cloven immediately. But his visitor smiled benignantly, and thrusting his hands into his pockets as he rose, hummed, "Over the water to Charlie."

Our hero still gazed at the chessboard. Mated with a knight and bishop; Why Staunton couldn't do it; he would send it to the *Illustrated London News*. While he was thus reflecting, his nonchalant opponent abruptly said, "Good bye, old fellow!" sprang out of the library window, and soon disappeared among the huge furze-bushes of Hestbank.

ANECDOTE OF A SHEEP.

Anecdotes of animals are always amusing; and, moreover, if observed accurately, and told without embellishment, may some day serve to solve a great problem in philosophy—the distinction namely, between the spirit of a man that goeth upward, and the spirit of a beast that goeth downward to the earth—a problem that the great Bishop Butler could not solve, and left a blemish in his argument, but a monument to his candor. The subject of the one I am going to tell, happened many years ago, when I was an urchin of eight or ten, but I remember it well.

One fine summer morning it was my province to aid in driving a flock of sheep to the brook, to be washed, preparatory to shearing. The man who had charge of them led the procession, with the salt-dish in hand, in which he ostentatiously rattled some lumps of salt, and from time to time made pretence of throwing a handful on the ground, to draw the flock onward from place to place, while I followed to drive up the loiterers.

The old patriarch of the troop, a fine old buck, led the van of the quadrupeds, and carefully examined every spot where the false motion of throwing the salt was made, till he was fully satisfied in his mind that no salt was deposited. He then paused, shook his head with its ample honors, and waiting till the shepherd was about a rod in advance, charged upon him from the rear with his whole momentum, fairly raising him off his feet. I saw, and from the first com-

prehended the manœuvre, but there was so much fun in it, it was impossible to give the alarm; and when the man turned to "blow me up" for my tacit complicity, I was rolling on the greenward in a convulsion of laughter so contagious he was forced to join in it, and let me off without a rebuke.

Will it do to attribute to so simple an animal, as a sheep so high a moral sentiment as indignation at deceit? Perhaps not; but we may at least make the "practical inference" that those having charge of flocks cannot securely lead them long with mere occasional handfuls of—wind.—*Ch. Jour.*

THE PROTESTANT SISTER OF MERCY.

THAT dark eye once was Italy's, full fraught
With rich romance, and fancies warm; 'tis
calm

Now as the Virgin Mother's—a sweet psalm
To win forgetful souls to holiest thought.

Thine eye the tone of highest heaven has caught,
Medicin'd by wisdom's renovating balm:
Earth's ties would but enchain thee; thy free
palm

Points ever upward, and thou wear'st them not.
But though thus school'd to seeming nonchalance,

We mark not sympathy's alternate show
Of smile and tear, light, shade thy countenance,
The fond true heart beats womanly below:

Gushes with kindness thy great soul—thy glance,
Nun-like the while, looks fix'd and cold as
snow
Dublin U. Magazine.

From Chambers' Journal.

SHE stopped to coax out of the gutter a small dirty urchin, struggling along with a still smaller and dirtier urchin in its arms. She certainly has the kindest and motherliest heart in the world, this matron-friend of mine. "Oh," she said, as we traversed the muggy and muddy London street, pausing often, as she was pitifully attracted by every form of infantile tribulation—"oh, what a life they lead, poor people's children! If we could only carry out the plan I was talking of, and set up in every parish of every large town a public nursery."

Now the question of public nurseries happened to be the one uppermost in her benevolence at present—I was going with her to see an establishment of the kind. It attracted me as being one of the few charitable "notions" which strike at the root of an evil, instead of lopping off a few of its topmost branches. For certainly, looking at the swarm of children one meets in such a walk as this, and speculating on the homes they spring up in, and the dangers they hourly encounter, it is wonderful how they contrive to struggle up, even to that early phase of infantine life when the children of the London poor appear on the surface of society—society which, from their very birth, seems set against them.

"Poor little wretches! How can they ever grow up to be men and women?"

"Probably not one-fourth of them do," said Mrs. —, whom I will call, after the good old Baxterian fashion—Mrs. Readyhand. "In Manchester, not one-half of the children born survive to their second year. Think of all which that fact implies!—the multitude of tender lives fading out in suffering; the array of little coffins, and tiny soon-forgotten graves. And the mothers—one knows not which to pity most—the ever recurring pang of the loss of a child, or the gradual callousness which ceases to feel such a loss at all."

"Such a percentage of death; and in the first year!"

"Of course; larger in the first than any succeeding. You do not know what it is to rear a young baby—the constant attention required—the infinitesimally small ills which are positive ruin to the tender thing—and which motherly care, and motherly care only, can or will avert. Why, when I have left my babies snug in their warm nursery, and gone down to speak to our charwoman, and seen her sitting in the wash-house, suckling a poor little wizened creature, fretful with pain, or drowsy with drugging—while standing by was the small seven-year-old nurse, or the worse nurse still, some dirty, drunken old crone, who was paid a few pence for keeping the infant and bringing it to its mother for one natural meal in the day—my dear, when I have seen all this, I have wondered that all the mothers in England, well-to-do mothers, who,

can afford the leisure and luxury of saving their children's lives, do not rise up, and try to establish in every town where the women have to go out to work" —

"Public nurseries?"

"Exactly," said Mrs. Readyhand. She proceeded to inform me of a plan she had for the benefit of our particular district of the metropolis, a plan that would require at least a twenty-four matron-power in its working out—the onus of which working out lay, and would lie apparently, on her own single pair of already well-filled hands.

I felt a certain involuntary blush at the little I did—I and the rest of us who have to use our pens instead of our hands in daily bread-winning—for the helping of what pulpit-eloquence would call "our poorer brethren"—or sisters. Especially those of our sisters whom we sometimes shrink from acknowledging as such—hard-handed, stupid-headed, dull-hearted—living from infancy a life so coarse and rude, that womanly instincts become blunted, the womanly affections deadened—till the creature sinks down to an almost brutal level, the mere drudging, suffering, child-bearing feminine of man. Child-bearing! ay, that is what makes the ineffable sadness of the case. What is to become of the children of such mothers—mothers whom nothing can exempt from the daily duty of earning daily bread? Mothers who have to toil in factories; to stand all day at washing-tubs; to go out charing, or nursing, or slop-working, or any of the nameless out-door avocations by which women in great towns contrive to keep their families a degree above starvation. Families, whom no Malthusian laws can hinder from following the higher natural law: "Increase, and multiply, and replenish the earth."

Replenish the earth! With what? With lives so frail, that their necessary and swift decadence is to death. Or escaping that—passing safely by the pitfalls that lie in wait for their poor little tottering feet every day of every week, every hour of every day—what do we attain? A puny, weak, unhealthy, deteriorated race. A race of which common sense and common feeling are oftentimes fain to believe that it would have been easier for itself and its successors had it laid its baby bones among the hundreds more that pile our church-yards with tiny mounds long forgotten—for it is only the "upper classes" who can afford to grieve and to remember.

We went on our way. It was a bright winter-noon. Our "district" happened to be in the paroxysms of an election, more virulently contested than is frequent in the busy metropolis. There was a polling-booth in our High Street; and all our usually quiet semi-suburban streets were frescoed with posters equally laudatory and vituperative; while dashing violently past or standing lazily at public-houses, were partisan-

cabs, well pasted over, so as to constitute at any other than election-time a series of locomotive libels. All our grown-up world was in a state of convulsion, as to whether the noble churchman or ignoble Quaker, the peer or the tradesman, should represent us in parliament; it seemed quite ridiculous that my friend and I should be devoting our attention to such a very small subject as poor people's babies.

"I suppose the election will be decided by the time we return," said Mrs. Readyhand. "I think, if we start our nursery, I shall be inclined to beg something from the successful candidate for my poor little babies."

"But I thought the nurseries were self-supporting?"

"Partially so. In fact, they ought to be entirely, if there were a sufficient number of babies taken in. Though I believe the Paris 'crèches,' from which these two or three nurseries that we have in London are modelled, were altogether commenced as charities."

"Who first started the idea of crèches?"

"One M. Marbeau, so far back as 1844. Being appointed to investigate the Paris 'asylums' (which are equivalent to our Infant Schools), and where the working-mothers are in the habit of leaving for the day their children from two years old and upwards—the simple question struck him, What becomes of the said children *until* they have reached the prescribed two years? And on inquiries, he found the same course pursued, and the same terrible results, that we find in every large factory-town—the inevitable separation of mother and infant during working-hours; the employment of ignorant and brutal nurses at some trifle per day; and the enormous rate of infant mortality."

"Of course the child's best and only nurse is its mother. The mother, during her years of child-bearing and child-rearing, ought not to labor out of her own home."

"My dear," said Mrs. Readyhand with her soft kind smile, "how many 'ought not's' shall we find in the present condition of society: stumbling-blocks that we cannot apparently, by any human possibility, over-leap or remove! Our only chance is to creep round them. This is just what M. Marbeau did. Granting what we must grant, I fear at least for many years to come—that the separation of the working-mother and her child is absolutely inevitable, the next best thing to be done is to render that separation as little harmful as possible. To this end, it was clear that far safer than the hands of ill-paid, ignorant, accidental nurses, would be a public institution, on the plan of the asylums, open to inspection and direction from the better-informed class—having all the advantages and cheapness of combination. And so M. Marbeau conceived the idea of a crèche."

"And started it?"

"Yes. At Chaillot first—one of the worst

Parisian suburbs; fitting up a room in the commonest way with a few cradles and chairs; choosing two poor women out of work for nurses, who were to be paid some small sum—I believe about two-pence a day—by the mothers; all the other expenses being defrayed by charity."

"The plan answered?"

"Excellently. Within two years, there were nine crèches flourishing in the poorest quarters of Paris. This was 1846; since then they have still multiplied; their influence and opportunities of good increasing in the same ratio. From a single room, they have advanced to kitchens, wash-houses, work-rooms, gardens, and even to the distribution of soups, porridge, etc., to the poor mothers, when at stated times, generally twice a day, they come to suckle their children."

"And for how many hours are the little creatures left there?"

"From 6 A. M. to 8 P. M., the regular work-hours of Paris—a long day, is it not? But to show that this absence does not weaken the motherly love—very unlikely it could—I have heard it noted that on Sunday and holidays such a thing is hardly known as a baby being left at the crèche."

"Poor mothers! how they must enjoy a day's nursing!"

"Yes; and of a healthy, merry brat, who has been all week well-warmed, well-washed, well-tended, and well-fed, instead of fretting and puling in filth, cold, and neglect; or lying stupid and sickly, dosed to death with sleeping-powders. My dear," added Mrs. Readyhand, after pausing once again to allay about the tenth case of infant wo which had caught her eyes or ears along these wretched streets in which we were now penetrating—"my dear, let political economists and philanthropists work away as much as they like among the laboring or non-laboring classes—there is room enough for us all. But for my part, I do wish something could be done for the little ones—the helpless, harmless creatures in whom lies the future of the community."

There was great truth in what she said. Sometimes, God knows, in portions of this generation, vice and misery seem so ingrafted, that one gets hopeless of cure on this side death, and can only give back the corrupted race into His hands, believing in His final healing. But with the new generation, there is always hope. Mrs. Readyhand was not far wrong when she inclined to begin at the root of things—to take care of the babies.

"But you did not tell me," I said, "how and when the notion of the Parisian crèches was reproduced here in London?"

"Only in three or four instances, and that of late years, and by the exertions of private individuals. One lady kept hers afloat solely at her own expense for months, and went to inspect it

daily; another, a clergyman's wife, did the same. The nursery we are going to visit to-day, is attached to a Ragged School and a dissenting chapel. But each, not being known publicly enough for self-support, and dependent only on the charity of its originators, has not prospered like the crèches of our neighbors. I think," she added, "that is the cause of failure, if failure has been, that the question has been made too much that of sect, instead of wide Christian benevolence, which it ought to be, you know."

"Certainly. Half-a-dozen conflicting creeds could not do much harm to a little sucking-baby."

"Still my dear, we must take things as they are, and try to improve them."

Here she stopped, for we had talked ourselves out of the bearings of our course, and got into a labyrinth of dirty streets. Mrs. Readyhand made various inquiries for the — Public Nursery—which, however, seemed anything but public, for it was only with the aid of great patience and a friendly policeman that we lighted upon it at all.

My friend pointed to the entrance, over which was written: "Public Nursery, Infant Ragged School, and Laundry."

"What a combination of good things? Did you never see a Ragged School? Then we will take a peep in there first. This seems to be the door."

Which door opening, disclosed a tolerable large and lofty room, rather dark and close it seemed to us, just passing out of the bright frosty air; and I, unused to schools, was sensible of a great oppression and confusion of little tongues, and an incessant commotion of little bodies, which only partially subsided when the mistress, blowing a warning-whistle—her voice would have been utterly useless—despatched them to a raised succession of benches, and came forward to speak to the visitors.

She was a decent, kindly-looking soul, with a careworn, intelligent face, the mouth and chin of which indicated both the power and the habit of ruling even a Ragged School.

An Infant Ragged School! What pictures the name implies!—pictures of the very scum of babyhood, picked out of gutters, alleys, reeking cellars; wretched babyhood, from its very birth-hour entering on its only inheritance—ruling want, brutality, and crime.

Yet here were goodly rows of the small plants of humanity, ranged, height above height, in the usual fashion peculiar to Infant Schools and green-houses—tidy, clean, unrugged children—wan and sharp-visaged, to be sure, but one finds that look in every poor London child. Nevertheless, these were a decent array, sprinkled with two or three faces, bright and pretty enough for any rank or class of tiny girlhood. There might have been boys likewise; but sex was quite undistinguishable.

At the opposite end, near the fire—fenced in a safe corner by a semi-circle of forms, and guarded by one or two elder girls—was a den of much smaller fry, some not more than eight-months-infants, squatting, or crawling, or sitting bolt upright against the wall, staring right before them with an air of solemn interest.

"These are very little scholars," said Mrs. Readyhand smiling, and taking up one in her arms.

"Bless you, ma'am, they do no harm! They are as quiet as mice, and as good as gold. The elder ones bring them, and look after them; it's a great relief to the mothers to have them safe here."

"But would they not be better in the nursery up stairs?"

"Why, you see, I let them in free, and up stairs they would have to pay; and fourpence a day is a great deal to some folks. Besides"—

Here the schoolmistress hesitated, and looked as if she could say a little more, if she would, concerning "up stairs."

"But you think, were it not for the payment, working-mothers would take advantage of the nursery?"

"May be—yes, I know they would. They must get the children out of the way somehow. But poor people don't easily fall into new plans; and, besides, they take things coolly up stairs. They don't do as I do with my scholars—hunt them up out of lanes, and courts, and alleys, and make them come to school."

"Ah, that is the secret." And I fancy my friend and I both thought of the words: "Go forth into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."

We had some more talk with the very sensible schoolmistress, who exhibited her charge with no small pride. Especially one—evidently her favorite—a well-grown girl of eleven or twelve, neat, fair-faced, with the brightest, most intelligent blue eyes.

"She is deaf and dumb, ladies. When she came, she knew nothing, and could not make a sound. Now, she is monitress, and can teach a class its letters."

How this was managed, I could not understand; but the sweet-faced deaf mute was as busy as possible, wand in hand, in the centre of a circle of small elves, who were making frantic struggles after the acquirement of a large paste-board alphabet. And admirably she marshalled, round and round the room, the general vocal procession that followed, in which performance the deaf little maid was probably the one of the audience most to be envied.

There was another small damsel whom I could not help noticing—brown-skinned, dark-eyed, slender-limbed—of painfully precocious beauty and intelligence, the sort of creature to hang bangles on, and make an Indian princess of: or the kind of elf who, you might feel sure,

appeared of nights out of a gigantic convolulus, or a mammoth rose, under the admirable-arranged moonlight of Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, in a Haymarket extravaganza.

"To this complexion she must come at last!" thought I, watching the agile grace of her descent from the semi-circle, the glitter of some foreign-looking armlet on her delicate brown arm, and the evident consciousness of that, and of her own extreme prettiness, with which the poor child joined the troop of her companions,—a troop that irresistibly inclined one to parody Robert Browning's "great-hearted gentleman" as it went

Marching along, *twenty-score* strong,
Ragged-school children singing, this song—

a song which was meant to be explanatory of different trades, with imitative mechanical accompaniments, greatly satisfactory to the performers. Even the little babes in the den crept on all-fours to its outermost barrier, viewing, and clapping little dirty hands.

No—I beg pardon, excellent Ragged-School mistress!—they were *not* dirty. I never saw a cleaner, neater, wholesomer charity-school. When one thought of the horrible London alleys they came out of and went back to, their tidiness was really miraculous.

"I teach the bigger ones to mend their things," said the mistress when we noticed this; "and sometimes kind ladies send us parcels of old clothes, and we manage to alter and contrive. Generally, the children get decently clothed when they have been at school a little while. Besides, we give them some sort of a dinner, and it is often quite late before we send them home."

"What homes some of these must be!"

"Likely enough. But we take all sorts; we ask no questions. You see, when they first come here, they are such little things. Nothing like beginning in time."

"But you don't teach them all day over?"

"Bless you, no; I only let them amuse themselves, and keep them out of mischief—babies and all."

"Ah, that reminds me we must go and see the babies up stairs," said Mrs. Readyhand, giving up the chubby boy whom she had had in her arms all this while, and who seemed very unwilling to be so relinquished.

"But would you like to question any of my children first? Here"—following my eye, and summoning (I am not sure that if you always do this it will be advisable Mrs. Schoolmistress) that prettiest and most intelligent brown-faced maiden. She came, accompanied by a smaller and plainer sister, and answered various inquiries mannerly enough, though with scarcely as many blushes as one likes to see in a child.

"My name is —; my sister's —. (I could not make out either.) We came from

the West Indies. Father was a cook. (Oh, my Indian princess!) Father is dead. Mother makes soy; she sells it; She sells soy, and— (Here a long list of sauces, etc., ran glibly off like a shop-advertisement.) That is how we live. We are very poor. Yes, we like coming to school very much. We shall learn to help mother in time." And so on—and so on.

I am about to inquire and remonstrate concerning the shiny bracelet, which looks so odd and out of place in a Ragged School. But peering into the little girl's face, a certain shyness comes over me, as if I had no business to pull the mote out of the eye of the poor man's child. Besides, she elders it with such tender protection over the little sister—and there she is, turning to pat, and looking as if she greatly wanted to cuddle, that rolly-polly fellow, who is stretching out of the babies' den, and clutching at her frock. Who knows, Ragged-School influences may end in her growing up as some kind young mistress's pretty nursemaid, instead of the gauzy fairy of Haymarket footlights, with a future of God knows!

But Mrs. Readyhand was longing after her public nursery, so we prepared to leave the good schoolmistress and her flock—the younger portion of which, my friend again observed, "would be better up stairs."

"Please don't say so, ma'am," said the mistress earnestly; "they do no harm. They are very good little things. Indeed, I could'nt bear to part with my little ones."

"That is the right sort of a woman," said Mrs. Readyhand, as we went up stairs.

It was a large room, scrupulously clean and neat. At the further end was a row of eight or ten iron swinging-cots, with mattresses and coverings. There was a coal-cellar and linen-closet, a large table, and several chairs—some for great, some for little people. The whole room was in perfect order—the boarded floor without stain or dust. The atmosphere, rigidly sanitary and airy; in fact, rather *too* airy, for the fire was powerless to warm it beyond its immediate vicinity. There was a decently-carpeted hearth, a chair, a round stand, etc.; in which snug little encampment, with her tea-things laid, and her newspaper in her hand, sat the nurse.

Now, my good nurse, I have no wish to malign you. You were a very decent, respectable, fat, motherly body, with an apron as spotless as your floor, and as smooth as your countenance. I have no doubt you know your duty, and do it, too, within its prescribed limits. But how *could* you sit sipping your tea, and reading your newspaper, over your cosy fire, while in the Arctic regions beyond—outside the verge of carpeting—three blue-nosed, red-fingered little nurse-maids were vainly trying to soothe or to keep in order five or six babies—from the small month-old lump of helplessness to the big unruly ten-months' brat, which is perilling its life

—as every mother knows—by various ingenious exploits, about once in five minutes, all day long.

“Ladies—pray sit. *Our* ladies generally come of mornings. I am very glad when they do. I have a hard place here—— (Betsy, do keep that child off the carpet.) They don't allow me help enough—nothing like enough, ma'am. Only these three chits from the Ragged School—(Sally, can't you quiet that baby?). Indeed, ladies, you don't know what it is to look after poor people's children.”

There was a certain truth in this—a pitiful truth enough, though she did not put it so. No one, whose sole experience in the baby-line, lies among the well-fed, well clothed, well-tended offspring of the respectable classes, can see without pain the vast difference between them and “poor people's babies.” Especially the London poor. Their pinched, wizened faces; their thin flaccid limbs, shivering under the smallest possible covering of threadbare flannel and worn-out calico; their withered, old-like expression, so different from the round-eyed, apple-cheeked simplicity that well-to-do parents love—no wonder it was rather hard to keep in healthy satisfied quietness poor people's babies. Babies, too, who from morning till night, seldom or never know what it is to cuddle in warmly to the natural nest—the mother's own bosom. Of course, nothing can supply the place of that; and, of course, it must be a hard position, my respectable old woman! to be nurse in a public nursery. But surely you need not have talked so much about it, or we should have sympathized with you a great deal more.

We began to investigate the condition of the six babies—small, sickly creatures most of them sprawling quietly on the floor, or resting open-eyed in a sort of patient langor in any position the little nurse-girls chose to place them. There was one especially which kept up a pitiful wail—not a good hearty howl, but a low moaning, as if it had hardly strength to cry.

Mrs. Readyhand paused in her statistical enquiries about the nursery, which, however, were fast verging into a mild recipience of the nurse's woes.

“Ladies, you see, I haven't help enough—such a set of ignorant young chits! Sally, can't you keep that child quiet? Ma'am, it's only fractious; not quite a month old—I don't like 'em so young, but then the mother has to go out charing.”

O ye happy mothers! languid and lovely, receiving in graceful *négligé* admiring female friends, who come to congratulate and sympathize, and “see baby”—just think of this!

My friend took the matter in her kind hands. “Sally, my girl,—isn't your name Sally?—you hardly know how to hold so young an infant. Not upright—it has not strength yet;—and its little feet are quite cold. There, not so near the fire—you would scorch its poor head. Give it

to me, please. Now Sally”——And laying the child across her lap, she held its blue feet in her hands, supplying, in her own gentle way, various bits of information, verbal and practical, to the said Sally.

Nurse looked on with considerable dignity at first; but in answer to a hint about “food,” and a commendation of the kind of infant nutriment supplied gratis by the nursery, she began busily to prepare some, and the kettle at once vacated in favor of the pap-saucepan.

Gradually, motherly experience did its work; the infant ceased crying.

“It'll begin again the minute you lay it down, ma'am. I daren't nurse the babies, else they'd never be out of my arms.”

“But they soon learn to crawl—my children do. I always let them, as soon as they can. Look, Betsy—didn't I hear nurse call you Betsy?—you have only to keep near, and watch it—see that it doesn't hurt itself, nor go too far away from the fire. This is bitter weather for little babies. And, Sally—yes you are quite right to listen and notice; always do so when nurse or the lady-visitors talk to you, and you'll learn everything in time.”

“There's much need on't” grumbled the head-functionary; but her subordinates heard not. They made quite a little group round Mrs. Readyhand, each laden with her small charge, whom she handled very much as she would a doll or a kitten. Meanwhile, the eldest baby devoted its tender attention to me, crawling about my skirts, and taking hold of my shoe, looking up all the while—ugly, little, thin elf as it was—with that soft infantine smile which I defy any woman to resist. One could not well help giving it a toss and a dandle, and laughing when it laughed—even to the missing of many things Mrs. Readyhand was saying. Not in any formal way—she abhorred all cant. I did not hear her use one of those irreverently familiar Scripture phrases which abounded rather unpleasantly on the nurse's lips, and on the walls of the school below stairs—where, I fear, their large-lettered literalness—such as, “the blood which cleanseth from all sin,” and “the eyes that are over all”—must have proved extremely perplexing to infant minds. But this is a question the judiciousness of which cannot well be discussed here.

And when, on our departure, she brought her kindly admonitions to a climax, by hinting that if the little damsels improved very much, she, or other ladies she knew, might possibly come and choose their next under-nursemaid out of this very Ragged-School nursery, it was really pleasant to see the blushing brightness which ran over every one of the three faces, common as they were, either prematurely sharp or hopelessly dull. But the dullest smiled, and the sharpest listened with a modest shyness, while thus talked to. It was the involuntary

confirmation of Mrs. Readyhand's doctrine—the only reformatory hope of the universe—the doctrine of Love.

We talked much as we went home—she and I—about this scheme; its wide possibilities of good, and the defects—where will you not find defects in all schemes—of its working out.

“I object,” said I, “to one great fact in this public nursery—the nurse. Her heart is not in the matter. She is a fine contrast to the capital Ragged-Schoolmistress. If I were a lady-visitor, I'd bundle her off immediately.”

“My dear, you are too summary. You might not readily get a better. Her situation is a very difficult one to fill properly. Think what it requires. All the common sense and firmness of an experienced nurse—all the patience and tenderness of a mother: a perfect nurse would be perfect indeed.”

“*She isn't.*”

“Perhaps she only wants looking after. Most hired servants do. She needs us, who habitually think more deeply and act more wisely than is common with her class, to take an interest in her duties, and thus show her that they are ours likewise. If this were but possible! If one could but seek out the rich idlers of our rank of life, and make their dreary, useless lives cheerful by being useful!”

“Useful to the lower rank of workers?”

“Exactly. Think of all the women whom we know, and what numbers that we don't know, who, having passed their first youth, are absolutely withering away for want of something to do. “Something to do”—that grand cry, spoken or silent, of all unmarried and unlikely-to-be-married womanhood; “Oh, if I had but something to do!”

It was very true; I could have confirmed my friend's remark, by half-a-dozen instances under my own knowledge.

“And the grand difficulty is, how to answer it. What are they to do?”

“Surely no lack of that, Mrs. Readyhand. Never was there a wider harvest, nor fewer laborers.”

“Because, my dear, they don't know how to fall to work. They can't find it out for themselves, and in most cases there is nobody to show them. So they sit moping and miserable; either scattering their money in indiscriminate lazy charity.”—

“Or living dependent on fathers and brothers, with abundance of time, and little enough of money.”

“And ignorant,” pursued Mrs. Readyhand smiling, “that the best beneficence is often not money at all, but time. Plenty of people have money to spend; few have wit, judgment, and practical experience enough to spend it properly.”

“I understand. You want not merely seed, but sowers.”

“Yes; busy, active sowers. I would like to hunt them up, far and wide, and give them work to do. Work that would fill up the blanks in any home—duties they might have, yet not interfere with one; work that would prevent their feeling—as I know scores of them do—that they have some how missed their part and place in the grand ever-moving procession of life, and have no resource but to lounge idle, or lie torpid, by the wayside till death overtakes them.”

“That is true. You talk as if you had been ‘an old young lady’ yourself.”

“Perhaps so—once; and my little daughters may be. Nobody knows. Now, what think you? If we could only give to all the ‘old young ladies,’ as you call them, one simple task and duty—the looking after poor people's children. Setting aside all that is done, or is found impossible to do, for the grown-up generation, and beginning with the new; beginning from the very first; in short with!”—

“With a public nursery? Well, they might do worse. Many a middle-aged lady keeping house in some dull parental home, or tormented by a brood of lively juvenile sisters, might find very considerable peace of mind and loving-kindness from an occasional hour spent in looking after poor people's babies. Then, not ending with them as babies. Following them up to childhood—planning public play-grounds and public working-grounds; I like those a great deal better than even Infant Schools. Teaching them especially—what ought to be the chief aim of all eleemosynary aid—how to help themselves. Would not this be one good way of silencing the lazy outcry about ‘elevating the race?’ Better, perhaps, than—this sort of thing.”

She pointed to an election-cab, crammed inside and out with worthy and independent voters, glorious in shirt-sleeves and drink, shouting at the top of their voices for the successful candidate.

“Lord——has won, you see. Well, I am glad. He is an excellent young man, they say. Perhaps he may be got to take an interest in our plans. But, after all, those whom I chiefly look to for aid, are what Mrs. Ellis calls the Daughters of England.”

One daughter of England—type of many more—could not help regarding with mingled compunction and respect, a certain matron of England, who, she knew, taught and reared half-a-dozen children of her own, and yet managed to find time for all these plans and doings in behalf of other folks' children. And while thus talking, we passed through the heavy-atmosphered dirty streets, with their evening loungers collecting, and their evening shop-lamps beginning to flare; it was impossible not to think sadly of the great amount of evil and misery to be battled with, and the comparative

helplessness of even the strongest hand; of the infinite deal to be done, and the few who can by any possibility—without contravening the great just law, that charity begins at home—find opportunities of doing it.

“Still, my dear,” said Mrs. Readyhand gently, “there is a wise saying, ‘Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.’ I know how little you can by any possibility do in this way; but there is one thing you *can* do—you can write an article.”

“I will. That some wiser head and freer hand may put into practice all these things we have been looking at and talking over. I have simply to relate facts, as they were brought under our notice.”

“That is all. And who knows what good might come of it?” said my friend smiling as we reached her door.

“Then, most certainly I will write my article.”

I have written it.

SLAVERY IN SCOTLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Mr. Hugh Miller, the eminent geologist, in his very interesting and instructive work entitled *My Schools and Schoolmasters; or the Story of my Education*, alludes to the existence of slavery in Scotland in the last century, which may not be generally known. Speaking of a collier village in the vicinity of Niddry Mill, he observes:—

“Curious as the fact may seem, all the older men of that village though situated little more than four miles from Edinburgh, had been *born slaves*. Nay, eighteen years later (in 1842), when Parliament issued a commission to inquire into the nature and results of female labor in the coal pits of Scotland, there was a collier still living that had never been twenty miles from the Scottish capital, who could state to the Commissioners that both his father and grandfather had been slaves; that he himself had been born a slave; and that he had wrought for years in a pit in the neighborhood of Musselburgh ere the colliers got their freedom.”

In a note he states that:—

“The act for manumitting our Scotch colliers was passed in the year 1775, forty-nine years prior to the date of my acquaintance with the class at Niddry.”

This act for various reasons had no practical effect, until they were set free by a *second act* passed in 1799.

“The language of both acts strikes with startling effect. ‘Whereas,’ says the preamble of the older act, that of 1775, ‘by the statute law of Scotland, as explained by the judges of the courts of law there, many colliers, and coal-bearers, and salters, are in a state of *slavery or bondage*, bound to the colliers or saltworks where they work *for life, transferable with the collieries and saltworks*; and whereas the emancipating,’ etc. A passage in the preamble of the act of 1799 is scarce less striking; it declares that, notwithstanding the former act, ‘many colliers and coal-bearers *still continue in a state of bondage*’ in Scotland. The history of our Scotch colliers would be found a curious and instructive one. Their slavery seems not to have been derived from the ancient times of

general serfship, but to have originated in comparatively modern acts of the Scottish Parliament, and in decisions of the Court of Session—in acts of Parliament in which the poor ignorant subterranean men of the country were of course wholly unrepresented, and in decisions of a court in which no agent of theirs ever made appearance in their behalf.”—Pp. 303—305.

Notes and Queries.

SIAMESE NOTION OF THE END OF THE WORLD.—

“The Siamese say, that at the end of the world, seven eyes of the sun will be opened in heaven, each successively will dry up something, till at the fifth the sea will be parched up, and by the two last the whole earth will be set on fire and consumed. Two eggs, however, male and female, are to remain among the ashes, and from these shall all things be reproduced.”—JOAM DE BARROS.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.—The Biscayans and Catalonians are said to be the only Spaniards whose love of their country is not easily extinguished. Others who emigrate to America rarely wish to return. Such are the effects of freedom, and of the spirit which even the proud remembrance of freedom preserves.

ROSE TREES.—In Barnaby Googe it is said of these, “It will also doe them good some time to burne them.” I have read that the rose did not blossom in Chili, where it is not indigenous, until after it had accidentally been burnt down. Has this experiment ever been tried with the queen of the garden?—*Notes and Queries.*

“FADE.”—Lamb objected to the word “fadeless.” “What,” he asked, “is a fade?” He supposed that the termination *-less* could only be adjoined with propriety to a noun-substantive. But he did not recollect *ceaseless, dauntless, queenless*.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE SECOND SERIES BEGAN WITH APRIL, 1853.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Extracts of Letters from Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, and President Adams.

CAMBRIDGE, April 24, 1844.

I HAVE read the prospectus with great pleasure; and entirely approve the plan. If it can only obtain the public patronage long enough, and large enough, and securely enough, to attain its true ends, it will contribute in an eminent degree to give a healthy tone, not only to our literature but to public opinion. It will enable us to possess, in a moderate compass, a select library of the best productions of the age. It will do more: it will redeem our periodical literature from the reproach of being devoted to light and superficial reading, to transitory speculations, to sickly and ephemeral sentimentalities, and false and extravagant sketches of life and character.

JOSEPH STORY.

NEW YORK, 7th May, 1844.

I APPROVE very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day.

JAMES KENT.

WASHINGTON, 27 Dec., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portrait of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

This work is made up of the elaborate and stately essays of the *Edinburgh, Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University, New Monthly, Fraser's, Tait's, Ainsworth's, Hood's* and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

THE LIVING AGE is published every *Saturday*, by LITTELL, SON & COMPANY, corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.

POSTAGE FREE.

We will send the Living Age, postage free, to all subscribers within the United States who remit in advance, *directly to the office of publication*, the sum of six dollars; thus placing our distant subscribers on the same footing as those nearer to us, and making the whole country our neighborhood.

COMPLETE SETS of the FIRST SERIES, in thirty-six volumes, handsomely bound, packed in neat boxes, and delivered in all the principal cities, free of expense of freight, are for sale at seventy-two dollars.

ANY VOLUME may be had separately, at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

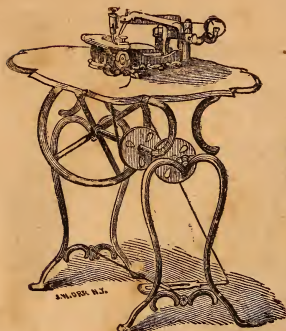
ANY NUMBER may be had for 12½ cents; and it may be worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

BINDING. — We bind the work in a uniform, strong, and good style; and, where customers bring their numbers in good order, can generally give them bound volumes in exchange without any delay. The price of the binding is 50 cents a volume. As they are always bound to one pattern, there will be no difficulty in matching the future volumes.

A few advertisements of Books, Patents, or other matters of general interest, will be added.

LITTELL, SON & CO., BOSTON & NEW YORK.

71209.004.09317



WHEELER & WILSON'S FAMILY SEWING MACHINES!

These improved Machines are rapidly coming into general favor, and acknowledged to be the ONLY machines adapted to family use. The beauty and durability of their stitching are unrivalled, working equally on fine cambric, quilting and heavy broad-

cloth. The rapid and noiseless operation of these machines is an advantage possessed by no other, while their simplicity of construction renders them easier of use, besides being less liable to get out of repair,—an objection reasonably urged against all other machines. To Families, Shirtmakers, Tailors, Milliners, &c., one of these machines is invaluable. Specimens of the work furnished at any time where the machines are in operation, and for sale at

63 Court Street, corner of Cornhill, Boston.

J. E. ROOT, *Agent.*

ALSO, AT 343, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CIRCULAR.

OFFICE OF THE LIVING AGE.

The stereotype plates of this work now fill 1000 boxes, and weigh 30 tons. The amount of capital locked up in them, even as mere metal, is greater than we can afford; so that we are obliged to melt and sell them. Before doing so, we propose to print as many complete sets as may be ordered, and to sell any numbers or volumes necessary to complete volumes or sets in the hands of our subscribers. We press this upon their attention, for the value of a complete set is very great, and well worth the expense necessary to make it complete.

Here are 40 volumes, equal in quantity of matter to 120 ordinary octavos; in other words, equal to a whole set of the Edinburgh Review for sixty years. And it is made up of the best productions of the best writers of the last ten years; not dull, dry or abstract, but instinct with the Motion and Spirit of the Age we Live in. Its interest will not diminish as the volumes grow old, and fifty years hence it will be read with as much zest as at present.

It is a material requisite in making up a library, that the works should not only contain good matter, but should be various and attractive. The Editor of the Living Age is confident in saying that this work is eminently *readable*, and will continually be taken from the shelves of any library, public or private, in which it may be placed. We have seen in the Franklin Library at Philadelphia, a set of the "Museum," which we edited before the Living Age was started, the volumes of which were *thumbed* to pieces, like old spelling books. Made up of *the best*, it cannot be otherwise.

LITTELL, SON & CO.

PRINTING, LITHOGRAPHING, ENGRAVING.

MOORE & CROSBY,

No. 1 Water Street and 130 Washington Street,

Having the best and most complete PRINTING HOUSE to be found in this country are prepared to receive orders for any of the above branches. In our

TYPE DEPARTMENT

Our styles of work have never been excelled, and we have received the highest premiums, (Silver and Bronze Medals,) ever awarded for work of this description.

The Lithographic Department

is devoted to the production of the superior kinds of MANUFACTURERS' LABELS, and our facilities for producing are not to be excelled. All orders for any work in our line will meet with prompt attention.

MOORE & CROSBY,

and 130 Washington Street, Boston.