SHARPE'S

LONDON MAGAZINE:

A JOURNAL

OF

ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION

FOR GENERAL READING.

With Elegant Engravings.

JULY TO OCTOBER 1848.

LONDON:
ARTHUR HALL & CO. 25, PATERNOSTER ROW.
M DCCC XLVIII.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE

NEW TALE BY FRANK FAIRLEGH.

ON the First of November, in the First Part of the Eighth Volume of SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE, will be commenced

LEWIS ARUNDEL;

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

When that intellectual character, Mr. Merryman, first makes his appearance in the magic ring at Astley's, he announces his presence by promulgating the self-evident fact contained in the words, "*Here we are again,*" which he usually follows up by the polite inquiry, "*How are you?*" Now, albeit I cannot pretend to rival that sapient individual in jocosity, I am by no means too proud to learn of a fool, and am unable to herald my reappearance as a candidate for public favour by any more pertinent address than "*Here we are again.*" I say *we*, for the kindness which the reading public has accorded to Frank Fairlegh, has emboldened me to introduce to their favourable notice my friend Lewis Arundel, with an account of his trip along the great railroad of life.

'Tis true that men travel by different trains; some hurry on impetuously—the express train scarcely quick enough to satisfy their eagerness; others proceed more leisurely, pausing at the various stations, and reflecting on the aim and end of their journey.

There are also different conveyances: the first-class passengers know little of the jolting and shaking, by reason of well-stuffed cushions and easy springs; while those in the second and third class carriages must put up with heat and cold, sparks, cinders, dust and steam; but now and then comes a grand smash, which knows no distinction of persons, and all classes suffer together.

Still, fare as they may on the journey, all sooner or later arrive at the same terminus, "the Grave."

Should the scenes through which Lewis Arundel will pass be found to possess some interest, the line he chooses be deemed a good one, and the train which conveys him be voted anything but a "slow coach," his faithful chronicler, Frank Fairlegh, will be a proud and happy man.

W. H. Bartlett.

CÆSAREA.

From Alexandria to Tyre and Sidon, the coast of Palestine was always deficient in safe roads and harbours, as is indeed the whole of Syria, so that the English fleet, when on the last expedition against Acre, very narrowly escaped destruction. The port of Jaffa is suited only for small barks; larger vessels keep the offing, and even in landing there is great danger in passing the rocky reefs, if the weather is at all stormy; witness the melancholy accident that not long since occurred to a boat-load of British officers. The shores of the bay of Acre are lined with wrecks. It may be supposed that a cruize along such a coast, in a crazy Arab bark, is not altogether agreeable; yet nine travellers out of ten are tempted to adopt this plan of going from Beyrout to Jaffa, as the nearest way to the Holy City.

This was the case with myself, and I had besides the additional object of seeing the ruins of Cæsarea, the splendid sea-port built by Herod the Great, to encourage the commerce of Judea, by affording a secure shelter to vessels that would otherwise have sought more distant havens. I had expressly stipulated in taking my passage, that I should be landed there, to examine the remains at leisure. We ran past Tyre and Sidon, and on the second morning, having passed the very remarkable remains of Athlete, or Castel Pellegrino, as the sun rose behind the mountains of Samaria, were off the shapeless ruins of Cæsarea. No part of the coast is now more desolate and without inhabitant; and the dreary and blood-curdling howling of the jackal is the only sound that breaks the stillness of these forsaken plains; yet this was once among the richest parts of Palestine, the sea-shore even in the times of the Crusaders was studded with strong castles and towns, and the interior abounds in the sites of ancient cities.

The origin of Cæsarea is thus described by Josephus: "There was a certain place by the sea-side, formerly called Strato's Tower, which Herod looked upon as conveniently situated for the erection of a city. He drew his model, set people to work upon it, and finished it. The buildings were all of marble; private houses as well as palaces; but his master-piece was the port, which he made as large as the Piræus (at Athens), and a safe station against all winds and weathers, to say nothing of other conveniences. This work was the more wonderful, because all the materials for it were brought thither at a prodigious expense from afar off. This city stands in Phœnicia, upon the pass to Egypt, between Joppa and Dora, two wretched sea-towns, where there is no riding in the harbour with a S.W. wind, for it beats so furiously upon the shore, that merchantmen are forced to keep off at sea many times for fear of being driven on the reefs. To encounter these difficulties, Herod ordered a mole to be made in the shape of a half-moon, and large enough to contain a royal navy. He directed, also, prodigious stones to be let down there in twenty fathom water—stones fifty feet long, and eighteen broad, and nine deep, some greater, some less. This mole was two hundred feet in extent, the one half of it to break the setting of the sea, *the other half served for the foundation of a stone wall*, fortified with turrets, the largest and the fairest of them called by the name of the Tower of Drusus, from Drusus the son-in-law of Augustus, who died young. There were several arched vaults also that served for seamen's cabins, likewise a quay or landing-place, with a large walk upon it around the port, as a place of pleasure to take the air in. This port opens to the northward, the clearest quarter of the heavens. On the left hand of the entrance was a turret erected upon a large platform, with a sloping bank to shoot off the washing of the sea; and on the right hand were two stone pillars over against the tower, of equal height. The houses about the port were all uniformly built, of the most excellent sort of marble. Upon a mount in the middle stood a temple dedicated to Cæsar, which was of great use to the mariners as a sea-mark, and contained two statues, of Rome and of Cæsar, and hence the city took the name of Cæsarea. The contrivance of the vaults and sewers was admirable. Herod built also a stone theatre, and on the south side of the harbour an amphitheatre, with a noble sea-view. In short, he spared neither labour nor expense, and in twelve years this work was brought to perfection." .... "It was finished," says Josephus, (speaking of the city,) "in the tenth year from its foundation, the twenty-eighth of Herod's reign, and in the Olympiad 192. Its dedication was celebrated with all the splendour and magnificence imaginable; masters procured from all parts, and the best that could be gotten too, in all exercises, such as musicians, wrestlers, swordsmen, and the like, to contend for the prizes. They had their horse-races also, and shows of wild beasts, with all other spectacles and entertainments then in vogue, either at Rome or elsewhere. This solemnity was instituted in honour of Cæsar, under the appellation of *Certamen quinquennale*, and the ceremony to be exhibited every fifth year."

Such was the superb seaport which Herod built, not only as a monument of his public-spirited muni-

ficence, but in the hope that it might long remain in the proud possession of his race. We need not dwell here upon the awful domestic tragedy, in which this passionate and unhappy monarch became the executioner of the best members of his own family, and the destroyer of his own hopes of the permanency of his line. The disputes of his descendants were terminated at no distant period by the sway of Rome.

Herod Agrippa, his successor, and the last monarch of the Jews, had reigned, in dependence upon the Roman power, three years over Palestine, when he ordered a splendid festival at Cæsarea in honour of the Emperor Claudius.

"Upon the second day of this festival," says Josephus, "Agrippa went early in the morning to the theatre in a silver stuff so wonderfully rich and curious, that as the beams of the rising sun struck upon it, the eyes were dazzled by the reflection; the sparkling of the light seemed to have something divine in it, that moved the spectators at the same time with veneration and awe. Insomuch that a fawning crew of parasites cried him up as a God; beseeching him, in form, to forgive them the sins of their ignorance, when they took him only for flesh and blood, for now they were convinced of an excellency in his nature that was more than human. This impious flattery he repelled not, but while in the full vanity of this contemplation, he beheld an owl above him seated on a rope, a presage of evil to him, as it had been before of good fortune. For immediately he was seized with a fearful agony, in which he exclaimed to his friends, 'Behold your God condemned to die, and prove his flatterers a company of profligate liars, and to convince the world that he is not immortal. But God's will be done! In the life that I have led, I have had no reason to envy the happiness of any prince under heaven, but I must still be aspiring to be greater and greater.' His pains increasing, he retired into the palace; the news flew over Cæsarea, and all the people, covering themselves with sackcloth, joined in prayers and tears for Agrippa's recovery. The king in the mean time, looking down from his apartment near the top of the palace, could not forbear weeping at the sight of the mourners that lay below prostrate on the pavement. On the fifth day after the commencement of his illness, he expired."

After the death of Agrippa, his son being too young to bear the burden of sovereignty, Judæa became a Roman province, and was governed by Roman officers.

The total loss of their independence, and their subjection to pagan masters, profoundly irritated the unsocial and turbulent Jews; and the Gentile population, especially the Greeks, with whom they were confounded, inflamed by their bitter insults the wounded spirit of the fallen people. The Roman soldiery regarded them with such insolent contempt, that to avoid collision between his troops and the more turbulent zealots of Jerusalem, the Roman prætor generally resided at Cæsarea. It was there that the events took place which led to a final rupture with Rome. Its situation as a port had drawn thither a great number of Syrian Greeks and other strangers; and the pagan monuments with which it had been decorated by Herod, seemed in their eyes to give it the appearance of a Gentile city. Thus they contended fiercely for pre-eminence with the Jews, who, from its having been built by a monarch of their fallen kingdom, on the site moreover of an old Jewish town, regarded themselves as its principal and ruling inhabitants; or at least contended for an equality of privileges. But the struggle was unequal, the soldiery encouraged the Greeks—the feud increased daily, and the utmost influence of the moderate of both sides was found unavailing to quell it. The Roman governor, Felix, was compelled to banish the factious from the city, and upon the refusal of many to depart, he caused them to be put death. Commissioners were sent from both parties to plead the cause before Cæsar, who decided in favour of the Greeks. Upon this their insolence knew no bounds, and the Jews were driven to despair.

At this crisis, "nothing was wanting," says Milman, "to fill the measure of calamity, but the nomination of a new governor like Gessius Florus. Without compunction and without shame, as crafty as he was cruel, he laid deliberate schemes of iniquity, by which at some distant period he was to reap his harvest of plunder. He pillaged not only individuals but even communities, and seemed to grant a general indemnity for spoliation, if he was only allowed his fair portion of the plunder." Such was the man appointed to maintain equal justice between the rival parties, and to impose awe upon the incorrigibly factious, but by whose partiality, corruption, and weakness combined, the dispute was inflamed to a fatal termination.

The immediate cause of the quarrel is recorded by Josephus:—"A certain Greek had a house close to the Synagogue of the Jews, who would have purchased it at any price; but far from listening to their proposals, he so obstructed the passage, as hardly to leave room for a single person to pass by. Some hot-headed young Jews threatened the workmen; Florus encouraged them to proceed. The old practice of bribery was now tried. Florus took the money (eight talents) from the Jews, and promised them redress, then instantly departed to Sebaste. Next day a spiteful Greek set an earthen vessel, with a sacrifice of birds upon it, before the gate of the Synagogue; at this insult the Jews flew to arms; the Greeks were prepared, and a collision prevented solely by the interference of Jucundus, master of the horse, who being overborne by the Cæsareans, the Jews took away their holy books, and retiring to Narbata, sent thence a deputation to Florus, not forgetting," says the historian, "to let fall a word, *though very tenderly*, about the eight talents. This being a sore allusion, the governor caused them to be arrested for presuming to remove their laws from the city of Cæsarea. Florus next repaired to Jerusalem, where his oppressive conduct drove the Jews to extremity, and at the instance of Eleazar, a young zealot, the

quarrel was brought to a crisis by the refusal to receive the customary sacrifices for Cæsar.

"The smothered flame now burst forth. On the very day that a Roman garrison in Jerusalem was treacherously butchered by the insurgent Jews, the whole Jewish population of Cæsarea was massacred, to the number, according to Josephus, of twenty thousand. This," he continues, "made the whole nation mad," and the Jews, spreading through the country, made fearful reprisals on their persecutors. "Moderate and mild-natured men before, were now become hard and cruel." Every passion was let loose, avarice was kindled together with revenge, and "robbery was called victory." "It was a horrid spectacle to see the streets encumbered with dead bodies of men, women and children, unburied, and even uncovered." The whole framework of society was a prey to convulsions, which were but the opening act of that tremendous drama which terminated with the destruction of the Temple and dispersion of the Jewish people.

It is refreshing to turn from these scenes of horror, these mutual cruelties of rival nations, which heaped the streets of this new-built city with the slain, and stained the waters of its port with their blood, to the peaceful arrival of Paul of Tarsus. We see him, after he had escaped from the blind bigotry of his countrymen at Jerusalem, sent down stealthily and by night to Cæsarea, in the custody of a body of soldiers, traversing the mountainous defiles of Bethhoron, and reaching in the morning Antipatris, another city of Herod's creation. Here the foot soldiers returned, and left him to be escorted the rest of the way by the cavalry. On reaching Cæsarea he is kept in "Herod's judgment-hall." "Not many days after, came down Ananias the high-priest, with some others of the Sanhedrim, accompanied by Tertullus the advocate, who, in a speech set off by the insinuating arts of forensic eloquence, charged the apostle, before Felix the governor, with sedition, heresy, and the profanation of the Temple. After St. Paul had replied, Felix commanded him to be kept under guard, yet so that none of his friends should be hindered from visiting him, or performing any office of kindness and friendship to him." And even here, amidst the hostile collisions of Greeks and Jews, lurked, no doubt, a few members of the proscribed sect of the Christians, the objects of their united hatred and contempt.

"It was not long after this before Drusilla, the wife of Felix, (a Jewess, daughter of the elder Herod; and whom Tacitus, by mistaking her for his former wife Drusilla, daughter to Juba, king of Mauritania, makes niece to Anthony and Cleopatra,) came to him to Cæsarea. Felix, Drusilla being present, sent for St. Paul, and gave him leave to discourse of the doctrines of Christianity. St. Paul took occasion to insist upon the obligation to justice and righteousness, to sobriety and chastity, which the laws of Christ lay upon men, urging the severe and impartial account that will be required hereafter,—a discourse wisely adapted by the apostle to Felix's state and temper. But men naturally hate that which 'brings their sins to their remembrance,' and sharpens the sting of a violated conscience. The prince was so moved by the apostle's reasonings, that, trembling, he caused him to break off abruptly, telling him he would hear the rest at some other season. And good reason there was that Felix's conscience should be sensibly alarmed, being a man notoriously infamous for rapine and violence. Tacitus tells us of him, that he made his will the law of his government, practising all manner of cruelty and injustice. He was given over to luxury and debauchery, for the compassing whereof he scrupled not to violate all laws both of God and man. Whereof this very wife Drusilla was a famous instance. For being married by her brother to Azis, king of the Emisenes, Felix, who had heard of her incomparable beauty, by the help of Simon the magician, a Jew of Cyprus, tore her from her husband's arms, and, in defiance of all law and right, kept her for his own wife. To these qualities he had added bribery and covetousness, and, therefore, frequently sent for St. Paul to discourse with him, expecting that he should have given him a considerable sum for his release; and the rather, probably, because he had heard that St. Paul had lately brought up great sums of money to Jerusalem. But finding no offers made, either by the apostle or his friends, he kept him prisoner for two years together, so long as himself continued procurator of that nation; when, being displaced by Nero, he left St. Paul still in prison, on purpose to gratify the Jews, and engage them to speak better of him after his departure from them.

"To him suceeded Portius Festus, in the procuratorship of the province; at whose first coming to Jerusalem the high-priest and Sanhedrim presently began to prefer to him an indictment against St. Paul, desiring that, in order to his trial, he might be sent for up from Cæsarea; designing this pretence that assassins should lie in the way to murder him.

"Festus told them that he himself was going shortly to Cæsarea, and that, if they had anything against St. Paul, they should come down thither and accuse him. Accordingly, being come to Cæsarea, the Jews began to renew the charge which they had heretofore brought against St. Paul; of all which he cleared himself. However, as the safest course, he solemnly made his appeal to the Roman emperor, who should judge between them. Whereupon Festus, advising with the Jewish Sanhedrim, received his appeal, and told him he should go to Cæsar.

"Some time after, King Agrippa, who succeeded Herod in the tetrarchate of Galilee, and his sister Bernice, came to Cæsarea. To him Festus gave an account of St. Paul, and the great stir and trouble that had been made about him, and how he had appealed to Cæsar. Agrippa was very desirous to see and hear him, and, accordingly, the next day the king and his sister, accompanied by Festus, and other persons of quality, came into the court with a magnificent retinue, where the prisoner was brought forth before him.

"Hereupon Agrippa told the apostle he had liberty

to make his own defence; to whom, after silence had been enforced, he particularly addressed himself. Who knows not that celebrated speech, from which, astonished at the fervid eloquence of the apostle, the Roman governor considered Paul to be beside himself; while the Jewish king was "almost persuaded to become a Christian?"

"After the conference, it was finally resolved that St. Paul should be sent to Rome; in order whereunto he was, with some other prisoners of note, committed to the charge of Julius, commander of a company belonging to the legion of Augustus. Accompanied by St. Luke, Aristarchus, Trophimus, and some others, in September, A. D. 56, or as others, 57, he went on board a ship of Adramyttium."[1]

How interesting is it to the imagination to realise the scene of his leaving the soil of Palestine, to which he was destined never to return! We see the splendid city, with its marble houses and votive columns, its temples and its theatres, its port crowded with many-oared vessels, from every part of the Roman empire, from Italy, from Egypt, from the Syrian coast, the provinces, and Asia Minor. We hear the noisy din of various languages; and mark the different physiognomics and splendid costumes of the many subjects of the great Roman empire, who meet upon the crowded quay—some actively engaged in the labours of the port, others lingering idly in picturesque groups beneath the marble colonnades of Herod. The wind is fair—the "ship of Adramyttium" is ready—the passengers hasten on board. Among them, unnoticed amidst the busy throng, advances "the poor prisoner of Jesus Christ," weak of body, but of spirit indomitable, the intrepid, the noble Paul. A few friends, members of the persecuted yet growing Church of Christ, are around him; with swelling hearts, with tearful eyes, they invoke the blessing of their common Lord upon the departing apostle, grieving the most, like those of Miletus, "lest they should see his face no more." They watch him on board; the sails swell to the southern wind, and the splendid ship, gliding by temples, and columns, and palaces, out of the mouth of the harbour, soon appears a speck upon the blue bosom of the Mediterranean.

How changed is now the scene thus hallowed by his parting presence! As I stood upon the solitary beach, the low, monotonous roll of the surge was the only sound that broke the mournful stillness. Tower and palace were prostrate—the materials hewn for the city of Herod, and since wrought into the buildings of a later age, themselves fast crumbling, were fallen in huge masses into the sea. The numerous columns which once adorned the port, now scattered on a rocky reef, are heaped with seaweed, and chafed and worn by the breakers of the shipless sea. It is a scene of utter ruin—of forlorn and shapeless desolation. Yet, in the midst of the wreck, and rising above the waves, though portions are submerged, appear solid foundations of Roman masonry; not improbably a part of the splendid quay or landing-place mentioned by Josephus, which Herod built, and which the feet of Paul must have trodden. It juts out far into the sea, a truly memorable relic. Upon it, at its junction with the shore, stands, ruin upon ruin, a moulder-ing and half prostrate edifice of Gothic construction, a memorial of the times of the Crusades. A solitary Arab was roaming stealthily among the ruins as we landed.

Ascending from the beach, we reach the enclosed site of a town, its every building prostrate, but surrounded with a fosse and a wall of solid construction, which Irby and Mangles regard as Saracenic; and which doubtless enclosed the city which, in the middle ages, succeeded that built by Herod, and was erected from its materials. Little beyond a few scattered fragments were in sight. Beyond these Saracenic walls, in the south, the same travellers found a column of marble, with a Roman inscription of the emperor Septimius Severus, but too much buried to allow a copy to be taken. The Roman remains extend beyond the limits of the above-named walls, and far to the north there are ruins of arches, and of a wall, apparently part of an aqueduct, for supplying the town. Lamartine states, upon what authority I know not, that the walls of Cæsarea were rebuilt by St. Louis.

This coast, with its castles, so famous in the Crusades, the scene of many a warlike encounter between Christian and Saracen, who have piled upon the grand wrecks of the Jews and Romans the more perishable monuments of their temporary occupation, will never more "echo with the world's debate."

> "There was a day when they were young and proud,
> Banners on high, and battles pass'd below;
> But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
> And those which wav'd are shredless dust ere now;
> And those bleak battlements shall bear no future blow."

Yet, so long as time shall spare a single relic to point out the site of Cæsarea, the pilgrim shall repair with reverence to the shore hallowed by the eloquence of Paul, and to the ruinous mole whence he departed from Jerusalem, on his last voyage, to bear the tidings of salvation to the western world.

(1) Cave.

SKETCHES AND LEGENDS OF THE ALPS.

THE CONVENT OF KÖNIGSFELDEN.

> Ah! when did painter's magic pencil trace
> Scenes of such gentle loveliness, combined
> With beautiful and dread magnificence?
> Mark how, in airy height pre-eminent,
> The spiral mountains pierce the azure sky;
> And now, in dropping lightness, fleecy clouds
> Around them wreath and sever; from their sides
> How many rills of trickling silver steal,
> Emerging in white lustre from the gloom
> Of the dark pine woods, whose wild branches fringe
> The spotless and perpetual snows above!
>
> REV. C. B. TAYLER.

In one of the northern cantons of Switzerland, where mountain and torrent, hill and valley, seem to vie with each other in adding to the beauty of the landscape, extends a widely-spread tract of richly-

wooded and fertile land;—the magnificent ruins of Hapsburg overlook the vale, and the impetuous Aar, rushing from the Alps, after receiving the tributary waters of the Reuss and the Limmat, wends on its majestic way, adorning, whilst it fertilizes, this favoured district. The bold and lofty character of the distant mountain scenery contrasts finely with the gentle undulating foreground; and the mind of the spectator is at one impressed with admiration and with awe.

Amongst the many objects which, in this beautiful region, attract the gaze and fix the attention of the traveller, the Convent of Königsfelden claims a high position. Viewed from a distance, the *coup d'œil* is enchanting;—the stately pile—grand even in decay—stands out in bold relief from the luxuriant trees that cluster round it; while the sombre hues of the mountains that form the background, give a richer and deeper tone to the picture.

The building is in the lightest and richest style of Gothic Architecture;—that style which must in nobility and purity excel all others, because its first principles were dictated to the mind of man by the contemplation of the magnificent works of the Great Architect of the Universe; for who can walk through a forest, or traverse a grove of lofty trees, without being instantly struck with the sublimity and grandeur of the "cathedral aisles of nature:"—

"The glorious temple, where man feels
The present Deity?"

The site of the convent is commanding, it being raised on a gentle elevation above a small lake formed by the Aar; and when in the deep stillness of a summer twilight the whole extent of the wood-embosomed pile, softened by the mellow tint of evening, is reflected in the unruffled bosom of the clear waters;—while the silence is broken only by the hallowed and melodious sound of the vesper bell—oh! it appears to be a scene too calm, too beautiful for earth, and imagination fondly pictures it the abode of purity, and peace, and joy. Who, as they gaze on this scene, so exquisite in its tranquillity, could imagine that its greatest ornament owed its erection to murder, to cruelty, to revenge!—yet it is even so—and the fearful tragedy which these pages commemorate, was acted on the spot now crowned by this lofty structure.

In the early part of the 14th century, when the imperial sceptre was swayed by Albert I.; and when all Switzerland, excepting only the cantons of Switz, Uri, and Unterwalden, had bent beneath the overwhelming force of Austria; the Swiss in the neighbouring cantons of Bâle, Soleure, and Aargau, whose inborn love of liberty but ill brooked subjection to a foreign yoke, rose in arms against their proud oppressor. Albert, who felt that this insurrection, if not immediately quelled, might lead to the emancipation of that land which it had cost so much of the noblest blood of Austria to subjugate, resolved to march thither in person, and by the terror of his presence to awe into submission those undaunted men, whom, in the pride of his heart, he loved to designate "a few poor shepherds."

Many of his warlike nobles, a splendid retinue, attended their sovereign in this expedition; and amongst the rest John, Duke of Swabia, his nephew and ward, from whom Albert had for some time unjustly withheld his patrimony, and who in consequence harboured a concealed but deadly hatred against his false guardian. The revenge of John, though protracted, was not the less certain and fatal;—by a repetition of the story of his wrongs, he had attached to his side several of the young Austrian nobility, and Herman of Bâlm, and Walter of Eischenbach, vowed to assist him in any attempt he might make for the recovery of his rights. The long sought opportunity at length arrived;—and with the deadliest animosity rankling in his heart, and a vague prospect of speedy revenge animating his actions, the Duke of Swabia and his allies joined the imperial standard.

The haughty Albert, who had alike sacrificed friend and foe to his criminal desire of aggrandizing his own family, left Baden at the head of a fine army, and a chosen band of the flower of the Austrian chivalry; but the emperor was alone in the crowd, and amongst all that host there breathed not one, who, for himself alone, would have followed his commander to the battle-field. In splendid but desolate supremacy, Albert led on his troops; and wholly unconscious of the fate that so nearly awaited him, thought but of speedily appeasing the tumult, and of returning triumphantly to his capital. He knew not that the fiat of death had gone forth—that the sword which should terminate his mortal career was already unsheathed—and that the glorious sun had risen for the last time for him. Heedless of danger he passed along, like the traveller who walks fearlessly, because in ignorance, over the slumbering volcano, unmindful of the desolating fire that glows beneath his feet, and which may ere long break forth and overwhelm with sudden destruction the surrounding country.

On the first of May, 1309, the emperor and his escort (being detached from the main body of the forces) were crossing the Reuss, near Windisch, when at a given signal the Duke of Swabia rushed forward, and plunged his sword in the neck of Albert, crying out, in a voice hoarse from hatred and suppressed emotion, "Such are the wages of injustice!" His accomplices, Herman and Walter, lent their aid to the sanguinary deed; the former transfixed his sovereign with his lance, while the latter cleaved his skull. The attendants, paralysed at the atrocious crime, neither attempted to assist their master, nor to secure the assassins: but when the latter fled, scared at their own dark deed, they dispersed in consternation to spread the report of the catastrophe.

The murdered Albert, forsaken by those who in the sunny days of prosperity had watched his every glance, was left alone to die; and had not a countrywoman providentially passed that way, he would have gone to his long account without one friend to receive

his last sigh and soothe his dying agony; but she, with woman's intuitive tenderness, hastened to the wounded stranger, and endeavoured, though fruitlessly, to assuage his torment, whilst she whispered words of consolation in his ear:—

"A peasant girl that royal head upon her bosom laid,
And, shrinking not for woman's dread, the face of death survey'd.
Alone she sat,—from hill and wood red sunk the mournful sun;
Fast gushed the fount of noble blood—treason its worst had done!
With her long hair she vainly pressed the wounds, to staunch their tide.
Unknown, on that meek humble breast, imperial Albert died!"—

The assassin and his guilty associates fled from the scene of slaughter, but whither could they turn their footsteps? It was as if they had borne upon their foreheads the brand of the first murderer, Cain;—all shrank from them, and the towns, even those which had been oppressed by Albert, magnanimously refused shelter to his assassins. Many of them perished from want, whilst others underwent the extreme penalty of the law: the murderer himself, after awhile, obtained absolution from the Pope, on condition of passing the remainder of his existence in acts of devotion and penance. He accordingly entered a monastery where the discipline was of the strictest character, and wore out the days that closed his guilty life in the severest mortifications.

Meanwhile, the empress Elizabeth, the widow of the murdered Albert, with her children, Leopold Duke of Austria, and Agnes Queen of Hungary, offered fearful sacrifices to his manes.

They seemed to breathe but slaughter, and on the slighest suspicion of an individual having even tacitly connived at the late conspiracy, his doom was irrevocably sealed; and the innocent, as well as the guilty, were the victims of their insatiable thirst of revenge. Castles were pillaged and demolished; whilst their unhappy owners, if they survived the conflagration of their homes, and the desecration of their household gods, were sent forth to wander as outcasts through the land which by right was their own, none daring to succour or relieve them, for fear of incurring the same dread sentence.

First in this "bad pre-eminence" stands Agnes, Queen of Hungary, who has been well styled the "royal hyena;" it was at the feet of this disgrace to her sex that the young and beautiful Irene, the wife of Rudolf, Baron Von der Wart, knelt and implored the life of her beloved husband, on whom the taint of suspicion had fallen. Agnes heeded not the total absence of all proof that the baron had been an accomplice in the murder of her father; his own solemn protestations of innocence—the agonizing supplications of Irene—were alike disregarded. Agnes spurned with her foot the gentle suppliant, whose shrieks of despair were heart-rending; and condemned Rudolf to be broken upon the wheel, and exposed, while yet alive, to the vultures.

The horrible sentence was executed—but the inexorable Agnes little decmed how greatly those tortures would be alleviated by the untiring love of the devoted wife; she knew not that "man can but partially judge the treasure he possesses in the wife of his bosom, until he has passed with her through the fiery furnace of devotion:"—

For woman's love is a holy light,
And when 'tis kindled ne'er can die."

Agnes knew not—how should she know?—she in whose cold breast no feeling of sympathy ever existed, that—

"When the pale hand
Draws the black foldings of the eternal curtain
Closer and closer round us,"

those who have dearly, fondly loved in this life, experience if possible a more intimate union, even in that dread moment when apparently that union is about to be dissolved for ever; for then they look on with the eye of faith to that better land—

"Where every severed wreath is bound;
And none have heard the knell
That smites the soul in that wild sound—
Farewell, beloved!—farewell!"

Even when expiring on the rack, words of undying affection continued to drop from the lips of Rudolf, as the heart-broken Irene bent over his mangled form, and softly whispered in his ear her accents of deep love—thus through that long and fearful night she soothed his dying agony, until the last drops of existence were wrung from his tortured heart. This noble instance of conjugal devotion has been recorded by our lamented countrywoman, Mrs. Hemans, in some exquisite lines, which in their own beautiful simplicity narrate the sad tale; to add aught to them would but be adding perfume to the violet.

"Her hands were clasped—her dark eyes raised—the breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—all that she loved was there.
And 'Bid me not depart,' she cried; 'my Rudolf, say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side; peace, peace!—I cannot go!
I have been with thee in thine hour of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory's living power to strengthen me through this!
And thou, mine honour'd love, and true!—bear on—bear nobly on!
We have yon blessed heaven in view—whose rest will soon be won!'
And were not hers high words to flow from woman's breaking heart?—
Through that long night of bitterest woe she bore her lofty part;
But oh! with such a glazing eye—with such a curdling cheek!
Love—Love!—of mortal agony—thou—only thou shouldst speak.
The wind rose high,—but with it rose her voice, that he might hear.
Perchance that dark hour brought repose to happy bowers near;
While she sat, striving with despair, beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer, forth on the rushing storm.—
She wiped the death-damp from his brow with her pale hands and soft;
Whose touch upon the lute-chords low had stilled his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast—she bathed his lips with dew—
And on his cheek such kisses press'd, as hope and joy ne'er knew!
Oh, lovely are ye, Love and Faith!—enduring to the last;
She had her meed—one smile in death—and his worn spirit passed!"—

she had lost all that bound her to earth; and soon her pure spirit took its flight, to rejoin in a happier land her martyred husband:—

"And in that world to which their hopes looked on,
Time enters not, nor mutability;—
Beauty and goodness are unfading there."

Three years after the death of the emperor, the stately convent of Königsfelden, an imperial sepulchre, arose, to point out the spot where his tragical fate had overtaken him. It was erected under the auspices of Agnes, sanctioned by her mother; and shortly afterwards, the former quitted her royal state, and sought within its cloisters that repose and peace which a guilty conscience can never know. She assumed the veil, and in the garb of penitence and humiliation, endeavoured to attract pilgrims to the shrine; but beneath that garb still beat the proud heart of the stern and cruel Agnes;—and that the illustrious trophy of her miscalled filial piety might be admired, and she, its foundress, revered, were now her highest aspirations. But the remembrance of her unparalleled vengeance and barbarity was too deeply engraven in the minds of the people, and the calamities she had inflicted were too recent and their effects yet too severely felt, for even a magnificent monument like this to erase their impression; although, in those days of comparative darkness, the foundation of a religious house was generally considered a sufficient compensation for any outrage.

Desirous of gaining, if possible, the suffrage of Berthold Strebel, who was then in high repute for his extraordinary learning and sanctity, Agnes one day led the conversation to her favourite topic, spoke of her devotion to the cause of religion, and instanced the zeal which had prompted her to erect this costly structure; when the Friar of Oftringen, struck with a pious horror of her enormities, boldly exclaimed:—"Hearken to this, O woman, as the voice of Heaven!—No devotion can be pure in one who imbrues her hands in the blood of innocence, and founds convents with the plunder of orphans!"

The haughty Agnes affected not to heed his words, but the remembrance of them pursued her to her dying day, and filled with remorse and anguish that heart which was too proud to avow its crimes, and too stubborn to repent them.

The convent, majestic even in decay, is fast falling into ruins;—the royal vault, until 1770 the mausoleum of many illustrious scions of the House of Hapsburg—the apartment occupied by Agnes, its royal foundress—and the choir of the abbey-church, with its superbly-stained windows, are now almost the only objects pointed out to the inquiring traveller;—but the deeds of Agnes are still remembered, and are, doubtless, recorded in that dread scroll, from which there shall be no appeal.

NATURAL HISTORY OF INSECTS.—No. II.

THE SENSES, VITALITY, AND PASSIONS OF INSECTS.

INSECTS, there is good reason to believe, are endowed with all the five senses of hearing, seeing, touching, tasting, and smelling. It was, indeed, formerly doubted, whether they possess that of *hearing;* but numerous observations have satisfactorily proved that they do. Flies move all their legs at brisk and distinct sounds; and spiders will quit their prey, and retire to their hiding places. Insects that live in society give notice of intended movement, or assemble their citizens for emigration, by a humming noise. Brunelli kept and fed several males of a not uncommon species of grasshopper in a closet: they were very merry, and continued singing all the day, but a rap at the door would stop them instantly. By practice he learned to imitate their chirping; when he did this at the door, at first a few would answer him in a low note, and then the whole party would take up the tune, and sing with all their might. He once shut up a male in his garden, and gave the female her liberty; but as soon as she heard the male chirp, she flew to him immediately. Messrs. Kirby and Spence consider that the antennæ of insects are analogous to ears; but they also imagine, that it is by these organs that insects are enabled to discover those alterations in the weather, which to them are so important, and which they seem so readily to perceive; bees, in particular, being evidently aware of the approach of a shower when we can perceive no indications of it; and hastily returning to their hives in time to avoid its approach.

The sense of *touch* in insects, also supposed to reside in their antennæ, must be of the greatest delicacy, especially in spiders, from the nicety with which the majority fabricate their fragile webs.

The *eyes* of insects do not turn in their sockets, like those of most other animals; but what is denied in motion, is amply compensated in number, for in one fly alone there have been reckoned no fewer than 16,000 eyes; in a scarabæus, 6,362; and in a butterfly, 34,650! These are, of course, no other than the interstices of those crossed or scored divisions, which any one will perceive upon looking at a common house-fly through an ordinary magnifier. Each of these, it has been shown, performs the office of a single eye, although they are collected into two packets, corresponding in outward appearance to the ordinary pair of eyes of vertebrate animals.

The sense of *smell* resides in some organ in the vicinity of the mouth, and probably connected with the nose. M. Huber, desirous of ascertaining the seat of smell in bees, tried the following experiment with that view. These animals, of all scents abominate most that of the oil of turpentine. He presented successively to all the points of a bee's body, a hair-pencil saturated with it; but whether he presented it to the abdomen, the trunk, or the head, the insect equally disregarded it. Next, using a very fine hair-pencil, while the bee had extended its proboscis, he presented the pencil to it, to the eyes and antennæ, without producing any effect; but when he pointed it near the cavity of the mouth, above the insertion of the proboscis, the creature started back in an instant, quitted its food, clapped its wings, walked about in great agitation, and would have taken flight if the pencil had not been removed.

That insects *taste*, no one hesitates to believe, although naturalists disagree as to the organ of that sense; but as they have a tongue, we may, with Cuvier, conclude that one of its primary functions is to taste their food.

The *vital principle* in some insects appears to be equally strong with that exhibited by the zoophytes, and many of the tortoises. Riboud stuck different beetles through with pins, and cut and lacerated others in the severest manner, without greatly accelerating death. Leeuwenhoeck had a mite which lived eleven weeks transfixed on a point for microscopical investigation. Le Vaillant caught a locust at the Cape of Good Hope, and, after excavating the intestines, he filled the abdomen with cotton, and stuck a stout pin through the thorax, yet the feet and antennæ were in full play after the lapse of five months. A decapitated beetle will advance over a table, and recognise a precipice on approaching the edge. Colonel Pringle beheaded several dragonflies, one of which afterwards lived for four months, and another for six; and, which seems rather odd, he could never keep alive those with their heads on above a few days.[1]

Some curious particulars connected with this great tenacity of life are mentioned by Mr. Fothergill.[2] A friend being employed one day in the pursuit of insects, caught a large yellow dragonfly, and had actually fastened it down in his insect box, by thrusting a pin through the thorax, before he perceived that the voracious creature held a small fly, which still struggled for liberty, in its jaws. The dragonfly continued devouring its victim with great deliberation, and without expressing either pain or constraint, and seemed totally unconscious of being pinned down to the cork, till its prey was devoured, after which it made several desperate efforts to regain its liberty. A common flesh-fly was then presented to it, when it immediately became quiet, and ate the fly with greediness; when its repast was over, it renewed its efforts to escape. This fact being mentioned to Mr. Haworth, the late well-known English entomologist, he confirmed the truth of it by relating an additional circumstance. Being in a garden with a friend, who firmly believed in the delicate susceptibility of these creatures, he struck down a large dragonfly, and in so doing unfortunately severed its long abdomen from the rest of its body. He caught a small fly, which he presented to the mutilated insect, by which it was instantly seized and devoured; and a second was treated in the same manner. Mr. Haworth then contrived to form a false abdomen, by means of a slender portion of a geranium; and after this operation was performed, the dragonfly devoured another small insect as greedily as before. When set at liberty it flew away with as much apparent glee as if it had received no injury.

These facts, with numerous others which will occur to every naturalist, place it beyond doubt, that insects are not only endowed with a far greater portion of vitality than vertebrate animals possess, but that they are almost devoid of pain under inflictions which to the warm-blooded tribes would prove the most excruciating tortures. In all this we see not only a wise but a most merciful provision of the great Creator. Insects, above all other animals, are exposed to the greatest casualties, not merely from ordinary vicissitudes, but from others of a peculiar nature. The felling of a tree is sufficient to destroy whole communities to whom it is a home, giving shelter and food to thousands: while the burning of a forest or the herbage of a plain, is the destruction of millions upon millions. It is further ordained that insects should be the food of nearly three-fourths of the whole feathered creation; and that numerous tribes of their own class derive their entire sustenance from preying upon those that are weaker or differently organized. Hence it is that the all-wise Creator has mercifully withheld from them that sense of pain and suffering, which is so prevalent among animals of a higher order; whose lives are, in all probability, much longer, but who feel at their death an agony which is really quite unknown to the "poor beetle that we tread upon."

Insects exhibit various *passions*, and these are not only manifested in their actions, but expressed by gestures and noises, no doubt well understood by themselves. Thus, numerous beetles, when alarmed, utter a shrill cry, which has been compared to the feeble chirp of birds. The humble bee, if attacked, will give vent to the harsh tones of anger; and the hive bee, under the same circumstances, emits a shrill and peevish sound, which becomes doubly sharp when it flies at an enemy or intruder. A number of these insects being once smoked out of their hive, the queen, with many of her followers, flew away; upon this, the bees which remained behind immediately sent forth a most plaintive cry, which was succeeded by a cheerful humming when their sovereign was again restored to them. The passion of *love*, too, as well as fear, anger, and rejoicing, seems, in insects, as in birds, to be displayed in song. The grasshopper tribes are particularly famed for these amorous ditties, which are often so loud, monotonous, and deafening in warm countries during the meridian heat, as to be productive of anything but pleasure. These sounds, however, proceed only from the males; the females, fortunately, not being provided with the necessary apparatus for producing them.

The *affection of insects for their young* is very conspicuous; but in the care which they take to lay their eggs in such substances as will afterwards afford them fitting sustenance, we shall discern more the effect of instinct than of maternal affection. Many instances, however, may be adduced, in which this natural passion is in full operation. The common sand-wasp, and others of the same species, having first dug a cylindrical cavity of the requisite dimensions, and deposited an egg at the bottom, encloses along with it one or more caterpillars, spiders, or other insects, as a pro-

(1) Spallanzani's Tracts, translated by J. G. Dalyell, Esq.
(2) Essay on Natural History.

vision for the young one when hatched, and sufficiently abundant to nourish it until it has attained its full growth. Baron de Geer tells us of a species of field-bug which conducts her family, (which generally consists of thirty or forty young ones,) as a hen does her chickens. She never leaves them; and as soon as she begins to move, all the little ones closely follow, and, whenever she stops, assemble in a cluster around her. One species of spider lays her eggs in a little silken bag, attached to the extremity of her body; and this treasure she carries about with her every where, appearing in the greatest distress if in any way deprived of it. Bonnet put this wonderful attachment to an affecting and decisive test. He threw a spider, with her bag, into the cavern of a large ant-lion, when the distressed mother, although she might have escaped by relinquishing the bag, preferred being buried alive, to giving up that treasure which was dearer to her than existence. The care which is taken of their young by such insects as live in societies, is well known; but it is not, perhaps, generally understood, that, among ants, as soon as ever the female has begun to lay her eggs, she tears off the four wings, which before were her chief ornament, and devotes herself entirely to the increase and preservation of her family. M. P. Huber was more than once witness to this extraordinary proceeding. Lastly, if an ant's nest should be disturbed, the whole community may be instantly seen flocking towards a heap of little white oblong bodies, whose safety they put every nerve in motion to secure. These bodies are the embryo young; and, as a proof of the devoted attachment which is exhibited for them, an observer, on one of these occasions, having cut an ant in two, the poor mutilated animal did not relax in its affectionate exertions. With that half of the body to which the head remained attached, it contrived to carry off ten of these white masses into the interior of the nest, before itself expired![1]

Insects experience *anger* as well as love; and, surprising as it may seem, their little bodies are frequently exercised in cruelty. The orator mantis is of so unnatural a disposition, that, if in a state of captivity, it will actually destroy and devour its own species, fighting with the utmost fury, until death shall terminate the battle. Roesel, who kept some of these insects, observes that, in their mutual conflicts, their manœuvres very much resemble those of hussars fighting with sabres; and sometimes one cleaves the other through at a single stroke, or severs the head from the body.[2] The manners of the scorpion are equally fierce and revolting. Not only is it dangerous to its enemies, but also terrible to its own species; so that, out of one hundred of these insects, which Maupertuis enclosed together in a vessel, such was the bloody scene that ensued, that, in a few days, only fourteen remained alive, having killed and devoured the rest of their companions! Q. Q.

(1) Kirby and Spence. Introd. to Entom.
(2) Shaw's Zoology.

HARRY SUMNER'S REVENGE.

BY POLYDORE.

Chapter XII.

"As well I trust
That fight he will, and fight he must."
Marmion, Canto VI.

As Mr. Browne was not of the party on its return, it was arranged, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Perigord and disappointment of his wife, that he should occupy the Duchess of Haroldweir's carriage in solitary grandeur, and that his own carriage should convey to Hyde Park Gardens the rest of the party. As Mr. Perigord's pair of greys whirled them through the brilliantly-lighted streets of the metropolis, Harry Sumner maintained an uninterrupted flow of conversation, which kept the two young ladies in paroxysms of laughter; her grace being fast asleep. Lady Emma was altogether bewildered. She could with difficulty bring herself to believe, that she was listening to the same individual who sat next to her at dinner. It wanted but this addition to his graceful exterior and polished manners, to blow into a flame an emotion, the sparks of which had probably fallen into Lady Emma's heart at an earlier part of the day. Pique is almost as prolific a source of love as pity in the bosom of the female sex. Harry Sumner's indifference and abstraction during dinner, prepossessing as was every thing else about him, had given rise to sensations in a lady of a jealous and vain temperament, which the profoundest homage would possibly have failed to kindle.

"What a strange fellow you are, Harry!" said his sister, as she subsided from a hearty laugh, "Hamlet's melancholy seems to have taken yours away. To have seen you an hour or two ago, one would have thought that laughing was not in your list of capabilities. I thought you never were going to laugh again."

"Tis strange," he replied, "the reaction of the mind, I suppose, after deep dejection. Man is a two-legged kaleidoscope—at one moment black, and brown, and purple, and all manner of sober hues; give him a shake, and lo! crimson, and yellow, and scarlet, and blue, and colours so bright that one can scarcely look at them. A sentiment for Hamlet, eh! Lady Emma?"

"I do not know what to think," replied that lady; "but this I know, that Mr. Sumner at the dinner-table, and Mr. Sumner now, are two different persons."

"And which of the two do you prefer?" he inquired.

Lady Emma turned her head away, and replied, "Neither!"

Mrs. Perigord had now fallen into a fit of musing; and a vision had presented itself to her brother's memory, which would probably have checked the current of his conversation for a while, leaving the snores of the duchess the sole disturbers of the silence, when, fortunately, the carriages drew up at Mr. Perigord's door. The absence of the ladies, who had withdrawn in order

to disencumber themselves of their out-of-doors apparel, afforded Mr. Perigord the opportunity of renewing with his brother-in-law the after-dinner conversation. "Were you serious," he inquired, "in refusing to stand for Bribeworth?"

"Quite," replied Sumner; "but supposing I do, what about my examination? The election will be almost on the same day with it."

"True; that was an unlucky accident of yours, Sumner. How did you contrive it? I made certain of your first."

"Perigord!" said Sumner sternly, "you will seriously oblige me by never mentioning that subject. Information which I keep from my sister and mother, I am not likely to communicate to any one else."

"You're young, Sumner—you're young," replied Mr. Perigord; "you will not have been in parliament many months, before you will have discovered, that there are many subjects which it is the part of wisdom to keep from women, which it would be both wise and expedient to confide to a friend of the other sex."

Harry Sumner regarded his wise brother-in-law for a second or two with a scrutinizing and thoughtful gaze. At length he said slowly, and in a tone of voice slightly impassioned, "I would as soon confide my dearest secret to your wife, Perigord, as to the warmest male friend I ever had; ay—and a great deal sooner."

"Well, well," he replied, "wisdom comes with years; genius is in the cradle. You will think differently one day."

"No, Perigord, never," was his reply—"*never;* and if you do not agree with me, I pity you—and I pity——"

A loud double knock at the street door prevented the conclusion of this sentence.

"Who can be coming here at this hour?" exclaimed Mr. Perigord; "It must be some message from the premier. Am I then to understand that you will be a candidate for Bribeworth?"

"If at liberty to vote according to my conscience."

"That of course," said Mr. Perigord.

The servant now entered the room, and handed a card to Harry Sumner, informing him that the gentleman wished the honour of seeing him about something very particular.

"Excuse me for a few minutes, Perigord," said Sumner, as he followed the servant to the presence of his unknown visitor.

The visitor into whose presence Harry was ushered, did not leave him to commence the conversation.

"Mr. Sumner, I presume," he observed.

"I am that gentleman. Pray be seated, Colonel Flint."

"Thank you; my business will not detain me many minutes. The fact is—hem!—devilish unpleasant—uncommonly sorry to make your acquaintance in so unpleasant a business: but, my friend Mr. Browne——"

Sumner started as soon as the name of his college acquaintance fell upon his ears, and betrayed a visible emotion. "You do not mean to say he has been so foolish!" he exclaimed, interrupting the military second.

"There is nothing foolish in defending one's honour—hem!—" replied the Colonel; "I believe—did you not apply—some offensive epithets—I may say insulting—to my friend Mr. Browne? He has placed his honour in my hands—and, hem!—I think it is my duty—at least—hem! I have no option—I am to require you to name some friend with whom I may communicate on your behalf."

"Do you mean that Mr. Browne insists on a meeting?" inquired Sumner.

"I fear he is immovably resolved—unpleasant business," replied the Colonel.

"Has he explained to you fully the circumstance?"

"Fully;—'pert and vulgar,' were the expressions."

"Did he tell you that he had the moment before applied the self-same expressions, and most untruly, to a lady?"

"Untruly!—hem!—did you say untruly? He did not quite mention all those particulars. But, if you are disposed to retract and apologize, Mr. Sumner—hem!—perhaps I might——"

"Do not mistake me, Colonel," interrupted Sumner; "I have no intention of shrinking from anything required of a gentleman. I cannot certainly arrange to stand in mortal combat with one whom I have known for several years, with indifference. I would do anything to avoid so miserable an alternative. But, I am really unable to *retract*, under the circumstances. If Mr. Browne will withdraw the expressions he applied to a lady, I will tell him that I am extremely sorry for having said anything offensive to him; and that it is farthest from my wish to do anything of the sort."

"I am sure, Mr. Sumner," replied the Colonel, "my friend will not be satisfied with that. May I beg you to name your friend?"

"Are you walking, Colonel Flint?" inquired Sumner.

"My cab is at the door," replied the Colonel; "if you would like to see your friend this evening, and will do me the honour of accepting a seat by my side, I shall be happy to drive you wherever you may direct."

"Thank you," said Sumner; "I will do myself the pleasure of accepting your offer; I think we shall find a gentleman at the House whom I will put in possession of the circumstances, and you must settle it between you."

Not many minutes had elapsed before the Colonel and his companion reached St. Stephen's. Sumner got down at the House, and entered in search of Mr. D'Aaroni. The Colonel drove to the Parliament Hotel, and awaited the arrival of Sumner's friend in the coffee-room.

"Why, you must both of you be mad!" exclaimed Mr. D'Aaroni, as soon as he had heard the particulars from Sumner. "You do not mean to tell me you are going to fight upon such a pretext as this!"

"It is not my wish," replied Sumner. "Browne seems bent on it, and so does his second—a gunpowdery colonel."

"Oh, but we must see to that!" exclaimed Mr. D'Aaroni. "Duels are only fit for simpletons, at best; but upon such grounds as these!——'Tis childish!"

"You must not compromise me, however," interposed Sumner; "but I may depend on your not doing that. Mind, anything except retracting the epithets I applied to Browne's observations about Lady Agnes, unless he withdraws them."

Thus commissioned, Mr. D'Aaroni shook hands with his principal, observing, "I hope all will end well, my dear fellow: but a cantankerous second can always hinder a peaceable arrangement."

As soon as Sumner was left to himself, such a multitude of subjects pressed tumultuously on his mind, that it was some time before he could distinguish any particular one. At length, by way of fixing some of the phantom crowd, he embodied them in the following soliloquy:—

"Next week, perhaps, no more!—out of being. This morning on terms of amity—to-morrow his pistol pointed at my heart or head!—And she will marry, of course—Marry! Shall I be conscious of it? Psha, what a fool I am! Come what may, I fire in the air; if *he*—may God forgive him and me!" And then the boundless impenetrable invisible future loomed before him, and he could not detect even a glimmer of a hope—not one faintest ray of light, streaming from that vast obscure.

The moon rode high in the calm blue heaven. The dark pile of the venerable Abbey, silent as the tomb, seemed to be mutely listening, if so be it might catch some echoes of compline chaunts and sweetest vigils, long since hushed within its precincts; while the still moonlight glistened upon the summits of its pinnacles and spires, like the smile of those who fall asleep in Christ.

But the upward-reaching spires, roofs and pinnacles of that hallowed fabric, the silver moonlight uniting them as it were with the heaven above, as though symbolical of the spirit of love and faith, struggling up to God from the dark material mass below, possessed no meaning for Sumner. He had never learned, alas! to look upon churches in any higher light than as convenient buildings for sabbatical prayer and preaching. As the earthly symbols of the eternal home of the Redeemed—the heavenly Jerusalem—buildings set apart to such holy uses that every stone, every beam is hallowed;—where the services of Heaven are without ceasing celebrated under material veils;—the place of the altar and the sacraments;—where the Church visible and the Church invisible hold rapt communion: never had he been taught to look upon them in such a light as this. If he had, he would not have been treading the precincts of the abbey church and the parliament-house, in bitterness of soul, uncertain whether another hour might not find him pledged to mortal combat with a fellow-man. Never would it have cost him a moment's anxiety or doubt, whether he should obey a wretched conventionality of society, or commit a deadly sin. He would have submitted to any humiliation rather than break the law of love. Yet he experienced an irresistible repugnance and aversion to the deed he meditated; he felt it was a crime, but could not own it to himself. And this increased a hundred-fold the distress of mind with which the mere probability of having to take part in an affair of this nature afflicted him. He consoled himself, however, by the resolution not to fire at his antagonist; and restlessly walking to and fro on the pavement of the square, awaited Mr. D'Aaroni.

After waiting about five minutes, Mr. D'Aaroni approached him with a hurried step; he appeared to be in a state of considerable excitement; his face was flushed, and his eyes wore that glassy brilliancy which is often occasioned by a long and animated discussion.

"I have nearly quarrelled with that fellow myself," he said; "Gunpowdery, indeed! The fellow talks as if men were a herd of soulless brutes. I believe it would excite about as strong an emotion in him, if you or Mr. Browne were to be shot to-morrow, as if he were to see a pig killed."

"Then, we are to fight?" interrupted Sumner.

"No; he is to see Mr. Browne this evening, and meet me to-morrow here, at three o'clock," replied Mr. D'Aaroni. "I hope what I have said will lead to a reconciliation, as far as Browne is concerned: of that brute, with his swagger, and haw—haw, and moustache, I have no hope."

"The suspense is formidable. But I am deeply obliged to you, D'Aaroni, for the interest you have shown in the matter, for the trouble you have taken," said Sumner.

"No thanks, my dear Sumner," replied Mr. D'Aaroni; "if you will be in the way about half-past four, I will call and let you know the final result. Good night; I am in hopes all will end well."

And Harry Sumner having shaken hands with the celebrated man who was acting as his friend, was whirled off in a hack cab towards his sister's residence.

"And if you do not fight—or if you survive the duel, Mr. Harry Sumner," soliloquized D'Aaroni, "the son of Israel has a better chance of your vote in this precious club of fools, than the respectable and rising Mr. Perigord."

Chapter XIII.

"——— for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure."
Thomson's *Seasons.* *(Spring.)*

As soon as Mr. Perigord understood from the domestic, who had been commissioned by Harry Sumner with the message, that his brother-in-law was compelled to accompany the gentleman who had called upon him, and would return in about half an hour, having perambulated the room a few minutes to conclude the deep musing in which he had been occu-

pied, he joined the ladies in the saloon. Mrs. Sumner had long since retired to rest. "Her Somnolency" and daughter, having partaken of some light refreshment, were preparing to depart. The former had for some time been keeping up an ineffectual struggle with some unforeseen power, which was forcibly dragging her away into the region of slumbers. The faint raising of her eyelids, and abrupt and sonorous termination of a heavy breathing at that very crisis when in another second it must have become a snore, were the evidences of what it cost her to keep up the contest with an adversary which was evidently overpowering her. At length the failing vitality of the eyelids, and the more decided character of the breathing, afforded but too conclusive proof that her only safety lay in flight. Lady Emma, too, experienced a sense of weariness in the absence of Harry Sumner and Mr. Browne. Mr. Perigord was taciturn; Mrs. Perigord's society was for some reason or other uninteresting to both mother and daughter; so that the latter was the first to propose the expediency of moving homewards, remarking,

"That man—what is his name?—Shakspeare's plays are so fatiguing. There is no music nor dancing in them to keep one awake."

"I think as you do, my dear. I think that nasty Hamlet amongst the bones quite disgusting," chimed in her grace.

Lucy Perigord fixed her large blue eyes, with an expression of wonderment, upon mother and daughter, and bade them adieu. As soon as Mrs. Perigord found herself alone with her husband, she drew a chair close to the one on which he was seated; and, resting her clasped hands gently on his shoulder, "George, dear," she said, "how long a time Harry is detained! Did he say when he thought he should be back? I hope nothing is the matter!"

"I can give you no information. I do not reckon too great openness amongst your brother's failings," replied Mr. Perigord. At the same time he took his wife's small white hands in his own; and with a touch which shot a thrill of pleasure through her whole frame, gently removing them from his shoulder, "My dear Lucy—" he began——

Warmly she pressed the beloved hands that held her own; and upon her husband's neck she would have given some relief to the pent-up affections of her loving heart.

"No, my dear—I mean—do not you think——?" he continued, "at least, I feel the heat of the evening intolerably oppressive; do not you?" And gently withdrawing his hand, he left his wife's hands clasped, and herself transfixed in speechless astonishment. The smothered flame, unable to escape, choked back at every aperture, began to prey upon herself.

Blind man! For how can he see, who cannot love another than himself?

Even if Mr. Perigord had raised his eyes from the columns of the Times newspaper, which he chanced at the time to be perusing, he would not have observed that beauteous image of a heart, that loved even more deeply than it expressed, a prey to the most violent emotions. She was looking a little aside from him, with a fixed and glassy gaze, like that dead calm in which the sea at times mirrors the blue heaven when a storm is gathering in the far west. The blue veins in her forehead were unnaturally swollen; the turbid life-current beat in visible pulses beneath her fair skin; her heart-throbs were audible, and her quivering lips forcibly compressed, as though some rebellious feelings were struggling for expression. For several seconds, it may have been minutes, she maintained the unequal contest. At length she found that she could do so no longer. Willingly would she have severed her right hand from her wrist, to have utterly forced back and hidden out of sight every emotion that was now rending asunder her heartstrings. But it was impossible. In spite of herself, her feelings could be withheld no longer; and, raising her kerchief to her eyes, she broke forth into a paroxysm of tears.

Mr. Perigord happened to be reading a part of a speech of Mr. D'Aaroni's in the House on the previous evening; and a slight smile expressed his relish of its humour. He raised his eyes slowly from the paper, not being quite certain, at first, whether they were the sounds of laughter or weeping that met his ear; and, observing how matters stood, he started to his feet, and dashed the paper on the table; and, with his thumb and fore-finger dangling his massive gold watch-guard, as he walked hurriedly to and fro in the room,—

"On my honour, Lucy," he said with some vehemence, "I used to fancy myself the most placid and amiable of men. You are literally changing me into a passionate one. I cannot endure this, upon my word I cannot!"

"Oh, my husband, I ask you a thousand pardons!" exclaimed the poor girl, raising her tearful eyes and clasped hands up towards him, in an attitude of anxious entreaty, and her words interrupted with irrepressible sobs. "Do—do—forgive me! I know how annoyed you must be. I will gain strength in time. Oh that you could have seen how I struggled to prevent it! I never knew myself thus before. There must be a cause. Forgive me, George! I am only a woman, you know. I cannot be as strong-minded as you."

"Well, well, my dear, for heaven's sake, clear up," he replied. "If that eccentric brother of yours had not gone dancing off at this unseasonable hour, this scene had been avoided;—what think you, Lucy?"

Such a smile as Mr. Perigord saw not struggled through her tears as she inquired,—

"What did you say, George? What has become of Harry?"

"He and I shall not hit it, I foresee," answered her husband; "if it were not for his great speaking powers, which I expect will produce a sensation in the House, I really think I should get another candidate for Bribeworth."

"In the room of Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Perigord. The observation did not appear to reach him.

"It will be all I shall be able to do," he continued,

in a half musing strain, "to oust that Whigling; he is a clever fellow, especially on the hustings. I don't believe money will do it, unless some such candidate as Sumner be pitted against him. Yes, Lucy, your brother is the man! Such speeches were never before heard in the 'Union.' I heard one myself, and own it was very creditable. But his movements are so eccentric."

"How do you mean? in what way?" asked Mrs. Perigord.

Mr. Perigord looked abstractedly at his wife for a few seconds, and then proceeded,—

"I scarcely know what to make of him; queer—very. Gets plucked instead of a first. Then there is some mysterious reason for it, to be told to nobody.

"Might he not think the same of you, George?" interposed his wife; "you induced mamma to sign some important papers; neither she nor I am to say a word of it to Harry."

"For whose benefit is that, Mrs. Perigord?" he inquired.

"Oh! yes, I know that, my dear husband; but why not think that he may have as good a reason for his reserve?"

"If you take my advice," said her husband, "you will exert your influence to make him a little more open to his *influential* friends. You seem to forget the difference in our respective positions. There is some mystery or other again this evening. Mr. Browne suddenly disappears from our party; a gentleman calls at half-past 10 o'clock, and must see your brother immediately on important business; he too disappears—is to be back in half-an-hour—he is not returned in three-quarters; and when he does, take my word for it, there will be more mystery. It will be 'out of his power to mention' the circumstances to any one."

"Oh, George! do not be so hard on poor Harry. Suppose it to be so, he cannot help it," suggested Mrs. Perigord.

"By the bye, it has just struck me," continued her husband, not noticing his wife's observation, "I can think of but one sort of business so urgent, that he is likely to be involved in. He must be arranging a duel for some one! Browne's, you may depend on it; that accounts for his sudden disappearing."

Mrs. Perigord regarded her husband with a look of unfeigned terror, dismay, and beseeching anxiety; but she dared not trust herself to unclose those trembling lips to give utterance to even so much as an exclamation. She sat for some time perfectly mute and motionless. The silence was at length broken by Mr. Perigord.

"My dear Lucy," he said, "I have set my heart on ousting Sir Digby. The gain of that seat will be of more service to me than all my other influence together. I almost doubt our success. I tell you what I think must be done. Pendlebury must be inhabited immediately. You will be so kind as to fête the more influential electors; and Harry must go much amongst them, and make himself as acceptable as he can, if he please."

"Oh! I shall be so delighted, George, dearest!" exclaimed Mrs. Perigord; "When shall we leave London?"

"I think it should be as soon as you conveniently can, my dear; should it not?"

"But will it suit your engagements, dearest?"

"Oh! me,—no. You must not think of me; *my* leaving town just now is out of the question. 'Tis impossible. I ought to have been at the House to-night."

Poor Mrs. Perigord! must not even a delusion console her for more than a few seconds at a time? Why do these momentary phantom visions of happiness play before her soul at long intervals and disappear, only to make more hideous the night that is deepening around her?

"Oh, George!" she exclaimed, reproachfully, "we have not yet been wedded a fortnight!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense, my dear," said Mr. Perigord, laying an emphasis on the last iteration, "I wonder you are not more apt at putting things in their right places. That is all very well, of course; but a state must come before a household—a state before a household."

This was too much for the already sinking heart of that loving bride, whom a splendid desolation is even now overtaking—little as she owns it to herself, bitterly as she may struggle to escape from it.

"Excuse me for a minute or two," she rapidly articulated, and, hurrying from the room, she glided up the bright and brilliant staircase into her apartment, locked the door, and, falling on her knees and burying her face in her hands and drooping hair, wept long and bitterly; ejaculating ever as her heart-deep sobs permitted,

"O my good God! support me! teach me how I may best please Thee! Am I guilty? what—oh! what should I do?"

Not as yet well versed in the blessed aids of religion, she nevertheless addressed a fervent appeal for aid to heaven, in the Holy Name; and her pent up and overflowing emotions having now experienced relief, she felt somewhat composed and reassured; and when her brother's knock sounded loudly at the door and reverberated through the house, she was prepared to return to the drawing-room, in the hope of another source of anxiety being removed.

To judge from her brother's countenance when he entered, it might have been concluded that the business that had engaged him, whatever it was, had much amused him. Her quick perception, however, instantly detected in his forced gaiety and excitement of manner a confirmation of her fears.

"Nothing is the matter, I hope, Harry?" she gently asked.

"Nothing very serious, I can see," observed her very sagacious husband.

"Nothing worse, Lucy," replied her brother, "than a wretched misunderstanding with Mr. Browne."

"Which means a duel!" (Sumner started), "I presume," suggested Mr. Perigord; "you are acting as his second?—I thought as much."

"You are mistaken, Perigord," was the reply; "I am NOT."

Lucy Perigord drew a deep inspiration, very clearly evidencing the relief her brother's denial had occasioned her.

"Whom has he quarrelled with?" she inquired.

"My dear Lucy, I am not at liberty to say," he replied.

"A woman's curiosity!" she said, gaily; "I ought not to have asked you; I might have known that you would have told me if there were not some excellent reason for your not doing so. The boy's not listening! Will you attend to me, sir? I am not going to be nervous on the occasion, I assure you. Light your sister's taper, Harry, and give her a kiss, before she retires for the night."

Harry Sumner hastened to obey his sister's request.

"Another mystery!" said Mr. Perigord, whilst the candle was being lighted.

A sudden flush of colour mantled over Summer's ample forehead, as, resting the candlestick on the table, and fixing his eyes sternly upon Mr. Perigord, he said with a slow articulation,

"Yes!—You are right—Another mystery!"

"Your mysteries must be very inconvenient to yourself, one would think," said Mr Perigord.

"You would perhaps deprive me of the selection of my own secrets?" Sumner replied, with a slight bitterness in his tone, which was not assuaged when his brother-in-law answered:—

"Proper reserve I admire; and am by no means partial to over-communicativeness. But I am of opinion, my young friend, that it would be wiser if you were to be more frank and open to *some* of your friends—your more influential ones, I mean."

"Perish influential!" exclaimed Sumner indignantly; and then, snapping his fingers in the air, he continued, "That is the worth of influence, as you call it, in my estimation. I have no intention of allowing society to point out to me those in whom I should confide. I purpose retaining that right in my own hands. And it may perhaps spare you the trouble of being over-curious in future, to know that you are not one of them, Perigord. A friendship of the bosom nature you speak of, is not an every-day occurrence. It is founded on an instinctive assimilation of tastes and feelings—indeed, of the whole inner being, independent of will and choice."

"Good night, Harry!" said Mrs. Perigord, embracing her brother, and hastening away to her room; contriving to whisper as she did so, "I wish, dear Harry, you would humour George more." She did not contrive, however, to escape her husband's observation.

"Mrs. Perigord, you will select another opportunity for your secrets than in my presence," he said, as a hue of sallow whiteness overspread his countenance.

"Your wife was imploring me to yield more to you, sir!" Sumner replied, with an excitement of manner and gesture which terrified his gentle sister. The silver candlestick with its appurtenances shook and rattled in her trembling hand; and her terror was not diminished, when he continued in a still more impassioned manner: "Her exquisite gentleness may do it; but I could as easily swallow the Thames, as give in to and humour your absurd self-importance."

"Or as assume modesty and politeness, I apprehend!" replied Mr. Perigord, with perfect self-possession and calmness.

The perspiration stood out in big drops on Sumner's noble forehead, and indicated the tumult of excitement that was raging within. He swept his hair from his brow with one movement of his hand; his eyes fell; various expressions, satirical, regretful, sorrowful, doubtful, resolute, played about his features; until, raising his eyes, and directing them upon his brother-in-law with that look of openness and generosity which only they could wear, he extended his hand to him, saying,

"Forgive me, Perigord—forgive me. I expressed myself in an unpardonably rude manner. It is no excuse, but it will perhaps show you that it was inadvertent, when you know that my interview this evening has thrown me into a great state of excitement. You shall know the nature of it shortly."

"I am satisfied, Mr. Sumner," he replied, "but I must caution you, that if I am often to be subjected to this sort of thing, not even your near relationship to Mrs. Perigord will induce me to place myself within reach of it."

It was on Sumner's tongue to inform his stately relative, that there could be no imaginable distance out of reach of it so far removed that he should not rejoice to hear of his having availed himself of; but the sweet toned entreaty of his sister still lingered in gentle echoes in his ears, and he controlled himself.

"Good night,—good night, Perigord," he said hastily. "It would pain me greatly to quarrel with my sister's husband."

"A word, Sumner, before you go," said Mr. Perigord. "I want you to do me and yourself a favour; and that will explode all differences instantly."

"Anything I can do," replied Sumner.

"Shall you mind taking a little trouble during your sojourn at Bribeworth, to make yourself popular amongst the electors?" inquired Mr. Perigord. "Lucy is going down with you to help you. Unless something of the sort be done, I shall not save the borough."

"My going up for my degree, in October, will be out of the question if I do," he answered.

"Not if you have not fixed your heart on your class," suggested his selfish brother-in-law. "It is of very secondary importance."

"You did not seem to think so—" Sumner began; but, correcting himself, "As far as it concerns myself alone," he proceeded, "it is a matter of complete indifference to me; but I fear my mother and Lucy will be disappointed."

"Not when they know the reason," suggested the squire of Bribeworth. "I confess I wish you had been as successful the other day as every one made sure you would. But if our choice lies between losing the borough or your class, if you yourself are indifferent to the latter, I cannot have a moment's doubt which should yield—can you?"

"If I am to enter on a parliamentary life," was the reply.

"If you go into parliament!" exclaimed Mr. Perigord, "I should hope you do not meditate being one of the waste-their-fragrance-on-the-desert-air people."

"There is, at least, one startling obstacle in the way," he replied. "The little estate I own is too small for a qualification."

"You are already in possession of a qualification," said the squire. "I have seen to that."

"Excuse me, Perigord," replied Sumner; "I cannot hear of it. If it be a *bonâ fide* transaction, I have no right to expect so costly a present at your hands; and if it be not, it would be still more objectionable to me. It——"

"Not so fast—not so fast, pray," interposed Mr Perigord. "You're lunging at windmills, friend Quixote. Mrs. Sumner has transferred to me some shares in the Huxtable and Bribeworth Railway, and I have, in return, made over to you Chipping Basset, the clear rental of which is about 210*l.* per annum."

"Well, this is a tolerably extensive transaction for me not to have heard a word of," said Sumner.

His brother informed him that he had taken the precaution of exacting a promise from Mrs. Sumner and his sister, that they would leave it to him to name it.

"And then complain of my uncommunicativeness and mystery!" he exclaimed. "I am, then, to begin at once to pay my addresses to my native town. Nothing loth! The election days may chance just to miss the examination. If so, all will be well."

This concluded the conversation. Sumner wished his intriguing relative easy repose, and retired for the night.

The slight distraction of his thoughts effected by his conversation with his brother-in-law, seemed to increase the sinking sensation he experienced as soon as he found himself alone in his apartment.

"Here am I," he said to himself, "entering into all manner of arrangements for years to come; and the day after to-morrow I may have altogether disappeared from the scene. And is one's life a whit more secure at any time? If that quarrelsome fellow insists on fighting, I do not think I can make up my mind to place your happiness, my dearest mother, at the mercy of Mr. Browne's pistol. Have I the right, come what may to myself for declining the encounter, to run the risk of occasioning such misery to her—not to mention Lucy? The world says, Yes—I say, No. What *ought* I to do? What must I do? I know not. Why am I riding on the sea of life in this aimless, reckless manner? What is this complex problem of which I form a part, without a principle—a standard—a rule, or anything by which I can invariably direct myself? It should not be thus. I wonder if that glorious curate of old Lamb's parish could give me any information? Did I feel *certain* what I *ought* to do, no consideration on earth should induce me to swerve."

As he said this he rose from the sofa on which he was reclining, and walked up and down the room for a considerable time, deeply and silently musing. He was aroused from his reverie by the sound of many clocks striking the first hour of the day; and, falling on his knees, he performed his usual evening devotion. It was a cold and inexpressive form he used; but this was his misfortune, not his fault. It was, however, whilst on his knees thus engaged this evening, that an eastern light seemed to dawn before him, and it might have been a voice, or only thoughts of unusual vividness, but it was to his mind as though one said, "Is it not the next world that you should *altogether* live for in this?"

"It is! It is!" he exclaimed aloud, as he rose from his knees. Going to the window, he withdrew the gorgeous hangings, and looking out into the night, he saw the calm moon shedding down its light upon the still metropolis, from the blue abyss of distance, and the bright myriads of surrounding worlds; and his imagination tracked the round universe of which they were all he *saw*. A deep drawn sigh escaped him—"What must eternity be!" was the question he involuntarily breathed forth into the still night air; and, retiring from the window, and re-closing the curtains, he ascended his couch, and saying, "Harry Sumner, good night," fell asleep.

A SKETCH OF ST. BEES.

St. Bees, a very large parish on the coast of Cumberland, is so extensive, that besides the town of Whitehaven, which contains 11,854 inhabitants, it comprises several chapelries and townships; the population of the whole parish being 19,687. But although the parish is thus large, yet the village, which is more properly understood by the name of St. Bees, and which is the more immediate subject of this sketch, is comparatively small, containing only about 1,200 people.

It is here that the mother church is situated; and so much is it considered the parent by the inhabitants of the distant townships, that, if practicable, they prefer being married there; and on the joyous festival of Easter, so many resort thither to partake of the holy communion, that the clergy find it necessary to provide an extra administration to enable them all to communicate.

A tourist seeking the village of St. Bees will ere long be able to reach it by one of the numerous threads of that iron net-work which is now so rapidly dissecting our lovely country. The line of railway by which he will then travel, is being formed through a valley which is thus mentioned by Wordsworth: "From Whitehaven to St. Bees extends a track of level

ground about five miles in length, which formerly must have been under salt water, so as to have made an island of the high ground that stretches between it and the sea." This idea of the laureate's seems to be corroborated by the appearance of the soil, and by the fact that some years since an anchor was discovered in the vale: and in addition to these reasons, the term "Isle" is used in old documents when referring to the "high ground" mentioned above.

There is nothing striking in the appearance of the village itself, but if the day be clear, a lovely view may be obtained of the Isle of Man, rising with its gilded peaks from the dark sea, while to the north the hazy hills of Scotland may be discerned, and to the south, Black Combe rears his sable head. Again, on turning inland may be perceived the rounded crest of Dent, and the rougher outlines of the hills which encircle Lake Ennerdale, and of some other which stud the most beautiful of English districts.

A walk of six miles will be well repaid by a sight of "Woody Calder." Passing through the quiet village of Calderbridge, with its pretty church, a secluded foot-path leads the tourist to the ivy-grown remains of a ruined abbey, well sheltered by pine-trees; which, by moonlight, raise to the imagination processions of cowled ecclesiastics; though in reality those who erst trode those grounds (when the church, impure though she was, had not yet been pillaged by a godless monarch) are represented only by the broad and sombre shadows of oak or ash.

But to return to St. Bees: the place owes its origin to an Irish saint named Bega, or Begogh, who crossed the Channel A.D. 650. To preserve her memory, a monastery was built here, (probably on the site of, or near the present church,) but it was destroyed by the Danes about A.D. 873; it was, however, restored during the reign of Henry I. as a cell to the abbey of St. Mary at York (having a prior and six Benedictine monks) by William, Lord Copeland, brother to Ranulph de Meschines, first Earl of Cumberland, who resided at Egremont Castle—the ruins of which still remain.

William de Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle, was also a benefactor of this priory, which flourished till A.D. 1219, when it was pillaged by the Scots. It appears, however, to have been again restored; for after the rapacious dissolution of monasteries, we find that Sir Thomas Challoner held this ill-gotten spoil paying an annual fee-farm to the king.

In the reign of Mary it was granted to the Bishop of Chester and his successors, but afterwards passed to the Wyburghs (a family of consideration in the county at the present day); but they, suffering much from the Great Rebellion, mortgaged the property to the Lowthers, and it is at present held by the head of that family, the Earl of Lonsdale, who is lay rector of the parish, paying a small stipend to the incumbent.

Respecting the foundation of the place by St. Bega, there is more than one legend in existence. That most generally known represents Bega, an Irish saint, as having heard of the heathen darkness of this part of Cumberland; on which account she

"Sailed from green Erin with bedesman and monk,"*

in hope of gathering the inhabitants into the bosom of the church. On her passage she was overtaken by a violent storm; falling on her knees, the saint vowed that should she be allowed to reach land, in the place where she first trod should rise a temple of worship in honour of the Virgin.

St. Bega did safely reach the shore, at the place which is now St. Bees, and her first endeavour was to perform her vow. Speeding her way to the lord of Copeland, she begged of him to grant her land sufficient for her purpose. The haughty owner of the soil not only refused her request, but when importuned by the suppliant maid, he tauntingly replied, that she should have just so much land as was covered with snow on the morrow. Now the morrow was midsummer. In full confidence of faith the fair saint gave herself to prayer till broke the morning's light, when she beheld with thankful eyes that those prayers were abundantly answered; for farther than eye could range, the land was white with "th' untrodden snow." Thus was there provided not only a site for building the church, but possession sufficient for supporting those who should serve it.

It is a remarkable fact that the present boundary of the parish is most irregular, and even includes some fields in the Isle of Man; this is popularly accounted for, by asserting that on those places fell the midsummer snow.

Another legend states Bega to have been the daughter of an Irish king, perhaps Donald III., who was a Christian, and who brought up his daughter in the faith. From childhood she had an ardent love for "holy virginity," and devoted her time to the study of religious books. Her beauty was celebrated, and offers of marriage were made to her by princes of all nations; but, bent on a monastic life, she refused them all. So great was her beauty, that the fame of it, together with reports of the power and wealth of her royal father, reached even to the court of Norway. The heir to the throne desired earnestly to make Bega his wife; an embassy was sent to Ireland, and was favourably received by the king, whereupon the prince betook himself to the Irish shores to wed the lovely Bega.

But his hopes, though apparently so near being realized, were destined to a far less happy end; for on the evening prior to the day on which the dreaded ceremony was to be performed, the court being sunk in riot and drunkenness, Bega bethought herself how she might yet escape. Having prayed for deliverance, it was revealed to her that a ship would be provided to take her to Britain, and a bracelet was given her. Rising to seek the promised vessel, all the portals fly open before the mysterious bracelet, and, on clearing the palace boundaries, she finds the ship in readiness.

The voyage is rough, and destruction well-nigh overwhelms Bega and her companions on that headland where, according to a vow made during the storm, she built a holy house, on the site of which now stands the church of St. Bees.

This legend places the midsummer fall of snow many years later, when De Meschines was Lord of Copeland. At a former period De Meschines had been a devout man, when, having solicited and received six monks, with their prior, from York, he had placed them at Kirkby Begogh, or Beacock, now St. Bees, and had

* The Rev. R. Parkinson, B.D., has written a poem founded on this legend.

given the town with certain lands to "God and St. Mary," building a cell to the honour of St. Bega. After a time, however, he repented, and listened to the tales that were told of the monks, and entered into a law-suit with them on account of the lands. Midsummer-day having been fixed for decision, the contending parties met; when, lo! the whole cause of strife was covered with snow! Thus was the suit miraculously ended, and De Mescines was left to his chagrin.

Having seen what tradition says of the founding of St. Bees' Abbey, we will now look at its present condition. Of the abbey, strictly so called, all that remains is the name, which is attached to a farm-house on the north side of the church. A ruined gate-house was removed about thirty years ago, and thus the church was left sole remnant of this once substantial establishment.

Built of red sandstone, St. Bees' church consists of a choir and transepts, a central tower, and nave with aisles; its architectural styles are various, and contain Norman, Transition, and early English, together with more modern additions of a character wholly unsuited to a sacred edifice. The west door is Norman, plain and bold, but, owing to the soft nature of the stone, it is much injured by time. The aisles are divided from the nave by two arcades of early English arches, springing from pillars alternately round and octagonal, with the exception of one, which is clustered. The windows in the aisles are plain square sashes of modern insertion, and those of the clerestory are of about the time of the Reformation.

The entire building is in a state much to be deplored. The nave and aisles only are used as a parish church, being open for daily morning prayer during the terms of the college; the tower and south transept are walled off from the nave and aisles, as well as from the choir and north transept, and are used as a receptacle for the parish hearse, and also for lumber of all kinds. The tower, which stands upon four fine pointed arches, is only a square in height, the parapet being modern and embattled. There is a staircase turret at the north-east angle, near the entrance to which, in the north transept, is an ancient piscina.

At the east end of the choir, three beautiful lancets rise from a string, the centre one higher than the others; in the interior, between them, are two tiers of niches, with clustered shafts and ornamented capitals, having a common dripstone round the whole; but these windows, in common with all others in the building, are disfigured by modern sashes. The north side of the choir has lancet windows, the two nearest the east being larger and more ornamented than the others. The south side contains an arcade of well-moulded arches, evidently showing that a side chapel or aisle was formerly attached.

The font, which stands within a rail at the west end of the nave, is uncommon in its form, viz., that of a hexagon; the beauty of it, however, is marred by a coat of paint, and the ancient drain is stopped and useless.

In the churchyard are two recumbent figures, evidently removed from altar-tombs, but so much injured as to be past the hope of restoration. Besides these, there are the remains of two ancient crosses; one, from which it is probable that the funeral service was read, and to which worshippers resorted for prayer in times prior to the Reformation; the other merely the appropriate mark of some Christian's grave.

Until the year 1819, the choir of the church had been long unroofed, but in that year it was patched up, and with the north transept converted to the uses of a college for divinity students, which was then founded by the Bishop of Chester, Dr. Law, with the consent and co-operation of the late Earl of Lonsdale. The choir is divided into two parts, the larger of which is used as a college hall, the smaller as a library, while the north transept serves as a lecture-room. In the library are some good works, and also a good portrait of Dr. Ainger, the first principal, by Lonsdale, R.A., presented by the students.

Those who keep the required number of four terms, extending over a period of two years, are received from this college as candidates for holy orders. The course of study is strictly theological, and the knowledge of the students is tested by a searching examination of four days' duration at the close of each term. There are no other buildings than those already named; the men, therefore, have rooms in the village, hired under a licence from the principal, and thus afford a source of maintenance to a large number of the inhabitants. At present, about one hundred men are receiving lectures from the principal, (the Rev. R. Parkinson, B.D., Canon of Manchester, and formerly Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge,) and from the tutor and two theological lecturers. The principal is also incumbent of the parish, and the other clergymen act as his curates, as well as assist him in the college.

Dr. Ainger, the first principal, died in 1840, and was succeeded by the Rev. R. P. Buddicorn, M.A. F.R.S., who had raised the number of students to about ninety, when his lamented death deprived the world of a sound scholar, and his pupils of a kind friend. This sad event took place on the 1st of July, 1846; and soon after the present principal was appointed; who possesses the advantage of intimate acquaintance with the college, having been lecturer during the time in which Dr. Ainger was principal. Under the sound instruction and judicious care of Canon Parkinson, the college promises to increase still more, as well in usefulness, as in the number of students; and in expressing our wish that this promise may be realised, we cannot do so better, than in the following lines from Wordsworth:—

> "Oh! may that power, who hushed the stormy seas,
> And cleared the way for the first votaries;
> Prosper the new-born College of St. Bee's!"

We must not omit to make mention of a native of this parish, who rose to the highest eminence in the church; viz. Archbishop Grindal,[1] who was born in the township of Hensingham, A.D. 1519, and who through all his life bore a "tender and affectionate love towards the place of his birth." But his greatest benefaction to the parish was, the founding of "the Free Grammar School of Edmund Grindal, Archbishop of Canterbury." The school was not actually founded during the Archbishop's life, but his executors carried out his pious intentions, and the school was incorporated June 15th, 1585. By his will, Grindal provided for the building, furnishing, and maintenance of this foundation, and also left funds for establishing a fellowship, and two scholarships, at both Queen's and Pembroke colleges, Oxford, and a scholarship at Magdalen

(1) See Strype's Life of Grindal.

college, Cambridge; desiring that all the said fellows and scholars be chosen from his school at St. Bees.

Many other benefactions have in later years been made to this school, which possesses a large property, though the value of it is lamentably lessened, by many of the estates having been negligently leased for as long a period as 1000 years; notwithstanding this disadvantage, however, the school is prospering, for a few years since the old building was repaired, and a new one on a large scale was added, the whole forming a good quadrangle; the main entrance being ornamented with the arms of the founder, and the appropriate motto, "Ingredere ut proficias."

The number of pupils is about 170, all of whom are educated freely; those from a distance, of course, paying for their board.

The present head master is the Rev. Miles Atkinson, late fellow of Queen's college, Oxford, and Craven's scholar; who is assisted in his "delightful task" by four under masters.

Previous to the establishment of the Clerical College, it was customary for youths, after having left this school in the regular course, to return at the age of twenty-two, and read for a year in what was called "the Priests' class," whence they were admitted into holy Orders. This, however, has long ceased to be the case.

Much more might be said, did space permit, of Grindal's benefactions to the parish, but I must use my few remaining lines to record the fact that Grindal's successor in the sees both of London and York was a native of the same township as himself; and though Edwin Sandys was Grindal's senior by some years, they lived "both in adversity and in prosperity as brothers together."

In taking leave of our subject, it will not be out of place, or unnatural, to express an earnest hope, that, possessing a school so richly endowed, a college so eminently useful, with the advantages of sea-bathing, and of railway communication with every part of the kingdom, this hitherto secluded village may become more known and appreciated, and that good days are yet in store for the erst quiet and romantic landing-place of the tempest-driven Bega. C. M.

THE REFUGE IN DESPAIR.

BY JOHN C. BOYCE.

Grim spirit of the nightfall! wrap thy darkest robe around thee;
Bid the fiends of desolation all, a ghastly troop, surround thee;
Bid a thousand awful thunders rouse the surges from their sleep;
Bid a thousand lightnings revel in the mazes of the deep!

Heed not the trembling seaman's cry, as, clinging to the mast,
He lifts the voice of agony, far wafted by the blast;
Be the only sound that answers him the curlew's boding scream,
Nor let one ray of comfort o'er his maddened spirit gleam!

Whilst the lurid light is flashing, 'mid the darkness and the storm,
Oh, bring before his anguish'd wife her husband's sinking form!
Then bid her, dreaming wildly, see his body on the shore,
And whisper to his little ones, their father is no more!

Do more than this: yet e'er, amid the ravings of despair,
That God, whose path is in the deep, hears the half-stifled prayer!
Seaman! be not disconsolate! though ocean be *thy* grave,
His arm shall shield thy friendless ones, omnipotent to save.

THE CISSOR.

"Four-and-twenty tailors all in a row."

Though too well accustomed to the swaggering nomenclature of the present day to be very easily imposed upon; though fully aware that there are no *butchers* now, but that we are indebted for our shoulders of mutton and shins of beef to Purveyors; though we know well that *dentists* are never heard of, but that your aching tooth is extracted, or your carious one stuffed, by a Gentleman who offers professional aid; and though when we were in swaddling clothes the race of *tailors* was fast evaporating and has long become extinct, our trousers being fitted and our waistcoats shaped by artists; while pastry-cooks are become cate-rers to the public taste (not a bad name that, by the way), and *haberdashers* rank as silk and lace merchants,—knowing all this, and having happened to see very frequently the "puffs"—may we use the plain English word?—poesy or prose, displaying the *shining* excellences of Warren's blacking, (written in former days, it is said, by Byron,) and numberless other advertisements, we were hardly prepared to be taken in by anything in the shape of a "puffing" placard.

But we were.

Wars and rumours of wars, distress of nations, perplexity, men's hearts failing them for fear,—all these signs seem to be brought before us now, and woe to him who scorns the warning: it *is* serious. We cannot look at the state of Europe at this time, and think lightly of these demonstrations.

Still we could smile, and did, at the idea of opening all the water-locks, flooding Kennington Common, and so *damping* the ardour of the patriots who were to assemble there on the widely announced 10th of April, (a delay or procrastination, as we saw pencilled by some witty person on the Lord Mayor's placard, of the 1st of April); though we feared and knew the excitement was too powerful to be quenched, however it might be damped, by the "cold water cure" propounded.

Well then, we repeat, however generally aware of the trading humbug of the day, still, our thoughts being engrossed by Chartism, Fraternization and Equality, and the expected terrible demonstration of the forthcoming 10th of April, we were startled, when plodding onward to the hospitable *rus in urbe* of a friend in the environs of London, to see printed bills in the hands of numerous persons on which our eye distinctly traced the words

"PROCLAMATION.

"A REPUBLIC IN ENGLAND."

Further we could not decipher, albeit we much wished to learn the cognomens of our English Lamartines, Rollins, and Aragos.

The distributor of the announcements—(we must not say bill-sticker) was not to be seen: we had not courage to address any of the full-grown bearded republicans (for so our fancy painted them all) who carried them; but at last we met a little girl, some

seven or eight years old, who held one with seemingly no more concern or interest than she did her spelling-book; and from her, for the bribe of one halfpenny, the offer of which made the child open her eyes amazingly wide, we obtained the bill. Thus ran the opening paragraphs:—

"PROCLAMATION.

"A REPUBLIC IN ENGLAND.

"Fellow Countrymen!

"A retrograde monopoly has been overturned by the public spirit of two citizens!

"For centuries have ye groaned under the *high prices* and *inferior articles* of the clothiers of London. *A revolution* has however been effected by * * * * *

"The complaints of the people have happily not been made in vain. They have secured a national and popular *clothing establishment* where excellence is combined with economy, in accordance with the rights, the progress, and the will of this great and generous nation.

"A Provisional Government at the call of the people has been invested with the care of organizing and securing the national pre-eminence in dress.

"The earliest fashions; the newest patterns; the best workmen; the finest fabrics; and the most finished modistes.

"Such is the Tailoring Establishment England owes to herself.

"MONOPOLY HAS ABDICATED."

Hurrah for tailors! thought we. This is certainly a *cut* above common; the thing is *shaped* to a nicety; this *fits* the times exactly; and cannot but *suit* the people. And so, our immediate fears for our good Queen Victoria and her charming family being relieved, we fell into a reverie on tailoring, the oldest of the arts, the most useful of the crafts, and, if its professors may be believed, one of the most philosophical of the sciences. It is not long since we copied the following paragraph from a book called "The Tailor's Philosophy," a kind of scientific guide-book in the art of shaping, for the use of less enlightened members of the tailor brotherhood.

"What is science? We perhaps have a right to ask ourselves this question, that we may better understand a word which we so commonly use. Truth is the soul of science, and the object we search for, and 'tis by science that we find it. Then truth is demonstrated by a demonstrating power or system, which is called science, and which, in the beauty of its evidence, is a continual yielding of a knowledge of truth, in proportion to our knowledge of science itself. Science is a demonstrating medium to truth; and truth the effect of this demonstrating medium, by which it (the truth) is made known to us."

After this

"Be dumb, ye railers,
"And never but in honour, call out 'Tailors!'"

It certainly is strange, considering the ancientness of the calling, the usefulness of the trade, that the word Tailor should ever almost be considered as a term of reproach or contempt, in a way that is never thought of as regards a hosier, a shoemaker, or any other craftsman. "Why, he rides like a tailor!" is the sneering term of reproach applied to one not remarkable for skill or grace in the most noble art of horsemanship. "Why, you ninth part of a man, you tailor!" is generally thought sufficient to annihilate any body who has a grain of pride, or a particle of feeling; and Shakspeare addresses a tailor as if he were the embodiment of only the very smallest possible portion, the very minutest homœopathic dose of humanity.

"Thou thread,
"Thou thimble . . . . . .
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant."
Taming of the Shrew.

Now, with all deference to Shakspeare and others, this is mistaken treatment. If pride of ancestry, if a long lineage be subject of boast, who has so much reason to be proud as the Cissor himself? yet is nothing more common than to hear him railed at as a sneaking white-livered sort of animal, by those who look only on the surface of things,—and tailors. Their warlike qualifications none can deny

"For tho' no swords they draw, no daggers shake,
Yet can their warriors a quietus make
With a bare bodkin;"

and whatever might be their weapons, history records an instance of their undaunted resolution. In 1226, 250 tailors fought in a pitched battle against an equal number of goldsmiths: many were killed and wounded on each side, but not a tailor's son amongst 'em would "give in," till the sheriffs, with the city *posse comitatûs* apprehended the ringleaders, thirteen of whom were condemned and executed.

One of the greatest heroes of olden time, Sir John Hawkwood, better known as "John of the Needle," was brought up on a tailor's shop-board; but hurried on by an impulse too strong for resistance, he enlisted in the foreign wars, was distinguished by indomitable valour, received the honour of knighthood from the hands of our Black Prince, married the daughter of the Duke of Milan, lived in wealth and glory, and died in honour.

The very name of the tailors, their ancient name, is inspiriting. "Linen Armourers" they were called: *armourers!* the very term fills you with glowing and heroic feelings; and though not so happy in his cognomen as the "falcon of the wood"[1] to whose achievements we have just referred, is there one in a thousand unacquainted with that magnanimous brother of the craft who rejoiced in the euphonious appellation of Feeble?

"*Shallow.* Francis Feeble!
Feeble. Here, sir.
Falstaff. What trade art thou, Feeble?
Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.
Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

(1) Sir John Hawkwood.

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. *I will do my good will, you can have no more.*

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor."

Nor is the tailor's craft deficient in dignity; for no other trade can boast so much royal and noble blood. Well may it be a common observation, that

"His mien is noble, and bespeaks the tailor."

when we find that no less than ten kings of England,[1] three princes, twenty-seven bishops, twenty-six dukes, forty-seven earls, eighty-one lords, and (*mirabile dictu!*) sixteen lord mayors have courted entrance into their brotherhood.

Many controversies have arisen between the tailors and the gardeners, as to the antiquity of their respective crafts; all other trades yielding precedence to these. The gardeners say that Adam practised their profession while in a state of innocence in Eden. This the tailors strenuously deny, and assert that until the *faux pas* of Eve, the happy pair lived completely in the style of a modern gentleman and his wife (with the exception of their not having separate establishments); that they did not so much as make their own beds (garden beds, of course) until after their expulsion from Paradise; and that consequently the fig-leaf apron was the product of their first manual labour. That this was an operation connected with the tailoring department, few can doubt.

Whether Adam actually put his hand to the manufacture of this garment, we cannot positively affirm. As far as we can judge from the premises submitted to us, we should rather incline to the opinion that he merely superintended the work; for in very early times it appears that this profession was chiefly exercised by women, as is evident from scriptural and classical passages. The loose and flowing garments of the ancient world would be work suited to the soft and taper fingers of the fair sex, when dresses were

"Tho' close, yet easy; decent, but not dull;
Short, but not scanty; without buckram, full."

But when, in the progress of fashion, the male animal began to encase his legs in those "indispensable requisites for gentlemen," those "continuations," to which modern delicacy forbids any thing more than the most distant allusion to be made; and when the tail, which Lord Monboddo asserts has been worn away from the dorsal region, began by human ingenuity to be appended to his upper vestment; and when the ladies, following the example of the lords of the creation, began to distort the proportions which nature had assigned to them, to squeeze in one part unnaturally, to inflate another, in fact to take Vestris rather than Venus as their model of female perfection, and to exchange the ease and grace which nature loves for the discomfort of starch and stays, and frills, and furbelows, and hoops, and farthingales; then indeed the manifold plaitings and puckerings, necessary to be wrought in buckram and other almost impenetrable materials, became too much for female strength to accomplish, and the whole art of dress, with the exception of the finest embroideries, appears to have been committed to masculine fingers, as is evident from the frequent mention of "women's tailors," in works of that time.

That a tailor is only the ninth part of a man—or in other words, that it takes nine tailors to make a man; and that the most heroic of them, even the valiant Sir John Hawkwood himself, could only say that "The ninth part of Brutus struts in me,"—is an opinion diffused through the wide world. It is uncontroverted, and has been embraced, not by the ignorant and vulgar merely, but by some of the cleverest and best informed men. For instance, by Curran, the Irish barrister. He is known to have been a shrewd and clear-sighted man, and therefore his sentiments on the subject cannot but be received with respect. It is recorded that on a certain occasion, he was the much honoured guest of *eighteen* tailors; and on leaving the convivial circle after dinner, he made a low bow, saying very explicitly, "Gentlemen, I have the honour to wish you *both* good evening."

Though this will doubtless be considered, even by the most sceptical, as convincing proof of the truth of the adage, that it requires "nine tailors to make a man," still it hardly accounts satisfactorily for the circumstances. Some say it is because it requires nine tailors to build up a modern dandy; but that this is not the meaning is evident from the stress the proverb lays upon the word *man*: nine tailors make a MAN; here it is evident the word man is not used in its generic sense as denoting one of the human race; *homo*, a man, or a dandy, or a woman; but in the sense of *vir*—a real *bona fide* man.

The derivation of the word *tailor* is an awkward one; it is from *tailler* to cut, or prune, and is generally supposed to bear some reference to those prunings which gave origin to the now classical word, CABBAGE. This propensity to, or rather this innate necessity for cabbaging, which influences the tailor of all ages and countries, is said to have originated in a theft of a peculiar description committed by a tailor *on himself*. The incident is detailed very circumstantially, but too diffusely for quotation, in an old work, an *editio princeps*, which we have seen. Here the tailor makes an excursion to hell, as did Æneas before him, and there loses his *conscience*. So that cabbaging is really indispensable.

The Livery Companies of London, of which the Merchant Taylors is one of the most considerable and one of the most ancient, derive their origin from the old associations called Gilds. These were both ecclesiastical and secular; but with the secular ones were combined many religious observances, formerly rigidly adhered to.

The Fishmongers and the *Linen Armourers* obtained

(1) Edward III. and IV: Richard II. and III: Henry IV. V. VI. and VII: Charles I. and James II.

the first charter, which was accorded to them by Edward the First.

The tailor and draper anciently went hand in hand, not merely as members of the same fraternity, but as equally contributing to furnish the necessary articles of clothing. The cissor, or tailor, made, as we have remarked before, both men's and women's apparel. In the time of Edward the First, the king, queen, prince, and the king's daughter, the countess of Holland, had each their separate cissor.

The original gild of this company is called in the ancient licences and confirmations granted to it, "Gilda Armararij;" afterwards "Cissoribus et Armurijs linearum armurata Civat. Lond;" "Fraternitate Cissorum;" "Scissoribus et Armurarij lincarum Armurata, Mercatores, Scissores," &c.; names all arising from their being anciently both tailors and cutters; and also making the padding and interior lining of armour, as well as manufacturing garments. Their first licence is stated by Stowe to have been granted 28 Edward I., when they were confirmed by the name of "Taylors and Linen Armourers of the fraternity of St. John the Baptist."

DREAMS.

BY ANNABEL C—.

STEALING through the gate of sleep
With an ever restless motion,
Like the waves upon the ocean,
Visions o'er us creep.

Voices by us long unheard
To our wakeful souls appealing,
Reaching to the depths of feeling
By a single word.

Is it then our spirits meet
Really and with mystic union;
Hold again their lost communion,—
Lost, but oh! how sweet!

Does the grave resign its power?
Soaring up on spirit's pinion;
Do we hold in their dominion
Converse for the hour?

Do the well-loved absent come,
And in spirit truly meet us,
Coming joyfully to greet us
From some distant home?

There are they who made home fair,
The deep-loving, the true-hearted;
Then it seems we ne'er have parted,
Never left them there.

Is it then in sleep the soul
Leaves the idle body lying,
And to other regions flying
Mocks at its control?

If 'twere so, how bright the dream
That the friends we loved were near us,
Hov'ring o'er our sleep to cheer us,
Bright like summer beam;

Coming forth to light the sky
That hath been all darkly shrouded,
Brighter that with tempest clouded
Heaven around doth lie!

STORY OF A FAMILY.[1]

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT a poem was the childhood of Ida! It is not to be described. It was like the growth of a flower in some woodland recess by the side of cool waters—free, peaceful, beautiful,—fostered by a thousand tender influences from sky, earth, and air—yet developing into perfect symmetry under the authority of an unchangeable, though invisible law.

It was well for Percy that he had such a friend as Mr. Becket, to direct rather than to restrain his ardour; otherwise, his brother's fears, that he would experimentalize a little too freely in the course of realizing his educational theories, might have proved not wholly without foundation. The good old man, being now quite incapable of performing his regular parochial duties, resigned his living, and consented to pass the remainder of his days with his former pupil. They chose a retired and very lovely spot on the coast of Cornwall, where a small fishing village stood in a perfect nest of wood between two sloping downs, which rose steeply on either side, and terminated in precipitous and irregular cliffs towards the sea. About half a mile from the hamlet stood a solitary house, which had been built for a whim by the owner of the neighbouring estates, and left unoccupied for some years; it was the only abode above the character of a cottage which the country possessed, for Sheldon, the nearest town, though not very distant by actual measurement, could not be reached without crossing the river which flowed through that pleasant valley, and boasted but a single bridge, some three miles from its debouchure into the sea. Percy at once purchased this house and the adjoining land, and speedily enclosed a large garden, extending to the extreme edge of the cliff and bounded there by a raised terrace-walk, half a mile in length, which commanded a magnificent view of the sea and the curved and rocky line of coast. On the right, the garden was joined by a wide and irregular extent of down, stretching as far as the river, on the opposite bank of which stood Sheldon; on the left its fence skirted the top of that green slope, beneath which the tiny village of Croye, embosomed in its trees, and pointing skywards with its slender white spire, looked like the perfect representation of peace. Several other fishing-villages were scattered along the coast at various distances, but they were all comprehended in the parish of Croye, which, small as it was, was yet the most considerable of them. The bending course of the river concealed the town from view, so that the seclusion of the place was complete; and when the first wonder at Croye-house having obtained a tenant had subsided, and gossip had done its worst, in surmising the causes of that tenant's resolute though

(1) Continued from page 260

courteous withdrawal from the social civilities tendered to him, Percy was allowed to enjoy his solitude and indulge his dreams unmolested. Mr. Becket had at first questioned the wisdom of the scheme in some particulars, but it was not difficult to remove his objections.

"It is not," said Percy, "as though my Ida were to live here all her life, or even any considerable portion of it. A limit is fixed; at eighteen she is to be introduced into the world. I cannot help this if I would, and I am by no means sure that I would if I could. But till that time she is my own. I am not going to impose upon her anything like *loneliness;* with our poor neighbours I mean at once to establish as familiar and affectionate an intercourse as I can, and it will be hard if we cannot find some one among them near her own age, and sufficiently capable of refinement to be in some measure a companion. But her mind, her soul, her spirit—these shall be mine—and yours—and——" he looked reverently upward, and did not finish the sentence. After an instant's pause he resumed—"And, please God, we will make her literally as happy as the day is long; in childhood, at least, this may rightly be attempted, and may even succeed."

And they *did* succeed. Save by sympathy with the distressed around her, by penitence for childish errors, few and far between, by self-denials gently imposed and cheerfully accepted, the child Ida knew not a sorrow. As one soft note may swell gradually into the fulness of a perfect harmony, so did her infancy grow into girlhood, losing no grace, but developing all. Her manner of life was very simple and regular. Morning and evening were hallowed by worship in the village church; the intervening hours were occupied by study, by sports, by long rambles upon the sea-shore, and kindly visits among the poor inhabitants of Croye. Almost every moment of a life like this might be said, in one sense, to be a part of religious training; the more direct instructions which she received, were simply and briefly imparted by Mr. Becket, to whom also her tearful acknowledgments of faults committed, or duties forgotten, were made weekly, as a preparation for the Sunday services. She was most sedulously trained in a habit of reverence; at the name of God her young voice would falter, and her little hands involuntarily clasp upon each other, as if in momentary prayer. One room in the house was set apart, and never entered except for prayer, or religious reading and instruction; the walls of it were hung with a few copies from the finest old paintings, which, in imitation of the remembered habit of her innocent and lovely mother, she was taught on festive occasions to decorate with garlands of flowers. Here, sitting at the feet of her father and her venerable teacher, with her whole soul glistening in her upturned eyes, she received humbly such things as she was required to know and to believe, repeated with timid earnestness the lessons she had been taught, or listened, with glowing cheeks and beating heart, to records of holy men of old, "the noble army of martyrs," "the goodly fellowship of prophets," "the glorious company of apostles," and of Him in and for Whom these all lived and died. If she needed punishment, which was very seldom, none was found so effectual as to exclude her for a season from this chamber; the severe penalty of prohibition to attend the church service was named as a warning, but never inflicted. In all her rewards and pleasures she was taught as far as possible to associate the poor around her; on feast days there was always an assembly of the village children at Croye-house, where it was Ida's delight to preside at the banquet, to distribute presents to the best conducted among her youthful guests, and to join in their games afterwards, which generally were concluded by a dance upon the lawn.

Percy's only difficulty was one which did not at first make itself felt, and which afterwards presented itself rather in the shape of a natural fear that some good might be missed, than as an observation that some evil had been incurred. He needed the help of a woman for the due training of a woman, and this he had not. An old servant, who had been housekeeper at Evelyn Manor in the days of his early childhood, who had refused to leave the family in their adversity, and had received with joyful gratitude her "darling Master Percy's" summons to come and preside over his present establishment, supplied this want during the first few years. She taught the little Ida needlework, superintended her toilette, helped her to learn her lessons, and initiated her into sundry august formalities, which were esteemed inviolable, which were certainly harmless, and which were *perhaps* (we speak with diffidence) unnecessary. The good lady either possessed naturally, or acquired in an atmosphere where it would have been difficult *not* to acquire it, a refinement above her station; and she was never obnoxious to her master, except when she expostulated with him concerning the rents and fissures produced in Ida's garments by certain racings and rompings which she deemed superfluous, or mildly withstood the awful suddenness with which he sometimes proposed an impossible pic-nic, basing her arguments upon the state of the larder, or the chronology of market days, whereby she rose into a region beyond his reach, and was therefore secure from refutation. She was honest, industrious, and warmly affectionate, and it was therefore not difficult to bear with her little faults of temper, especially as her love of management generally rather showed itself in the form of suggestion than of opposition. However, if Mr. Becket ever wanted to tease his friend and pupil, it was only necessary to allude to Mrs. Vickars's government of him as an established fact, and the thing was done. There was just enough truth in the accusation to make it unpalatable; it was, moreover, so utterly inconsistent with all Percy's theories that it should be true, that he never could suffer it to pass without elaborately justifying himself, in the course of which justification some admission seldom failed to escape him, which strengthened his adversary's

hands. One fact was certainly remarkable, considering the lofty independence which he professed. He never changed the dinner-hour if he could help it. When such a change was unavoidable, he generally conveyed the intimation of it to Mrs. Vickars through another servant, and went out for a walk immediately afterwards.

Ida's capacity for art was perhaps the faculty which received more assiduous cultivation than any other, and which repaid it most abundantly. She was taught music before she began her alphabet. At first, and indeed for some years, she learned solely by ear. When quite an infant, her father would place her on his knee and play to her simple melodies on the organ or piano; after a while he began to accustom her to distinguish notes, and detect intervals by their sound alone. This was a species of game, and in time she became quite expert, her ear being thus trained to a very uncommon accuracy and delicacy. Then first her own little hands were placed on the instrument, and carefully guided for a while lest she should unconsciously grow accustomed to discords of her own producing. At seven years old, when she began the study of music in the ordinary manner, she could already play by ear any easy tune that was sung to her, and even accompany it with some of the simpler harmonies. Art was in Percy's view a great and mysterious instrument in the elevation of the human being; it was man's creation (let this be reverently understood, coupled with the unfailing acknowledgment, that the creative *power* is from above), wherein he is suffered to repair, half by instinct, half by labour, the disorders which the Fall has wrought in God's visible work, and to symbolize, if he cannot produce, perfection. That this instrument should be abused to the service of Satan, and should then become one of the deadliest weapons in the armoury of evil, seemed to him but one among many illustrations of that great law by which privileges are associated with dangers, and gifts with responsibilities.

Is it necessary to understand these things, in order to believe in them? Do we refuse to walk because we know not how the will acts upon the muscles? Life is a climbing upwards by the help of unseen hands; if we reject those invisible assistants, we are scorning the ministry of angels, and we must needs remain upon the earth, from which they wait to raise us.

But here again, as time went on, Percy began to feel a deficiency. He wanted his child to obtain a perfect mastery over the *material* of her art, and he himself had neither deep science nor manual dexterity. The idea of a governess once or twice passed across his mind, and was very hastily dismissed. He shrank from it inexpressibly, yet the arguments in its favour were so unanswerable, that he did not like to consider them, and was quite afraid of consulting Mr. Becket. Sheldon was the only other resource; Ida was in the habit of going there once a-week under Mrs. Vickars's decorous chaperonage, to receive a lesson in dancing; if he could find any one there whom he thought competent, she might learn music also. But this scheme offered no solution of his other difficulty; the want of feminine co-operation and superintendence in the training of his darling. He was getting seriously uneasy. He questioned himself sternly whether his scruples were selfish, and on this point could not be quite satisfied. There was the certainty of much discomfort to himself, the doubt of good being eventually attained, the risk of harm to Ida, whose young character was bright and delicate as the wing of a butterfly, capable of irreparable injury (so he feared) from one incautious touch. Then he began to fear that the difficulty foreseen by Alexander was really coming to pass; his theory was failing, and proving impracticable. Yet, if so, he must have unconsciously departed from his own principle. He was pacing the terrace in the glorious twilight of a July evening, weighing and re-weighing all these harassing thoughts, and secretly despising himself for the cowardice which he would not confess even to himself, and which prevented him from at once seeking his usual counsellor, and abiding by his decision. The sun had dived beneath the far edge of the broad calm sea, the sky overhead was a vast canopy of pale lustrous blue; on the western horizon rose a heavy battlement of dark cloud, all penetrated and transformed by the rose-coloured light, and occasionally sending forth a momentary and harmless flash; in the clear heaven above, the moon stood round and white, like a ball of silver. Percy stood still, and dreamily watched the passage of a sea-gull that was skimming the surface of the water; he saw the edge of its beautiful wing, a pure dead white in the shadow, crystal in the moonbeams, and radiant crimson as it crossed the blaze left by the departed sun.

"Beautiful in itself," said he, half unconsciously, "and so beautiful in all aspects and under all changes. But if the wing itself were broken or stained, neither sun, moon, nor shadow could restore it. *Now* it makes each circumstance into a new adornment—*then*—but, God forbid!" The voice of Ida broke his reverie; she came bounding along the terrace like a young greyhound, her golden curls still, as formerly, floating all unconfined about her shoulders, her dress white, her face full of bright innocent eagerness. She was now just eleven years old.

"The post, papa, a letter!" cried she, holding it forth, but catching him by both hands as she presented it, "only don't read it, please, quite yet. I have something to say of *such* consequence—there is something I wish so very much to do."

"Well, my darling, don't lose a minute; never mind stopping to take breath—now then, what is it?"

"It is not a joke, dear papa, it is something quite real. There is that lady, that pale young lady in a black dress, who has come to live at Croye; I am sure you know who I mean, because she comes to church every day, and you said how beautifully she sang."

"Yes, I remember,—what of her?"

"Every day directly after service she goes away," continued the panting Ida, "I do not know where;

but she always goes past the gate of the garden; I have seen her very often, and she comes back the same way in the evening. And she lodges at Grace Turner's, down close by the sea side; and I think she is very poor. And, you see, she cannot buy flowers for herself, and Mrs. Vickars won't let me give her some." Here Ida's voice faltered, and her eyes became decidedly "more bright than clear."

"But, my dear child—"

"Oh! papa, please don't say 'but' till I have explained. I have not explained it yet—may I tell you some more before you say what I am to do?"

"Yes, yes, pray let me have the full explanation," returned her father, putting his arm round her slight waist. "At present I own I am a good deal bewildered. Is it always right to give flowers to poor people when they lodge close by the sea-side? And what has Mrs. Vickars to do with it?"

Ida laughed.

"The reason is," said she, trying to speak very sedately, "that she has a little tiny box along the edge of her room window, with some mignonette in it; and I could see inside when I was down on the sands, and I saw two flowerpots, I did indeed, papa, and one of them had some pinks in it, and the other had a dead rose tree. I am sure she was so sorry when that rose tree died. And when she goes past every day, she always has a pink or a little bit of mignonette in her dress, and when she comes back in the evening it is always quite faded. And I am sure she is very poor, because her dress looks very old, and I saw three darns in it——only you don't know what darns are, papa—but they are very tiresome mendings when anything is torn. And I gathered such a beautiful nosegay—look here, all out of *my own garden*; roses and pinks, and stocks, and jessamine, and verbena, and a great many more. And I was waiting for her, because it is nearly the time that she always comes, and I was going to run out at the gate and give it to her, and Mrs. Vickars says I must not. She says that you don't visit her, and I mustn't introduce myself; and so, papa, I was thinking if you would just visit her only once, you know, it would not be a great deal of trouble, and then I might always do it afterwards. And I never meant to introduce myself, or say anything about who I am; I wanted her never to know; I meant to run out quick and give her the flowers without saying a word, and come back again just as if I was a fairy. Grace Turner believes in fairies, I know, and perhaps this lady does too; so I thought perhaps she might really think I *was* a fairy."

Percy did not think such a supposition quite impossible.

"Oh papa, papa!" exclaimed Ida, as he paused, "the time must be so nearly come, and I shall be too late."

He kissed her forehead and released her from his arm. "You may go, darling," said he. "Say nothing to Mrs. Vickars. I will explain it to her."

Rapidly returning his kiss, Ida was gone even more quickly than she came; and her father having looked after her for a minute in smiling silence, proceeded to open his letter, which was from the fair Melissa, and ran as follows:—

"Evelyn Manor, July 3, ——

"My Dear Percy,—Ellenor wishes me to write to you to explain her very long silence; she has been in trouble at home, and you know poor dear Ellenor is not one of those who can exert herself under the immediate pressure of sorrow. She is always amiable—but quite a child where strength is required. Poor Frederick has a terrible inflammation in the eyes, and the doctors fear it will end in blindness. I do not know how it first began, but I suppose it was a cold, and they did not take alarm soon enough; he is just entered at Oxford, you know, and I fancy boys are grievously neglected at colleges. It often happens that those who are most anxious in trifles are the slowest to open their eyes when there is real cause for fear; and so I suppose poor Ellenor fancied it would all go well, till it was too late. Now she is taking him to London for the best advice; but I fear, from what I hear, the evil has gone too far to be checked. I only hope, poor dear creature! she will not reproach herself for not having attended sooner to his very delicate constitution. I have long been quite sure that there was some latent disease. The emotions which this affliction to my beloved sister and her child awaken in me, may be felt but cannot be described. I doubt whether he feels more from the loss of eyesight, than I feel from thinking of his loss. To one who derives such exquisite delight as I do from the contemplation of nature in all her varying moods—the majestic sun, the timid moon, the glowing stars, it seems scarcely conceivable what life must be *without the organ upon which all these glories depend.* I trust under this grievous trial they will succeed in inducing Godfrey to conduct himself more amiably towards his brother. That boy is in himself a great trial to poor dear Ellenor, though she doats upon him so much, that I fear her over-indulgence is one great obstacle to his improvement. He is of a most violent and haughty temper, poor fellow! He needs a father to maintain proper discipline with him, and between ourselves (only, of course, you will not repeat this), it is said there is some probability that he will not need one long. Dear Ellenor was always the sort of person with whom emotions were rather transient, you know; and there is a Mr. Tyrrel, a former friend of General Aytoun's, now an attaché to the Portuguese Embassy, and home on leave of absence, who seems both willing and able to console her. He is a good deal younger than herself; and it is said that he has not been very steady, but I dare say that is all ill-nature. He came with an introduction to us, and seemed very anxious to be intimate; but he was not the sort of person to suit me at all, and I am afraid I rather distanced him. You know it is my way to be over-sincere. However, I hope poor dear Ellenor will make up to him for all rebuffs.

"Dear John is quite well. He is entirely engrossed by his country pursuits as magistrate and

farmer; he is growing very stout, and persists in a diet which I cannot help thinking is a little too generous. The acquaintance he has formed here do not suit me very well; indeed, there is not one congenial person. They are people without refinement—it is all the happier for them—they do not know what it is to be morbid, and to need consolation. I spend my quiet life in study in my humble way, music, and the love of nature. But, dearest Percy, it has occurred to me that your sweet Ida is now growing old enough to require female care and companionship, and I fancy that, under your eye, I might be competent to take charge of her education. John is now quite the old bachelor, and does not need the delicate supervision of a woman in his establishment; indeed, I often painfully feel that I am *in his way*. I could *never* feel this with *you*. If you would like it, therefore, I am quite ready to come and share your peaceful retirement. My health does not allow me to enter into much society, and your quiet lovely seaside home would just suit me. I send a lock of my hair to my dear little niece, as I think she may like to wear it in a brooch or ring; if you will have one made, and let me know the price, I will pay you when we meet. I hope you will write to me very soon; my heart has always beaten in unison with yours, and I feel it now more than ever. With best love and many fond kisses to my charming little Ida, and kind regards to that dear respectable Mr. Becket, (how old he must be growing!) believe me to remain, my dearest Percy,

"Your most attached and affectionate Sister,

"Melissa Lee.

"P.S. I find both John and Ellenor are writing a few lines, so enclose their notes."

From Mr. John Lee.

"Dear Percy,—I have scarcely time to write a line, as there is a fellow come up out of Norfolk who has a very ingenious new manner of dibbling wheat, and I am to take a lesson of him, and I am afraid of being late for my appointment. I wish you could see this place—it is so improved; I am taking the best care of it that I can, for my pretty little niece. I don't quite know how Melissa is writing to you, but I think it is as well to let you know that she and I have had a little bit of a tiff. It was all my fault—I was always stupid about managing with women. This was how it happened. She walked five miles the other day to call upon Lady Mauleverer, for the chance of being sent back in the carriage; however, no carriage came, so she walked back again, and in the evening she was just as usual. The next day my good friend Tom Davis—he was a navy captain and is now retired on half-pay—came over here to plan a little pic-nic. There are two or three sweet girls staying in the neighbourhood, and they wanted Melissa for a chaperon, and I don't know how it is, but she never likes being invited as a chaperon. However, I forgot this dislike of hers; and when I heard her declining on the score of not being equal to the fatigue, and they were all going in carriages, and were not to walk above a mile and a half at the outside, in I came and reminded her of her ten miles walk of the day before, and how well she was after it, and so forth. It vexed her very much, and she has been angry with me ever since; she says it was not so much *what* I said as *the manner in which* I said it which hurt her; but it really was nothing in the world but a blunder, for I thought she had forgotten it and would be glad to be reminded. However, she is a good soul, and will soon forgive me, I dare say; I only mention it lest she should have said something a little hasty, and you should fancy that we have quarrelled. Poor Ellenor—I can't trust myself to write of her. She is off for town to-morrow morning. Kiss the little beauty for me, and say everything that is kind and respectful to my dear old tutor.

"Your affectionate brother,

"John Lee."

The second enclosure was very brief.

"My dearest Percy.—Melissa has written to you for me. I *really could not*. I know how you will feel for us. Pray for me—I am so *very* weak. This dear boy's patience (which never fails *for a moment*) overpowers rather than strengthens me. Oh! if it would please God to afflict me instead of him! I will write from London, as soon as I know anything for certain. Love to my little Ida.

"Yours most affectionately,

"Ellenor Aytoun."

With these letters in his hand, Percy went direct to Mr. Becket. "You know," said he, as his friend finished their perusal, "it is quite impossible."

"Impossible—what?" was the answer. "About Frederick?"

"I am still the most selfish person on the face of the earth," cried Percy, colouring. "I was thinking of Melissa's suggestion—most kindly intended, doubtless; and—and—it will be rather difficult to decline it with sufficient decision—but I *have* quite made up my mind to decline it *very* decidedly."

He spoke somewhat uneasily; and, but for the melancholy nature of the news just received, Mr. Becket could almost have laughed at his dilemma. They discussed the contents of the packet for a little while, and then Mr. Becket said,

"Curiously enough, while you were out, I had a visit from our friend Mr. Gray, the rector of Croye, the purport of which may, perhaps, remove some of your difficulties. He came to recommend a musical instructress for Ida; a young widow lady, in reduced circumstances, who has lately taken lodgings in the village, and who gives lessons in Sheldon. Her taste for retirement brought her here, and she is a regular frequenter of the Church services. He thinks her abilities very unusual, and told me one trait of her which I greatly like—namely, that on hearing that you were about to present an organ to the church, she offered her services as organist *gratuitously;* a thought which, coming from a person who earns her bread by her own exertions, has some grace."

"We will make her acquaintance," said Percy. "I suspect Ida has already forestalled us. Well, my fairy, what of your mysterious stranger?"

"Oh! papa," cried Ida, who entered at that moment, "she was *so* pleased—only she did not think I was a fairy at all; and she would not let me run away, but held me, and made me tell her who I was, and thanked me so much, that somehow, I found I couldn't say anything; and so, I'm afraid she thought me very stupid."

"Will you like to go with me to-morrow, and call upon her?" inquired Percy.

"I don't know," said Ida. "I should like to know her, very much. She is very beautiful, only pale and grave; she looks like a marble statue with black eyes. And she has such a deep, sweet voice—like F on the organ, so clear and steady. Only, if you think she will thank me any more, I would rather stay away. I do not know why it is so unpleasant to be thanked, for I wanted to give her pleasure; and I suppose she did it to show that she was pleased; but, you know, she could have done that quite as well by looking at the flowers, and smelling them; and I should have liked it a great deal better."

The projected visit was paid the next day, and Ida had the satisfaction of seeing her bouquet, in undiminished freshness, duly installed in the place of the faded rose-tree. She pressed her father's hand to draw his attention to the fact, but did not venture even to glance towards it herself, lest she should incautiously give occasion for the renewal of her unknown friend's painful gratitude.

Mrs. Chester, for such was the lady's name, was certainly a singular and interesting person. She could not be more than twenty-four years old; her figure was tall and distinguished-looking, stately even in her shabby mourning; and the plain border of her widow's cap set off to much advantage a marked but beautiful profile. The curved delicate nostril and short upper lip, the small head rising so gracefully from the symmetrical shoulders, the slender hand and exquisitely proportioned foot, all seemed to bespeak an aristocracy of origin strangely at variance with her present circumstances, which bore every token of the extremest poverty;—at variance, too, in some respects with her manner, which, though refined, was embarrassed and constrained, suggesting the idea either of inexperience in society of a good class, or of a natural shyness so strong that no experience could be sufficient to conquer it. Her hair and eyebrows were jet black, her complexion of that clear, pale whiteness which is sometimes seen in brunettes, and her eyes, which Ida had imagined of the same colour as her hair, were in reality of a dark blue gray, somewhat restless, very melancholy, and occasionally flashing with a fire too brilliant and too sudden to be altogether pleasing. Perfect melody of voice, and a smile of rare captivation, contradicted an expression which would otherwise have been almost repulsive, in spite of her remarkable beauty. She received her visitors rather stiffly, and, in reply to Percy's first courtesies, expressed, quite unmistakeably, her desire for complete retirement. He apologized for his intrusion by saying that he had understood that she gave lessons in music, and was seeking an instructress for his little girl.

Mrs. Chester glanced at Ida, and her face softened, and her whole deportment changed.

"I shall be very happy to give lessons to Miss Lee," she replied; "that is," she added, checking herself, "provided, of course, that you are satisfied with my powers."

He looked involuntarily round the room. "I have no instrument," said she, very quietly, "but I will give you references to my pupils at Sheldon, and I shall be happy to play and sing to you at any time that you like to appoint."

Percy felt no encouragement to prolong the interview, and shortly afterwards took his leave, saying that she should hear from him. He subsequently ascertained from Mr. Gray, that Mrs. Chester had been introduced to him through the medium of an old and perfectly trustworthy friend, who had vouched for her respectability, but said that she had been singularly unfortunate, and that she wished for profound seclusion. Thus relieved, he invited her to Croye-house, and soon discovered that her musical abilities were of the first order, and had received the highest cultivation; her voice alone—a contralto, clear, sustained, and thrilling as a horn—would have qualified her for a much higher post than that of teacher in a small country town like Sheldon. Ida was enraptured. It was to her a perfectly new pleasure; and it required the full exercise of her habitual submissiveness, to keep her from spending her whole time at the piano. Mrs. Chester's cold and languid manner kindled gradually under the influence of her fascinating little pupil. She quitted the ordinary school instruction with which she had begun, and played to her some of the finest compositions. One day she played Beethoven's *Sonate pathétique*. Ida stood by the instrument, her lovely childish face reflecting, as it were, the emotions which the performer called forth; her cheeks varying; her eyes glistening, filling, and finally overflowing with quick tears, of which truly she knew not the cause. Mrs. Chester broke off in the middle of the *adagio*, and, suddenly clasping her in her arms, kissed her passionately; then turning back to the piano, with a half laugh at her own vehemence, she resumed, not, however, where she had left off, but at the final *rondo*, which she played with a force and an *abandon* positively overpowering. From that day, strange as it may appear, there arose between the mistress and the pupil a sentiment which, notwithstanding the difference of age and temperament, we can call by no other name than friendship. Towards Ida Mrs. Chester was never cold, though her manner still vibrated rather fitfully between languor and impetuosity, habitual melancholy and occasional vivacity. For Ida she displayed her talents; she was a good linguist, and a great reader—especially in imaginative literature; and Percy found her educational assistance so valuable, that he availed himself of it more and more,

till she had gradually established herself as daily governess to his darling. The closest vigilance, and not a few misgivings on his part, preceded and accompanied this step; Mrs. Chester became, unconsciously, the subject of many an anxious examination. Much he could not elicit, for there was a reserve about her which the most pertinacious inquirer could not have succeeded in penetrating; nevertheless, her blameless and regular life, and a certain nobleness and elevation of sentiment—expressions of which occasionally escaped her, as it were, in spite of herself—satisfied him that Ida was not likely to derive harm from close intercourse with her, carried on under his own eye and that of Mr. Becket, whose great age, though slowly but surely taking from him bodily strength, had not seemed to cast one shadow upon the clear, bright surface of intellect and spirit. There was no process of ruin in that calm decay. Rather was he like the figure in the Etruscan tomb, which stood with outline unimpaired, hues undimmed, and proportions unmarred—seen, one moment in all its original stateliness and perfection, the next, at the opening of a door, ready to crumble into undistinguishable dust.

Percy answered Melissa's letter, kindly but resolutely declining her proposal; and giving, at the same time, so vivid a picture of the profound seclusion in which he lived, that it greatly diminished her inclination to come and share it. The next letter which he received from his family contained the intelligence that Frederick was hopelessly blind.

Chapter IV.—Laying a Train.—A Contrast.

"In every face," says Coleridge, "there is either a history or a prophecy, which should sadden, or at least soften, the heart of the reflecting observer." It must have been a very tender heart indeed that would have melted at the aspect of Mr. Lee senior's face, as he sat upright in his easy chair opposite to his son, while his daughter Florence presided over the breakfast-table. The expression was hard and dry when we first saw it, and it has been hardening and drying for twelve years since then. There is the high, smooth, bald forehead, with its air of benign imperturbableness; the narrow, thoughtful, never-kindling eyes; the gentlemanly nose, rising somewhat abruptly at the bridge, and compressed at the nostrils; the thin, tightly-closed, but rather wide mouth, drooping at the corners; and the square, obstinate chin. The whole face expresses, in the highest degree, that asceticism of the intellect which is, perhaps, the most repulsive aspect of humanity. Even the extravagances (if such there be) of spiritual self-denial are lovely and venerable, because they speak of the subjection of the body to the heart and soul, which are the higher part of man's nature, and suggest that *Beyond* to which man's nature can never except by self-denial attain. But the subjection of the body to the mere mind, and that mind of the earth, earthy, whose end and aim are in the present, is simply hateful; and the power achieved by this misuse of noble instruments differs in degree only, and not in kind, from that which we attribute to Satan. Intellect, be it remembered—that is, pure, dry, unimaginative intellect, "the vase of cold water"—is *the one* of the Divine instruments which may be turned to evil purposes without degenerating in itself by the misapplication. The intellect of Mephistophiles is as perfect as his wickedness.

Mr. Lee sat upright in his easy chair—he never indulged in unnecessary repose, either of mind or body—and, from behind the folds of the newspaper which he held in his hand, watched, with a kind of pompous stealthiness, the looks and gestures of his son. The latter was a young man of two-and-twenty, unexceptionably dressed, and distinguished by all that elaborate effeminacy of deportment which a certain class of young men of the present day assume, in the hope, we suppose, that it may be considered as the veil cast by modesty over an inconvenient excess of the manly virtues. He spoke with a drawl (not with a lisp, as dandies invariably do in books, and nowhere else), walked with a mitigated swagger, and stood about rooms in attitudes. His features were regular, aristocratic, and slightly supercilious; he had an abundance of fair hair, which his enemies called sandy; and he was fully six feet high. In his countenance, languid as it was, the physiognomist might have detected signs of an understanding as subtle as that of his father, and more powerful; but its predominant expression was a kind of cool, inexorable ease, which seemed to say, "You may assail me as you like—by argument, persuasion, or reproach—you will make nothing of me. I *may* sulk, perhaps, if you are very pertinacious; but that is the only effect you will produce." At the present moment it appeared that somebody *had* been sufficiently pertinacious to drive him to the extremity of sulking; for a most forbidding scowl disfigured his handsome features, and he seemed to have made a vow of silence, though his dignified observance thereof was somewhat impaired by the fact that nobody spoke to him.

The third of this attractive group was Florence, the only sister of the sublime Alexander. We are sorry to apply the epithet "clumsy" to a young lady, but we fear that no other could adequately describe her. She was immensely tall, and disproportionately large, with a thick waist, and huge hands and feet. Her features were insignificant, her expression dull and heavy, her bearing a stoop, her walk a shamble; a Devi and a Camille united would have failed to impart the smallest grace to her figure, or to soften the hopeless vulgarity of a face which had absolutely nothing to recommend it. Her brother treated her with undisguised contempt,—her father with ill-concealed impatience; her life was a continuous and unsuccessful struggle to avoid rebuke. Indeed, how could she avoid it when every gesture was an offence against the laws of elegance and fashion? while the persons whose object it was to bring her under the dominion of that august code visited every violation

of it upon her with unsparing harshness, partly in the vain hope of effecting an improvement, partly to make up to themselves for useless labour by indulging the natural irritation of temper consequent upon failure. She was, apparently, as slow in mind as she was awkward in body; condemned to an incessant *drill* of both, she had acquired facility in the exercise of neither. No labour could teach her rebellious tongue to frame itself to French n's and German gutturals; three hours' daily practice had only sufficed to make her a murderous and violent wrestler with musical impossibilities; and the woful *cadenzas* which her restive voice had, by hard driving, been compelled to achieve, were like nothing upon earth but a street-organ in a state of delirium. Her mother was the only member of the family who treated her with a sort of slothful goodnature; but her mother was a confirmed invalid, and never stirred from the sofa in her boudoir except for a daily airing. Into that boudoir Florence was rarely admitted, for the nerves of its occupant were irritable and delicate, and the key in which poor Florence's voice was pitched was enough to make them tremble for an hour afterwards; moreover, the doors always slammed when she shut them, her shoes always creaked, and she never turned round without throwing something down. To complete her misfortunes, she had been a very pretty child, and her parents had fully intended that she should be a beauty, and should make a "*grand parti;*" so that in some far corner of her misty brain there was a bright spot of memory, where caresses, and praise, and gentle tones, and all the thousand kindly seemings of love, must have erected her like impossible phantoms in some unforgotten childish dream. Perhaps it was not wonderful that her temper should be sour, and her affections weak and cold.

"Alexander," said Mr. Lee, after he had allowed to his son what he considered a sufficient time for indulging and recovering from his uncomfortable mood, "do you know that your cousin Ida is seventeen to-day?"

Alexander quietly took up the newspaper which his father had laid down, and immersed himself in politics.

"One year more," proceeded Mr. Lee, either not perceiving, or determined not to notice his son's discourtesy, "one year more, and the independence which you so greatly desire will be ready to drop into your hands, if you will only take the trouble of stretching them out."

"Ah, Florence!" said Alexander, "here is the account of Persiani in the Somnambula;—you had a loss, I assure you; her last *fioritura* was exquisite. I will give it you as a subject for practice."

"Alexander!—Did you hear me?" inquired the elder gentleman, in a tone of grave upbraiding.

"Now Florence, attend," said the son; and in a feeble, but delicate falsetto, he executed an elaborate passage with perfect self-possession, repeating the last phrase, after he had finished it, to enforce a particular accentuation.

"Thank you," said Florence, crossly; "but I assure you I have quite enough to do to practise for Signor Scappa without learning any extra lessons. Besides, how am I to know that you sang it correctly?"

"How are you to know, indeed, my dear!" returned her brother; "for assuredly your ear won't help you to decide the question. Do you ride to-day, sir?"

Mr. Lee's face flushed crimson. "I will not be treated with this open disrespect!" cried he.

Alexander put up his eyebrows, and looked inquiringly, as much as to say, "You won't?—well—what then?"

"I insist upon receiving the common attention due from a son to a father," said Mr. Lee; "your behaviour is insolent,—absolutely insolent,—I will not endure it!"

"Florence, my dear!" said Alexander, in a quiet compassionating tone, with a slight gesture towards his father, implying that he was not exactly fit company for a young lady at that moment; "I think you had better go up stairs!"

"I have not done my breakfast!" replied Florence, with manifest dissatisfaction.

Mrs. Lee's bell rang. "Go directly, Florence!" said her father; "I have something to say to your brother."

Florence rose sullenly, and moved towards the door.

"Do, for heaven's sake, child, try to hold yourself a little less awkwardly!" exclaimed Mr. Lee, who, for good and sufficient reasons, never vented his wrath on his son, save when tried beyond all power of endurance; "Will nothing break you of that unfortunate poke? There—put down your cup and saucer—Saunders shall bring you your breakfast up stairs, if that very masculine appetite of yours is not yet satisfied. Don't drink your tea while I am speaking to you, I beg!—it is most disrespectful;—put the cup on the table, and let me see if you can walk across the room a little less like a cow in a farm-yard!"

Florence coloured painfully during this address, with a mixture of anger and shame, and being somewhat bewildered, contrived to overset the cream-jug in obeying orders and placing her cup on the table.

"Upon my honour, Florence, you are the most inconceivably *gauche* person that I ever encountered!" cried her brother, drawing hastily back from the dangerous neighbourhood; "really, you ought to keep the width of the room between you and civilized human creatures; one is never safe within a hundred yards of you."

"It is almost past endurance!" said Mr. Lee, indignantly, as the offender escaped from the room.

"Really," observed Alexander, "that girl's awkwardness is positively pitiable. It is difficult to believe that she does not do it on purpose; nevertheless, I do seriously think," he added, reflectively, "that she can't help it. She is a blunder of Nature:—I am sure, sir, I feel for you when I look at her!"

Mr. Lee scarcely knew how to encounter his son, who well understood and skilfully used his advan-

tage. He was aware that his father's whole ambition was set upon his marrying his cousin Ida, and so obtaining possession of the family property. This fair scheme would be frustrated at once by a fit of waywardness on the young man's part, therefore Mr. Lee, who found to his cost that he had reared in him a will stronger than his own, was forced to the bitter expedient of soothing his humour, and avoiding, as far as possible, an open outbreak. The present difference had arisen out of Alexander's determination to have his allowance raised,—a plan which his father had strenuously resisted, and to which he had not yet yielded. An angry dispute had been the consequence, and now Mr. Lee sought a loophole for concession, without irreparably destroying his own authority,—a means of compromise which his son was determined not to afford him. The scene which ensued was not pleasing, and need not be recorded. At its conclusion the young man strolled forth to his day's amusement with a smile of triumph on his lips. It was not that he had obtained, or even sought to obtain the money for which he originally sued; on the contrary, he had baffled all his father's attempts to return to the subject, risen somewhat abruptly from the table, and quitted the room, turning in the door-way to say, with an air of nonchalance,—"And so, my cousin Ida is seventeen to-day!—Well, it matters very little to me: I would rather live on a crust than be dependent on my wife, though she brought me the riches of Crœsus."

When Mr. Lee was left alone, the passion which he had been so laboriously repressing vented itself in a gesture of impotent wrath. He stretched forth his clenched hands and shook them, as though in actual encounter with some unseen foe; then shaking his head with a half smile at his own vehemence, he rose, and twice paced the length of the room with deliberate step and upcast eyes. He felt himself so keenly to be the outraged father, that he was for the moment almost pious, and his views of reverence, duty, and obedience, were altogether changed. "He will drive me to it"—such were the words that passed through his mind, as he paused before an escritoire and laid his hand upon the key—"he will drive me to it. Yet it is a tremendous risk. Well, what matter! Better, as he said himself, better lose *all* than be dependent on a heartless, undutiful, rebellious son." He opened the drawer, took out Mr. Clayton Lee's Will, of which it will be remembered that he had demanded a copy, and sitting down, for the hundreth time perused it, bringing all the energies of his mind to bear upon one particular part. The result appeared to be satisfactory; he replaced the will and locked the drawer; but afterwards paused twice in his passage across the room, as though he could not satisfy his mind of the expediency of the step which he was about to take. Perhaps he never would have taken it at all, save for the accumulated irritation of temper which had this morning overflowed its limits. He rang the bell, ordered his horse, and rode forth, stopping at the Albany, where he inquired if Lord Sylvester was visible. The answer was in the affirmative, and flinging the bridle to his groom he ran up stairs, and was speedily admitted into the presence of his lordship, a remarkably handsome man, of about twenty-five, whose black curls and almost feminine brilliancy of complexion had established his reputation in the circle wherein he moved as "the first lady-killer" of the day. From the brief colloquy which passed between them, it was evident that the handsome marquess's affairs were in a state of hopeless disorder, and that Mr. Lee had been serviceable to him in assisting to defer the evil day for a little while. His good offices, it will be understood, had been tendered merely in the way of friendship; the late marquess, a college friend, had made him trustee to his son's property, and though relieved from the responsibility some years since, he had since been a useful and agreeable counsellor to the young lord, helping him out of scrapes when he could, and not troubling him with any objectionable morality or offensive principle. It might be observed, however, that his present tone was highly discouraging; details were obtruded before the spendthrift's unwilling eyes, which he had never before been compelled to contemplate, and it was with a face of most unwonted gravity that he pronounced his courteous "good morning" as the lawyer rose to depart.

"Hillo! Lee—stop a minute—here, come back, will you, and see what you've dropped!"

Mr. Lee's foot was on the stairs, but he returned at this sudden summons, and the young man, with an air of laughing mischief, presented him with a piece of silver paper, open, and containing a long bright tress of the softest golden hair.

"Upon my honour, Lee, it is very pretty," said he; "I didn't give you credit for so much taste. Pray, who is the lady, if it be not impertinent to ask?"

"A little niece of mine, who will one day, I hope, be my daughter," replied Mr. Lee. "A great prize, I assure your lordship, for she will be one of the first heiresses in England."

"Is she as pretty as her hair?" inquired his lordship.

"She *was* when I last saw her," was the answer; "she was as lovely a little creature as I ever beheld. She is seventeen to-day, and owing to a strange romantic fancy of her father's has been educated in profound retirement, and is not to be introduced to her future bridegroom till she is eighteen. I assure you, my mind often misgives me that some fortunate man will carry off the prize in the interval."

"I protest," cried Lord Sylvester with sudden animation, "I think your fears are uncommonly well founded. Seventeen, a beauty, and a great heiress—pray, where is this paragon to be found?"

"Oh, my lord, that is the last thing I should think of telling you; you are the very person to steal a march. I am afraid of you,—I frankly confess that I am afraid of you. You are too good a shot to be an old sportsman's favourite companion."

Sylvester laughed heartily, and twisted the tip of his black moustache round his finger. "Well," said he, "I commend your caution. But remember, I give you fair warning. I shall find out. You know

me pretty well by this time, and you know if I set my fancy upon a thing I don't easily give it up. Why, I was just dying of ennui and sheer exhaustion, and here is a positive novelty—in other words, you have done the impossible for my amusement. My dear Lee, I shall be indebted to you all my life, and I seriously advise you, as a friend, to set a treble fence of thorns round the castle of this unknown beauty, for, you may rely upon it, the true prince will find his way in, after all."

Mr. Lee joined the laugh. "To show you how little I fear your lordship in earnest," said he, "I will let you see her picture if you will dine with me to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" reiterated the young man, "I really should be very happy, but by that time, you know, I shall be half-way on my road to—— where did you say that your brother lived?"

"Not so easily caught!" rejoined the lawyer, "I wish you a very good morning."

As Mr. Lee walked down stairs it would have been difficult to interpret the expression of his face. There was a mixture of triumph, doubt, fear, excitement, and discontent. He pressed the palms of his hands together, ejaculating gently, "It's done! It's done!" and then added mentally, "and, after all, I need not make myself uneasy. It *may* produce no result whatsoever—but if it works—and if I am right—(and *I should* know something of law by this time)—why, a great injustice will be undone—that's all."

He had not miscalculated the effect of his few words; he knew right well the nature of the man with whom he had to deal, and he had chosen his moment admirably. Lord Sylvester was on the brink of ruin, and could scarcely object to the fetters whose golden links should save him from the fall. Moreover he had a spice of romance in his character, and was likely to be instantly attracted by the idea of this fair young recluse, offering, as she must needs do, so vivid a contrast to the women among whom he had been accustomed to move; he was lively, enterprising, and excessively vain—the very man of all others to enjoy hunting out a mystery, and conducting a plot the success of which should depend entirely upon his own personal qualifications. Mr. Lee had perhaps forgotten for the moment that a somewhat intimate acquaintance between his brother John and Lord Sylvester would enable the latter at once to discover the residence of Ida; indeed, he had forgotten it so completely that it never occurred to him afterwards to write and caution his brother on the subject. On the contrary, as he rode home he amused himself by building a castle in the air, one inhabitant of which was the aforesaid niece Ida, in the character of Lady Sylvester—and, *penniless*. That he should imagine her as Lady Sylvester was quite natural, because he was a man, and no man ever yet seriously contemplated the idea of a woman's resisting high personal attractions in his own sex; but that he should imagine her to be penniless, and that the same vision should present to his view an image of himself enthroned on a pile of gold, current money of the realm, does certainly seem rather strange. However, so it was; but the only present result of the vision which we have any means of ascertaining, consists in the discomfiture of Alexander Lee junior, who, contrary to his expectation, received no submission from his father, and did *not* have his allowance raised.

The street of a great city at noonday is a scene of glare, glitter, and bustle; noise, folly, and as often, perhaps, though not as evidently, of sin. It bewilders the brain, wearies the eyes, and makes the heart faint as you walk along it. But look at that low arched portal—it is but stepping across the threshold, and you are in another world. So close does the Pure and Ideal lie to the Earthly and Actual in this world, if we would only know it; so easy is it—needing but an effort and a movement, a will and an act—to pass from the one to the other! Yet we pause, almost in fear, at the fragile bar which separates the world of din and trouble, vanity and evil, from the world of holy shadows and heavenly radiances, where, under the solemn canopy of silence, the eye moves onward, and reposes at length in the suggestive vagueness of the pillared distance. Let us pause, though but for an instant, and then enter with reverent boldness and subdued hearts!

On the evening of that same day, Ida's birthday, the second father of her happy childhood lay on his death-bed. Full of peace was that venerable face as it rested upon the pillow, settled into the composure of approaching slumber; there was the pallor of death on the cheeks, and the feeble hands could scarce lift themselves in prayer or benediction; yet no cloud had been suffered to pass upon the mind, no darkness, not even a momentary gloom, had afflicted the spirit. The kind arms of Percy supported his drooping form, and Ida was kneeling by the bed-side, bathing with her tears the hand which she held to her lips; her long golden locks lay partly across the old man's bosom, and the white veil by which they had been covered had fallen back upon her shoulders. She had just returned from the solemn rite of Confirmation: how could she more fitly seal the promises she had just renewed, and employ the strength she had just received, than here and thus—hopefully watching the entrance of a soul into paradise?

The door opened, and Mrs. Chester glided softly into the room. "Mr. Gray is come," said she, putting her arm round Ida's waist, as if to lead her away, and looking inquiringly at Percy.

Ida turned her blue, innocent eyes, now glistening with tears, also upon her father; she said nothing, but the look was full of supplication.

"She wishes to stay," said he, gently.

The dying priest raised his weak hand with an effort, and placed it upon her young bright head. "God bless my daughter!" said he, in a voice now reduced to a whisper. "Stay, if you have strength."

In a moment the tears were wiped from her face, and she looked clearly and calmly, though with pale cheeks and trembling lips, up into her father's eyes.

A. Ostade.

AN ADVOCATE IN HIS STUDY.

She read permission there, and silently resumed her kneeling posture. Mr. Gray now entered, and of what followed we must not speak here. It was thus that Ida made her first Communion.

"He seems better," said Mrs. Chester, in a whisper, as Percy gently removed his supporting grasp, and the dying man lay down once more upon the bed. His face was very calm and benign. They knelt around. The breathing grew fainter and fainter, but still soft and regular; there was no symptom of pain, but it seemed like the leaving off of life; and the wan lids closed gradually over the fading eyes. Has not that feeble breathing ceased? Is it *all over*—rather, is it *all begun?* Is the body at rest? Suddenly he sat upright, and opened wide his eyes, filled with a supernatural brightness, like the last gleam of sunlight through a chancel window, and spoke aloud, in tones clear and steady as the voice of youth—

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes HAVE SEEN thy salvation!"

The accent was so exulting, the gaze so fixed and intense, that the eyes of the watchers involuntarily turned in the same direction. Was that the waving of snow-white wings?

They looked back to the bed; he was indeed at rest; his hands crossed upon his bosom, and a smile on his colourless lips.

"Papa," murmured the weeping Ida, as her father led her to her chamber, "I prayed for you, as well as for his spirit. I could not help it. Was it wrong?"

Percy folded her to his heart, and kissed her tenderly. He left her with Mrs. Chester, and returned to the solemn room of death. That night he watched beside the corpse; and in a vision, between the parted curtains, he saw the Face of his mother, with gentle eyes bent upon him, full of love and pardon.

AN ADVOCATE IN HIS STUDY.

THE fine picture from which our engraving is taken was painted by Ostade, one of the most celebrated masters of the Dutch and Flemish school of painting. It dates its existence as far back as to the days of J. Van Eyck, who was born in 1370. Two good pictures by this artist are in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, and in them may be traced the first symptoms of that distinctiveness of feature and attitude which has been regarded in after times as the peculiar characteristic of the school of painting which he founded. Van Eyck has sometimes been termed the inventor of the art of painting in oil, but it is clear that he does not deserve that title, many pictures in Italy, and even in England, having been so painted before his time. It is certain, however, that he made some great discovery with regard to the use of oil as a vehicle (as it is called) for colour—probably as to the preparation of a drying-oil fit for the artist's use; a discovery so important, as regards the mechanism of the art, that we need not be surprised at the sensation it created both in Italy and in Flanders.

Adrian Van Ostade was born at Lubeck, in Holstein, in the year 1610, and studied painting at Antwerp in company with Brauwer, in the school of Francis Hals, who painted portraits in so excellent a style that he has been regarded in this branch as no unworthy rival of Vandyck. Isaac Van Ostade, who was three years younger than his brother, was his fellow-student at Antwerp, and made great progress in his art; but Adrian soon surpassed all his competitors; and though he copied only the scenes around him, and took nature as he found it, he did so in a manner peculiarly his own, and gave to all his works the stamp of original genius. Isaac was not slow in perceiving this, and, rejecting the style of his master, Hals, which he had at first copied, he imitated Adrian with such success, that several of his pictures have been ascribed to his brother. They may be easily distinguished from them, however, by their deficiency in that transparency of colouring and delicacy of pencilling, and their want of that warmth and spirit which are so remarkable in the works of Adrian. Ostade left Lubeck early in life, and settled at Amsterdam, where he lived with Constantine Sennefort, a great encourager of art. His reputation rose so high that his pictures were in great request, and the prices which he obtained for them were considered enormous by his contemporaries. He was very industrious, yet such was the minuteness of detail in his compositions, and the fastidious finish and careful study which he bestowed upon them, that he was unable to meet the increasing demand for his works. Nor can we wonder at his popularity. His models were those with which the city and country around supplied him, and his paintings were therefore adapted to the taste and comprehension of the people amongst whom he lived; while such was the facility of his pencil, and the quickness of his fancy, that he could make a good picture out of anything. That one which our artist has copied is among the best of his works, and exhibits in a high degree those peculiar characteristics for which he is celebrated,—truth of expression, skilful drawing, and effective colouring.

The first two only can be represented by an engraving, and to them we think our artist has done sufficient justice. We are here introduced to an old Advocate in his study, busied with his law papers. The post, it seems, has just arrived, and has brought him letters of sufficient importance to excite his earnest attention. We may fancy something has been communicated to him which places the issue of a heavy cause committed to his care in jeopardy, or which suggests to him some new means of ensuring its success. The stamp of a prudent and sagacious mind is on his brow, while something perhaps of the astuteness requisite to form a skilful advocate lurks about his mouth. Yet we cannot but fancy we can also trace in his countenance indications of an upright and kindly nature, more in harmony with the sacred book lying near at hand, and which seems to intimate that the fear of Heaven is ever before his eyes. We may be mistaken, but we have studied his thoughtful face

till we have grown fond of it, and we shall not easily give up this opinion. The volumes of pleas closely clasped, his open inkstand and convenient pen, the marble weight to press down rebellious papers, and the clip to hold letters, speak as plainly as such things can of "one learned in the law," whose numerous clients render every moment of his time most precious. This characteristic figure is probably a portrait, a circumstance which may be considered to give an additional value to the picture.

Ostade lived long in Amsterdam, and was widely known and much respected; he died in 1685, leaving a fame behind him which few of his school have equalled. His works are scarce, and so seldom to be met with in England, that they never fail to obtain enormous prices. Many contemporary artists solicited him to embellish their landscapes by his lively figures; and this, wherever it can be traced, adds considerably to the value of their works. Ostade produced many fine etchings from his own designs, which, like those of Rembrandt and Hogarth, are much admired and eagerly sought after. It may be objected to this artist, that his subjects are always of a low, and sometimes even disgusting kind; but this is a fault which he has in common with Teniers, and most if not all other artists of the Dutch school, while his pictures combine a force superior even to those of Teniers, with a truth of conception, a delicacy of touch, and a transparency of colour, peculiarly his own. He perfectly understood the principles of *Chiaro-Scuro*, and introduced his lights and shadows with so much judgment, that every figure seems animated. There are indeed few pictures to which we can turn our attention, which possess more real truth and nature, than those of Adrian Van Ostade.

COCOA-NUT DAY, AND THE GREAT FAIR OF THE TEMPLE.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

The great festival of the Hindoo year falls in the month of August, and a damp, steamy, disagreeable month enough it is, more especially in Bombay; where, however, the festival of Cocoa-nuts, and the great fair of Wal'k'eshwar, are to be seen to most advantage. Among a people so addicted to the idleness originating in national holidays, as the Hindoo population, fine weather is of course anxiously hoped for, but on the fifteenth of August of the year of which I write, it appeared likely to be hoped for in vain; for after a little promising "break," the rain descended so suddenly during our morning ride, that it seemed disposed to wash all the prayerful Parsees into the waves; and a stout old gentleman, rather a friend of mine, who very regularly took up a favourable position under the lee of a wall, that skirts the fine sands of Back Bay, lost his great umbrella of oil-silk, which went skimming away like a huge sea-bird, on the wings of the wind, until I suspect it of settling among the rigging of a merchantman in harbour, where being taken for an albatross, poetical navigators tried to remember the wild lay of Coleridge, ———and quoted "Black-eyed-Susan," by mistake.

My old friend laughed at his accident, and raising his eyes from the little volume that every Parsee carries, as suggestive of the form of prayer proper to be addressed to the elements at dawn, said "Good morning!" as pleasantly as ever, this being his invariable practice on espying my pony, however religiously he might be engaged at that particular juncture; and as the rain descended heavily at this moment, we both hurried to a Parsee's empty pleasure-house that was near at hand, where the fire-worshipper put up his little volume of Zendavesta, and fell chatting about many matters, the chief themes being ponies, Parsees, and Padres. He told me, that he and the people of the house where we stood were Cudmis, or orthodox believers in the true faith of Zoroaster. No one, he said, *could* respect the other sect, the Rusmis, for they were little better than Hindoos. I might have observed, he said, of a morning, near the sea, how these people dug holes in the sand, and put in grains of rice and flowers, as offerings to the water! All such follies these Rusmis had learnt from the Hindoos, and constantly brought contempt on the Parsee body. The fact was, the Parsees in India, of whom it was said there were now about 40,000, were a mixed people very much deteriorated; many of them were descendants of the three hundred Mohammedan slaves, that the Emperor of Delhi had sent as a present to Macaksa and Jandhasa, two very wealthy Jaghedars at Nowsara, being afterwards converted to Parseeism in the reign of Mulkut. Now, these people were not allowed to intermarry with the daughters of the Cudmis, to enter the holy places of the fire temples, or to go to the Towers of Silence; but of late time the Punchayet's authority had been tottering; the Parsees were in a strange state, he did not know what was coming upon them———

And, as my respectable friend chatted on, concerning the degeneracy of the people of latter days, (a favourite topic with the old,) he became excited, and having gradually loosened his *kusti*, or girdle of seventy-two threads, he was obliged to re-arrange it, which gave occasion for me to ask when he had been invested therewith, and he told me, when he was seven years old, his family being anxious to do what they knew right, but that at the age of nine or eleven it was occasionally put on. The cost of investiture by the priest usually amounted to four or five hundred rupees, in consequence of the ceremonies necessary to be observed. The cord was only removed when bathing, and while the kusti was laid aside, a Parsee dared neither walk nor speak, lest it should be imputed to him as sin. This remarkable part of the Parsee dress is a cord of seventy-two interwoven threads about the size of a pencil, and is passed three times round the waist over the sadar, or shirt; the thread is woollen, and is supposed to preserve the wearer from all evil, mental or physical. It purifies a Parsee, and keeps him from the power of Ahriman, the origin of

evil thoughts, and the agitation of his bad soul; for a Parsee believes himself the possessor of two souls, or active principles, under distinct influences, the good being wholly cared for by Hormazd. When the wearer reties the kusti in four knots, his thoughts must not wander, but be fixed on the good principle; on the truth of his religion, on the fact of Zoroaster being a prophet, and on the beauty of virtue. The elements are pleased when he ties the knots, so long as he ponders on good.

The old gentleman asked me if I had seen the new fire-temple that Sir Jemsidjee had built: as it was not consecrated I could do so. The first fire-temple erected in Bombay had been consecrated by the father of Moola Firuz; he did not know what Dastur would consecrate Sir Jemsidjee's. There was nothing to see, however, but an empty hall, he said, with a closed adytum for the sacred fire. The sacred fire the Parsees had brought from Persia, and they had it with them in the boat when they were wrecked on the Guzerat coast; it was now preserved at Nowsara, and fed night and day with sandal wood——

At this point the sky looked clear again, and a friend offering the old Parsee a share of his umbrella, I gladly cantered home. For though a low swampy garden, a sea view, and a date-leaf-covered verandah, may be matters of pleasant aspect in a sunny morn or moonlit eve, they are rather cold and comfortless during the heavy rains of the monsoon, at seven in the morning; and without irreverence, as the old Parsee chatted of his sacred fire, I rather longed for a billet from Nowsaree, with an English register-stove for the A'tishgáh.[1]

Miserable as I was, however, others had long been infinitely more so, in this most unwholesome season. The Bundarries, considered as of the original Bombay stock, the present drawers of toddy, and tenders of palms, who had hoped for fair weather, again began busily to strip off the long spear-like leaves of the Cocoa-nut tree, and to double and plait them, for the general purposes of roofings and head dresses; for a native of India takes especial care of his head, whether in protecting it from heat, cold, or damp; but cold wet feet seem rather considered as an enjoyment than an evil; in this, as in all they do, appearing to reverse the customs of Europeans. The bodies of the Shigram carriages, and the turbans of the drivers, were again covered with bright green wax-cloth; and the Meer's servants walked about in the early morning, with handkerchiefs tied over their heads and over their mouths, to serve as respirators, and secure them against damp. The variety of umbrellas, too, that suddenly blossomed forth, as it were, under the season's influence, are peculiar to Bombay. There was the huge oil-skin *parapluie* of the well-dressed careful Purvoe, on his way, in fresh attire, to the merchant's office; the white cotton preserver of the neat turban of the Bengal servant, returning from cheapening pomfret in the market; the Chinese varnished paper *chittree* of the Parsee, on his way from the sands, on which he has been muttering the zendavesta; and last, but not the least useful of all, the well bleached cover of plantain leaves, so curiously plaited, with which the Coolies shelter the market baskets of their employers. Bombay was on the whole as disagreeable as it could be. In the woods, the old toddy-trees, notched into weakness, came crashing down on the huts of the poor Bundarries; the bye-roads became slippery and dangerous to horsemen, from their standing pools; the rank vegetation abounding with that most offensive plant, the wild indigo, steamed forth the most noxious vapours; and while all without seemed fever-producing and unwholesome, all within was mildewed and rotting to destruction.

As I turned quickly in, at the gate of the Meer's house, my pony started violently—and good reason had he for his surprise, poor animal! for there stood Hubbeeb, or "the Beloved," Meer Jaffur's favourite peon, his crimson coat and green bands most carefully arranged, his gold-headed staff in his hand, and his zoolufs, or love-locks, shining with cocoa-nut oil, his turban particularly leaning over his right ear, and a whole parterre of oleander blossoms and jasmine buds peeping from between its folds, absolutely holding a varnished China-paper umbrella over the heads of a woman and child, to protect them from the heavy drops of rain, falling in jets, as it were, from the leaves of the palm-trees. When the Beloved saw me, he looked particularly ashamed of his gallantry, and skipped away, umbrella in hand, while the woman walked quietly on barefooted along the wet road towards her house. During the fourteen years that I have passed in India, I never saw a native offer an attention of this kind to a woman. A peon might hold an umbrella over the head of an ayah, but it would be commanded service, to protect his master's child, which she carried in her arms, from the ill effects of the morning sun; but in this case it was the woman who was to be protected,—a passing stranger, as I afterwards learned, who was overtaken by the shower just as the Beloved happened to be entering the gates; and he immediately extended the shelter of his umbrella, as if he really entertained the idea current in civilized life, that woman generally, in her character as such, had a right to all the courtesy, protection, and assistance, that circumstances might make necessary, from the stronger sex.

In private, a native treats the female members of his family with as much regard, kindness, affection, and respect, as son, father, husband, as the men of any other country, but in public disregard them entirely, as a matter of custom and etiquette. I have seen women stumbling in and out of ferry-boats, in danger and discomfort, while their companions strolled quietly forward, without even turning to glance at how matters were. I have seen men riding journeys, and women trudging behind them; men smoking, women grinding the corn; a Belooche girl holding the stirrups for her lover, as he mounted for a foray; a Kujjuck wife pitching her husband's tent of black

(1) Receptacle for the sacred fire.

goat's skin. Such things are common, create no surprise, elicit no remark; but the reverse of the picture was altogether so new, so unexpected, that when I saw Hubbeeb Khan sheltering a native woman, my start of surprise at the novelty of the action, was little less than "Mootee's" (the pearl) when his eye glanced upon a yellow umbrella instead of a door-post.

I met the woman often afterwards; for she was a neighbour, and accustomed to stroll towards the sands for air and exercise. She smiled when we met, and her dress being rather peculiar, as she was a Maddrassee, I took a sketch of her one afternoon, in her pretty violet-coloured silk saree, while she was good-humouredly nursing and playing with a little rosy English baby, that the ayah had brought down for the benefit also of a fresh sea-breeze.

These sands, in fine evenings, are a favourite resort of the Hindoo women in the neighbourhood; who walk down with their servants and children to enjoy the cool refreshment; leaving their delicate little footprints on the damp sands, to the envy of all the female shoe-wearers who may be present—for Cinderella's slipper would soon have found a wearer, had the trial been made on Oriental beauties. The bright clear colours of their sarees, too, are admirable; and the glossy braids of their fine hair, decorated with rich gold ornaments, or fragrant blossoms; and the figures of the younger women are so slight, graceful, and elastic, so much like those we see cut on the cameos of old Rome, or on the fresco-painted walls of beautiful Pompeii—and the saree, stirred by the evening breeze, floats in such graceful resemblance to the draperies with which the ancients loved to adorn their nymphs and graces, that when the chill air causes the rich crimson cashmere shawl to be cast around the head and form, one cannot but regret that so much natural grace must be concealed, however admirable in itself is the fabric that enfolds it. Many of the women of the Purvoe caste, whom I have met here, are very handsome, with an expression of intelligence, also, on their fine countenances greater than is usually seen in the face of a native woman; where softness and amiability are generally more apparent than intellect. These women, however, have a brightness of eye, a smile that sympathizes with it, and a general lighting of the countenance, when engaged in conversation with each other, pleased, or amused in any way, that is very attractive; and we forget the beauties of costume, the brightness of colour, the richness of ornament, and the brilliancy of contrasts, while gazing on countenances often so expressive and so charming as are those of the Purvoe women of Bombay.

Without much abatement, until the 18th, the rains continued; and the wax-cloth covers of the little bullock hackeries were quite inefficient to protect the turbans of the riders therein; for not only did the curtains flap and beat about in a most embarrassing manner, but became so injured by friction, that the superficies of green wax only appeared at intervals, forming at those points a sort of breakwater, but forcing a fuller stream through the sieve-like quality of the exposed *dungaree* (coarse cloth). In fine weather these hackeries are admirable conveyances; a thick quilted cover of dark cloth protects the riders, and the little Deckan bullocks trot along with a speed quite surprising, when their small size, and the heavy weight of Banian merchants, are relatively considered. These gharries are also often crowded with women and children, bent on pleasure parties, or proceeding to some favourite spot in the woods, to dine, perform certain religious ceremonies, and endeavour to gain good fortune for themselves and their families. In the rainy season, however, the green bodies and pink wheels of the vehicles appear to great disadvantage; the very tails of the bullocks being too damp to twist; and as a hackery passes from time to time, it is lugubrious enough to see the head of the driver, rolled in dirty cloths, and bowed nearly to his knees, to protect the eyes unavoidably exposed, while a sudden flap of a side curtain exhibits to the curious spectator two or three dismal-looking traders, whose organs of acquisitiveness even the rains of Bombay cannot damp into torpor.

However, the 18th was "cocoa-nut day," as it is called, when the season is supposed to open, and the native boats to venture to the ports of the neighbouring coast, laden with long required merchandise; for although the monsoon is seldom over until the end of September, and the terrific storms of the "elephanta" may chance to shiver the masts of the mariner, ere the season settle into fairness, the boatmen, eager for gain, and strong in fatalism, unfurl their sails, and set forth, often to the destruction of their craft; the promises of cocoa-nut day being often as frail as they are fair.

My old Parsee friend, too, well knew that they were so; for on asking him whether he thought that, after to-day, we should have fine mornings for our exercise, he replied, with much common sense, "How can you believe what these foolish Hindoos say? If they cut down *all* these woods, and throw in *all* the cocoa-nuts, do you think the sea will attend to *them?*"

Nevertheless, this *was* cocoa-nut day; and a fair one beside, as if Nature fancied a holiday too, putting on her brightest attire for the occasion—and when a day *is* bright in the East, what can be more beautiful? The Germans talk of the dawning of another "blue day," but who has seen a blue day dawn, or knows what the radiance of sunshine really is, who has not viewed the azure skies, the amber light, and the violet shadows—so rich, so soft, so colourful—of an Eastern clime? Thus bright and lustrous, and bathed in such rich sunshine, proved to-day: and many a dark eye flashed with pleasure, when its clear blue dawning gave the gay promise of a happy festival.

The Sunkersett Bazaar, the streets, the roads, the highways and the byeways, were studded with piles of cocoa-nuts; one would have thought no other species of merchandise was to be had in the world, but the fruit of the palm. Every man, woman, and child that passed, had a cocoa-nut in their hand; the whole

population was, in fact, engrossed by two ideas—the sea, and a cocoa-nut.

As the day advanced, groups of people passed, in bright holiday attire; the women in new sarees, and the little children in coloured satin caps, covered with tinsel, and singularly gay, with sprigs and tassels, bows, and flowerings, altogether purposeless; and the Purvoe women wore their hair ornaments beautifully arranged; the gold *sita phul* (custard-apple), or the richer *kumal phul* (lotus-flower), being attached to the glossy braids, while *chumpa* and *mogree* blossoms peeped from among them, not so much for the sake of ornament as of fragrance.

At four o'clock the festival was at its height, and I drove along the esplanade to see its character The green was covered with small tents, booths, and roundabouts, as at an English fair; and the road was so thronged with carriages, that the coachman with difficulty proceeded at a foot's pace; while the sands looked as if covered with a tapestry, worked in imitation of oriental costumes. All Bombay was out of doors; the rich Hindoos and Parsees lolling in their handsome carriages, the latter having crowded in all their little children of either sex—a Parsee loving to have his family about him; while the rest, a motley mass, lounged here and there, gazing at the booths, purchasing toys and sweetmeats. or guiding little carriages, drawn by goats, the way that they should go.

The great scene of business was, of course, the sands. Many had gone far out, and stood on portions of the rocks, where they found tiny bays, on which to embark their hopes, their cocoa-nuts, their flowers, and their cinnabar. Others cast their offerings into the retreating waves, with prayers proper for the occasion. Thus Parsees, Mohammedans, Hindoos, all had a prayer and a cocoa-nut, with faith enough on the occasion to agree in propitiating the sea, whatever differences severed them in creed—and the cocoa-nut well afloat, and fair hopes entertained that all the boats, and ships, and merchandise, and voyages with which each individual might be concerned for the ensuing year, would be right prosperous, they strolled back to the booths, amusing themselves with the display of French harmonicons, Dutch dolls, Chinese toys, English cutlery, and Surat vegetables done in ivory, that was to be seen therein. Unlike an English fair, all was order, all courteousness, all good-natured accommodation. Children found easy passage in the densest portion of the crowd; women smiled, chatted, and glided on, free from all annoyance; native coachmen, for once, drove carefully, lest the carriage poles should press against the weak or aged; and if one accidentally was pushed aside, or frightened, the native gentleman would look out, kindly encourage the passenger, and warn his servant to use greater caution. Even the Parsees respected the pleasures of the people; and one wished the habit, in their case, extended beyond cocoa-nut day; for the driving of each coachman of the wealthy fire-worshippers is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously. True, that in the crowded bazaars, two footmen run before, shouting "Pice, Pice," as loudly as they can; but the din of carriages rattling over the hard roads, added to the hum of voices, the screams of parrots swinging in the porches, the chafferings of Banians with their customers, the loud voices of boys, repeating maxims in chorus, by way of education at the schools, the disputations of women, and the barkings of the Pariah dogs, renders the warning of very slight effect; and I know nothing which, as a characteristic, appears more remarkable to the eye of the stranger, than the crowded road of a native bazaar in Bombay, and the fast-trotting horses of the Parsee carriages, which run their rapid course without creating the necessity for a single inquest.

It is not alone the coachmen who delight thus to display their powers of charioteering, but the notion of progression seems an' innate idea in a Parsee's mind. He is never at *rest*, (if the paradox may be allowed,) until he is going ten miles an hour. The Parsee fashionable lolls back in his handsome Long-acre-built buggy, his highly polished Japan leather boots against the splashboard, and his delicate white-kid-clad fingers lightly closed over the reins, while his magnificent horse, half Arab, half Persian, dashes onwards at a pace that makes the by-stander close his eyes. The Parsee exquisite is now at *rest;* but his butler must do the same. So, mounted in a creaking groaning vehicle, with a pair of loose wheels, that go first out, then in, and lastly round, at every revolution on their axis; and drawn by a miserable pony, which ambles under heavy harness, his head quite on one side, to ease his mouth from the rusty bit, this worthy commences his hard labour; he stands up and lashes the poor pony, he abuses him for the slowest vagabond in Bombay, he works the bit till it rattles among the old teeth of the poor beast, becoming even louder than the ungreased wheels,—and repeats this system, until from a shuffle the poor animal falls into. a trot, from a trot is urged to a canter, and from a canter tortured into a sort of loose, reckless gallop: the butler feels that he too has done his duty, and, like his master, falls back in triumphant *rest*, till the operation requires to be repeated.

The Parsees ride and drive particularly well. They "break" horses better than any people in Bombay; break them, I mean, in the ordinary sense; for from what I have just reported of their usages, it will be imagined that they break them down more completely than any other people, except perhaps the old drivers of the English "royal mail:"—for, although there is not much galloping up hill and down, the hard roads of the Island knock a horse's hoofs to pieces, strain their muscles terribly, puff their legs, cause them to throw out splints, with all sorts of other disfigurations and injuries; but this fact is never considered, as long as a Parsee gentleman can dash along at the pace that pleases him; and we hope that he may, ere long, be gratified with the horse-power of a "special train," and consider with satisfaction, that fifty miles an hour is a pretty average speed.

The gaieties and good feeling of cocoa-nut day, gave me a zest for Hindoo festivals; and as the great fair of the temple of Mahdeo, near Malabar Point, (the Governor's summer residence,) occurred a few days after, I begged my friend, Meer Alli, a Hindoo man of business, or "Delall," as he is called, to become my escort and interpreter, and about three in the afternoon we started in the Meer's little phaeton for the fair.

The road which leads from the Sunkersett bazaar to Malabar Point, is perhaps one of the most beautiful on the Island; winding as it does to a considerable height above the shore, and commanding on one side a view of the bay and promontory of Colabah, with the wooded islands that shelter the harbour, while on the other, black rocks, now covered with foliage, flowering creepers, wild balsams and convolvolus, jut out, towering above the road, and crowned here and there with handsome bungalows. The way was crowded. We met the common bullock hackeries filled with women and children in their holiday attire, shigrams almost bursting with Brahmins, buggies heaped with Banians, horsemen cantering against footmen, and footmen always in the way: every body was anxious, busy, eager; those who pressed forward were gay, noisy, and talkative; those who were returning bore fruit, or flowers, or toys, in evidence of the fair. Poor folks, with baskets of plantains, cucumbers, or sweetmeats, were seated on the wayside, and little children played near them, with gay caps of silk and tinsel, each armed with a bow and arrow, purchased for them at the fair. It was difficult to gain the summit of the hill through all this throng, and yet more so to advance when there; for the road along the promontory to the point on which the governor's house is built, is much too narrow for festive days, and bullocks are not the cleverest animals in evading difficulties or aiding others so to do; consequently, when a little knot of hackeries stop the way, they do it to some purpose. However, by means of the delall's good driving, a few concussions, and a great deal of uncourteous language between our servants and the owners of these Bombay hackney coaches, we arrived opposite the gates of the great Walka-es-war village, and there alighted.

On each side of the road outside the gates were booths, principally filled with toys and trifling goods, which, however, gave a fair sample both of native taste and native ingenuity. Here was a stall displaying the curious and pretty ivory work of Surat, with imitations of native vegetables, backgammon and chessmen, little boxes beautifully turned, and prettily coloured ornaments, with various devices. There another covered with toys French and English, looking-glasses of all shapes, cutlery, dolls' heads, and toys of blown glass. Among the rest might be found huge cloth elephants, peacocks and baskets, both of bead-work, famous in Bombay, and ingenious Chinese toys, in great abundance. All this was amusing enough, but being anxious to mix with the groups about the temple, and, finding that entrance was difficult, we applied to a policeman at the gate, who replied that his orders were strict not to admit either Europeans or Parsees into the village. However, after some persuasion, and comprehending at last that as I was neither a sailor, a soldier, nor a fire-worshipper, and that, consequently, disturbance was not likely to ensue, he of the indigo uniform suffered the delall and myself to pass through the great gates, which the *mahjuns* (merchants) were allowed to put up some eighty years ago, to preserve the privacy of their sacred place. Within the gates, a very large and handsome durrumsaulch overlooks a fine reservoir of water, surrounded by a wall, with steps descending to it. At the extreme end of this reservoir are two pillars, having niches for holding lamps on festal nights; and on the right side of the tank appears the great temple of Mahdeo. This reservoir is surrounded with houses, while for the festival, booths had been erected for the sale of betel-nuts, paun-leaves, rice and cinnabar, flowers, and ghee, requisite materials both for offerings at the altar and to aid in the production of a good dinner; this last being a material part of Hindoo ceremonial now-a-days.

The temple of Walka-es-war is large, but not handsome. In the sanctum I saw a rude stone image of Mahdeo, and in the verandah lounged, after their manner, jogees, fakirs, and gosaens in abundance. Several of these men had a most revolting aspect, not so much so by reason of their superficies of wood-ashes and smearings of cinnabar, but from the maniac-like glare or idiotic rolling of the eye, produced by constant indulgence in opium and bhæng.

Along the verandah were suspended immense numbers of rusty old bells, presented at various times, as acts of merit. Of course, they were never rung; I suppose they never *had* been rung since they were made bells, and would have been sadly confused had they been now set about doing their duty; but happily, they did nothing of the kind; it was enough for them and for the jogees that both were there; good works did not seem required either from bell or priest; both gathered rust from the odour of sanctity, and the more useless they became, the more were they objects of reverence to the vulgar.

Walka-es-war enjoys higher repute than any of the temples in Bombay, and its history accounts for this. The great Ram landed here, it seems, from Ceylon, and, being weary and thirsty, desired to bathe. As if for the indulgence of the wish, there suddenly appeared a fine lake of fresh water. Ram, of course, felt particularly grateful, and after bathing in and drinking thereof, he took a little sand in his hand, moulded an image, and worshipped it as his benefactor, *Mahdeo*, (the giver of good). That night, spirits erected the temple, and the sand god has gradually hardened himself into stone. *Wal* (sand), *ka* (of), *eshwar* (god), in its divisions explain this.

The population of the village consists of 2,500 souls, composed of Mahajuns, Banians, Bhattias, and Brahmins. We walked about it, and saw in

almost every verandah Bhattias employed in playing pachesa, betting, losing, and remaking the game, ("*Messieurs, faites le jeu,*") with the rapidity of Casino gamblers at rouge-et-noir. The Bhattias delight in gaming, and during this festival stake enormous sums, mixing their gambling transactions with religious zeal, (as the Neapolitans do their lotteries,) in compliment, I suppose, to this said Mahdeo, who, we are told, had the gallantry, on the first day of the month Cartica (November), to allow himself to be terribly beaten by the goddess Parvati at a game of chance, probably pachesa.

The ceremonies of the festival consist in bathing, repeating sundry mantras, and dining; after which the folk return to their houses; the gamblers, however, excepted, for these worthies consider it a work of merit literally to consume the midnight oil in their vocation.

At the lower end of the tank, brahmins were splashing about with great glee; and on the first day of the festival the delall told me that the women, wives of Mahajuns and Brahmins, richly attired and laden with jewels, come here in crowds, and bathe, attended by their servants; a scene that must remind one of the daughter of Pharaoh and her maidens.

Although my presence did not create disturbance, it caused considerable curiosity. Here and there a Banian smiled good-naturedly, but the Brahmins, one and all, scowled most horribly, and inquired of the matter from the delall. But when he told them that I knew all about it, and did not laugh at all at such things, that, moreover, I was a friend of the Shastree's, and so on, they were more reconciled to my presence, offered to show me several places I had not seen, and many of them walked about with us, and became especially courteous. As we were returning through the gate, one old gentleman made me a very low salaam, and then, in English, but very slowly and with extraordinary emphasis, as if it had been the thing he had come into the world to do and he did it, remarked,—"Fri-day—was—a—ve-ry—fine—time—for—Ma-la-bar—Point!" The rest looked on as if they would have cried "Shah bash!" but they did not, and, privately wishing for my well-intentioned friend a more rapid enunciation in time to come, I left the village of Walka-es-war.

As we waited for Abdoola to bring the little phaeton out from the mass of vehicles in which it seemed entangled, a ruffianly Sowar, miserably clad, his dirty coarse hair hanging on his shoulders, but mounted on a magnificent horse, handsomely caparisoned, galloped violently up to us, and within a pace of where we stood, expecting of course to be dashed to pieces, he suddenly checked his horse, so as nearly to throw him on his haunches. The people around us were very wroth, but the delall cried out, "Go back, or I will give you to the police! Never," said he, turning to the rest, "abuse such hurrunzadehs, they will only blacken your faces with their answers; always threaten them with the police." Now, whether it was really the idea of the yellow-turbaned and indigo-coated gentry's power, or the sight of his master that had the effect, I know not, but this "son of a burnt father," as the Moslems called him, certainly wheeled his steed, and returned faster than he came. And so ended my experiences of the great fair of Walka-es-war.

A REVERIE.

From the MSS. of a deceased Poet.

It was a place to be remembered, that ancient library, with its rich carvings of flowers, and fruit, and hanging leaves, and the delicate tracery of its Gothic windows. I was sitting there alone at evening, lost in the beauty of the time and place, watching the sunlight shining through the rich stained glass, watching the glorious colours, red, and green, and violet, that it threw upon the floor, watching them—how eagerly!—as they came nearer and nearer, till at last they fell upon the book I read, dyeing now with crimson, now with amber light, the old type and time-stained pages. What goodly books there were on those oaken shelves! not dressed in gaudy gold, but sober and solemn as befitted their wisdom: weighty volumes of divinity, written of old in some quiet cloister; strange songs of love, axe-shaped, egg-shaped, and acrostic, inscribed when fair lady might be won by anagram or quaint conceit; romances, telling of Lancelot and Guinever, and of

> "The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
> Of which this world holds record."

All things strange, all things curious.

There were pictures, too, of mail-clad warriors, who had withstood the stout Scot at Holmedon and at dark Flodden; and of beauties now sleeping in the quiet church, once the worshipped queens of tourney and of dance. And from that ancient wall they all looked at me as they would have done in life, some frowningly, and some with smiling welcome, and some, methought, with sorrow. One there was "beautiful exceedingly," with chestnut hair, and deep blue laughing eyes. Those eyes would still meet mine when I looked from mine; till I blushed to see how like they were to certain others that I knew.

Amidst all this I fell asleep, and dreamed a dream in strange harmony with the time and place.

Methought the room grew larger, much larger, growing dim and shadowy in the far-off distance. In all I could see the ample brow, and the pale cheek, and the bright eye; on all the signet mark of sorrow; and thus I knew that they were those who had spoken song to an ungrateful world. Homer was there, a shape of majesty, blind no more; and the Lesbian Sappho, but her hair was lank and dripping, as of one over whom the ocean-waves had passed; and Anacreon too, but crownless, for the grave had waked him from his long dream of love and wine. I saw many others, and among them the ivy-crowned Pindar, and his face changed strangely as I gazed; for now his eye was bright, and his cheek rosy-flushed as

if in triumph; and now he seemed to weep, as if he sang a dirge over beauty and love. Æschylus too, I saw with his prophet eyes, and others whom I knew not, for earth has forgotten the names that heaven honours. Near these were more in another garb: Virgil with a laurel-crown; and by him a strange little shape, whom I knew as Horace, for his face was bright with smiles and laughter, save sometimes when a shade came over it, like a cloud over a sunny field, and then he thought of the dead Glycera.

Then methought the shapes grew more distinct. There was Dante with pale, care-worn brow, and bearing a sword; and there was one leaning over his shoulder, whispering words in his ear, comforting, soothing him—it was the angel Beatrice; and Petrarch was there with Laura by his side, and Tasso "of the sword and pen." And Chaucer too was there, and Spenser, pale and thin, as one who died of want. And again I saw Shakspeare, neither joy nor sorrow written on his face, for he was above all; and Milton too, looking up to heaven, and leaning on the royal hand that wrote the Eikon Basilike, for the grave had taught them to be gentle, and forgive. More I could have seen, but the crowd suddenly divided, making way for Homer. The father of all song came up to me, and spoke. "Thou hast done me homage and fitting reverence; the dead can repay; look thou here." Then opening my eyes—for I had shut them in fear—I saw three volumes. Unclasping the first, I saw various pictures, on every page a picture. There were faces of departed ones, between whom and myself the long years had rolled; and there were faces of estranged ones, a sadder sight than the dead; and, again, there were sweet pictures of scenes that I had loved, of fountains grown about with flowers, of woods glistening with glorious sunlight, of dewy fields and waving corn;—much beauty, and much sorrow. This was the Past.

Then I opened the second, but there I could see nothing on every page, but the deep blue eyes I loved, ever changing in expression, now bright with thoughtless joy, now dim with tears, now in hope, and now in sorrow. This was the Present.

And when I looked into the third, the Future, he that stood by me said, "Be wise;" but as he did not hinder me, I looked on. There I saw pictures of gorgeous pomp and triumph; in all, methought I was present, now kneeling near a throne, now myself the centre of admiring groups, sunning myself in the eyes of beauty. Thus I looked at all but four. Then he that stood by me, said again, "Be wise," but I did not heed him. In the first, was an old man, cowering over a scanty fire, clasping his white head in his hands; and the second was a quiet churchyard, with two graves in it—one grass-grown and bright with flowers, and the other open, ready to receive its occupant; the third was an old abbey, dimly lighted, with monuments on its walls; and in the fourth were groups of men, talking, in a blessed place. But this I could scarcely see, for the place was dazzled with a golden light, and the book was quickly shut.

Then Homer turned towards me, and said, "I take thee to be my son; thy lot shall be one of many tears, of much glory, and of high reward." Then he passed on, and the brotherhood of song followed him, and each laid his hands upon my head, but none spoke. I saw that many of them had by their sides the forms of beauty that had been the spirits of their song; and of these, Beatrice looked mildly, sorrowfully at me; and Laura smiled a joyous smile. Last of all came Shelley, and he spake with a low sepulchral voice, and his words were, "There is a God!"

From that hour I was a Poet.

Then I went where there were happy hearts, and merry faces. What a contrast was there between the joyous Present, and the solemn Past! and there I saw the same deep blue eyes. Methought there was a deeper meaning in their glance than I had ever seen before; but perhaps it was only a Poet's fancy.

Would you know what meant those two graves in the quiet churchyard—the one all grown with grass and flowers, the other open. The deep blue eyes I loved may laugh no more, and the flowers grow over them. The other will be mine, and mine too will be the monument in the dimly lighted abbey; but for that I grieve not, so that I may join in converse with the sons of song in that blessed place which I saw so dimly.

B.

A SKETCH.

REV. HENRY THOMPSON.

He stands apart, nor heeds around the city's roar and gloom:
He marks no sight—he lists no sound—he looks at one lone room,
Whence, from behind a dusky blind, a taper faintly meets
His eager gaze athwart the blaze of hundred-lighted streets.

And fresher, holier memories through that dim window come
Than with the all-gladdening sun arise on his far Indian home;
For in the gloom of that drear room a weary child he lay,
Breathing at last, as slowly passed the fever-pangs away.

And loving eyes were o'er him bent, smiling through lingering tears,
As through the cloud-streaked firmament the watery morn-star peers,
When cease to rave, along the wave, the storm-winds of the night,
And the worn deep sinks down to sleep beneath the wakening light.

Those gentle eyes, so soft, so kind, are blent with common dust;
And they have left him nought behind to look to or to trust;
For he hath loved, and sorely proved Love speaks not alway true,
And, spirit-dead, his land he fled when life and grief were new.

And he hath rear'd him kingly bowers on Ganges' gorgeous side,
Where soft Indulgence counts the hours, and Slavery tends on Pride;
Where tuneful falls, 'mid jasper halls, the fountain's odorous freight,
And, at his nod, as on a god, barbarick menials wait.

Yet would he give his proud domain, with all that tend his will,
So he might press his couch of pain, a trustful infant still;
Might press again that couch of pain, yet not again to rise,
But pass away to painless day beneath those gentle eyes.

For he was of the band of those to whom Heaven's realm pertains;
His infant heart had borne no woes, his chrisome robe no stains;
And that dear eye that beamed so nigh was but a mirrored ray
From seraphim that gazed on him, nor once had turned away.

The world hath soiled his robe of light: with dimmed and shaded brow,
And drooping brands, his Guardians bright look sadly on him now;
And grief and sin have left within a canker fierce and sore,
That from his heart shall ne'er depart till that shall beat no more.

He looks behind—and life is black—all wilderness and shades,
Save where, afar, the low pale track of setting Childhood fades;
He looks before, and sees no more—all is impervious cloud—
No ray, no spark, to break the dark between him and the shroud.

He climbs a solitary stair to mount a lonesome bed:
He breathes a penitential prayer to commune with the dead;
That he may seem, in one brief dream, his childish days to see;
Or that, if not, awhile his lot forgetfulness may be.

O mother, bowed disconsolate above thy lifeless child,
Look hither! learn to bless thy fate; to change thy wailings wild
To hymns of joy, to think thy boy is freed from chance like this,
Secure from harms within the arms of Him whose sight is bliss.

Yet thou who seest thy darling's eye with health rekindling shine,
Speak forth thy grateful praise on high! no thought of gloom be thine!
Only the prayer be lifted there, that He who gives again
Thy gem to thee may guard it free from spoiler and from stain.

Life is a glorious, precious gift, which, treasured day by day,
With holy care and heavenly thrift, will endless wealth uplay;
By our own sin is wo brought in: to chasten,—yet to save;
Then thankful bow,—sow cheerly now,—and reap beyond the grave.

Rectory, Wrington, All Saints, 1847.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY LIFE OF GEN. SIR F. H——, K.C.B.

I WELL remember the first scenes of my existence, at least those when my young observation began to look around. I have some indistinct remembrance of a long staircase, and a small room with a sloping roof, a window, a leaden gutter in front, some old flower-pots, and my sister beating me for pulling the leaves; my mother scolding her, with the harsh voice of my father above all; and although these are bygone sensations, I verily believe, could I find out the miserable garret, I should know it again.

My next and more perfect impressions are of a neat room, with curtains at the window, and a street in front, thronged with people; my father dressed better than most of his neighbours, and my mother and sister in far different attire than I had been accustomed to see them. I, too, was well and warmly clad; had cakes, and oranges, and meat,—all I could desire.

How the change came about I did not know, but I do remember hearing that my father had been lucky, and some of his acquaintances (and he had naughty ill-behaved men always backwards and forwards,) say that he was a clever lucky fellow.

My ideas then were that men and boys ought to swear, for my father seldom spoke without swearing; but that women should not, for my mother never did, and it always seemed to vex her. She was the mildest, softest-mannered creature I ever knew, and if I then had a redeeming quality in my character, it was love for, and imitation (sometimes) of my mother's manner. My father was a tyrant in his family; we none of us dared say anything when he was at home; my mother always trembled when he came in. I remember once in the street saying something to one of my playfellows, in which I mentioned that I was sure it was true, for I heard my father say so; at that moment I received a blow on the head, which felled me to the ground, and then I was lifted up by my clothes, and carried home. I never shall forget the fury with which my father (for it was he who struck me,) stood over me, and the threats he used even of killing me, if ever I repeated any sayings of his. I never did again as long as he lived.

Sometimes we had plenty, at others we fared scantily; and I have seen my father take the very furniture of the room, and for some days, nay weeks, it did not come back. I afterwards found out it was pawned.

"This boy must go to school," said my father, one day, "or he will never be fit for anything. I have made a good thing of that old house lately, so send him;" and to school I went. I learned to read and write, and then was taken away. My father wanted me.

"F——," said he, one day, "you must do something for me to-night; be ready when I call you, and say nothing." I did not like the tone of his voice, nor had I any fancy for what I was to do, although entirely ignorant of its nature; but with me to hear was to

obey. I had been asleep some hours, when I was roused by being shaken, and my father stood over me. He bade me dress myself; I did so; and we went down stairs, and into the street together. I observed he waited till the watchman had passed, and the sound "Twelve o'clock" struck on my ear. We walked down many streets, and at length came to a garden wall, under the shade of which stood two men, friends of my father. One said, "Have you brought the boy?"

"Yes," said my father; "is the cart ready?"

He was answered in the affirmative, and we proceeded a few steps; at last one of the men took a rope out of his pocket, and tied it round my waist; they instructed me how to untie it, when I should be in the garden on the other side, and go to the garden door and undo the bolts; if I could not, I was to come back, and tie myself up again, and be drawn back. If I was found, I was to say I had got over the wall, and not being able to get back, had hidden myself till night, hoping to get out then. I was very much frightened; but the fear of my father was above all; so they lifted me on to the top of the wall, and let me down on the other side. They gave me two or three tugs to remind me to untie the rope, which I did, and saw it run up over the wall. I felt inclined to sit down and cry: I could not have been more than nine years old; however, the fear of my father was paramount, so I set off on my walk. I had to cross the garden, pass round the glass-house as they described it to me, get into another garden, and then go under the gardener's window, where I was to be sure and make no noise. You may be certain I was like a cat after cream. At last I found the door, and contrived to undo it; at the other side I found my father and the two other men waiting with the horse and cart. They left me at the door, soon returning with an immense quantity of grapes, so as to load the cart, in which one of them drove off, the other with my father shutting the door very gently.

We walked home gently; it was half-past three as we came into our street. Again we waited till the watchman had passed, and I was soon in bed. It was a long time, however, before I could go to sleep; when I did, I dreamt that a great dog held me by the leg, and I awoke crying out.

The next morning at breakfast the other two men came in; they laughed heartily at old George the gardener, who they said was half mad; told me I was the finest little fellow in England, gave me a few halfpence, and congratulated my father on having so clever a son.

It is not my intention to detail all my adventures; how I was dropped into cellars in the day, and at night opened the doors for those abroad; or how I was at last so accustomed to this sort of life, and so successful, that I could stand behind a door without quaking while the master of the house or a servant passed up to bed. One thing I must mention: to steal was no part of my business; to open the doors and make the best of my way home, was all I had to do.

I remember being concealed in a room belonging to a jeweller in the neighbourhood, and opening the window of a back room at midnight as directed, (a matter of constant occurrence;) and that after I had been home and asleep, I heard a bustle in my father's room, and that my mother got up, and my father groaned very much; but I fell asleep again, and should have forgotten it all in the morning, had not my father kept his bed, and looked very ill as I passed through his room. However, he said nothing to me, and I walked out after breakfast as usual; I soon met a boy, a son of one of my father's friends, who, like me, was often employed in these matters. He made a sign to me to follow him, and we walked into the fields. We sat down under a hedge, and he asked me if I had heard the news? I said, "No; what news?" "Why," said he, "old miser Golding, the silversmith, is murdered."

I had lost all qualms of conscience as to robbery, for although I knew it was wrong, still the frequency of the event, my never having been found out, and my fears of my father, which I always concluded would be my excuse, had deadened my feelings. But, murder! it struck me as if I had been shot. I had, however, presence of mind not to commit myself, and only answered by inquiring the particulars. Robert, my companion, was very anxious to find out if I had been there. The old man had been found murdered, in a pool of blood, upon the threshold of his own counting-house—the very room the window of which I had opened to admit my father. I, however, denied it to my companion, and we returned together. The bill-stickers were at work—200*l.* reward!

My heart was sick when I went home. I was told to say my father was gone to M—— for a fortnight, a journey he often took on pretence of business; for he was what they called a weaver's agent, and did something in that way.

After dinner I again ventured out, and strolled into the crowd at the silversmith's door. The first words I heard were "Murder will out!" "Them as had any hand in this is sure to be hanged!" &c. &c. I passed on in a cold sweat, and sat me down on the low wall of the churchyard. I looked up at the sun-dial and read these words, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the people that forget God." This was the first moment of my life that I felt any symptoms of religion. I had never before thought of a God but as a name to swear by. All day it haunted me. The gallows and hell were my tormentors; I could not get them out of my thoughts. The poor old man, murdered, I could not doubt, by my father! I had been in the same room with him only the night before; concealed under a chest of drawers, I saw him lock his boxes, take off his shoes, put on his slippers, kneel down and say his prayers, and heard him go into the next room and get into bed. Now he was *dead*, only since yesterday! Might not I die too? Nay, I must die some time or other; and again the words "Murder will out!" rang in my ear. I could not go home; I could not stand still. I did not

know where to turn; however, I must go home, or my father would beat me. My father!—a murderer? I determined he should be my father no longer;—but how to avoid it? And then my mother, my dear mother! And so home I went.

At the door I met Robert; he was watching for me, and appeared very inquisitive to know "where I had been? why I did not come home sooner?" I could hardly shake him off; but my mother called me, and I was breaking away from his hold when I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder, and looking up saw the face of the chief constable of the town; a face I knew well. I tottered and fell. What next took place I knew not. No questions were asked me. A posse of constables entered the house; my mother shrieked; all was confusion. They went up-stairs, and, in about half-an-hour, I saw my father brought down stairs upon his bed, and carried out. He looked ghastly pale, but said nothing. When he was gone I own I felt relieved, for I feared, and never could love him; all my love was for my mother, and when they made me walk away with them I cried bitterly for her. I was locked up by myself in the gaol. I slept little that night; my misery was excessive. My food was good; I saw no one but the keeper, and he was very kind. I determined, however, from that moment, never to be concerned in robbery again, not even for my father.—I believe I hated him then.

At last I was taken before the magistrates. I had been too well tutored to disclose anything; indeed, I had been in bed by half-past twelve, and not even my mother knew I had been out;—no one ever came into my bed-room, and I had crept into the old man's house after dark whilst he was at supper. I was, however, remanded. In the afternoon of that day the chaplain of the gaol came to me. He was a mild, kind, pleasant, but grave man; he said nothing to me of the late murder, but talked to me of God and his all-seeing eye,—left me a Bible, and marked down certain places for me to read. In the solitude of that cell I did read; every word seemed to enter my soul. The promises of God to the good vexed and alarmed me, for I knew I was not good. Yet I would read them again and again; and when I found the promise that, "if the wicked man would turn away from his wickedness, he should save his soul alive," I seemed as if I could not take my eye off the passage:—it was a treasure to me. I never shall forget my emotion as I read the 130th] Psalm. Could I be included in this? I determined to ask the chaplain, and in the mean time, boy as I was, I kneeled down and asked God. How long I prayed I know not; but I was sobbing as if my heart would break, when I felt a soft hand touch me. I looked up; the owner of the Bible stood before me; his eyes were filled with tears. I turned and clasped his knees, and asked him if God would ever pardon me: he gently disengaged me, and sat down upon the side of my bed. We had much talk together, but he never alluded to the cause of my being there. He spoke of a Redeemer, of Jesus Christ, and then said, "I found you praying; let me pray with you," and he knelt down. So did I; and he prayed so mildly, so earnestly, so heavenly, every word went to my heart. I was calmed. The effect was like magic; I no longer feared the gallows so much as the anger of God. When he went away I could have worshipped him. Bad thoughts, however, returned as my excitement passed away—*I* would not betray! *I*, indeed, confess! No: I would be a man;—and then I fell asleep. Is it to be wondered that in the state of my feelings I should have dreamed? I did dream, and the impression of it still remains vividly upon my mind; every thought is now clear before me. I thought that my father and myself had been hanged; that we were dead and lay in the churchyard. Cold, very cold, it was; and I thought my father turned and tried to take hold of me, but he could not: sometimes, indeed, his fingers almost reached me, and I shuddered—oh, it was as if a serpent touched me! On the other side was my good clergyman, and he too put out his hand towards me; and I longed as much for his touch as I abhorred that of my father. Presently there came a dreadful figure, and it shook its hand at the chaplain, and told my father to seize me: I can never describe what that figure was like; it haunted me for years: I see it now, but no effort I could ever make was sufficient to describe it. As it spoke, my father again reached out his hand: I felt he must get hold of me, and by a violent effort I rolled towards the other side. The voice of the clergyman said, "If you come to me you must come wholly, entirely,—will you?" I looked at the figure, I felt the cold icy fingers of my father as they began to touch and creep up my side to grasp me, and I cried out, "Yes, yes; wholly and entirely; I will, I will, indeed!" and I awoke.

My hair was on end; a cold sweat ran down my face and limbs; for many minutes I could still but fancy I was dead, and that I felt those cold fingers touch my side; nay, even now I have a feeling of the sensation. It was, however, daylight: I got up: I walked backwards and forwards, terrified and amazed.

Again the thought of being a man, of not *peaching*, came across me; but, child as I was, I could understand the moral of my dream; I even then thought I must go wholly to God, or that figure would have me. The idea was too dreadful for hesitation; I discarded all thoughts but one; my resolution was made. From that moment I believe I may date that decision of character which has so materially conduced to my success in life. My resolution, I said, was made; "yes; wholly, wholly, I am resolved." I believe few conversions from the ways of iniquity, acting upon a mind as yet not fully imbued with the knowledge of a Saviour, were ever so speedy and so fixed as mine. I waited with impatience until my friend the chaplain came again, and then, asking him to shut the door, told him all, confessed my whole course of life, and my determination to be hanged at once; and turning to my dear 130th Psalm, asked him if God would ever forgive me. His explanation of the Scripture, of the mercy to be found in Jesus, and the reason why he

became a man, entered my heart like a two-edged sword; I absolutely devoured his words; I craved more and more; so much so, that more than once the good man stopped and stared at me as if he thought I was acting a part and deceiving him.

"And what use am I to make of your confession?" he said.

"Any use you please," said I; and he left me.

In his next visit he repeated the same question; I at once returned the same answer.

"Do you know that your evidence will hang your father?"

"Oh yes, and myself too."

"No, no, my boy," he said, "not you;" and he explained to me that the law would deal very differently with me.

I asked his advice; he said, that unless it were necessary, he thought I ought not to say anything; but that the crime was so dreadful, the offender must be punished. "Did I know anything of how the old man was killed?"

I assured him, no; I was in bed, and did not hear of it till the next morning. I did not even see my father go to the house, only I was told to get in and leave the window undone, which I did. "But if I am asked again," I said, "I must tell the truth."

"I will endeavour," said he, "to spare you that;" and he kept his word. My evidence was not called for; the goods were found upon an accomplice, who turned king's evidence;—it was *Robert's father*.

I pass over the horror of hearing my father condemned, and the little joy I felt at my own release. Turned out of the gaol, I walked straight home;—I hated the noise of the streets; every one, I thought, stared at and hunted me. I longed to return to that quiet cell where I had learned and felt so much—it appeared a blessed place. I hated liberty, I feared the faces of my acquaintances; but I longed to see my mother and my sister:—I opened the door and walked in. Alas! what a scene awaited me! I shut the door hastily, as one afraid; as if the very stones of the street would rise up against me. I went up at once to my mother's bedroom, for I could see nobody below. The sound of my footsteps brought my sister to the landing; she held up her finger as a sign of silence, and beckoned me towards her. When I came up, we fell into each other's arms, and I believe that silent embrace did more to endear us to each other than all the years of our childhood. Alas! we were alone in the world! Poor Clara had no thought of religion; my impressions were young, and although fixed, yet not strong. She took my hand, and led me into my mother's room—never shall I forget the feeling. I had been prepared to find her unhappy, ill, in tears; but I had expected to kiss her, to comfort her, to tell her my feelings, and to hear her applaud my new resolutions. My hopes of future happiness all rested upon her. I had formed a thousand plans of working for her, and teaching her all that I felt. She was so mild and placid, I was sure she would listen to me, and we should do so many things together. And then I loved her so intensely,—it was her kind voice which stood between me and my father's anger; I had seen her take even blows for me. When, therefore, I entered her room, it was in the hope and with the purpose of laying the whole burden of my soul before her.

On the bed lay a long, very long, straight form, much taller than my mother, covered with a white sheet. Clara walked before me, and, without a word, turned down the covering of the head. There, sure enough, lay my mother, placid and beautiful as ever,—her sweet countenance with the same expression. But oh! the truth at once flashed upon me—*she was dead!* Grief, shame, and despair had done their work. She was dead indeed; and all my prospect of future exertion was, as I thought, marred. This was the severest stroke of all to my young heart. I stood like one in a trance; Clara and I remained hand in hand for some time; then we looked at each other, and again at the corpse; then we sat down on the bedside; and more than an hour must have elapsed before either of us spoke. At last I said, "Clara, let us pray." She stared at me as if she did not know what I meant. I said "Clara, God can help us." Still she did not appear to understand me; but we kneeled down, and I prayed; that is, I said over and over again, "God help us!" "God help us!" &c. These were the only words I could find, but they were from the heart, and they ascended to the Father of Mercies, and we *found help*.

(To be continued.)

SIGNS.

Among the definitions of this word given by Dr. Johnson, we find that it expresses "a picture or token suspended outside a house" for the purpose of distinction. This is the definition of the word hung at the top of our article to which on the present occasion we intend to adhere. We suppose the adoption of "signs" became one of the earliest necessities of enlarged social existence. Places devoted to the purposes of trade, or contrivances for the promotion of commercial intercourse, becoming numerous in particular localities, some simple means of distinguishing each from the other, or from its competitors in the same place, became also indispensable. It was a custom necessarily consequent upon the centralization of men in the form of communities more or less dense, and in the midst of which divers arts and occupations sprang up. In circumstances where streets were often without names affixed, and oftener without any system for the notation of the different dwellings forming them, the tradesman must have early found the expediency of adopting some distinguishing prominent token, to mark his position, and to direct his customers to his establishment. The simplest sign would manifestly be the exhibition outside of a portion of the goods sold within, or a representation of them in some durable material, such

as wood, stone, or iron. Such was probably the first form of development of the sign. A woolpack would designate a woollen merchant, a wheatsheaf a baker or corn dealer, and a bunch of grapes, by allegoric licence, would indicate that juice of the same was procurable within. Signs also served another useful purpose at a period when the dark illiteracy of ignorance reduced the reading portion of the community to an infinitesimal minority. An inscription of the name and nature of the trade was darkness itself to the mass of the people, and possibly could not be readily spelled through by the learned few. But signs were intelligible to every one. Appealing not to the mind, but to the senses, they were universally recognisable; and for the first phases of society these rude tokens were invaluable. As society made progress, it will be readily conjectured that trades were created, either by the wants or luxuries of men, the proper expression of which could be conveyed by no generally intelligible sign, although we shall see that an enormous outlay of ingenuity was directed to the accomplishment of this object. In such an emergency recourse was had to a system of arbitrary signs, which were simply, in fact, so many titles of houses or places by which their position should be borne in mind. Therefore, signs which had not the remotest thing in common with the business of the place signified became common, where either the occupation was inexpressible by this means, or where, for the sake of singularity, one chose to deviate from the ordinary track, and sell bread under the sign of the "sheep," or wine under the sign of the "wheatsheaf." After enjoying a long career of usefulness, signs are now vanishing away before the advancing genius of the nineteenth century. This cumbrous mechanism for conveying a simple idea is being swept out of our streets by the far more certain and speedy method of street nomenclature and house enumeration. While the inns yet retain them, and in all probability will long continue so to do, they are disappearing in every other direction, save where some old-time loving inhabitant fondly clings to the swinging memorial, not of the light, but of the darkness "of other days." Before these too are removed by the march of time, we are sure that a little while will not be begrudged in poring over a few of these medals of the Past.

It will be seen, therefore, that signs must date from the remotest antiquity. It is to be regretted, however, that there is great dearth of accurate information on the exact nature of early signs. It has been stated by Sir W. Hamilton, that on some of the overwhelmed houses of Pompeii the curious sign was found corresponding to our "checquers;" and the signs of other trades are also partly discernible on the walls of the city. Generally speaking, they appear to have been of the primitive class to which allusion has been above made. It is less difficult to find evidence that ships of commerce had their appropriate signs, for Herodotus mentions the *Parasemon*, or sign, as distinguishing the vessel. Frequently the sign was the tutelary divinity, and the same remark will probably apply to the case of places for trade. An instance of this kind occurs in the sacred text, where the tutelary divinities and the sign of the Roman vessel charged with the conveyance of St. Paul, were Castor and Pollux. Ships of burthen used to have, in addition, a basket suspended on the top of their masts as their sign. Hanging of signs, originally a custom of convenience, at length took the form of a privilege; and in our researches upon this subject we have lighted upon a singular document relative to this point. In the fourteenth year of his reign King Charles I. granted a royal charter of privileges to the citizens of London; in it occurs the following curious clause, which we extract for the benefit of our readers:—

"We do give and grant to the said Mayor, Commonalty, and Citizens of the said city, and their successors, that it may and shall be lawful to the citizens of the same city, and any of them for the time being, to expose, and hang in and over the streets, and ways, and alleys, of the said city, and suburbs of the same, Signs, and Posts of Signs, affixed to their houses and shops, for the better finding out such citizens' dwellings, shops, arts and occupations, without molestation, impediment, or interruption of Us, our heirs, or successors." The good inhabitants of the metropolis then, in 1638, estimated at a very different value the system of signs, to those of 1848, since, at the earlier period, it was considered of sufficient importance that this privilege should be perpetually secured by royal charter. We also learn from this extract, that not only were shops thus distinguished, but private dwellings had their signs; and the curious in such antiquities will find frequently upon such old houses as are yet alive, so to speak, either some curious hieroglyphic, or some carved monster, which in their youth served the purpose we are considering. Where a sign was not adopted to characterize a private dwelling, its place was often taken by some pointed, or pointless Latin motto, inscribed in some conspicuous part of the dwelling. The origin, progress, and full establishment of signs as a vehicle of universal language, and as a means for distinguishing places, having been thus imperfectly sketched, we may now, without following any order, because none can be preserved, select for the entertainment of our readers some of the follies and absurdities of the system.

Dean Swift says, "Wit and fancy are not so much employed in any article as that of contriving signs to hang over houses." And if it is remembered that the ingenuities and witticisms are "not of an age, but of all time," having accumulated during the long period of social history, it was to be expected that a vast mass of singularities must have collected under this head. Swift's keen relish for the ludicrous appears to have made this a favourite study with him, for we read of himself and his companion, that it was their great amusement

> "Gravely to try to read the lines
> Writ underneath the country signs."

The absurdities of the signs of the metropolis attracted

the sharp gaze of the Spectator also, and Addison, in the charming style peculiar to him, thus pleasantly attacks them: "Our streets are filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions; not to mention flying pigs, and hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa. My first task," he adds, "would be to clear the city from monsters. In the second place, I would forbid that creatures of jarring and incongruous natures should be joined together in the same sign, such as the bell and neat's-tongue, the dog and gridiron. The fox and the goose may be supposed to have met, but what have the fox and the seven stars to do together? And when did the lamb and dolphin ever meet, except upon a sign-post?" In his capacity as a reformer of signs, he proposes that now and then they might have a suitable relation to the name of the person—a sort of embodied pun, in fact. Thus, a Mr. Bell might suspend his metallic namesake over his door; or a Mr. Hogg might live under the sign of a pig. This, of course, was a little pleasantry. Charles Dickens moralises in one of his works on street-door knockers; but Addison, with equal elegance and greater justice, moralises from signs. He declares that a choleric fellow generally makes choice of a bear for *his* sign, while a man of milder disposition frequently lives at the lamb. Observing near Charing Cross a sign of a punch-bowl, with a couple of graceful little angels squeezing lemons into it, he was persuaded that the tastefulness of the composition indicated a Frenchman, and on going into the house he found his conjectures correct.

Many signs were both witty and ludicrous. At a tobacconist's shop, in a Dutch town, was a celebrated sign, intended to display the happiness of St. Peter in Paradise. This was effected by depicting him seated at a table, and surrounded with—pipes and tobacco! How true to human nature, and to its different estimates of bliss! In the imagination of a Dutchman perfect bliss was pipes and tobacco *ad libitum*. A butcher would be merry as well as wise, and, to the great perplexity of his less learned neighbours and fellow-townsmen, caused a sign to be erected by his slaughter-house, with the portentous words, *Ex Morte Vita*, "Life out of Death," emblazoned upon it, indicating, by this mysterious expression, that human life was sustained by animal death. A French *perruquier*, in order to demonstrate in a powerful manner the vast utility of bag-wigs, conceived that the most forcible method of so doing was to have the history of Absalom painted on a sign, showing how *he* lost his life by the entanglement of his straggling hair. And a Northampton barber, animated by a similar feeling, apostrophized David's favourite but rebellious child, on his sign, after this manner: "Absalom, hadst thou worn a perriwig, thou hadst not been hanged!"[1]

The more cumbrous wit of a Flanders grocer selected for his sign a bear routing a bee-hive for the honey, underwriting it with, "A dangerous Adventure, but sweet Attempt." Sometimes signs were sarcastic: in a village near London was one of some celebrity; on one side was portrayed, in an expressive manner, an unhappy wretch completely stripped of his clothes and possessions, under whom was painted, "I am the man who went to law, and lost my cause!" Apparently, his opponent fared but little better, for on the other side of the sign was an equally abject-looking figure, dressed in tattered raiment, whose sentence ran, "*I* am the man who went to law, and *won* my cause!" There was a pointed moral in such a sign, which doubtless had its effect upon the mutual charity and forbearance, if it be not tautology, of the villagers. Now and then signs contained a witty shaft directed against every spectator. At a pretty little village, well known to ourselves, on the borders of Wales, such a sign has given its name to the place: it is called the "Loggerheads." The sign represents two clownish heads grinning, and beneath is written—

"We three
Loggerheads be."

The spectator, in reading it aloud, finds that the third loggerhead is necessarily *himself*, as the painting represents but two. We believe this is the work of an eminent artist now deceased; and we are personally aware that the honest landlord has refused some good offers for his celebrated sign. A continental surgeon, in the early days of the profession, exhibited his invaluable aid in emergencies by a sign representing a poor fellow just fallen into an apoplectic fit, and, we believe, the surgeon himself running up to the rescue; the motto was *au prompt secours*. When Hogarth would contrast France and England, after caricaturing the former country, he paints a country way-side tavern as the contrast, the sign of which is "The Duke of Cumberland. Roast and boiled every day." A humorous writer of the last century, in "The Craftsman," in a well-written paper, entitled "Bravery the characteristic of Englishmen," declares that it oozes out on our sign-boards; and in a peace-loving spirit sets up a sign-reformation. Under his new *regime* no lion was to be painted rampant, but couchant, and particular care was to be taken not to let any of his teeth be seen, without legibly underwriting, "Though he shows his teeth, he will not bite." "Bulls" were to be drawn without horns, "generals" without armour, and "valiant troopers" were to be replaced by "hogs in armour", or "goats in boots," to cast ridicule upon martial hankerings. Thus signs were to become social regenerators, for which their conspicuous position in the eyes of the people admirably adapted them. Those who would read a clever letter written in an ardent love of peace, will do well to turn to the pages of The Craftsman for this.

A very curious episode in the history of signs has turned up in our searches for information on this subject, and we believe it will prove as new to our readers, or to many of them, as to ourselves. In 1762, Mr. Bonnell Thornton, a gentleman well known in his day, took the extraordinary idea into his head, of

(1) This has been poetized by others thus:

"If Absalom had not worn his own hair
He'd ne'er have been seen a-hanging up there."

collecting a vast number of signs together, into an exhibition at his own house in Bow Street, Covent Garden. It appears more than questionable whether the caricature-loving Hogarth had not some hand in the business. The exhibition was formally anounced, a witty catalogue printed, and the whole went under the assumed title of the Society of Sign-painters. The first room contained *genuine* signs, collected no one knows whence or how, and ludicrously arranged and catalogued, with the usual pendent accompaniments of bells, swords, poles, sugar-loaves, tobacco rolls, wooden candles, &c. just as they then existed in the metropolis. The following notice was placarded over the entrance to this room.

"N.B. that the merit of modern masters may be fairly examined into, it has been thought proper to place some admired works of the *old masters* in this room, and in the passage along the yard."

Beyond this room was the grand room, all hung round, according to rule, with green baize, and a multitude of the most mirth-provoking signs were arranged in the best lights, all around it, like pictures in an exhibition. A most extraordinary picture gallery it formed, to be sure! many were old signs retouched by some playful brush, and made to assume the most ridiculous aspect. Many were political caricatures, from some eminent artist; and 'tis more than half suspected, three or four of the best were productions of that inimitable satirist, the prince of social caricaturists, Hogarth himself. These were the modern masters above alluded to. The full account is to be discovered by the curious in these matters, in the "Universal Museum" for April 1762, a monthly periodical.

The origin of many signs is a curious but vastly extensive subject. Such parts of it as are likely to prove acceptable we shall select. Though amateur archæologists only, we have given some thought to our subject, and the conclusion at which we arrive is, that every sign must have originated in one of three classes: 1, The Heraldic; 2, The Historical; 3, Miscellaneous. And by carrying these three divisions in remembrance, almost all signs may be traced to their source. Some really sound information may be derived from this consideration. Let us take some examples of each, many of which are well known signs. The "Bolt-in-tun," a coach office in Fleet Street, belongs to the first class; it is simply a copy of the device of a prior, William Bolton, who adopted the expression bolt-in tun, represented by an arrow piercing a hogshead, as his rebus. The Elephant and Castle is the heraldic device of the town of Coventry. The origin of the Talbot, as stated by an antiquarian correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine, is interesting if correct. There was an old inn in the Borough, much frequented by pilgrims in their way to the shrine of Thomas a'Becket, which had as its sign a Taberd—a herald's coat without sleeves. After a long time, the original taberd disappeared by dilapidation, and the proprietor adopted the name talbot, as being near the original in sound, painting a spotted dog in lieu of the herald's coat. More probably the common sign of the talbot is derived from the arms of the Talbot family. Our Dolphins, Blue Boars, Saracen's Heads, and many more, originated in the same class.—It has been conjectured that many of the ludicrous combinations upon signs arose from the circumstance of one person adopting the coat of arms or badge of his previous master, and uniting it with his own. Then for the historical. There has been great quarrelling about the Bull and Mouth. It is generally agreed to be a corruption of the words Boulogne Mouth. It is said, one Roger du Bourg took a house near Aldersgate, and, out of compliment to one of our princes, born at Boulogne, called it the Mouth or Harbour of Boulogne. A rival soon sprang up, and called his house the Gate of Boulogne. Hence arose, Bull and Mouth, Bull and Gate. A famous sign is King Charles in the Oak, or the Royal Oak, the historical incident recorded by which reduces it to the confines of our category. A celebrated inn in Aldersgate-street commemorated the execution of Charles I. by the sign of the Mourning Bush. Besides these, there are Kings, Dukes, Marquises, Lords, and so on, without number. Generally, however, the martial or naval heroes appear to have been the greatest favourites; and, as though there were some intimate connexion between bravery and the tavern, they are principally discoverable swinging on creaking hinges, at the side of or over the doors of such places.

Lastly, for the miscellaneous. An incongruous heap is this! Swans with two n*i*cks in their bills; Coal-holes; Belle Savage, a corruption of Isabella Savage, the former owner of the ground; Magpies and Stumps; Coach and Horses; Corner-pins; *cum multis aliis*. One of the oddest corruptions we know is that of the "Bag of Nails," from Bacchanals. It has been thought that the Hole in the Wall originated in the famous aperture of that kind through which the sighs of Pyramus and Thisbe breathed, according to Ovid. We confess this is too far-fetched to appear probable; especially when it is remembered that the inn of that name was only accessible by a long passage or hole in the wall. This may suffice.

It appears that signs, at the period when they attained their highest point of splendour, were costly articles of display. The more advanced tradesman of to-day lavishes upon his window-front, and internal decorations, what the less refined man of yesterday spent, and gloried in spending, upon his sign. Scarcely a trace now remains of the beautiful iron-work (of the most elaborate workmanship, as may be seen in many of Hogarth's street scenes) by which the gay and flaunting sign projected for many feet into the mid-air of the street. Flower-work, gilded scrolls, lattice, and a variety of other designs, really made the suspension of the sign a work of some art. And the sign itself, especially if it belonged to the allegorical division of our miscellaneous class, was frequently produced in the studio of an academician. A portrait of Pope, long the admiration of Paternoster Row, is

stated to have been a good work of an eminent artist; and similar instances are innumerable. Some splendid signs adorned Ludgate-hill at one period, many of which cost *several hundred pounds*. In fact, it has been declared that the money which one wealthy tradesman would frequently spend on his sign, would be amply sufficient to stock the shop of a more humble competitor. Truly this was the splendour of barbarism.

Signs began to decline. The cumbrous iron-work got rusty and fragile, and was taken down, no more to be reinstated. Signs were nailed to the wall. When the old ones lost their beauty they were not replaced. Attention was turned toward the windows. By-and-by signs disappeared from the principal streets; brazen cornices and plate-glass panes taking their place as attractives and diagnostics. In the back streets they sank through all the grades of trade, down to the "Stop and Read," "What Next?" and black doll of the rag-shops, to the graphic portraits of mangles, of singularly tinted cows, and miraculously laden wains, of the laundresses, milk-shops, and van proprietors, respectively; and there they remain. From all this a lesson of advancing intelligence may be learned. The blessings of knowledge, coming down like genial showers from on high, have descended in the face of the people, and the merest child now needs not the picture-teaching which a long-past age required. The revolutions of society are swifter, and its character too impetuous, to tolerate anything so obviously cumbrous in character and clumsy in intention, as signs; and, with the imperfections of the age they may be said once to have adorned, they have virtually passed away for ever.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHES.

No. I.

My dear reader, I am about to make you my Father Confessor, whether you will or not. I am about to change places, individualities, idiosyncracies, with you, and forcibly to invest you with the gray hairs and dignity of my sixty years, while I endue myself with your youth and imprudence, (I presume you are the possessor of these inseparable qualities,) declaring confidentially to you that I, a sexagenarian, with one foot on the crumbling edge of the grave, and the victim of a passion—of the passion *par excellence*—of the tender passion of love.

Yes; I "nourished a flame," and blush not to avow it. No smoky, sooty pretence of a flame, but one so bright and genial, that the tough cords of my heart relax, and that shrivelled old thing itself glows again under its influences. As to the objects (for they are many) of my love, they are all aged; the older the better, say I; the more ancient, the more enticing. Oh, how that pippin aforesaid rattles in its fleshy case! how it thumps and bumps against my ribs! how my eyes grow dimmer still, and my spectacles fail me! how my knees knock together, and my steps totter with emotion, when I come in sight of a melancholy and antediluvian-looking——dame? No;—Church—ivy-grown, moss-covered, rickety, tumbledown.

Age, and what some would call ugliness, are far stronger attractions for me than youth or beauty. Still, whether high or low, rich or meagre, pinnacled or embattled, musty or fusty, old or new, provided in the latter case there be a family likeness, I love the whole genus of Churches. All have to me a charm indescribable, an inviting look, a winning way, and an instructive word into the bargain. You have heard of "sermons in stones;" truly I assure you, that every lichen-mottled stone in the wall of an old church has somewhat to say to me; either a moral precept, a tittle of doctrine, or a lesson in history. I will explain to you in what way; for I would that you should understand the language of these buildings, that you should conceive an affection for them, and that in the end you should entertain a passion strong as mine. I shall not be in the least jealous; there are ten thousand of them in this favoured island.

In order to this end, I would ask you to accompany me to one of these venerable structures, that I may give you some clue to its mystical teaching. Lend me your hand, and your heart with it, and we will proceed quietly (for I pray you to bear with the unequal and perhaps feeble steps of an old man) and speak reverently as we approach the sanctuary; for any building grown gray under the suns and snows of centuries, seen from beneath the dark boughs of eternal yew, and over the swelling mounds of the dead, commands respect from every man, even though it be not to him the house of prayer, or the place where his fathers worshipped. And much more from him on whom it has both these claims for veneration; from him who also received within its walls that badge which marked him as a pilgrim through this vale of tears, and a little afterwards the staff to support his trembling steps; who near such a place has laid the bones of his ancestors, and who lives in the hope of mingling his dust with theirs. In that man's mind it is associated with all the most mournful and the happiest ties of existence; it is bound unto him, as it were, by the silver links of joy, and the iron fetters of sorrow.

Well, let us feel some respect for the old pile, and if you object not, let us evince it after the manner of peevish, yet conscientious, Dr. Johnson: verily, I could have embraced that slovenly, cross-grained lump of mortality, for this one consistent reverential act of his life, if he had in no other way shown himself superior to, and in advance of his age. As an humble imitator of his, I make a point of doffing my hat whenever I pass a church. But here we are at the simple roofed gate that admits us within the hallowed precincts of the cemetery: seated on the low wall of that sweet station, we can leisurely survey yon ancient church in detail and collectively. There it stands in the glory of antiquity, yet not altogether of a hoary whiteness; for it is dappled here and there with green and brown time-stains, and seems to me to

resemble rather the head grizzled by the fierce storms of life, than that blanched by gradual decay.

It speaks to me of the past, present, and future. Yon massive buttresses, bound together by string-like mouldings, smiling in defiance of undermining time, exclaim, "Behold how this fabric, firmly founded, and propped up by virtue of its members, hath seen ages and with them all things earthy roll by."

Yon round-arched porch, wide and open-mouthed, disclosing within its jaws a low stone seat, invitingly exclaimeth, "Enter *now*, weary, wayworn wanderer; take rest, and receive strength to carry thee through the wilderness." And the spire, springing from numerous shelvings, pointeth upwards and whispereth constantly, "Onwards—upwards—heavenwards—homewards." Now let us continue our *gradus ad ecclesiam*, and enter by the arched portal. Regard not the dampness, it arises from penitents' tears; nor think of the close atmosphere, it is formed of their oppressive sighs; despise not the dustiness, for the dust-powder sprinkled on door and window, roof and floor, monument and escutcheon, is that roused from the road of years by the wheels of Time's car; and lastly, fear not the gloominess, but believe the light the richer from the passage through the blood-red robes of the martyrs, ranged in the stained-glass windows. But I am reminded by the depth of expression in these countenances, of a slight circumstance which first induced me to attach an idea of superior sanctity to a church; and if I may be permitted, I will relate it in a few brief words.

When a child of eight years of age, a loving mother was snatched from me by the chilly grasp of death. She had been the whole world to me, and in her were centered all the feelings of affection I was capable of entertaining. Imagine then, what a dull, dead blank existence was to me; truly, the light of my day was fled, and all was darkness; for a father can ill supply a mother's place. Being of a very sensitive disposition, I drooped with head bent earthwards, my heart filled with the rain-drops of sorrow. At last, my melancholy increasing, and my relations fearing that it might injure my constitution, determined to send me to a school at some distance from home, in the hope that new scenes and companions might divert my thoughts from their usual gloomy channel. My father accompanied me to school. We passed through York; while there he took me to the cathedral. How well I remember the impression the first sight of that huge mass of traceried stone-work produced upon me! I asked, too, if it were a palace built by fairy hands, for its magnitude and magnificence led me to suppose it to be of supernatural workmanship. On entering, the sublimity and grandeur of the high-arched roof converted garrulous curiosity into mute wonder, and my little eyes wandered in astonishment from the groined ceiling to the reeded columns, grim monuments, carved stalls, and richly stained windows. When passing one of these latter in the aisle, my attention was arrested by a face depicted in it, apparently gazing at me with a peaceful smile of pitying sympathy, holy and refined. The features belonged to the figure of a man in kingly garments, clad in a ruby-coloured robe, falling in heavy folds, with a broad jewelled border; the right hand held a sceptre, and the left an orb and cross, and on the head was a strawberry-leaved crown. Strong brown lines forcibly expressed the features of a symmetrical countenance, which was represented with a curly moustache, and beard divided into two parts. There was something in the smile peculiarly sweet—something superhuman. In it my young imagination discovered for the first time real pity; so saintly was it, so different from the faces I was accustomed to see around me, which all had traces of earth in them not visible here. I stood entranced and rooted to the spot for a few moments, but sufficiently long to impress the whole so vividly on the retina of my mind's eye as never afterwards to be effaced; and even now, in moments of extreme sorrow, I fancy I perceive the same figure beaming comfort upon my soul, in all its majesty and grace. From that time I began to consider a church as a sanctuary from the griefs of life; even when reason taught me to reverence it for a far higher motive, that consideration tended to mingle love with reverential awe. The effect of intense and early sorrow has never been entirely rooted out of my mind; its influence has been to make me shun, in some degree, the society of my fellow-men, not from misanthropical motives, but because the roughness of the world grated harshly on and jarred with the confirmed melancholy of my disposition. What wonder then, if, acting on the bias I received in childhood, I should make those buildings my study, where I first felt some relief from bitter pangs? Yes, I *have* studied them, in the species and in the individual. I have travelled far and wide in search of churches. I have stood beneath the lofty vault of Cologne; on the *Crown* of Strasburgh; the marble terraces of Milan; the uneven Mosaic pavement of St. Mark, in Venice; and under the mighty dome of St. Peter's. Nor have I, while wandering abroad, neglected the picturesque spires of England Odd enough, all the simple events of existence, all the small pivots on which the door of the future has opened to me, impelled by the equal forces of free-will and destiny, have been connected in one way or another with material churches. They are, therefore, like lighthouses on the wide sea of memory, casting blue reflection on the circumstances which surrounded them.

If, pardoning my abrupt adieu to our simple village church, you are not unwilling to mount behind me on my Pegasus, or hobby-horse, and take your flight with me to the north, south, and east, I will point out to you much that I hope will interest, amuse, and perhaps instruct you, in a future chapter.

LIBERALITY.

"WORDS are things." Indeed they are! and never were they more so than at the present day; not even when

> "Hard words, 'jealousies,' and 'fears'
> Set men together by the ears,
> And made them fight, like mad or drunk."

We are ruled by words. A word concludes us much sooner than an argument. Nay, it precludes all argumentation. It is a *spell*, as our Saxon ancestors called it. Its effect is instantaneous. Attack is superfluous, defence nugatory. The question is disposed of. The trial is over, and we cannot go into the evidence now.

I was lately witness to a remarkable instance of this fact. The character of a gentleman was discussed by a large company of his neighbours. It was admitted that he was upright, generous, amiable; but he had lately refused his subscription to the erection of a place of worship for persons of a different creed. This was the great point brought under the notice of the speakers. But the discussion was brief. One of the party characterized his conduct as ILLIBERAL. It was the last word. Our neighbour's oppugners felt that, after this, the worst they could say would be tame. His champions seemed paralysed. No attempt was made to analyse the moral character of the act, or to define *liberality*. His illiberality seemed unquestionable, and the condemnation was universal—active or passive.

As I sauntered home in the quiet of the evening, I could not help reflecting on the nature of this proceeding. Though the term "illiberal" had excited so unanimous a feeling, I had my doubts whether it had been quite understood. Indeed, I ventured so far in my own mind as to question whether it did not properly apply to every individual of the party. At least, I could not comfortably assure myself of my own immunity. We had condemned a man unheard—not only so, literally, but we had superseded all arguments of others on his behalf. And why? Because one of us had applied to his conduct a certain epithet, which we had repeated like parrots. Neither the character of the transaction, nor the nature of liberality itself, had been ascertained. How then could we bring them together? I began to feel it due to myself, if too late to benefit my neighbour, at least to emancipate my own mind from the tyranny of words, and endeavoured to obtain a notion of the matter for myself.

On the consequent review, I confess I could see nothing blameworthy in the transaction which had caused so much excitement. The gentleman whose conduct had been arraigned so *liberally*, if a religious man at all, entertained strong convictions of the truth of his views. He, no doubt, entertained no less strong a conviction of the error of the parties who sought his aid. Was he to support what he believed to be erroneous? Surely this would be absolutely against conscience. It did not appear that our neighbour was at all backward in supporting and encouraging his own communion; but I had never heard him called liberal on that account; while the refusal to support parties with whom he differed, was branded with the stigma of illiberality. Why was this? It was manifest that, right or wrong, we had formed a peculiar notion of liberality. We did not mean by it, kindness, consideration, generosity, self-denial; but we meant by it, *professing one set of opinions, and encouraging another.*

Liberality is, I presume, a virtue. But the virtue of *this* course I take leave to question. Surely, where his convictions are, there should be a man's heart, his exertions, his substance. Instead of encouraging antagonistic views, he should do all in his power to extirpate them from the minds of others. Liberality, indeed! call it, if you will, indifference; call it ostentation; call it indolence; but profane not the name of liberality with such an application.

But what is liberality? for this is, after all, the question. We should not, perhaps, greatly err in representing it as a complex idea, embracing the virtues of courtesy, beneficence, charity in judgment and self-denial in conduct. St. Paul was the first example of it, after the only perfect Example of all good. His speech before Agrippa, his Epistle to Philemon, are instances of refined courtesy; his beneficence and self-denial are alike instanced in his laborious journeys and his manual exertions to minister unpaid; his charity and kind judgment are the soul of all his conduct. Yet St. Paul would have gained no credit for liberality in our day; for he would have made no sacrifices to spread Judaism or Gnosticism, and, further, he did his best to overturn both, while shewing every kindness to the persons of those who professed them. While he commanded to "do good to others," he added "specially unto those which are of the household of faith." Nothing could be more illiberal, on the principle on which we had condemned our friend; even if doing good unto all men were admitted on that principle, we must have added, "specially unto them which are NOT of the household of faith."

Surely it is time we were free from the trammels of this absurdity and dishonesty; that we cheerfully conceded the title of liberal to every man who treats all with kindness, and expends his money in the furtherance of objects which he deems beneficial, though he may sometimes refuse it where he believes it otherwise; and that we resolutely refused to misapply the term to one who only seems to profess a creed, in order to show how entirely he can shame and neglect it while he is encouraging all that is alien or hostile to it. Surely too it is time we ceased to be afraid of words—to do an equivocal or injurious act because it will be commended as liberal, and the omission censured as illiberal; surely it were well we took ampler and juster views of duty than these miserable conventionalisms supply. Thus might we see the time when "the vile person shall not be called liberal, neither the churl bountiful."

I shall illustrate the subject by a short narrative. Dapsiles and Sophron were brothers. They were married, and had large families and noble establishments. They were, however, very different in their dispositions.

The former had the reputation of great liberality; the latter was little known beyond his immediate neighbourhood, where his kindness to the poor, and his generosity and consideration for his tenantry, if they gained him no fame or sounding titles, at least obtained for him universal love and veneration. He was beloved and respected in his home, where he educated his children in the principles which he himself professed, and provided his sons with the means of maintaining themselves independently of their fortunes, that they might be uncorrupted by idleness, be useful members of society, and be provided against the casualties of life. Dapsiles, however, had too much to do in preserving and extending the fame of his liberality, to attend much to his estate or his children. His tenants and labourers saw little of him; he was, for the most part, engaged in the metroplis in receiving the homage of obsequious admirers. The more removed were men or societies from the principles which he unworthily professed, the more largely they partook of his bounty. And when he died, his charities were the theme of universal applause. Meanwhile, how went on matters at home? His tenants were pressed for the last farthing to supply the claims of his "liberality;" the poor of the manor knew nothing of his bounties, for they could have conferred no celebrity; and his children, left all but destitute by a will which divided the bulk of his property among public objects, became dependents on their uncle and cousins. Untrained to any profession, or to any methodical application of mind and time, they had become helpless; and had at last to thank Sophron and his family for discipline and instruction sufficient to earn for them a maintenance in an inferior position.

Whatever names the world may give to things, I hope my readers will have no difficulty in determining which of the brothers was the true liberal. The maxim that "charity begins at home," is not the less true, for being but too often uncharitably applied. True liberality cannot consist with neglect of domestic duties and immediate obligations, or with the absence of any Christian virtue whatever. The virtues, and especially the charities, have an indissoluble connexion. The bad parent and landlord is not, and cannot be, liberal. The irreligous and unsettled man cannot be liberal. The ostentatious man is not liberal. "But the liberal desireth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand." Q.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN OXFORD MAN.[1]

T. N. H.

July 30th.—A fierce thunderstorm this afternoon; in the evening it passed off, and we had a beautiful sunset. The air was so fresh and cool and balmy, that all nature seemed revived by it. The birds have till within the last two hours been singing with unusual vivacity; numberless butterflies have been fluttering about the hedges; and the leaves, all dewy with the rain, look very much the better for their washing. I have not been out, but enjoying the sunset from the little window of my miniature study. These dreamy musings I fancy do one harm; they are too nearly akin to intellectual idleness. They always end in a fit of melancholy. But, I do not know how it is, I have become strangely subject to these seizures latterly. It is a great bore; for the fact is, I can't discover any possible reason for them. I seem to myself to have grown years older; and a heavy foreboding of impending sorrow oppresses me incessantly. If such is to be my lot, I trust I shall be better prepared and nerved than now. Most surely there are prophetic sadnesses within me, the low wailings that herald the angry soul-tempest. Shadowy clouds gather around, and an ominous prostrating stillness is in the air; the short pause of the storm fiends ordering themselves ere they speed to conflict. Such a spirit has come over me this evening, as I mused by the open window, yet there was nothing but joy. The jessamine buds are filling the air with a delicious perfume, as if breathing anew after the tempest. The garden too has been swelling with more than ordinary freshness; and the rain-drops on the foliage have been glittering like bright pearls of heaven in the rays of the evening sun. The boys have been playing on the village green close by; and their merry peals of laughter and rustic shouts have been unusually animated; as though they were making up for the afternoon's imprisonment. But their very merriment has made me strangely sad. My thoughts go back somehow to the time when I was young as they; and to the quiet village of my school-days, and to the memory of a happy home. And now how changed! *That* was the springtime of the heart; but now it is autumn, wherein all beauty is a message of prophetic sadness. It is the poetry of death. Oh! what would I not give to be able to run about, and share heart and soul in those boyish sports—to be a child again, and have no real cares, and to know nothing of this world's realities! Yet why should I desire this? Soon I shall be summoned to the most solemn of offices, where I must know and deal with these miserable realities. Surely I ought to think more about this, and I will henceforth.

* * * * *

Interrupted in these entries by two most agreeable noises in a quiet summer night like this—to wit, the barking of a dog at a farm house close by, and the whistle of a young rustic who is returning rather late from the village after work to his cottage down the road. It is strange how differently even a whistle sounds in the still night, to what it does in the day. There is a wild melancholy in the tone, which the darkness somehow gives it. All music sounds more pensively at night. It floats upward towards heaven like the breath of an infant's spirit.

The poet puts the truth rather broadly in that well known passage:—

> "The Nightingale, if she could sing by day,
> When every goose is cackling, would be thought
> No better a musician than the Wren."

(1) Continued from Vol. vi. page 32.

Darkness and sorrow are two forms of one idea. They are both a sleep and rest. In them both no man can work. Twin sisters are they. For what is night, but widowed earth's garment of sadness for the loss of her joyous bridegroom, her beloved sun?

August 2*d*.—The rector received another official letter this morning at breakfast from the magistrates of Dorchester, to say that there was every reason to believe that the Chartists intended making a demonstration in his parish on Friday next. They had, it seemed, paraded about in several towns near, and had done desperate damage; setting fire to hay-ricks and stacks of corn, pillaging the farm-houses and other dwellings, and completely gutting the better sort. There was a very desperate character among them, who was evidently their leader. A constabulary force had been raised to put them down, and numbers had been made prisoners; but the sedition was very formidable, especially as the military were engaged elsewhere with them just at this time, though in a day or two they expected a division. The letter concluded with the offer of a small troop of militia, and any other aid which the rector might suggest.

"And what shall you do, sir?" said Montague.

"Why, I shall trust to my own resources, Charles. I am one of those foolish old men who have outlived my generation, I suppose, and fancy that the solemnities of the faith are more likely to subdue these lawless people than physical force. I may not, as a priest, you know, use arms. It is against the Church's law. I shall trust to prayer, and the authority of my office. I purpose having a service in church in the evening, at about the hour they are likely to visit us. The Bishop has sanctioned my accommodating the Lessons and Psalms to the occasion. I think of getting the old clerk to remain here with Mary and Caroline during the service, that he may see to their safe escape in case of necessity."

"But, dearest papa," said Miss Montague, "I would *so* much rather go with you; indeed I would!"

"Oh yes, dear papa, do let us attend the service," said the younger sister.

"My dear children, you do not know what these men are. It is all, of course, in God's hands; but it is quite impossible for us to know how things will end."

"But you know, papa," answered his eldest daughter, "it will be the same for all of us. I would rather be with you in the danger, whatever it may be, indeed I would, than——"

"Have you forgotten then Willy, Mary my child, and your duty to him?"

Miss Montague said nothing, but shaded her face with her hands, while she rested her elbow on the table. The child was not in the room at the time, and she had indeed forgotten the little boy in the excitement of the moment, in fears for her father and brother; a very excusable oversight.

"You had better keep the child up and dressed, in case of an emergency; and I will have a fly ready to convey you to Dorchester. I will arrange all this with the clerk."

"But, my dear papa, do you really think I can go off to Dorchester, and not know what may have happened to you and Charles? It is impossible—oh! don't, *don't* let this be." She could scarcely restrain her feelings; for they were of rather a sensitive sort, and she had not the same power of governing them that her brother and others of that sterner sex have.

"I am sure it will be only necessary for me to say, Mary, that it is my wish. Of course, I shall only arrange this as a last resource, if matters go on worse than I expect. Your remaining could do neither me nor Charles any good; on the contrary, it would greatly add to our difficulties in any case. You can trust to me, can you not? that I will make no arrangements without all due consideration for you; and I know I have a dutiful and affectionate daughter that will not hesitate to do what her father wishes—is it not so?—and not the less, because it goes against her own inclinations." Miss Montague now fairly burst into tears, and going behind her father's chair, circled his neck with her arms, kissed him more than once in the forehead, while a burning tear fell on his face. She then as sudddenly left the room.

"Poor girl!" the rector said as she left the room, "I knew she would not like this plan of mine. It may be a dreadful time for all of us, but we are in God's keeping."

Here for the time the matter ended.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF SURNAMES;

OR, GLIMPSES OF A FAMILY THROUGH BYGONE AGES.

The etymology of family surnames is a subject replete with such deep and varied interest that it seems to deserve a larger share of attention than has hitherto been bestowed on it in the literary world.

To pursue this investigation aright would require a mind of no ordinary stamp;—one addicted to the study of ancient chronicles, and familiar with the hidden treasures of antiquarian lore; one in whom are happily combined a clear understanding and a vivid imagination; who can unravel truth, when wrapped up in many folds of error, and who loves to trace out the romance of daily life, even when its haunts are to be found among the humblest walks of society.

Having thus stated our views of the qualifications needed in one who might venture to explore this vast field of domestic literature, it will readily be believed that we are not about to attempt any investigation of its resources. But, without entering this region of antiquarian research, the merest tyro in historical literature will now and then meet with curious facts which make him yearn after a more intimate acquaintance with the early history of families, who are now passing peacefully along the highway of life, unmindful of those deeds of goodness or of renown which first obtained for them the name they bear.

These thoughts are suggested to us by some glimpses recently had of a French family, named Anjorrant, who although not belonging to the "*Noblesse d'Epée*," were, during many successive ages, regarded as one of the most honourable houses in France. The Anjorrants were one of the three great Parliamentarian races, for whom the *haute noblesse* in that country always professed the utmost veneration; and who enjoyed the hereditary dignity of the magistracy, long before the Parliament of Paris had been permanently established. It appears that until the middle of the 13th century their family name was Vanvres; but in the days of the sainted sovereign Louis IX. this monarch observed, during his daily devotions in the Holy Chapel of Paris, that some of the worthy magistrate's family were always to be found in prayer before the high altar of that church: whereupon he expressed his desire that they should assume the surname of *Angesorant* (angels praying), and gave an authorization to that effect.

About 300 years later than this period, the Angesorants having gone to pass the Easter vacation at their manorial residence of Claye-en-Brie, it chanced that Francis the First, being engaged in the pursuit of a wild boar, found himself on the approach of night in the vicinity of their castle; and, being wearied by the chase, resolved to demand hospitality of his loyal and esteemed subject. On entering the mansion, he found the venerable magistrate surrounded by his children and domestics, in the midst of whom he was reciting the evening prayers; and (writes an ancient chronicler) "none of the household even turned their heads, so as to look towards his Royal Majesty, until the last amen of the complines had been uttered." . . . . This service being concluded, the magistrate hastened to offer his glad and duteous welcome to the royal visitor. . . . "'By my faith, counsellor, said King Francis, you have a just right and title to this name of Angecorrant which you bear. Honour be unto each man unto whom honour is due!' and straightway conceded to them two angels clothed in tunics, as supporters to their arms, of three lilies on a field of azure."

Time passes on; and, at the distance of two hundred years from Francis the First's reign, this worthy family is once more brought to our notice in the person of a little girl, who had been placed by her parents, for the purpose of education, at the Abbey de St. Antoine in Paris. With many good and amiable qualities, she occasioned considerable disquietude to her teacher, who could not by any means find out in what way she spent her pocket-money, consisting of a louis-d'or a-month, which she regularly received from home. She was suspected of *gourmandise*, or of some other unseemly propensity whereon her allowance might secretly be squandered.

The lady abbess having communicated her fears and difficulties to Massillon, the bishop of Clermont, who was an intimate friend of Mademoiselle Anjorrant's father, he undertook to clear up the mystery. Accordingly, after a long and earnest conference with the little girl, he discovered that she spent all her allowance in procuring masses of requiem for all the kings and queens of France regarding whose salvation she felt uncertain; not forgetting the Ultrogothas and the Dohdas; the Fredegondas and the Brunehaults.

"But, Monsieur de Clermont," said a young and free-thinking courtier to the bishop, as he related this anecdote; "can you not picture to yourself how surprised and delighted Fredegonde and Brunehault must be to find that there are good people now-a-days in Paris who take any interest in them? Are we to suppose that these two princesses are still in purgatory? and do you think that this little girl's money was well employed?"

"Sir," replied the great and good Massillon, "I am not in the habit of speaking theologically, save in the pulpit or the confessional. Come and meet me there."

Far be it from us to join in the self-sufficient sneer of the French courtier, for we count it an indifferent mark of piety to ridicule those who are sincerely devout, because their form of faith happens to be a less enlightened one than our own. Rather would we avail ourselves of the hint given by the excellent Massillon, to leave theological language to the pulpit; and only express our hearty desire that the same spirit of affectionate loyalty and fervid piety which seems to have been characteristic of the Anjorrant family from age to age, might become more prevalent in these more enlightened days and in our own more favoured country.

Reviews.

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.[1]

This is not a book to be skimmed and cast aside like most modern novels; it deserves a careful perusal; and though, as a work of art, we cannot but pronounce it a failure, it contains passages of rare beauty, and pictures vivid and powerful. The dedicatory letter acquaints us (so we think) with the secret cause which has broken the unity and overlaid the interest of the romance-chronicle, if we may coin a name for a book which partakes of two classes, without properly belonging to either. In the somewhat ostentatious parade of labour and learning, we find a sufficient reason for artistic inconsistencies; under the weight of those ponderous folios to which Sir E. Lytton refers with such *gusto*, how was it possible for him to execute with his wonted agility the *pas d'extase*, or glide with becoming grace into the *mazurka de sentiment?* In his elaborate vigilance of manners, pedantry of expression and allusion, consultation of authorities, comparison of dates, how

(1) Harold; or, the Last of the Saxon Kings. By the Author of Rienzi, &c. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

could the Man and the Story miss of suffering injury? Not that we would be supposed to countenance the idea that genius is sufficient to itself, and can create a world out of nothing. There must, doubtless, be materials for the work, and he will of course be the highest genius whose capacity for collection bears the nearest proportion to that for production; but, nevertheless, we hold it for an undeniable canon of art, that the moment of creation must also be one of liberty and unconsciousness. The act must be unembarrassed and spontaneous—deriving its grace and strength from former achievements. You cannot be mason and architect in the same moment. You cannot study a theory of tactics while you are fighting a battle—at least, if you do, the chances are ten to one that you will be beaten. It is the root of the plant, and not the blossom, which needs to be watered and nourished.

It is not uninteresting to observe how "Harold" has been injured by the infraction of this rule. Everything in it is work, not development—it is an accumulation rather than an outpouring. Detached scenes and brilliant episodes alternate with wearisome details and heavy commentaries. No character stands forth prominent and complete—it is made up of accessories without a principal; it is like one of Maclise's multitudinous pictures. Yet the artist pants under the self-imposed burden, and from time to time essays to throw it off and breathe freely. There are at least a dozen *beginnings* in the three volumes, each of which deceives you into a fresh hope that you are fairly in the romance at last, and each of which merges afresh into dreary and uncomfortable cleverness. Nothing can be finer than the first picture of Earl Godwin and his stately sons; nothing sweeter than the opening sketch of Edith the Fair at the feet of her stern grandmother, who, by the bye, is as indifferent a copy of Norna of the Fitful Head as we ever remember to have seen. So, too, in the young Norman, Mallet de Graville, we are reminded of Sir Piercie Shafton, and of the inimitable Osric, who suggested both. But it is in the character of Harold himself, on which the chief labour has been bestowed, that we think the failure is chiefly perceptible. The first conception was original, but unpleasing; it appears to be intended for the type of the practical Englishman, idealized by the process, more simple than satisfactory, of enlarging the natural proportions. This is, perhaps, not an uncommon blunder; though surely it must be a fatal one. The Spanish giant is not the Apollo Belvidere, neither is a prize ox a picturesque object in a landscape. We can bear a great deal, but we cannot bear that our noble Saxon Harold, whom, with all his shortcomings, we cannot but love, should be made to talk like a modern Whig. And we frankly avow that we would rather have a school-girl's hero, all fury and sentiment, than a hero in whom "common sense is carried into genius (?):" a very long way to carry it, by the bye, and patient, strong, and very sanguine must have been the porter who started on a pilgrimage of such doubtful issue. However, such is the view of Harold presented to us at the outset, and we are reconciled to him chiefly by a serene nobleness of aspect, which has in it something consolingly heroic; and a mixture of generosity and affection, from which we are led to hope better things than do actually come to pass. But the writer has wavered so often in his conception, that we have no definite whole to contemplate. A fine tragic subject was before him, and it is singular that he has contrived to come so near, and yet (as it seems to us) to miss it after all. The corruption, and final repentance of a character originally great, are the truest and most touching theme which the artist can possibly select; and in the traits of magnanimity recorded of Harold, in the extorted oath of fealty and its subsequent infraction, in the retributive justice which punished the sin of ambition by defeat, and in the lovely tradition of his penitence and reconciliation to the Church—which, if it rest on no assured historical foundation, is surely plausible enough for all purposes of art—this theme was abundantly suggested. But the writer appears to want the same faculty which is likewise deficient in his hero—the faculty of faith. Throughout he shows himself afraid of seeming to believe too much. He appears unconscious that the element of faith is necessary to a heroic character—that wheresoever this is lacking, the grandeur of the character is irrevocably lost. Setting aside altogether the question of the truth or falsehood of the system under which a man finds himself, we may venture fearlessly to assert, that the temper which receives is loftier than that which rejects—that the man who embraces the idea of his age, and works by and through it, is greater than he who stands apart to measure and to criticise it. The fanatic is the corruption of a nobler nature than is the sceptic.

We need only point to the contradictions of the book before us, to illustrate what we have advanced. The author is perpetually unsaying as philosopher what he has asserted as artist; he is for ever stumbling upon truths, and spurning them out of his way. The sceptical temper of Harold is at one moment held up to our admiration as proving him to be in advance of his age; at the next it is made the source of all his errors and misfortunes. The cool practical sense of a mind which ever subjects enthusiasm to reason, is at first presented as one of his noblest characteristics; yet in the end, the lesson is taught, almost it would seem unintentionally, that a mind of this stamp is specially liable to deteriorate and be corrupted by intercourse with the world. Again, the incredulity which was held, as we have said, to be a sign of intellectual superiority, is made to manifest its weakness and produce its own chastisement, by yielding to a superstition which does indeed show dark and foul beside the sweet and generous beliefs which it has rejected; and the self-reliance which was made *the* prime element of Harold's greatness fails him utterly in his time of need, and preaches more forcibly than most sermons, "that grand and subtle truth which dwells in spiritual authority," in a scene, perhaps the

(1) Vol. i. p. 237.

finest in the book, where, prostrate at the feet of the gentle Bishop Alred, he pours forth his agony of soul and makes confession of his guilt. Again, by hints of previous deterioration of character, and by the careful assemblage of a host of almost irresistible temptations, we are led to suppose that the author considered Harold's oath of fealty, taken with deliberate purpose of deception, as great a sin as in truth it was; yet so fearful is he of the charge of superstition (?) that he takes an immensity of pains to show that he sees no sin at all in the breaking an oath *so* taken, and thus we lose altogether the grand idea of the tragedy in the retribution of his fall; while the history of his subsequent penitence and seclusion, which is so absolutely *necessary* to the character and the tale that we defy any reader not to keep mentally adding it as an appendix, is altogether omitted, and cast aside as a fable unworthy of attention. The key to all these inconsistencies, destroying the unity of the conception and utterly marring the pathos of the story, must surely be found in some master-inconsistency in the mind of the writer, which perpetually keeps his creed and his art at variance the one with the other; for Art, purely objective, and in so far as it escapes the colouring of the medium through which it makes itself known, is ever the handmaid and twin-sister of Truth. It is as the pure lake, which indeed, by much toil and stirring, you may render muddy and turbid, but which when left to itself ever returns to mirorr the wide blue sky, and crystallize in its depths the stedfast images of trees and hills. Many are the passages which we might glean from this book, expressive of the highest truth, but not one finds its adequate or consistent developement, and scarcely one fails to be contradicted by some parallel passage of a wholly opposite kind. The way in which Sir Edward constructs, destroys, and re-constructs the same idea, reminds us of nothing so forcibly as of our friends the French, who in the Revolution of '92 spent all their energies in turning the Champ de Mars into a huge basin, and now in this, which we suppose is the fourth or fifth revolution since then, (we have not kept a strict account,) are busy in filling up that same basin with the very earth which they so laboriously cast out of it. We will, however, give one reference to a definition of Faith, which may perhaps help to solve the difficulty. It is at page 238, vol. i., where it is said of Harold's character, that "beautiful and sublime as it was in many respects, it had its strong leaven of human imperfection in that very self-dependence which was born of his reason and his pride. In resting so solely on man's perceptions of the right, he lost one attribute of the true hero—*faith*." Here, thought we, is indeed the truth —after all, Sir Edward thinks as we do. But we might as well depend upon the veracity of a sign-board in a pantomime—which at the very instant in which we are reading on it the address of Mr. Morison the Hygeist, changes, we know not how, into an enunciation of the Points of the Charter,—as repose with any hope of permanence on an assertion of the author of "Harold." The instant we set our foot on it, it glides from beneath us and leaves us in the mire. The very next paragraph defines the faith which Harold wanted in a "more comprehensive (?) sense" than religious faith; to wit, "he did not rely on the *celestial something* which pervades all nature!"—and we wonder what would have happened to him if he *had* relied on it; that is to say, if it had been his sole reliance. Alas for the goodly strain so marred! for the sweet bells jangled and out of tune! When an indifferent player sits down to the piano and tortures us by inevitable blunders, we stop our ears, laugh, and are angry; but when a deaf Beethoven works his wonders of harmony with one hand while the other lies unconsciously on the keys and turns the whole to discord, we hide our faces and weep.

On the portrait of Edward the Confessor—defaced as it is by an abundance of dull jokes whose only point is in their irreverence—we will make but one observation, namely that it appears to puzzle Sir Edward, and to annoy most historians, that a character whose strict asceticism, visionary credulity, and profound simpleness, are of course inseparably associated with weakness and folly, should be found to utter so many wise sayings, and do so many admirable deeds. They do not know what to make of it; and having given their view of the man, are perpetually apologising for the odd exceptional actions which come in their way, and which somehow or other do not agree with that view.

There was another great theme before the author, apart from delineation of character, and personal interest; the enslavement of a race once indomitable, the conquest of a country, the end of a great dynasty, and that race our forefathers, that country our own, that dynasty the line of the Saxon kings—why, the baldest and briefest abridgement of the history of such a period that ever lay cold and heavy on the imagination of a much-enduring school-boy, has power to make the eyes fill and the heart quiver. But here too, strange to say, our sympathies, which might so easily have been kindled to the highest warmth of which they are capable, are suffered to lie dormant. The balance between the contending parties is so nicely adjusted that we cannot tell which way we wish it to incline. No passionate loyalty substitutes the resolves of a glorious instinct for the deliberations of a sober judgment; no high devotion turns defeat into triumph, and death into martyrdom; the Saxons are made by Sir Edward actually to deserve the epithet applied in scorn to their descendants—they are a "*nation of shopkeepers*," and our reluctant sympathies are given to the Norman conquerors, who have the faith and the unity which are wanting to their enemies. Hear the following dialogue:—

"'Ye are still in your leading-strings, Norman,' replied the Saxon, waxing good-humoured in his contempt. 'We have an old saying, and a wise one, "All come from Adam, except Tib the ploughman; but when Tib grows RICH, all call him dear brother!"'

"'With such pestilent notions,' quoth the Sire de Graville, no longer keeping temper, 'I do not wonder

that our fathers of Norway and Daneland beat ye so easily. The love for things ancient—creed, lineage, and name, is better steel against the stranger than your smiths ever welded.'

"Therewith, and not waiting for Saxuwlf's reply, he clapped spurs to his palfrey."—Vol. ii. p. 125.

And we, the reviewer of this uneasy colloquy, wished heartily that we also could have clapped spurs to our palfrey and escaped; but this was impossible, so we sat still and endured the following instructive passage. It is the same Norman who speaks:—

"'Look you, my friend, everything is *worn out!* The royal line is extinct with Edward, save in a child, whom I hear no man name as a successor; the old nobility are gone; there is no reverence for old names; the Church is as decrepit in the spirit as thy lath monastery is decayed in its timbers; the martial spirit of the Saxon is half rotted away in the subjugation to a clergy, not brave and learned, but timid and ignorant.

By the bye, this strangely contradicts the context, wherein one grand difference between Saxon and Norman is made to consist in the fact, that the former were *not* submissive to their spiritual superiors, while the latter *were*—

"The desire for money eats up all manhood," &c. &c.

In these words lies a great truth. Perhaps no people is ever really conquered until the idea by which the national life is bound together and on which the national unity is built, be extinguished, and as an inevitable consequence, paralysis and division have fallen upon the land. This is a great and a grievous truth—a painful lesson—a solemn warning. But if this were indeed the reason of the subjugation of our Saxon fathers, we may admit that it is necessary that we should know it, but we must also maintain that inasmuch as it destroys our sympathy with them, it renders their downfal no meet theme for art—it is in fact excluded from the domain of art. They fail to interest us as a nation,—and no strong sentiment of personal devotion or enthusiasm is offered to us as a substitute for the national feeling: we are therefore (if we admit this view) very glad to be rid of them, and so of course the tragedy loses its pathos. Moreover, *if* this view be true, there can be no doubt that it is unpleasant, and we do not like unpleasant facts in a romance. Quinine is strengthening and unpalatable, champagne is stimulating and delicious. Both are (we will maintain it) necessaries of life. But in the name of charity let us have them separately; we can take our medicine as bravely as any one when we have made up our minds to it, but we protest against that cheat, as old as the days of Tasso, which betrays us into swallowing it when we are off our guard and intend to enjoy ourselves.

And now we would fain wind up with a little praise.

There is much that is beautiful in the opening love of Harold and Edith, though somehow the character of the maiden fails, on the whole, to win our affections; and the scene in which she implores her beloved to abandon her, which *might* have been magnificent, has an *un-"celestial something"* about it, an ostentatiousness of self-sacrifice, a pathos upon stilts, which is disagreeable. But the story of Sweyn, the criminal and repentant brother of Harold, is told with irresistible power and beauty; from first to last a deep and touching interest gathers around it, and, though our space forbids us to quote largely, we must needs give the close of the scene, in which, in presence of the assembled nobles, he answers the charges brought against him. It is Sweyn himself who speaks:—

"'Think not that I seek now to make less my guilt, as I sought when I deemed that life was yet long, and power was yet sweet. Since then, I have known worldly evil, and worldly good—the storm and the shine of life; I have swept the seas, a sea-king; I have battled with the Dane in his native land; I have almost grasped in my right hand, as I grasped in my dreams, the crown of my kinsman, Canute;—again, I have been a fugitive and an exile;—again, I have been inlawed, and Earl of all the lands from Isis to the Wye; and, whether in state or in penury, whether in war or in peace, I have seen the pale face of the nun betrayed, and the gory wounds of the murdered man. Wherefore, I come not here to plead for a pardon, which would console me not, but formally to dissever my kinsman's cause from mine, which sullies and degrades it;—I come here to say that, coveting not your acquittal, fearing not your judgment, I pronounce mine own doom. Cap of noble and axe of warrior I lay aside for ever; barefooted and alone I go hence to the Holy Sepulchre; there to assoil my soul, and implore that grace which cannot come from man! Harold, step forth in the place of Sweyn the first-born! And ye, prelates and peers, milites and ministers, proceed to adjudge the living! To you, and to England, he who now quits you is the dead!'

"He gathered his robe of state over his breast, as a monk his gown, and, looking neither to right nor to left, passed slowly down the hall, through the crowd, which made way for him in awe and silence; and it seemed to the assembly as if a cloud had gone from the face of day.

"And Godwin still stood with his face covered with his robe.

"And Harold watched anxiously the faces of the assembly, and saw no relenting.

"And Gurth crept to Harold's side.

"And the gay Leofwine looked sad.

"And the young Wolnoth turned pale and trembled.

"And the fierce Tostig played with his golden chain.

"And one low sob was heard, and it came from the breast of Alred, the meek accuser,—God's true but gentle priest."

Then follows the parting between the pilgrim Sweyn and Harold, who accompanies him a little way on his journey.

"The outlaw heard, as if unmoved. But when he turned to Harold, who covered his face with his hands, but could not restrain the tears that flowed through the clasped fingers; a moisture came into his own wild bright eyes, and he said—

"'Now, my brother, farewell, for no farther step shalt thou wend with me.'

"Harold started, opened his arms, and the outlaw fell upon his breast.

"No sound was heard save a single sob, and so close was breast to breast, you could not say from whose heart it came. Then the outlaw wrenched himself from the embrace, and murmured,—

"'And Haco—my son—motherless, fatherless, hostage in the land of the stranger! thou wilt remember—thou wilt shield him—thou be to him mother, father, in the days to come! So may the saints bless thee!'

"With these words, he sprang down the hillock. Harold bounded after him, but Sweyn, halting, said mournfully,—

"'Is this thy promise? Am I so lost that faith should be broken even with thy father's son?'

"At this touching rebuke, Harold paused, and the outlaw passed on his way alone. As the last glimpse of his figure vanished at the turn of the road whence on the 2d of May the Norman duke and the Saxon king had emerged side by side, the short twilight closed abruptly, and up from the far forest-land rose the moon."

Beautiful too, though we have not space to quote it, is the scene in which Harold hears of the death of his unhappy brother, who died, as the Norman says, "shriven, and absolved, and calm, and hopeful, as they ever die who have knelt at the Saviour's tomb."

Ere we conclude, however, we must needs extract the following true and eloquent observations, which, coming from such lips, must surely have a force that no commentary of ours could give them.

"There are sometimes event and season in the life of man the hardest and most rational, when he is driven perforce to faith the most implicit and submissive, as the storm drives the wings of the petronel over a measureless sea, till it falls tame and rejoicing at refuge on the sails of some lonely ship—seasons, when difficulties, against which reason seems stricken into palsy, leave him bewildered in dismay—when darkness which experience cannot pierce wraps the conscience, as sudden as night wraps the traveller in the desert—when error entangles his feet in its inextricable web—when, still desirous of the right, he sees before him but a choice of evil; and the angel of the Past, with a flaming sword, closes on him the gates of the Future; then, Faith flashes on him with a light from the cloud; then he clings to prayer as a drowning wretch to the plank; then, that solemn authority which clothes the priest as the interpreter between the soul and the Divinity, seizes on the heart that trembles with terror and joy; then that mysterious recognition of atonement, of sacrifice, of purifying lustration, (mystery which lies hid in the core of all religions,) smooths the frown on the Past, removes the flaming sword from the Future. The Orestes escapes from the hounding furies, and follows the oracle to the spot where the cleansing dews shall descend on the expiated guilt. He who hath never known in himself, nor marked in another, such strange crisis in human fate (?) cannot judge of the strength or the weakness it bestows. But till he can so judge, the spiritual part of all history is to him a blank scroll, a sealed volume. He cannot comprehend what drove the fierce heathen, cowering and humbled, into the fold of the Church; what peopled Egypt with eremities; what lined the roads of Europe and Asia with pilgrim homicides; what, in the elder world, while Jove yet reigned on Olympus, is couched in the dim traditions of the expiation of Apollo, the joy-god, descending into Hades; or, why the sinner went blithe and light-hearted from the healing lustrations of Eleusis."

An irreverence of expression, doubtless unintentional, prevents us from extracting the end of the paragraph.

The whole episode of Gryffyth, the Welch king, is exceedingly fine. It is told with a fire and a pathos which make us long to have another story from the writer's hand;—a real, true, genuine, honest *story*, not a make-believe compound of history, antiquarianism, and fiction; such a story as he was wont to write in times of old, only with the improvement of moral tone and refinement which we are glad to recognise in him now.

As a parting courtesy, however, we beg to ask a writer so scrupulous in his scholarship and chronology, whether it is quite probable that this aforesaid Welch king Gryffyth should quote Shakspeare? We should also be glad to know on such good authority what is meant by an "imageless crucifix," and what is the precise number of feet and inches attributed to Hilda, when it is said of her, with mystic significance, that she was "of the height of a statue."

THE ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.[1]

If we search through the world for materials out of which to weave *the Romantic*, we shall scarcely find, in any region, records, whether written, sculptured, or legendary, richer in these materials than those of the British aristocracy. A writer who is well acquainted with this subject, need not forsake, for an instant, the path of recorded fact, to run after any pretty fictitious addition; he knows well enough that he can invent no tales so wonderful, criminal, touching, terrible, exemplary, admonitory, or elevating, as those which are positively true. Every individual has his romantic history, if one had but "the gift to know it;" a history that would seem to run, not parallel, but at right angles with his outward and visible life, with its cut-and-dry common-place, and unmitigated business forms. Every family, from the humblest back attic to the royal palace, has its historic curiosities and strange romance, needing but the recording pen (more efficient than strongest fairy-wand,) to send it abroad thrilling all hearts with its melancholy or its marvels. In addition to the interest which everything human awakens in our hearts, the family history of the British peerage has other claims upon our attention. In the first place, it is fuller than the history of any other class, of "those moving accidents by flood and field," those changes of fortune, those daring deeds of magnanimity, of crime, of state policy, which have made, in great part, the history and the glory of England. In the second place, the family history of this class is almost the only family history recorded, and therefore the only one which presents us with the romance of reality in past times.

It may not be the fashion to laud the aristocracy in the present day; still what has been done is done, and no earthly power can undo it. What the great men, the old aristocracy of England, have done for this country will ever command the grateful acknowledgments of all right-minded people in it; no matter whether they belong to the higher, the lower, or the middle rank. The memory of those men gives a peculiar interest to the time in which they lived; their history is involved in the national history; and their lives are the richest sources of poetry and fiction. Such, at a first glance, appear the advantages and

(1) The Romance of the Peerage; or, Curiosities of Family History. Vol. I. 8vo. By George Lillie Craik. Chapman and Hall.

important points of the present work, and further, (to quote the author's own words)—

"This work offers itself as, in the first place, a contribution, however slight and imperfect, to the history of society in England. And being that, it must be, further, a contribution to the history and philosophy of human nature. The great antithetic poet has pronounced that 'the proper study of mankind is Man.' It is fortunate that it should be so, for this is also under one form or another the most popular of all studies. In the present age the favourite medium or vehicle from which its lessons are imbibed is Fiction. What is the modern novel but the philosophy of human nature and human life, teaching more or less wisely by example? And is not a novel also usually a family history? Real history, of whatever kind, with its indispensable alloy of the prosaic, and its incompleteness and comparative shapelessness, will always show to a disadvantage in many respects, beside its brilliant rival; yet its more unpretending qualities, too, have their value and their claim to attention in relation to this matter. For one thing, the real must ever be, to a certain extent, both the standard and source of the ideal. The more that the former, therefore, is studied and known, the better for the latter. And after all, with whatever deficiencies it may be chargeable, there is that in the truth which is never to be found in fiction. There is something in it which holds even the imagination with a more forceful grasp."

By the "Romance of the Peerage," the author does not mean fictitious tales about high-born historic characters, but the romantic portion of the real history of the peerage,—the private and little known history of many noble families, collected from innumerable authentic sources, which are not within reach of the ordinary readers of history and biography.

It will be at once clear to the reader's mind that a man must be more than a diligent student of red books and pedigrees, more than a proficient in heraldry and archæological documents, to be able to write a romance of the peerage. He should be a man who is capable of reanimating past ages, and of carrying his reader into the midst of the state of things which he, by careful study of documentary lore, has been able to conceive of distinctly in his own mind. He must be more learned than most men, and more sagacious in his judgment of character and action. Mr. Craik is all this and somewhat more. He is well known in the higher circles of the literary world for his vast amount of information, which is almost encyclopædic, (not using the word in its *French* signification,) and he is also known to the majority of the public as the Editor of the "Pictorial History of England," and as the author of "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties;" the "History of Literature in England;" "Spenser and his Writings;" and "Bacon and his Works." He is also recognised among the initiated as an acute and refined critic in various literary periodicals. He has never been very active in politics, we believe, but seems to entertain no extreme opinions, and to be able to appreciate the good in all parties. If our estimate of the author's mind and its acquirements be correct, (and we think this estimate is the general one,) it follows, that few men in the country are better able to write the work of which the volume before us is the beginning. It appears, from the Preface, that the whole will be completed in about four or five more volumes.

This first volume contains a great deal of valuable and interesting matter. Indeed the ordinary reader of romance will probably complain that the book is hard to read because it contains so much matter. Here we have nothing like a "neat little rivulet" of fact, "meandering through a meadow," of mere fine talking or writing. Without being an ordinary reader of romance, one may easily find fault with the author for not giving us a little more of his own *talk* about the characters and events which he has so carefully elucidated by means of facts and dates and collations. The little that he has given us in this way is so good, that we cannot help fancying the book would have been improved by more. It is not sufficient in these days of "reading made easy," to lay a true statement of facts before the general reader, he requires to have his mind made up for him as to the conclusion he is to arrive at; or at least, he requires considerable prompting and helping in that business. However, a very little mental exertion will make this book as entertaining as it is instructive to the cultivated reader. In beginning to give some account of the contents of this volume, we cannot do better than quote its opening passage:—

"In such an undertaking as this it is not possible to follow altogether the usually reasonable and convenient rule of beginning at the beginning; whether it is to be taken as resting on the authority of the Giant Moulineau, "*commencer par le commencement*," or on that of Aristotle, in the *De Poetica*,—ἀρξάμενοι κατὰ φύσιν πρῶτον ἀπὸ τῶν πρώτων. The subject has no proper beginning. Our narratives will run as often parallel to one another as in succession. Yet the one to which the reader's attention is now to be solicited, takes so wide a sweep that it will serve better than almost any other would do to open the subject, and to lay a general foundation for the work.

"Under the present title it is proposed to trace a chain of family history, extending, from first to last, over not much short of a century, that most picturesque of our English centuries which lies between the Reformation and the Great Rebellion. The story has many curious links, and involves some of the most noted figures of the age of Elizabeth and James, as well as many others that are now generally forgotten, but whose memory has perished rather for want of an historian than of a history. With some shorter sketches which will naturally grow out of, and follow it, it will carry us a long way through so much of our subject as lies in the sixteenth century, beyond which it is matter of curious antiquarianism rather than of what has any living interest for the general reader. But that century, or at least the latter half of it, was the morning of the day in which we still live. No night divides that time from our own. Our present more advanced civilization is the same that then existed. There has been a progress, but no interruption of the continuity. The sun has mounted higher in the heavens; that is all. Nearly all the more conspicuous, not only of the things, but of the persons of the present day, are derivations in a direct and unbroken line from those of that age. It was the birth period of our actual social condition; if not that in which its seeds were sown, or in which they took root, yet that in which their growth first showed itself above the ground. We feel our predecessors of this Elizabethan age to have been our progenitors. We hardly look upon our early progenitors as more than our predecessors."

The story here alluded to is that of Lettice Knollys, her marriages and her descendants—which occupies

two-thirds of the book; the remainder is devoted to the history of the earldom of Banbury. The latter is extremely curious, and has attracted the attention of a great many people besides peers and lawyers, whom it would seem, at first sight, to concern exclusively. But the story of Lettice Knollys is of universal interest. Dear reader, you need not be ashamed to ask, "Who was Lettice Knollys?" Such a question will reflect no discredit on your knowledge of English history, since it may be very good without including the maiden names of all the ladies of high degree who are in any way connected with state personages. Yet was Lettice Knollys a very remarkable individual. To begin with the most important of all things in a woman—beauty, Lettice had far more than the ordinary allowance of that evanescent but powerful commodity. She was transcendently beautiful; "Mais, enfin, d'une beauté de tous les anges et de tous les diables." Oh! for a sight of that fair Lettice Knollys we would sacrifice, yea, make a bonfire of all the books of beauty we are acquainted with. Lettice Knollys (the name should be pronounced as if spelt without the *y*) was the first cousin of Queen Elizabeth, and the wife of Walter Devereux, first Earl of Essex. Soon after she became Countess of Essex, she attracted the attention of the Earl of Leicester, who won the love of her excitable and somewhat frivolous nature, and led her into crime. She was unfaithful to her noble-minded husband, whose life she made wretched, and whose death she was popularly believed to have contrived, in conjunction with the abandoned Leicester. But of that crime at least she seems to have been guiltless, since it is pretty certain Leicester achieved it without her connivance. Two years after the death of the unfortunate Essex, Leicester married his widow, who retained her influence over the royal favourite till his death. Mr. Craik shows that the groundwork upon which Scott's glorious fiction of Kenilworth is built, is made up of anachronisms and misrepresentations of fact. Amy Robsart was not a poor knight's daughter, but an heiress, and of a distinguished family. Amy Robsart never was Countess of Leicester at all, since she was dead before her husband was created Earl of Leicester. They were not married in secret, for fear of the vengeance of the jealous lion-princess; for they were married eight years before she came to the throne, and in the presence of the whole of the court at Sheen, as the poor young King Edward has recorded in his journal. She was not murdered by her husband's order within a year after their marriage, but ten years after. Mr. Craik publishes an original letter which he has discovered, written by this most injured and foully murdered woman, the Lady Robert Dudley; it is an interesting document, though it is only a letter of business. It overthrows one's former ideas to hear of Amy Robsart writing a letter about the sale of some sheep on one of her estates! but it is here, in black on white, and proved satisfactorily to be genuine. This letter shows that Amy was a capital manager and understood business, as well as that she was a dutiful and affectionate wife.

But to return to her successor as Leicester's wife. Lettice revenged the death of Amy; for she and Sir Christopher Blount contrived to poison that wholesale poisoner Leicester. The countess was then about forty-eight years of age, and within twelve months after the death of Leicester she married Blount, who was a young man. Lettice Knollys was the wife of one of Elizabeth's favourites, and the mother of another; for her eldest son by her first husband was the celebrated Earl of Essex. Her darling son Robert was the pride of her old age,—for her light nature seems not to have been bent down by the weight of her crimes,—and she enjoyed like a mother the brilliant reputation of her son. Some of her letters to him, given in this work, are full of affection; ay, and of piety too, strange as it may seem thus to gather grapes of thorns. But the hour of retribution came, as it ever comes. Truly spoke the great German poet, "*Alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erde.*" Every crime is surely avenged on this earth, if we knew all. The punishment of Lettice Knollys was signal. She lost her third husband, Sir Christopher Blount, and the idol of her heart, her brilliant son Essex, at one blow. Even Elizabeth could not pardon that wild insane plot of her favourite's devising against herself and the government; and the axe cut off his beloved head. Rash, hot-brained Essex! Young, vigorous; the hope and glory of many hearts! He died, and of all who mourned for him, there were none whose agony could compare with that of those two proud women, Elizabeth and Lettice. Aged, desolate, with life's last star set, the two cousins come before the mind's eye as pictures of the most awful misery. The haughty old queen was heart-broken; her last faith in human gratitude and affection was shattered, and she died. The old Countess of Leicester was made of more elastic and less passionate material. She lived yet many years; lived to see another tragedy in her family—the unhappy marriage of her grandson, the Earl of Essex (son of Elizabeth's favourite), his divorce, and the trial of his wicked wife and her paramour (subsequently her husband) Carr, Earl of Somerset, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. Strange as it may seem, this Lettice Knollys was esteemed a good and pious lady for the greater part of her life, and died full of honour at the age of 94, A. D. 1634. She lived to see the grandchildren of her grandchildren! She died at Drayton Basset, at present the seat of Sir Robert Peel, where she had lived during more than fifty years of her eventful life.

These are the main facts in the life of Lettice Knollys; connected with it is that of her no less beautiful daughter by her first husband, Lady Penelope Devereux, the friend and political assistant of her brother Essex, and the object of Sir Philip Sidney's love. She was married early—at the age of fifteen or sixteen—to Lord Rich, whom she hated. It was through some fatal and inexplicable mistake that she was not married to Sidney. Sidney has given the world a veiled but very intelligible account of the progress of his passion, in his "Astrophel and Stella." Mr. Craik has drunk deeply of "the pure

well of English undefiled;" and he dwells willingly on this part of his work, for he rates Sidney's poetry very high. For refinement of thought, and grace and finish in the execution, few of our sonnet writers can compare with the author of the "Arcadia." We hope our readers will thank us for quoting the following from "Astrophel and Stella," in which he shows plainly that the lady of his love is Penelope, Lady Rich.

"My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be:
Listen then, lordlings, with good ear to me;
For of my life I must a riddle tell.
Toward Aurora's court a nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties which man's eye can see;
Beauties so far from reach of words, that we
Abase her praise saying she doth excel:
Rich in the treasure of deserved renown,
Rich in the riches of a royal heart,
Rich in those gifts which give the heavenly crown;
Who, though most *rich* in these and every part
Which makes the patents of true worldly bliss,
Hath no misfortune but that RICH she is."

Sir Philip Sidney in spite of his passion for Lady Rich married the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, and she, after his lamented death at Zutphen, married again, and married Essex, the brother of Lady Rich, so that she and Stella were now sisters. A year or two after that event Edmund Spenser published a poem entitled "Astrophel; a Pastoral Elegy upon the Death of the Most Noble and Valorous Knight, Sir Philip Sidney," which "is nothing else than an elaborate celebration of the loves of Sidney and Stella," and is dedicated——to whom does the reader guess?—to Sidney's widow! who, by the way, is never once mentioned in the poem. Mr. Craik's remarks upon this are worth quoting.

"Here then is a state of things somewhat perplexing to modern notions. A recently deceased gentleman, most probably married at the time, has passionately loved and been beloved by a lady who was then, and still is, another man's wife; and the published celebration of him and her, in strains of the most enthusiastic admiration, on that account is respectfully dedicated to his widow! It is a style of social morality that is now quite gone out. The age, moreover, was eminently a religious one,—one not of religious profession only, but beyond all dispute, also of religious belief. The principal parties to the present transaction were distinguished as religious characters. Sidney had died a most pious and edifying death. Lady Rich, as we have seen, is lauded as, among her other gifts and graces, "rich in those gifts which give the eternal crown." Sidney's sister, Lady Pembroke, had in conjunction with her brother composed a mutual version of the Psalms. Spenser was a most religious poet. A singular spirit of what may be termed Platonic Puritanism runs through all his poetry. Lady Essex was probably not behind her neighbours in this respect.

"It was a strange, self-contradictory time, difficult to be understood or imagined in our day, when the violent agencies then in operation have long spent their force, and all things have subsided into comparative consistency and decorum. Religion was a mighty power, was indeed universally confessed and in general undoubtingly believed to be the thing that was entitled to carry it over all other things.

"Men, almost without exception, looked upon the truths of religion much in the light in which we now look upon the laws of nature, as evident necessities, escape from which was wholly out of the question. A person would have been held a fool or a lunatic who had appeared to think otherwise. This explains, not merely the universal profession of religion, by persons of whatever character or manner of life, but the generally manifest *sincerity* of the profession. The blight of unbelief had scarcely yet touched men's minds. The common faith, Protestant or Catholic, was as much the sustenance of all alike, as the common air. It was in this respect almost as in the palmy days of ancient Paganism, as in Greece in the time of Homer, or indeed for ages afterwards, when he who did not discern and acknowledge a present deity in any one of certain common natural occurrences, would have been deemed not to see or hear aright, not to have the proper use of his senses.

"If this had been all, one might envy a time when the earth, thus gorgeously illumined by imagination, and hung with splendours not its own, might be thought to lie so near to the gate, so close under the crystal battlements of heaven; and when men, unsubdued by sense, walked so much in the light of the spiritual and invisible, and were exalted and upheld by so much that has now for ever passed away. But the actual effect was considerably different from what a lively fancy might picture it. It would almost seem as if religion had lost instead of gained in practical power and efficacy, by being thus universally received and submitted to, as a matter of course. In accepting its doctrines with the same dead acquiescence, as we may call it, with which the mind surrenders itself to the propositions of the mathematics, or to any simple physical truth, the less scrupulous spirits of the first age of the Reformation seem many of them hardly to have connected more of sentiment or affection with their religious belief, than with their belief in the law of nature, according to which, a stone dropt from the hand falls to the ground. They even appear to have considered themselves entitled to treat the religious truth and the physical truth on many occasions in the same way; and as they could arrest the action of the law of gravitation at any time by the application of some opposing force, in like manner, by some analogous contrivance, to suspend or neutralize any principle or precept of religion whenever they chose. The principle, indeed, was not to be overturned, or for a moment gainsaid or questioned; but still it was to be kept under management and control, just as if it were a principle of mechanics or chemistry. The fierce and all-absorbing contest between the two rival forms of Christianity had hushed all disputation, had stopped all doubt, all reflection, all investigation about Christianity itself; had made that on all hands be simply taken for granted;—and this was the result."

Truly, a state of things to which we hope never to return; but which is extremely interesting to inquire into as matter of history. These then are "the golden days of good queen Bess." This is the history, the truly romantic, almost the incredible history of the private lives of some of the brightest ornaments of her court.

The descendants of Lettice Knollys,—and they are, as Mr. Craik shows, very numerous among our aristocracy,—will, doubtless, be very curious to see this account of their common ancestress, since every word is true, as far as documentary evidence can testify.

All careful readers of the "Romance of the Peerage" will be struck with an idea of the vast amount of work got through by the great men in those days. Essex, and Leicester, and Cecil, and Walsingham, and such men, aristocrats as they were, formed the working classes of society. They performed a very fair amount of labour for us and for our country; and

we strongly suspect that the statesmen, and governors, and generals of the present day will also be able to show a pretty good life's work when they leave the world. Whatever may be said about a "partridge-shooting aristocracy," there is a tolerably large working aristocracy in full activity among us. The bulk of the English people are sensible, and know this well enough; they do not believe that because a man wears dirty linen and a fustian jacket, talks incessantly about "the Charter," and abuses every one who is cleaner and richer than himself, that he is a better man, or a harder worker for the general good, than a peer who remembers the deeds of his ancestors for the cause of English liberty and strives to emulate them in his generation. Even now the Romance of the Peerage goes on, and will go on as long as there is a history of England, mingling with the romance of other classes as they rise into the refinement and civilization which were once exclusively its own, and which constituted its real superiority. We would fain hope that our present queen may attain the green old age of Elizabeth, who after she was turned seventy went out riding and hunting just as if she were seven-and-twenty. In conclusion we say, that if the subsequent volumes be executed with the accuracy, judgment, and thorough mastery of the subject displayed in the first, "The Romance of the Peerage" will be a valuable addition to our literature, and indispensable as a commentary on, and animated illustration of, the history of England. The portrait of Walter Devereux, first Earl of Essex, prefixed to this volume, is a striking and characteristic picture. The engraving is very well executed. We hope the next volume will not be long before it makes its appearance.

SIR THEODORE BROUGHTON.[1]

UNDER this title Mr. James has produced yet another novel from that fertile book-making machine, his brain. The son of Gorgias, king of Phrygia, possessed the gift of converting every thing he could lay his hands upon into gold: if rumour speaks truly, the author of "Ehrenstein," "The Convict," and half a library besides, is endowed with a somewhat analogous power; only the acquisitions ("conquests," we believe, is the term Monsieur Dumas applies to such captured waifs and strays of literature) of this modern Midas are first transformed into three-volume novels, in the course of the alchymical process. Shall we be deemed unfairly severe, if we hint our opinion that, like the babbling reeds unwisely selected as confidants by the barber of the Phrygian monarch, the leaves of the golden legends in question occasionally publish to the world a certain fatal secret? The "conquest" upon which the work now before us is founded, seems to us scarcely worth the trouble of achieving, being none other than the well-known story of Sir Theodosius Boughton, of Lawford Hall, who was supposed to have been poisoned by Captain Donellan, his guardian and brother in-law, by exchanging a bottle of medicine for one of laurel water, which he had previously distilled with that intent; for which crime Donellan was tried and executed. For various reasons, however, into which he enters fully in his preface, Mr. James comes to the following conclusions:—First, there was no sufficient proof that Sir Theodosius Boughton died by poison at all; secondly, that if he did die by poison, there is no proof that it was laurel water; thirdly, that if he did die by poison, and that poison was laurel water, there was not sufficient evidence to show that Captain Donellan administered it, or put it in his way for the purpose of procuring his death.

In spite of these deductions, Mr. James does not attempt to carry out his own views in the use he makes of the story, which is simply that of a string whereon to hang the characters and incidents of a modern novel. These, allowing for the necessary change in names and places, remind us forcibly of the last dozen or two of Mr. James's works. We have the usual high-principled, gentlemanly, tepid young man, rather above the middle height, but elegantly formed and exactly five-and-twenty, for hero,—who talks about "the soft aerial perspective of memory," and the "irrevocable fiat of fate," as a hero should do,—pitches head foremost into love with the heroine on the slightest possible provocation,—lauds virtue and rebukes vice through the first two volumes,—shams dead through half the third, with such innocent transparency that any reader out of his spelling-book would see through him at a glance,—and very obligingly revives at the wind-up, to marry the heroine with a cheerful resignation, which it is touching to peruse. We have the usual heroine, made to match, who, like all our author's young ladies, is so laudably anxious to fulfil her mission that she scarcely waits to be asked, and who, having by looks and sighs, if not in actual words, told her love ere she has been acquainted for three days with the hero, (by whom she is aware her father has been wounded in a duel,) passes through all the needful vicissitudes of hope and fear, joy and doubt, despair and ecstasy, until, having obtained final possession of her resuscitated lover, she indelibly daguerreotypes him on her heart, by the sunbeam of matrimony. Besides this happy couple, we have the usual funny man, (and very funny we think him,) who rejoices in the name of Major Brandrum, and the alias of the Ravenous Crow, and whose wit consists solely in the repetition and inversion of two adjectives at the end of every speech: *e. g.* "'The horse fell, and rolled upon our young friend, which was both painful and detrimental, and not the less detrimental because it was painful, nor the less painful because it was detrimental.'" "'I wish it could,' said Major Brandrum with a sly smile; 'but it is an important and troublesome affair, and not the less troublesome because it is important, nor the less important because it is troublesome.'" "'I lent him a hundred guineas into the bargain, which he was to pay at the same time, but he has done neither the one nor the other, which is dishonourable and unfriendly

(1) Sir Theodore Broughton; or, Laurel Water. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Smith, Elder and Co. Cornhill. 1848.

and not the less dishonourable because it is unfriendly, nor the less unfriendly because it is dishonourable.'" Of him we will only say, that if he were less like Bagnal Daly, in Lever's "Knight of Gwynne," he would be more original, and that if he were more original, he would be less like Bagnal Daly; and for Mr. James's sake we hope we have said something very droll.

There is, moreover, a *seconda donna*,—an unfortunate young lady, the whipping girl of the book, who is persecuted by adverse fortune throughout the whole of the three volumes, until at the end of the last chapter she is rewarded by being happily united to a virtuous highwayman. This amiable "minion of the moon," who because he is a colonel is not the less a highwayman, nor the less a highwayman because he is a colonel, (we are enamoured of that mode of expression) is, to our poor thinking, about the most interesting personage in the whole book, being an extremely well-drawn, and, we believe, for the time of day, not an unnatural character; but we confess to a weakness for fascinating highwaymen. In addition to these, we have the usual proportion of benevolent old men who turn out to be millionnaire uncles exactly at the right moment, astute lawyers who affect singularity, and work the necessary legal machinery of the book, weak mothers, jovial fathers and a sufficiency of greater and less villains.—All these worthy gentry make love to each other, quarrel, rob, become the acting and suffering parties in no less than three separate horse-whippings, and are the victims of a fire, a fever, an abduction, two highway robberies, a shipwreck, and, strange to say in a book of Mr. James's, only one murder, and that a very little one, quite at the end of the third volume; and this brings us back to the point whence we set out, viz. the unfortunate Sir Theodore Broughton and the laurel water.

Whether the author has adhered strictly to facts in his sketch of the young baronet, we are unable to say, having only a general remembrance of the story as we originally heard it; but as a work of art the character appears to us unnatural. A lad of nineteen, weak, but amiable in disposition, who is introduced to the reader pausing in the act of plucking a blue-bell to address the flower in the following terms, "Nay, bloom on, why should I condemn you to wither before your time?" and who proses sentiment-and-water with the hero in a strain which does infinite credit to his morality, is suddenly taken vicious, and in obedience to a hint thrown out by his profligate servant, insults a virtuous young lady (the whipping girl) in an inn passage, goes to bed in a state of intoxication, and becomes a complete reprobate from that moment. There is, no doubt, truth in the adage, "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*,"—the first step in vice crosses a barrier, which once overpast, the downward course is rapid, but not so rapid as Mr. James has delineated it. Men do not become entirely good or evil at once: we have little faith in sudden conversions of any kind; but in a sudden change from passive amiability to active and deliberate vice, persevered in in spite of the undisguised censure of his associates, (for even the magnanimous highwayman reads him a lecture on his unmanly conduct;)—in such a change we profess our utter disbelief. It may be urged that we rather overstate the case, that Sir Theodore is led on step by step, and that although, having once engaged in the pursuit, his obstinacy will not allow him to relinquish it, he is constantly a prey to feelings of compunction; in reply to which we would ask whether, after the moment in which he first insults Kate Malcolm in the inn at Dunstable, he performs any one right action? whether every step he takes does not advance him still farther along the path of evil? and whether his feelings of compunction are not rather produced by the shame of detection than by the more beneficial workings of penitence?

Contrary to his usual practice, and rather oddly in a story the main interest of which (we are speaking of the true history, not of the novel) lies in its catastrophe, Mr. James devotes but little space or labour to the murder and its consequences. Donellan, or Donovan, as he is called in the novel, is represented as a common-place scoundrel, a gentleman as to his birth and manners, who, so long as he can keep up appearances in the eyes of the world, is careless what means are made use of to obtain his object; which, as he is the next heir, is simply to get Sir Theodore out of the way, before he comes into his property. He naturally tries fair means first, altho' the fair means of such a man as Donovan are not perhaps those which we should so designate: accordingly, he despatches his ward to London to see a little of life, and sow his wild oats; in the course of which unprofitable operation he entertains a vague hope that the sower may also get himself deposited in the bosom of mother earth; no improbable consummation in the days when the gentleman highwayman who allowed you to ransom your life with your money on Shooter's Hill, was as likely as not to render the investment a very unsafe one by quarrelling with you at the gaming table in the purlieus of St. James's, where you sought to repair your losses, and pinking you with a small sword in the newest French fashion, before breakfast the next morning at the back of Montague House.

Provokingly enough for Captain Donovan, however, these fair means fail, and he finds himself compelled either to throw up the game, or attempt stronger measures; accordingly, he applies himself to chemical studies, distils the laurel water, and——does *not* administer it, for at the last moment his heart fails him. Sir Theodore's profligate servant, however, having quarrelled with his master, and burning to revenge himself, guesses Donovan's intentions, tests the poison on a cat, and substitutes it for a phial of medicine: thus the catastrophe is brought about. Donovan, arrested on suspicion, is tried, convicted on the circumstantial evidence, and executed.

We have commented freely on the faults of this book; it now remains for us to point out some of its redeeming qualities. Starting with the drawback

which must necessarily weaken the interest of a work in which the author "conquers" instead of inventing his plot, viz. that the reader knows at the beginning how the tale will end, Mr. James has contrived to render his story interesting. Again, as it has the faults, so it has many of the virtues of its predecessors; there is the same high and delicate sense of honour, the same excellent principles, the same bright and happy spirit by which the sunshine of his own mind is reflected in that of the reader, which have rendered the earlier works of this writer so deservedly popular.

To realise a year's income by writing a thousand of the skeleton pages of a modern novel is doubtless a strong temptation, but Mr. James will do well to reflect whether, even as a matter of policy, it is expedient to multiply, *ad infinitum*, tame and feeble copies of those more vigorous productions of an unhacknied imagination, by which he originally gained his well-merited fame. That this is not the first time such unpleasant but kindly intended truths have met his ear, may be gathered from the following extracts.

"'Upon my life! here are four or five pages devoted to a description of a very common, old fashioned country inn! Was there ever such a tiresome fellow in the world!'"

"'That is the worst of James's books; he is so fond of long descriptions.'"

"'I always skip the descriptions in your books, papa.'"

"'I always skip the love.'"

"Very well, dear reader; very well, dear critic; very well, dear children: whoever skips anything, omits that which was not written without an object; loses an emotion or a fact, and will in the end, perhaps, be obliged to turn back because he does not understand the story which he has been running after so eagerly."

Despite the awful warning contained in this last sentence, we confess we are often inclined to agree with the readers, critics, and children, and skip the long descriptions.

There are many minor improbabilities in the novel before us; but our limits forbid us to do more than glance at one or two of those which struck us most forcibly. For example, a trial of skill between the Ravenous Crow and Colonel Lutwich, the magnanimous highwayman, to prove the superiority of the tomahawk over the small sword. They are taking their ease and a magnum of claret at the Black Dog, at Stratton, when the Crow stakes a guinea that he will disarm the colonel in five minutes. A tomahawk not being attainable, he rings the bell for a *hatchet* and a pair of slippers, and the "monomachia," as he is pleased to call it, begins. But we will let Mr. James speak for himself:—

"With easy grace and a light confident smile his adversary (the Colonel) took his position at the other end of the room, drew his sword, and placed himself in an attitude of attack. It was evident from the very first movements that he was a master of his weapon; but while the landlady and her maidens exclaimed, 'Why, surely they are not going to fight really?' and Sir Theodore Broughton ventured to remonstrate in a low tone against such dangerous pastime, Major Brandrum coolly placed his watch upon the table, saying, 'Five minutes, you know, Colonel; now begin. Mark the watch, Sir Theodore.'

"Thus dared, Colonel Lutwitch advanced cautiously upon his adversary, made a feint, and then a lunge; but his blade was instantly met by the hatchet, and parried successfully. A little mortified, and a little puzzled, for he did not apparently wish to hurt his opponent, the younger gentleman lunged again, and then again, but still the hatchet met him; till at length, both becoming more eager, their movements grew rapid; the hatchet and the sword flashed about in every direction; and spinning round upon his heel, like a dancer in a ballet, while his weapon whirled round and round him, dazzling the eyes that attempted to follow it, the Ravenous Crow seemed not alone animated by the spirit of the Cherokee, but actually to have eyes in the back of his head, for wherever the lunges, now become fierce and rapid, seemed likely to strike him, there the invariable hatchet met them, and turned them aside. The landlord laughed, the women screamed, and Sir Theodore Broughton sat in wonder and terror, till at length, with a fiend-like whoop, the Indian sprang upon his adversary, seized his right hand, and both rolled over upon the floor together; but the sword was in Major Brandrum's grasp, and with another yell that shook the whole house, he waved the hatchet over his opponent's head."

Had the chief actor in this scene been the immortal "Widdicome," and the venue laid at Astley's, we should have delighted in a description so true to (circus) nature; but as a real *bonâ fide* transaction, claiming the same degree of belief which we accord to the moral doings of the good young hero, or the tender sighings of his inflammable lady-love, we consider it in the highest degree forced and improbable.

Again, a plot is conceived by Sir Theodore and his myrmidons, for the abduction of that foot-ball of fortune, the unlucky Kate Malcolm, which being overheard by the benevolent highwayman, is by his means frustrated. Having a slight previous acquaintance with the damsel, and a supernatural presentiment that it is her mission to reform him, he represents to her the advisability of taking shelter for the night at a hunting-box which he happens to possess in the immediate vicinity: she consents, and they pass a delightful evening together; the robber discoursing eloquently upon men and things, facts and feelings, and his fair guest behaving as though to make tea for a pleasant thief had been the aim and end of her existence. A butler's wife, purveyed to ensure the respectabilities, breaks up the *tête-à-tête* by arriving with a bed-room candle, the robber votes for an early breakfast, and they part for the night. At seven the following morning, the young lady makes her appearance, (we wish young ladies out of novels could be persuaded to follow such a laudable example, though perhaps, were the same inducement held out to them, even this might be accomplished,) and is rewarded for her punctuality by receiving on the

spot an offer of the hand and heart of the highway hero, whom she accepts without a moment's hesitation.

One other specimen, and we have done. At the very beginning of the first volume, before the will is made, and when Captain Donovan fully believes himself secure of the property, he is introduced studying a book on botany—a delicate foreshadowing of the laurel leaf catastrophe, more subtle than probable. Assuredly Mr. James is great at touches of nature. In conclusion we beg to offer that gentleman one little bit of advice: the next time he is driven by poverty of invention to "conquer" the plot of a novel, let him be careful to select a story which has not, as in the present instance, been used already for a similar purpose. Any reader not satisfied with Mr. James's account, may study the history of Sir Theodosius Boughton by reading Mrs. Thomson's amusing novel, entitled "Widows and Widowers."

ROLLO AND HIS RACE.[1]

HAD this work received a name commensurate with its merits, it would have slipped quietly enough into oblivion. It would have been sent out in every book box from the libraries, and for a short time, perhaps, an early return would have been requested. It would have formed part of the litter of the drawing-room table. Men would have left the book unopened. Women, those who make lions and unmake them, would have been charmed with the dedication. But if they had read on, they would have been willing to tell Mr. Warburton that woman is apt to prefer as a votive offering, originality, to compilation, poetry, to prose, the outpourings of a heart, to the pilferings of a book-shelf. They might finally have thought it rather droll that a gentleman should parade the state of his heart, in the preface to such hacks of a circulating library as these; talking of places every one has seen, and histories every one has read.

The extraordinary magniloquence of the title, however, and the sedulousness with which the note of preparation has been sounded, has doubtless tempted many to look into the book. It has provoked us to put our impressions upon record.

Mr. Warburton makes his appearance off Treport, on the deck of a British yacht, and from thence addresses to us a couple of chapters upon Eu, Louis Philippe, our own Queen, and the Teuton race. He labours, as if no one had ever read Tacitus, to prove the undisputed fact of the superiority of these hardy sons of the North to the miserable races they displaced. He erects Rollo into a demigod. His followers are "the *élite* of Norway," "the flower of the Norwegian nobles, the chivalry of Western Scandinavia. They sought not gold, they came not for plunder; they came to lay the foundations of empire, to seek a theatre whereon to work out the great destiny for which they were reserved. To Rollo and his companions what does not Europe owe! They were the founders of a new order, the order of gentlemen, "&c. From all this we beg to dissent. Rollo and his followers were neither much better nor much worse than any other of the hordes which the teeming North had for so long a time sent forth. The only circumstance which distinguished Rollo's departure from Norway was that he was exiled, according to the native chronicler Snorro (Haroldo Saga Eus Harfagra), for cattle stealing. Neither was he chief among his countrymen. So late as A.D. 900 the Northmen proudly boast, "We are all equal." It was not till after his marriage to Popæa that he was elected leader, and determined to found a state rather than lead a band of pirates.

As to this marriage, by the bye, Mr. Warburton weaves a soft tale of love, which as contrasted with the simple truth is worth extracting.

"In Popæa, the daughter of Berenger, Count of Bessino, Rollo met his first, last love. From that hour (*teste* Warburton) their hearts never faltered in mutual loyalty. And here is the grave of Rollo! But, O time and change!—where is Popæa sleeping?

"Soon afterwards Charles offered Rollo the hand of his daughter Gisla (or Giselle) and required only in return that Rollo should be baptized and offer homage for his province as a fief of the crown."

Then says Mr. Warburton—

"Hard was it for the pride of his spirit to put his own within the hands of Charles, and repeat the words of homage to him as a chief; but harder far, for it touched the truth of his soul, to place them within the hands of Charles's daughter to take the vow of fealty to Gisla as a wife while his heart was in Popæa's keeping. . . . . Few political marriages are fortunate. This of Rollo and Gisla was no exception to the rule. With all truth and honour Rollo kept his vow, but the heart that was Popæa's he could not share with her. That noble being (!) in loving could not but fulfil what Lorenzo de Medici has well said to be the conditions of an exalted affection, 'to love but one, and to love that one always.' And so their union was not happy. Ere long Giselle died. Need I say that Rollo *afterwards* married Popæa? She bore him a son who succeeded to the dukedom, William surnamed Longsword."

This is all very pretty. But it is sad twaddle, besides being not quite true. The real fact of the matter is that Rollo married Popæa very soon after he had made her acquaintance by killing her father. Orderic Vital, in his Histoire de Normandie, says—

"Il assiégea Bayeux et s'en empara, tua Béranger qui en était Comte, et prit pour épouse sa fille Popa, dont il eut Guillaume surnommé Longue-épée."

Now William Longsword was assassinated in A.D. 943, aged 42, and it was not till A.D. 1000 that Rollo married Giselle, and he wedded Popæa very much as Napoleon did Josephine. Gisella died of grief, and the Norman "gentleman" publicly executed two officers whom Charles sent to inquire into her fate.

We must add a few lines from Sismondi, vol iii. p. 326, as to the supreme gentleness of the mild Rollo, who with his companions "hated the sword:"—

"Il traita les provinces qu'il parcourait avec une cruautée inouïe; ses Normands brûlaient les églises,

(1) Rollo and his Race; or, the Footsteps of the Normans. By Acton Warburton, Esq. London: Bentley. 1848

massacraient les prêtres, et de toute la population, n'épargnaient que les femmes qu'ils emmenoient captives."

But Rollo and his Normans, though they did burn churches and massacre priests, eagerly adopted Christianity, and Mr. Warburton looks on them with an eye of great favour for so doing. But Rollo did no more than every Norman chieftain did or was ready to do if he could gain anything by it. In this manner, under Louis le Debonnaire and his successors, many acquired lands in Friesland, and many under Alfred in England.

The tour in Normandy is the most readable part of Mr. Warburton's book; it is neither so good nor so bad as to provoke criticism. There is very little of it, however; and what there is was no more wanted than a tour in Middlesex. No one but a woman or a humourist should write home tours. The authors of Eothen, or Vanity Fair, might be trusted in Normandy; but the author of Rollo and his Race must go further afield than Roumelia or Grand Cairo for his next book.

The remainder of the work is made up of little bits upon the Norman style of architecture, which we might have been spared after Mr. Gally Knight and Dr. Whewell; forty-odd pages are devoted to the Normans in Sicily, a twice told tale; twenty-one to a life of Louis Philippe! thirty to an account of the war in La Vendée!! and finally, seven or eight to Warren Hastings!!! Were ever scizzors or pastemore innocently used? As to the title which so attracted us, we have done Mr. Warburton some injustice. For such a book, so made up, the choice of a name must have been no easy thing. "An account of a few days spent in Normandy, illustrated by copious digressions upon other subjects," would have been a true, but not a "taking" prefix. Mr. Warburton has chosen one that is "taking," indeed. There are certain timber books with taking titles which sometimes ornament the upper shelves of the library in a country house. To their manufacturers we recommend "Rollo and his Race; or, the Footsteps of the Normans." The name, if not the book, will thereby receive some prolongation of its natural existence.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing-Desk.

BUILDING castles in the air is, with many people, a favourite mode of employing those emissaries of Satan ycleept "hours of idleness." Closely akin to this aerial pastime, is a practice, so common to human nature that we believe it would be impossible to point out any man, woman, or child, properly so called, (by which restriction we mean to except those little amalgamations of flesh and Flanders lace beloved by the mothers of England, whose ways are milky, and whose manners, engaging as they are popularly considered, appear to us to incline a little too much to the purely natural to deserve unqualified approval,) who has not, at some time or other, indulged in it. The practice to which we allude is that of forming vain and unattainable wishes. There is scarcely an article of woman's gear that some lover tender and true (knowing the passion for dress which monopolizes the heart of every damsel unattached) has not wished to become, in order to enjoy the society and affection of his mistress. With this class of wishes we have no very deep sympathy, considering them as compliments in disguise, and valuing them accordingly. Much rather do we agree with the worthy who wished he

> "Was a brewer's horse,
> One quarter of the year;"

his object in this Houyhnhm transformation being to

> "Turn his head where was his tail,
> And drink up all the beer."

And a very legitimate object we consider it; though Messrs. Barclay and Perkins would, we fear, scarcely approve of their horses adopting that method of drawing beer.

There is a tale on record, which bears such intrinsic evidence of veracity, that we ourselves have never thought of doubting it. About that remarkable and definite period, once-upon-a-time, a certain beneficent fairy granted an elderly couple in humble life three wishes, her probable design being to keep them thereby out of the Union workhouse. Her kind intentions were, however, frustrated. The imagination of the old woman, a true daughter of Eve, depicted a black-pudding—she desired it—and clothing her wish in words, "Lo! a pudding smoked upon the board." Her husband, suddenly recalled from visions of ermine and strawberry-leaves by his wife's folly, very naturally wished the pudding was stuck to the end of her nose,—and ere you could mention Jack Robinson, so it was. The prospect of gradually sinking into the vale of years with a black pudding immovably adhering to the tip of your nose, is one, few women, even of the very strongest class of mind, could calmly look forward to. Cleopatra might have done it but for her vanity. Semiramis would have dreaded the diminution of her political influence. Elizabeth of Hungary, convinced that the black pudding lay in the path of duty, would certainly have attempted it, and afforded a new and striking incident for the Saint's Tragedy. Mrs. Trollope would have been tortured by a constant desire to eat it with onions and bottled porter, in order to describe the repast minutely in her next novel. The only woman who could and would have gone through with it, we believe to be Miss Martineau, and for her sake we regret that so signal an opportunity of proving herself above all feminine weaknesses is never likely to be afforded her. The elderly cottager in question, only too painfully conscious of her inability for the situation, appealed to her husband's affection; and their united wishes prevailing, the pudding detached itself from its strange resting-place, and was devoured with much *gusto* by the worthy couple, who seem to have been

superior to any little prejudices which "*les antecedens*" of the evening repast might have suggested to more fastidious minds. The ill use made of her bounty appears to have disgusted the good fairy, for we do not find her or any of her kindred affording such facilities for ameliorating the condition of the labouring classes in the present day. But the wish of all others, with which in this lovely season we sympathize most cordially, is that of, we believe, Haynes Bailey—yes, reader, absurd as it may appear to you, we would fain be a butterfly; that is, we would fain, preserving our own identity, assume the external form and proportions of a butterfly,—sport wings, and eschew waistcoats,—take to down, and dispense with broad cloth,—in a word, exchange our outward man for an outward insect. Only fancy! how glorious it would be in the early dawn of a bright summer morning, to rise, not exactly with the lark,—for that feathered vocalist, who, like Jenny Lind, goes up so very high, might consider we were taking a liberty by intruding upon his exalted station, and hint his opinion by breakfasting on us;—to spring from our moss-rose bed, wash our *antennæ* in a dew-drop (no shaving), dispatch something minute and ethereal by way of tea and bread-and-butter, and begin the day's amusement. Ah! that "roving for ever from flower to flower," very pretty pastime, on my word! and the "kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet"—pleasant, but—no, *not* wrong in a butterfly—it is his proper business, his mission, his "vocation, Hal," the aim and end of his ephemeral existence. Then in the heat of the day, wearied with the pursuit of Beauty under her thousand flower-shapes, conceive reclining in the bell of a water lily, and shaded by the fragrant petals, gazing up into the pure blue sky, soothed by the murmurs of the rippling stream. How entirely at such a moment should we forget the gnawing cares and deeper sorrows of life! and musing dreamily on well-loved faces of gentle friends, the young, the true, the loyal-hearted, whom absence cannot estrange, nor death deprive us of, save for a time, think that though their path on earth may indeed be apart from ours, we may hope to meet again in that distant spirit-land, so aptly symbolized by the calm blue arch above us, which would not be perfect heaven were those loved faces wanting. Reader, what say you—have butterflies such day-dreamings?

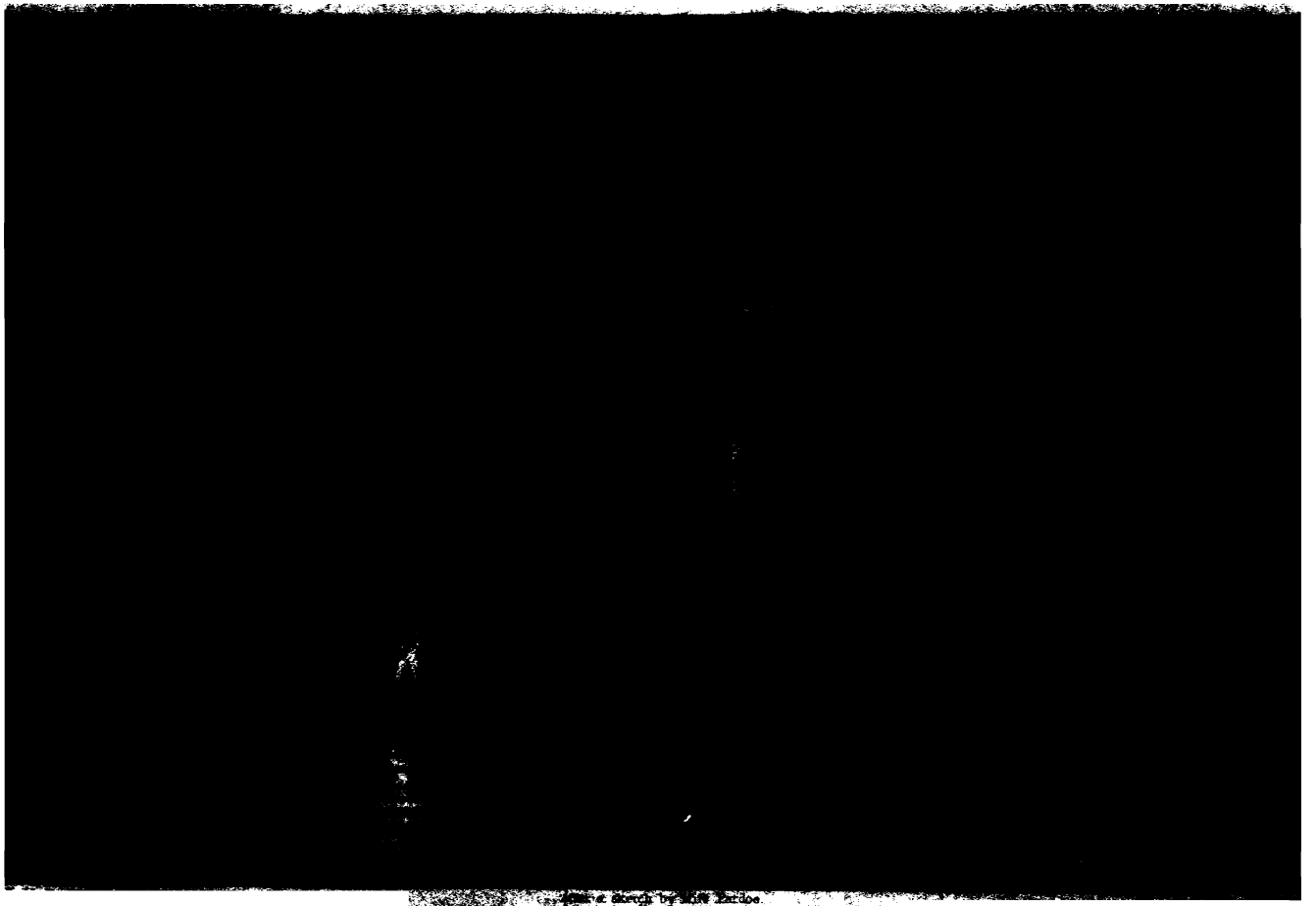
But the mention of your name, dear reader, has aroused us to the recollection, that just at present we are not a butterfly, but an editor, (we cannot imagine a much greater contrast!) and that you are expecting us to attend to our duty; we will do so without further preamble.

We must apologise to the admirers of the Oxford Diary for the very short portion we are able to present to them—in August, however, we shall hope to be more liberal.

Amongst the books which have lately come under our notice, we may mention the "Artist's Married Life," being that of Albert Durer, translated by Mrs. Stoddart from the German of Leopold Scheffer. As a translation it is no ordinary production, for Scheffer's admirable imitation of middle-age German is extremely difficult to render into equivalent English; and Mrs. Stoddart has, as we imagine, satisfied the most fastidious critic on this point. The work itself is in the form of a diary, supposed to have been kept by the renowned Nürnberger during the greater part of his life. It unfolds the innumerable subtle causes of unhappiness which spring up in an ill-assorted union. The refined, delicate spirit, and warm, genial nature of Durer, were tortured daily by contact with the precise hardness, and the irritable disposition of his beautiful, but thoroughly prosaic partner. Agnes could only estimate Durer's genius by what it would fetch in the money market; and during the first years of wedded life, which were one continued struggle with poverty, the artist's warm soul was chilled by the cold, unsympathizing wife, who was unable to recognise merit in pictures, or fine fancies that brought in no money. We recommend this work to our readers, in the full persuasion that they will thank us for pointing out so rare a treat.

The "Stumble on the Threshold," by Mary Molesworth, is an interesting account of the short career of a promising young man, who stumbled on the threshold of life, over a challenge and a court-martial, and who was of too sensitive a nature to be able to forget in his after success the unfortunate false step at first. It is, we believe, Miss (or Mistress) Molesworth's first appearance on the stage of literature; and, judging by the work before us, which, without containing evidence of any very deep or original thought, is full of agreeable matter and clever writing, we pronounce her a promising débutante.

Lastly, we have been delighted with a charming little book for children, entitled, "How to win Love, or Rhoda's Lesson." The authoress, Miss Mulock, is a young lady who possesses talents which only require developement to entitle her to a very high place among the female writers of the day. She is a close and accurate observer of men and things, and has obtained an unusual insight into that complicated mystery, the human heart. Her style is simple and graphic; her characters are well defined, and true to nature, and in the pure feeling and bright happy spirit which pervade her writings, we recognise evidences of a mind well calculated for the task she has undertaken in the little work before us, viz. to teach children how, by the influence of a sweet unselfish temper, affection may be gained under circumstances apparently the most adverse. We strongly recommend the work to all parents and guardians plagued with the care of pugnacious juveniles; and if they like to read and apply the moral themselves, so much the better, for, if we mistake not, there are a great many grown-up boys and girls who would be none the worse for diligently taking to heart "Rhoda's Lesson."



YERE BATAN SERAÏ.

YÈRÈ-BATAN-SERAÏ; OR, THE TRAVELLERS.

BY MISS PARDOE.

It was at the commencement of the glorious spring of 1831, that Reginald Leslie and Henry Drayton left England, for the purposes of travel; and never was an European tour undertaken by two individuals under brighter or more happy auspices. They had been college chums, and, better still, firm friends for a considerable period; had read, boated, and cricketed together; and finally, had completed their academic career with honour and credit, only to follow up, in the bosom of their respective families, a friendship which had become necessary to their mutual happiness. Moreover, Drayton was not long ere he discovered that Leslie Grange contained a second attraction even more potent than its heir, albeit he had ever been the very *beau-ideal*, in his eyes, of all that was manly and high-spirited; and in truth he might well be forgiven, for Celia Leslie, the sister of his friend, was lovely both in mind and person; and while he listened enraptured to her clear ringing laughter, or her sweet voice as she warbled some of the simple ballads to which Englishwomen alone can give their pure and true expression, he did not fail to remark the rosy lips which yielded them utterance, or the soft beam of the blue eyes by which their charm was doubled.

It is a trite and received axiom that "love is blind;" but the figure is a mere fallacy, or pretty women would not be so constantly at a premium. In any case it is certain that Drayton, enthusiastic and imaginative as he was, would have found Miss Leslie, with all her accomplishments and fine qualities, much less attractive, had they been illustrated by a snub nose or an obliquity of vision. Such, however, was far from being the case; and as the prospects of Drayton were highly satisfactory to Sir George Leslie, and his suit by no means unpalatable to Celia, they became ere long acknowledged lovers; but both were still too young for the responsibilities of a married life, and it was consequently arranged between the elders of the two families that their sons should travel for a couple of years, during which time a correspondence might be kept up between the betrothed lovers, while at its termination the marriage should take place.

There were, under these circumstances, many tears shed when the hour of parting arrived. Lady Leslie wept over her son: and, as she was of an essentially nervous temperament, she annoyed and distressed herself by the anticipation of a host of accidents and adventures, such as she occasionally read of in sundry books of travels; and did not cease, until the very moment of their departure, to impress upon both the young men a thousand precautions impossible to be taken, and a thousand remedies impossible to be applied. But all this was done so kindly, with so much matronly grace and so much motherly affection, that they listened with deference. and contrived to leave her almost happy in the belief that her instructions would be followed to the very letter. Poor Celia had no advice to offer; no measures to recommend; her heart was steeped in tears. Never before had she known sorrow; and now she felt bewildered by the intensity of the trial. At one moment she wept over her brother—her only one—the playmate of her girlhood, and the friend of her youth; in the next she sank sobbing upon the shoulder of her lover. She seemed to live a year in that one long, long day.

But at length all was over: the last whisper had died upon the lips that uttered it; the last embrace had been given, the last look of love exchanged; the light travelling carriage with its four swift posters whirled from the door, and Celia threw herself into her mother's arms, unable to sustain unaided the bitterness of her grief.

Woe be, in all such cases, to those who are left behind! The happy home at once becomes monotonous and dreary. There is nothing in long-accustomed scenes to relieve the tedium, or to lighten the sting of separation. The very rooms, with their favourite nooks and corners, compel the memory to a tenacity which forbids comfort: the season-changes, with their peculiar sights, and sounds, and scents, are full of busy associations: regret almost grows into a duty, and sorrow into a luxury, for the forsaken; while those who have, on the contrary, abandoned these *lares* and *penates*, soon learn to replace them by strange gods, and to bow the knee to a new worship. Every hour brings its excitement, and its novelty; the thousand trivialities which, each inconsequent in itself, nevertheless compose an aggregate that operates powerfully upon the mind, tends to weaken the memories of the past, and to knit the thoughts to the present.

Even thus it was with our two young friends. First came the whirl of London, with the crowd of minor but essential preparations for their long absence; then the short and pleasant passage to the charming, quaint old city of Antwerp, where they suddenly found themselves in a new world. Even its ugly gates and turrets were attractive from their novelty. The tall gilt crucifix of the "*Place de Meir*," formed of the bronze which had originally composed the statue of the Duke of Alva, and sculptured by Cortels de Malines, at once arrested their attention; enclosed as it was on all sides by a framework of picturesque and time-tinted buildings, where roof rose above roof, and gable intersected gable; while in the distance, masses of rich forest timber cut darkly against the sky, above the summits of a range of majestic residences. The cathedral was, however, the great object of their curiosity; and amply did it repay the interest which it had excited, with its elaborately carved galleries, and its graceful tower rising up four hundred and sixty-six feet from the ground; its gloriously-carved pulpit and confessional, its immortal paintings, and its richly-stained windows.

The travellers were spirit-thralled in Antwerp for a whole week. They were never weary of visiting its picture-galleries, its convents, and its churches; but at length they tore themselves away from the ancient city, which had seemed to throw them back for the

time upon a buried century; and, with a firm resolve to refresh the pleasant impression on their return to England, they hastened on to Brussels. Here they again paused. The gladsome gaiety of aspect so peculiar to the Belgian capital formed a second striking contrast, to which they were not insensible; and they found themselves ere long once more absorbed in the contemplation of magnificent public edifices, royal palaces, and cabinets of art.

Their third resting-place was Paris. Who can forget the first impression produced by that emporium of fashion, luxury, and pleasure? Paris, with its thousand associations and its thousand temptations: its great memories and its marvellous refinements; its national monuments and its fickle population; its fêtes and its follies; its perpetual turmoil and its intoxicating dissipation! At the period of their advent, its Boulevards were still intact, and its palaces were the abodes of royalty. Paris, (and in speaking of Paris we necessarily include all the rest of France, to which it ever acts as the heart, whose pulsations regulate the temperament of the provinces,) was, or appeared to be, once more at peace. The hotels were crowded with guests, and the streets thronged with equipages. No wonder that the communications which periodically reached the Grange from the two wanderers, were full of enthusiastic descriptions of the gay and fascinating city, where the only want of which they complained was a deficiency of time to enjoy to the full all the brilliant opportunities for which they were indebted to *influential letters, youth, wealth, and good spirits.*

Still the charm of novelty lured the travellers onward, after a residence of three months in the "Capital of Europe," as the French somewhat presumptuously designate their metropolis; and ere long they found themselves in Vienna, standing beneath the shadows of the palace of the Cæsars, threading the pleasant mazes of the Prater, waltzing in the Volks-garten, and ascending to the giddy summit of St. Stephen's marvellously-constructed tower; breathing the elastic air on the bastions, and loitering among the lordly shades of Schönbrun.

A month sufficed for this survey of the Austrian capital; and then, anxious to abandon Europe for the East, they pushed on to Hungary, whence they determined to embark in one of the flat-bottomed boats which at that period plied to Galatz; where they were to take ship for the Bosphorus, in order to visit Constantinople, and, subsequently, Egypt.

New and strange once more was everything about them when they reached Buda-Pesth; and their resolution to hurry onward at once gave way before the aspect of the singular and interesting country in which they now found themselves. Fiction, with all its cunning, would assuredly fail in striving to paint a more striking and even thrilling contrast than that presented by the sister-cities, which, linked together by a bridge of boats upwards of twelve hundred feet in length, heaving upon the rapid current of the impetuous stream of the Danube, and constantly crowded with carriages and foot passengers, form the metropolis of modern Pannonia. On one bank rises imperial and time-hallowed Buda, bristling with a palace-laden fortress—the Acropolis of the regal city—stern, and still, and almost solemn in its grim antiquity, as it spreads its houses and convents along the dark heights which command the river; where the stately monastery with its elevated spire and gilded crucifix, is contrasted by the grim old tower which was once a Turkish fortress. Buda is full of memories, both glorious and melancholy; and is like the shadow of the past linked to the realities of the present, as the eye wanders on, over the heaving bridge, to its laughing, lightsome rival on the other shore. Italian-looking terraces stretching along the river-bank, and hemming in a noble quay, where all is life and movement; a vast extent of buildings erected on the lip of a wide plain, stretching away, far as the eye can reach; a picturesque peasantry, a rich display of female beauty, and a general frankness and urbanity of manner not to be exceeded any where on earth, make of Pesth one of the most attractive places in the world.

More and more enchanted with a wandering life, Reginald Leslie had long ceased to sigh for the quiet happiness of home; and had not his companion remembered that every league of ground over which they travelled widened the distance between Celia and himself, he would have been equally careless and light-hearted. Occasionally, however, he sighed as this conviction forced itself upon him; and a strange *foreboding*, for which he was unable to account, but by which he was nevertheless painfully oppressed, made his spirits sink, and drew down upon him the playful reproaches of his friend.

Leslie was very susceptible of female loveliness; and his unoccupied heart, which had been interested by the fresh cheeks and bright eyes of the fair ones of Belgium, bewildered by the studied graces of half a dozen Parisian belles, and almost subjugated by the high-bred beauties of Vienna, was near losing itself at Pesth: and it was consequently fortunate that his less impressionable fellow-traveller, after a week's sojourn in the Hungarian capital, suggested the expediency of their further progress.

Their voyage down the Danube was replete with enjoyment. The magnificent character of the country through which they passed; the animated appearance of the river banks, occasionally crowded with herds of wild cattle; the multitude of aquatic birds which peopled the islands among which the current whirled them on; the massy ruins of old feudal fastnesses; the stretches of corn-land, extending far into the distance, succeeded by primæval forests, and these again by high and hoary rocks, through which the stream roared and boiled as though it deprecated their intrusion upon its limits; the Christian towns, succeeded by Turkish villages, where the minaret replaced the spire, and the shrill voice of the muezzin became a substitute for the silvery sound of the church bell; all these objects succeeded each other with so much rapidity and contrast as to keep the attention and

interest of the travellers constantly upon the stretch, until they reached the small and gloomy trading town of Galatz; where meeting with a Greek felucca, which had just discharged its cargo, and was about to set sail for Constantinople, they at once secured a passage, and in a few hours found themselves in the Black Sea.

We must not linger upon the voyage: suffice it that it was rough and comfortless, as every voyage upon that most uneasy of all seas ever is, even when undertaken under far more favourable circumstances than those of our travellers, who soon discovered that the Symplegades are by no means the only "vexed" tenants of the heaving and capricious Euxine. The wild, shrill, discordant cries of their Greek crew; the miserable inefficiency of their commander; the wretched state of the little vessel, and the oppressive effluvium left by her late cargo, all conduced to render their approach to the Ottoman capital the very reverse of enviable. It was, as Leslie declared, like passing through purgatory to paradise.

Once landed, however, they were amply repaid for all their sufferings. As they slowly sailed up the Bosphorus, all their senses appeared to be absorbed in the one faculty of vision. They neither spoke nor moved. Their very breathing was impeded; and the past was blotted out in the all-engrossing present. And yet, when they at length cast anchor in the Golden Horn, no detail of the glorious scenes through which they had just passed remained with them. A confused mass of painted palaces, and spiral minarets, and gleaming mosques, and cypress groves, and latticed casements, and hanging gardens, was all that they had retained: for the "ocean-stream" cannot be read at once: every page is so replete with beauty or with magnificence, that it requires a separate study; nor does the fact that its many abrupt windings render this absolutely necessary, constitute its least charm. Could the spectator embrace the whole line of the channel, from the hill-seated city to the shores of the Black Sea, half its attraction would be lost; for the eye and the taste would alike become satiated; whereas its capricious course presents a series of panoramas, each admirable in its character, and novel in its distribution. At times it flows on in a regular stream, like a broad river rushing to the sea; and anon a fine bay swells boldly within the bosom of the overhanging hills, and it assumes the aspect of a blue and tranquil lake, laving the marble terraces of a range of palaces, or giving freshness to a mass of forest-timber, or girdling a cypress-planted cemetery. Gilded kiosques crown the heights, and are mirrored in the clear water; formidable fortresses are seated on the rocks; and at intervals the needle-like summits of lofty minarets, touched at their points with gold, surmount the luxuriant foliage of the mighty trees which conceal the mosques to which they belong, and glitter like daystars in the deep purple sky.

The first inconvenience and difficulty of settling themselves once overcome, (and they are far from trivial in a semi-civilized country,) the travellers did not lose an instant in exploring the new and marvellous world into which they had intruded. The blue and limpid sky, only flaked at distant intervals by fleecy vapours so dazzlingly white that the eye ached to dwell upon them; the glittering sea, peopled with fish, which fearlessly fed and sported among the shipping; the harbour crowded with the vessels of a hundred lands—the stately brig of America, the graceful schooner of England, the war-frigate of Austria, the trading-craft of Belgium, the Greek feluĉa with its lateen sails and sharp prow, the Arab bark with its carved and gilded bulwarks and elevated stem and stern, the noble ships of war anchored off the Arsenal with the Turkish flag flying proudly at their peak, and through all, and amidst all, the swift and arrowy caïques dashing along the water like aquatic birds,—made the Golden Horn for a time the object of all their attention.

And well might it arrest their gaze, and hold them for hours spell-bound, for a more magnificent *coup-d'œil* is not perhaps to be found throughout the world. The land-locked harbour sweeping like a crescent round the base of the surrounding heights, which are crowned with mosques and palaces, the bright sea of Marmora forming the second distance; and afar off, looming out against the horizon, the lofty and snow-clad summit of the Thracian Olympus, dominating the whole mountain chain of which it is the monarch; to the left, Scutari, overhung by the stately shadows of Burlgurlhu Daghi, and reflected in the rapid current of the Bosphorus; and to the extreme right, the groves and gardens of Eyoub, the "Holy of Holies," in whose thrice sacred mosque the sultan is on his accession girt with the sword of empire. Nor must mention be omitted of the lovely glen through which flows the Barbyses, a sparkling but inconsiderable stream, which, after traversing the "Valley of the Sweet Waters," (a beautiful glen shut in by a range of arid hills, and carpeted with the greenest and most luxuriant of grass,) empties itself into the Golden Horn, mingling its pure and pellucid tide with the vessel-laden and saline current of the land-locked harbour; and exchanging the velvet banks and glittering palaces of the Kyat Khana, for the more stately panorama of the "Seven Hills." This little *débouchure* is, in fact, an important feature in the scene; particularly during the hot months, when the Imperial palaces of the valley are the temporary residence of the favourite sultanas, whose caïques shoot at intervals across the port like bright-winged and snow-crested birds, freighted as they are with their closely veiled occupants.

In fact, the whole scene is one of enchantment; and the traveller lingers long in the vicinity of the Golden Horn, ere he remembers that it is only one among the "lions" of the "City of the Sultan;" and begins once more to experience a craving for novelty. On then to the Hippodrome, with its Roman column, its Grecian tripod, and its Egyptian obelisk; to the mosques and palaces; to the crumbling walls laved by the billows of the Sea of Marmora; to the hoary aqueduct of Valens, and the ruined palace of Belisarius; to the far-spreading, sombre, and stately burial plain of

Scutari, where the gilded and turbaned head-stones of thousands of true believers are overshadowed by the dense foliage of a forest of cypress; to the Bendts of Belgrade; to the Giant's Grave, and the deep bowery glen rendered historical by having been the spot upon which was signed the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi; and finally,—for life, like art, must have its lights and shadows,—to the prison-fortress of the Seven Towers, and the mysterious cisterns by which two-thirds of Stamboul are undermined.

The remains of a great Roman work, they are now all, save one, diverted from their original purpose of supplying the city, in case of siege, with water, artistically conveyed from the heights of Belgrade. These wonderful cisterns, or *Boudrouns*, as they are called by the Turks, are always an object of great curiosity to strangers who are fortunate enough during their stay to learn their existence, and resolute enough to undergo the fatigue consequent upon their inspection, as well as free from the fastidiousness which would render them averse to traversing for this purpose some of the most unsavoury and uninviting portions of the city. Of this number were our friends Leslie and Drayton. Young, active, and enthusiastic, they had left unvisited no object of interest above ground; and previous to their departure, they resolved to investigate also the subterranean wonders of the Moslem capital. The sketch-book of Drayton, a parting loan from Celia, to whom it was to be restored enriched by the able pencil of her lover, was already rich in fairy landscapes and glittering palaces, in glimpses of the wild and strange, as well as the bright and beautiful, but it yet contained a few unappropriated pages; and these dim vaults, with their countless columns, and unexplored recesses, offered a tempting mean of completing the volume.

Accordingly, having procured a guide, and accompanied by old Mustapha, their hired dragoman, they traversed the Golden Horn, embarking at the pier of Galata, and landing at the Gate of the Garden, under the shadow of the picturesque palace which mirrors itself and its overhanging groves in the sea of Marmora, just where its bright green waters pour themselves into the harbour.

It was with light laughter and gay jests that the two young men threaded the foul and narrow streets along which they were compelled to make their way. The vessel by which they were to proceed to Smyrna, their next point, was to sail in a few days, and thus they had not a moment they could afford to leave unoccupied—not an instant they could waste upon *ennui* or indolence. But even their buoyant spirits were checked by the solemn and novel aspect of the first vault, into which they slowly, and with some difficulty, descended. The *Bin-Vebir-Direg*, or "Cistern of the Thousand-and-one,"—a vast subterranean hall, supported in reality by 336 pillars of coarse marble, each formed of two or more blocks, is lighted only by narrow grated windows level with the roof; while the columns are buried to one-third of their height in the earth,—the vault having been appropriated to the reception of the soil which was flung out from the foundations of the great mosque of St. Sophia, and the water-courses turned into another cistern. Much of the grandeur of the original effect is consequently lost; but the immense space, with its long lines of circular pillars, the dim and uncertain light which falls partially, and as if reluctantly, in dusky and yellow patches upon the most prominent surfaces, leaving all the remainder of the vault in deep and mysterious shadow; the hollow and prolonged echoes that, as they roll away, appear to take fresh and more thrilling voices as they penetrate into the mystic depths, which defy the most searching gaze; all these accessories conduced to temper the exuberance of light-hearted gaiety with which the travellers had set forth.

Upon Leslie the sensation of awe, which he could not altogether conquer, obtained, however, only a temporary hold, loosened by the first glimpse of the bright blue sky which greeted him as he re-ascended to the surface of the earth; but it was far otherwise with Drayton. More imaginative, and, consequently, more impressionable than his friend, not even the glory of an Eastern sun could dispel the vague and shapeless feeling of foreboding terror which had fastened upon him; and thus, while Reginald, who was essentially practical and utilitarian even amid his enthusiasm, was discussing with Mustapha and the dragoman some statistical point on which he was interested, Drayton pursued the train of morbid thought into which he had fallen, and by which he was strangely fascinated. It seemed as though the gloomy vault whence he had just emerged had been formerly familiar to him; revealed, it might be, in a dream, but still a matter of memory. And then he searched his mind keenly, and endeavoured to retrace when and where the dim vision had formerly been made manifest; but he could recall no pictured representation or printed description of the place, with which he nevertheless felt that he was linked by some occult and nameless spell. Could he have done so alone, he would at once have returned, and plunged into the farthest depths of that mysterious subterranean, in order that the painful sensation to which he had become a prey might be either explained or dispelled; but trammelled by the companionship of others, to whom he could neither admit nor excuse the feeling by which he was oppressed, he walked forward, surveying every object about his path through a thick mist, as the mountain-crests are seen through the vapours by which they are surrounded.

Ten minutes sufficed to bring the party to the entrance of a second cistern, considerably less extensive than that which they had just quitted, but infinitely more beautiful as a work of art, the columns by which it was supported being at least three times the girth of those of Bin-Vebir-Direg. and uncovered to their bases, as well as perfectly revealed by a strong light from above. Here, however, they lingered only a few seconds, the fœtid nature of the atmosphere forbidding more than a hasty survey; and thence they

hurried, insensible to both heat and fatigue, to the great subterranean wonder of Constantinople,—the *Yerè-Batan-Serai*, or "Swallowed-up Palace," anciently called Philoxmos—the most vast and impressive, the most dim and mysterious, of all the great Roman remains beneath the city. The roof of this immense cistern, like that of the Bin-Vebir-Direg, is supported by columns of marble, distant about ten feet from each other, but of exquisite proportions, and each formed of a single block, surmounted by elaborately-wrought capitals. No regular opening gives entrance to this singular subterranean, roofed with Roman bricks, and floored by several feet of water; nor has its exact extent ever been ascertained. All that is known of its limits has been revealed by the falling in of different portions of the fabric in widely separated quarters of the city; and in each instance the same endless perspective of dusky columns and waveless water has baffled the speculations of the curious.

It was through the medium of the most extensive of these fissures that the two friends were now enabled to examine the watery waste by which so considerable a part of Stamboul is undermined; and for this privilege they were indebted to the courtesy of an aged Effendi, in whose court-yard an enormous plantain had shot its roots so deeply into the earth, that they had reached the roof of the subterranean, and pressed so heavily upon the masonry that several of the pillars had yielded to the superincumbent weight, and thus revealed to the astonished owner of the house the somewhat uncomfortable fact that his residence was poised above the formidable excavation, of whose vicinity he had been previously ignorant.

The first glance which the travellers were enabled to throw into the mysterious abyss before them was not obtained until they had, with some difficulty, scrambled to the base of the fallen fragments of masonry, and disturbed from their recesses several generations of enormous and bloated toads, which were established among them; but once on a level with the surface of the water, the scene which presented itself exceeded the wildest anticipations of their excited fancy. The astonishment of Leslie as his eyes wandered on into the deep darkness of the columned wilderness found vent in a stifled exclamation, which rung through the dim arches, and died away like distant thunder, after leaping and plunging in rapid but sullen echoes, that for awhile appeared interminable; but no sound escaped the lips of Drayton. Upon his sensitive mind the effect produced was too deep for outward demonstration; and thus he remained for a time standing beside his friend in silence: but as he marked the flickering light which fell upon the nearest columns from among the dense foliage of the partially prostrate tree, and saw on every side the long lines of sculptured pillars stretching away beyond the reach of human vision, based in what appeared to be a subterranean lake, and supporting upon their stupendous capitals the foundations of a city, his cheek flushed, and his heart heaved.

Moored to an angle of the ruins lay a small boat, barely large enough to contain a single individual, and perfectly motionless upon the surface of the sullen water. The silence was unbroken, save when occasionally the foot of one of the party detached a fragment of the masonry, which fell with a hollow plash into the tideless reservoir, disturbing the echoes of the mysterious vault, and producing the effect of distant artillery; and once more the dim and mystic spell by which the mind of Drayton had been already thralled at Bin-Vebir-Direg darkened over his spirit.

Leslie after awhile became sated by the grim majesty of the scene, and reascended to the sunshine; but his friend still lingered. Every reply which he received to his eager questioning only sufficed to increase his morbid enthusiasm; and he ultimately declared his determination to explore, through the medium of the boat, the actual extent of the subterranean. The objections of the stately old Effendi were silenced by the offer of a larger sum of money than he had resolution to decline; but the objections of Mustapha and the dragoman were less easily overruled.

"Of what avail will be such an attempt?" asked the former; "Only last year one of your countrymen was seized with the same fancy, and put off from this very spot, after attaching a string to this pillar on our right, which he unwound as he proceeded. He, too, paid heavily for the privilege. And what was the result? Simply that he rowed in a straight line for two mortal hours, after which he worked the boat back by drawing in the cord, and rejoined me here with his hands skinned from the wrist to the fingers, having seen throughout the whole time nothing more than you see from the stone on which you stand—long lines of pillars, a roof of Roman bricks, and a floor of stagnant water."

"That very fact decides me," said Drayton earnestly; "Had the columnar avenues been succeeded by a natural excavation; had the Roman bricks yielded to a roof pierced in the living rock, and the glassy surface of the water to the agitation of an underground current,—then, indeed, I should be ready to admit that the investigation which I propose might be attended with danger; for in such a case it would be impossible to assign any probable limits to the subterranean: but as it stands, there can be nothing to apprehend; for is it not, after all, the work of men's hands? And is it not morally impossible that the result of human labour can be illimitable? No proper and efficient means have yet been tried to ascertain the real extent of this wonderful structure; and thus its dimensions are gradually growing into a vague and idle legend, unworthy of so great and stupendous a production of human industry and art. In my own country such a doubt could not have existed for twelve months; and let me only be provided with half-a-dozen torches, and it shall also cease to exist here. Moreover, I am resolved, and you have now only to obey."

Reluctantly did the two attendants prepare to

fulfil his wishes; while Leslie was no sooner informed of the quixotic intention of his friend, than he hastened in his turn to expostulate. All was, however, vain. The wild fascination to which Drayton had yielded earlier in the morning now thralled him beyond the power of resistance. A voice seemed to call to him from the unexplored depths of the black and gloomy vault—a hand appeared to beckon him onward from the deep and dreamy darkness; he was like one labouring under the influence of delirium; his eye burnt with light, his whole frame quivered with excitement, and a mocking laugh was the only answer which he vouchsafed to the deprecatory comments of his friend.

"Are you also scared by a nurse's tale, my dear Reginald?" he exclaimed, as he grasped his arm; "Pooh! Pooh! Do you not see that our long-bearded host and our equally long-winded Mustapha are only anxious that we should not take their most stately lion by the mane, and so teach him to 'roar softly as a sucking dove?' Give me five or six hours—and I will be careful that my torches shall suffice for that time,—and I pledge myself that Celia shall be provided with such an antique for a neck-ornament as shall merit the best skill of the jewellers, if not for its intrinsic value, at least for its singularity."

"It will be, at all events, too dearly purchased."

"Not a whit! You will, depend upon it, imitate my example to-morrow. But here comes a servant with the torches, and a second with the sculls; I shall be off in five minutes."

"Beware of foul air, Drayton."

"Never fear: with four ascertained openings, the cistern must be well ventilated. Tell the worthy Effendi to provide you with a soft carpet, a good *chibouque*, and a goblet of sherbet; and await my return as cheerfully as I shall make my subterranean voyage. One thing, however, Leslie; I will leave this ring with you, for it holds *her* hair, and may be injured by the pressure of the oars—I have her portrait here, on my heart, and so can spare it for an hour or two. And now give me your hand and your good wishes; and you will be ready to laugh with me on my return at your idle forebodings."

"But should you be subjected to any danger, Celia will never forgive me; and the size of the boat renders it impossible that I should share the risk."

"Believe me, there is none. Has not every nurse a bugaboo for her obstreporous charge? and do you not see that Yèrè-Batan-Seraï is the bugaboo of imperial Stamboul? Lo, the first torch is lighted! How grand is the effect as it burns upon the most salient columns, and fades gradually yonder through the dim vistas! This is an epoch in my life, Leslie, and will make a glorious tale for the winter's hearth hereafter. Should I emerge upon the dome of St. Sophia, I will despatch a carrier-pigeon with the tidings—you know there are enough there to do my errand; and should I land in the garden of the embassy at Pera, I do not doubt but Lord P— will be courteous enough to despatch a human messenger to apprise you of the important fact: meanwhile, as our Moslem friends would express it, *Inshallah*—I trust in God!"

And so saying, Drayton sprang lightly into the little bark, waved a last farewell to the anxious watchers in the gap, seized the oars with a skilful hand, and was soon lost to sight, save that a long streak of light lying upon the surface of the water, and defining at first brightly, but ere long more and more indistinctly, the outline of the pillars over which it glanced, still marked out the direction in which he progressed; and so long as that light remained visible, Leslie shared in some degree the confidence of his friend; but when it totally disappeared, and the vault relapsed into utter darkness, his anxiety returned, and he threw himself down upon the mat which had been spread for him, and began to reproach himself for having so easily yielded to arguments that now appeared alike idle and unconclusive. He thought of Celia, to whom he had promised that he would never lose sight of her betrothed; and of Henry's father, to whom his only child was dearer than his own existence. How should he justify himself to them, should this wild and reckless adventure terminate fatally?

Nor did his companions attempt, by word or sign, to interrupt his meditations. Seated like himself upon their separate mats, and with each a chibouque between his lips, they smoked on in silence, only broken at intervals by the arrival of an attendant with a tray of coffee; and thus the hours wore away, and at length the rich beams of the setting sun flooded the watery cavern with light so far as they could penetrate into the thick gloom. Lower and lower sank the golden glory of that Eastern sky, and fainter became the reflection of its rays. At length it disappeared behind the mountains; a pale yellow gleam played over the whole horizon for a moment, and then suddenly, without the warning of that soft twilight which in less fervent climates seems to prepare alike the eyes and the mind for the coming obscurity, down dropped the thick darkness of night,—and Drayton had already been gone six hours!

"Torches!" exclaimed Leslie, as he started abruptly to his feet; "Bring torches, and light up as many as can be placed in the gap; they will serve him as a guide. This suspense is maddening. Tell me, Effendim, did you not say that the roof of the cistern had given way in several other places in the city? If gold can purchase the privilege of lighting those also, do not spare it, but despatch messengers at once."

As the dragoman made this appeal intelligible to the Moslem, he shook his head gravely. "The Frank raves!" he said, stroking down his white beard; "One of the fissures is in the immediate neighbourhood of the Sublime Porte, another within a stone's throw of the mosque of St. Sophia, and a third within the walls of the Record Office. Is he aware that these spots are leagues distant from each other? *Mashallah!* It is impossible."

"Nothing is impossible! Nothing *shall* be impossible!" retorted Leslie impetuously. "See you

to this, Mustapha; or, better still, I will accompany you: one of the Effendi's servants can keep watch here —But no, no,—" and the agonized young man once more threw himself down upon his mat; "I cannot leave this place, for he may return during my absence. Away with you, then, at once; scatter gold if it be needful, but do not return unsuccessful, and you shall be well rewarded for your zeal."

Mustapha departed, and another hour went by. The aged Turk withdrew into his harem: the dragoman slept soundly with his pipe still between his lips; and Leslie sat crouched upon his mat, glaring with dilated eyeballs into the impenetrable darkness of the vault; listening with an intensity which strained the nerves of his head, and made his temples throb almost audibly. Suddenly a thought struck him, and leaning far over into the gulph he shouted with all the power of his lungs. The arched roof beat back the sound in thunder, and then the pillared avenues drove it on and on in a thousand echoes, which grew more and more sullen as they were lost in space. A shudder passed over the frame of Leslie, and a cold dew stood upon his brow; but again and again he screamed out the name of his friend, and again and again he listened for some reply.

Morning broke: the torches were nearly exhausted; the sound of human life was upon the surface of the earth, but all was still dark and silent in that vast subterranean. Mustapha appeared at noon to report the ill success of his mission; and hoping even against hope, Leslie ordered that the lights should be kept burning for three days and nights. With his own hands he renewed those beside which he watched; and having procured a rifle from his host, fired it down the vault at regular intervals, in order to guide the progress of his friend.

But why prolong the melancholy tale?—All was in vain. The presentiment of Drayton had been fatally accomplished; he was seen no more; and whether his light had failed, the frail boat become swamped, or that he had bewildered himself among the endless lines of columns, and so perished miserably by famine, was never destined to be ascertained.

A week subsequently, Leslie was on his melancholy way to England; and since that period no boat has ever floated on the mysterious waters of *Yèrè-Batan-Seraï*.

THE NINETEENTH ODE OF ANACREON.

W. BRAILSFORD.

Εἰς τὸ δεῖν πιεῖν.

When the dew falls from the sky
The black earth drinks refreshingly;
While from earth's bosom herb and flower
Inhale a renovating power.
The sea, too, quaffs the wanton gales
That erst had filled the swelling sails;
Then from the ocean drinks the sun,
Soon as he comes, day's course to run;
Diana, empress of the night,
From solar rays imbibes her light.
Since then all nature drinks, kind friends,
This law through all the world extends,
Why thwart an elf who but desires
To do what everything requires?

A BRIDE'S TRAGEDY.

Part I.

It was Alice Wynyard's wedding-day.

I had had a weary two months—for our household atmosphere was full of storms. My good cousin John Wynyard long withstood all my arguments and his daughter's tears, before he would take Mr. Sylvester for his son-in-law. I could never clearly understand how Alice learned to love her betrothed, but love him she did; and I saw it was breaking the heart of the child—what is seventeen but late childhood?—to part her from him; so I threw all my influence into the scale, until at last we gained the point. And yet I did it more for the sake of my Alice—the motherless child who had been my darling for fourteen years, than from regard towards her chosen. I could not teach myself to love that wayward, fitful, dark-faced Arthur Sylvester; yet perhaps it was only a vague jealousy—and one feeling more.

I knew that my nephew Everard—my treasure next to Alice—loved her with every pulse of his true and noble heart. She never guessed it,—no one in the world did, but I. Alas! they best can read another's heart, who have once fathomed the deep fountains of their own. From my soul I pitied that poor desolate boy.

I went into Alice's room late on the night before her wedding. She had been reading in the Bible,—her dead mother's Bible,—her forehead rested on the open page, and her hands were clasped together. I stayed at the door,—I could not choose but look at her,—so beautiful was she in her attitude of graceful *abandon*, her white drapery, and her long, loose-falling hair. I heard her lips murmur—she was praying for *him*.

"Bless my Arthur—my own—my husband!"

"Amen!" said I softly, as I touched her shoulder, and she started from her seat. Her eyes sought mine with a doubtful look, as if they would pierce into my soul.

"You think he has need of blessing," cried Alice suddenly. "Ah! I know, there is no one here who loves him but I."

"I said not so, Alice."

"No! but you thought it, aunt Susan,"—she always called me aunt.—"Well, I care not, my love will atone for all. My Arthur, my noble Arthur! How dare they doubt him?" said Alice proudly, as she drew herself up, and her head was thrown back, and her lips curled, while from her eyes beamed ineffable love. Oh, how perfect was that young heart's faith in its idol! My eyes swam in tears; I shrank abashed before that gentle child, so strong in her loving trust. I would at that moment have staked my life for Sylvester's worth, who had excited feelings so deep and so true. The shadow of her angel-nature was reflected upon him too.

In my dreams that night, Alice's bridegroom seemed to me the very ideal of all that was noble, and good, and beautiful. But I had no time for dreaming—the

wedding-day was come!—O ye romantic damsels! know that a wedding-day brings other thoughts than those of trembling happy love, and cupids, and rose-fetters. Scorn not the old maiden housekeeper if she confesses, that while her first thought was of sweet Alice, her second was of the wedding-breakfast, lest aught should mar the effect of the whole, and change to wintry storms the passing autumn-sunshine which we had brought to Mr. Wynyard's countenance.

I did not go with them to church—I could not.

"Miss Susan never thinks about such things; her time for lovers and weddings is past, if it ever existed," I heard one of the bride-maids whisper. "She never cared for any one, or any one for her."

O heart, be still! what is the babble of foolish tongues to thee? Thou hast throbbed and grown calm; let the days of thy youth be like a troubled dream. With thee the night is passing—it is near morning! Be still—be still!

When Alice Sylvester entered her father's doors, I was there waiting for her. I took her in my arms and kissed her; she wept a little, but it was only a summer-shower; her very lips trembled and dimpled with happiness. I unfastened her white bonnet, and smoothed her hair; but she said she would come with me until breakfast was ready, and unlinked her arm from her bridegroom's. He looked restless and uneasy, his wild black eyes wandering from one to the other with a troubled gaze.

"You will not go, Alice?" he said, holding her hand fast.—"I must not lose you."

"Only for a few moments, dear Arthur," she answered; and then, seeing how agitated he appeared, she laid her hand on his with a soothing smile, and whispered, "No more parting, no one can part us now, my *husband*."

He took her in his arms, kissed her, and ere she was out of sight I saw him dash into the garden, leaving the wedding-party to think of it as they would. "Truly, a strange bridegroom!" muttered some of them, and the father's face grew so dark that I trembled for the consequences.

"Thank heaven, Alice is right, no one can part them now," I thought to myself, as I followed the bride up-stairs.

She was very quiet and composed, thoughtful for me and for all in the house; leaving messages and tokens for friends and dependents, and forgetting no one.

"I should have been less sorry to go, aunt Susan, if my father had not been so kind latterly. He will learn to know my Arthur in time, I think. I am glad that we are married thus peacefully with his consent; it is much happier. But," she added, while her cheek flushed, and her eye dilated, "had it not been so, no power on earth should have parted Arthur from me; I would have married him, and followed him to the world's end. I dare say it now, for I am his wife, and God only knows how I love my husband!"

How fondly the girl's lips lingered over those new, sweet words, "*my husband!*" I could only press her to my heart, and inly pray that such a love might know no cloud.

"There is Arthur, walking in the shrubbery!" cried the bride, as her quick eyes caught a sight of his figure. "He is weary of waiting for me,—I have kept him too long alone. Forgive me, dear aunt Susan," she continued, hesitating, and slightly blushing, "it is not that I love you less—but—but—"

"Go to your husband, my Alice," said I, trying to smile through my tears; I felt a light kiss on my forehead, and in a few moments more I saw a white dress fluttering through the trees leading to the little summer-house. "Ah, well! I ought to have known before now, that a maiden regards all the world as nothing, in comparison with him she loves."

"Where are the bride and bridegroom? we want to cut the cake over their heads," said the sportive damsels who had attended their late playfellow to the altar.

"Ay—where is Alice? she might think of her old father a little," grumbled Mr. Wynyard.

"She is walking in the garden, for I sent her." I hastily apologized.

"You, cousin!—What business had you to do any such thing! Go and fetch her directly." And I hurried away.

The summer-house was at the end of a pleasant shady walk. I knew I should find the young lovers there, for it was a place they both loved—the place where their hearts had first broken the spell of silence, and poured out their secret, each to each. There was something sacred in the spot ever after. I trod softly, and lingered on my way; but ere I reached the summer-house, there arose from it a woman's cry, long, shrill, terrible. O God! I hardly knew my Alice's voice. I rushed forward—the door was fastened—I burst it open with superhuman strength.

There, on the floor, crouched the bride; her eyes starting with fear, her face frozen into an expression of the wildest terror. Blood was flowing from her arm, drop by drop falling on her white dress. Over her stood the bridegroom, glaring upon her with his frenzied eyes, while in his uplifted hand sparkled a dagger. I sprang in—he let it fall—and dashed, with a yell like that of a wild beast, across the fields.

Arthur Sylvester had gone mad on his wedding-day!

* * * * *

It was not until many weeks after that fearful bridal, that my Alice lifted up her head from the pillow to which I had borne her like an infant. She had received no wound except the slight one in her arm, which had probably intercepted the first blow of the maniac, and thereby saved her life. But this we could only conjecture, for she never revealed to human being what passed in that fatal summer-house. When she became convalescent, Alice never uttered her husband's name, nor, by word or look, gave any sign that she remembered the past. Only once, when she lay regarding her wasted fingers, a sudden thought seemed to flash across her mind—the wedding-ring was not there. I had taken it away by the physician's

order, that during her illness there should be no connecting link to awaken thoughts so terrible. Alice looked at me earnestly, and pointed to her third finger.—I would not understand her.

"Another time, my child, when you are better," I whispered. "You must not think now. Try to sleep, my Alice."

But still she kept her hand stretched out, with her imploring eyes fixed on mine. It was impossible to resist. I took the fatal circlet and placed it on her finger: she seized it as a child would its toy-treasure; kissed it, and then folded the wedded left hand in the other, laid it in her bosom, and turned her head away. God knows what vague thoughts passed through the weak and still confused brain of that young creature. I watched her as she lay, and fancied I saw tears starting from under the closed eyelids; but she seemed calm, and soon fell asleep through feebleness.

From that time Alice gradually improved. Her shattered mind and body gathered strength together, and, by slow degrees, she became almost herself again. In the early days of her convalescence, we had taken her far away from the home which had witnessed so terrible a scene; and had made our abode in a quiet, lonely sea side village—Alice, her old father, and I. We would not let the world's curiosity torture the desolate bride.

My cousin Wynyard was almost as much to be pitied as his child. At first he had been nigh frantic with anguish, not unmixed with anger; had cursed his own folly in ever consenting to the marriage, and poured terrible anathemas on the head of him whom a higher power had so fearfully stricken. Many were the causes assigned for the sudden paroxysm which had left the admired Arthur Sylvester that awful spectacle, a living body without a reasoning soul. Some whispered of the power of conscience, and of some mysterious sin, thus justly punished. True, the world said Arthur Sylvester had lived, in his early youth, a gay, thoughtless life—but the world is a harsh judge over the unfortunate. It could not be that Alice, the pure angel-like maiden, had loved one who was a sinner of so deep a dye, that his own conscience had been to him as the thunderbolt of Heaven's vengeance. It was a mystery too deep to penetrate. My very soul shuddered when I thought of the proud and handsome bridegroom—a howling maniac in his cell; the noble form degraded—the lofty mind, which Alice had so worshipped, shattered and sunk into idiotic weakness. Oh, Alice, Alice! hadst thou but heard what I heard of that unfortunate—nay, even thou, stern John Wynyard, whose heart was so full of bitterness against the destroyer of thy peace, even thou wouldst have melted into tears, hadst thou listened to the tale.

It was my nephew, Everard Brooke, whom I charged to bring me tidings of Alice's husband. He did so—he sought out the maniac, who had fled wildly over the country—watched over him, and guarded him from doing injury to himself or to others, until he was restored to his friends. When Everard told me how he had left Arthur Sylvester, idly playing with straws, talking to his own shadow, and calling it Alice Wynyard, while his aged mother sat weeping over him, I felt thankful that his name had never been uttered by Alice, so that I could still keep her in ignorance of his mournful state.

With Everard only could I talk calmly over what had passed, and what was to be done for the future. My cousin Wynyard would bear no allusion to the unhappy man; the moment I mentioned Arthur's name he would burst out into invectives and imprecations, that made my blood run cold.

"God's curse is upon him, and mine; therefore it is that he bears the burthen of his sin," John Wynyard would cry. "His name is hateful in my ears—utter it no more!"

"But Alice loved him—he is her husband."

"He is not!—I madly gave her to him—and I reclaim her: I made the bond, and I will break it." Thus raved Alice's father; and, at the time, I did not heed his words, but I soon found out their purport.

One day, when he came to pay his daily visit to Alice's chamber, she, in talking to him, laid her left hand on his arm. The wedding-ring shone brightly on the thin white finger. It caught his eye; and immediately his whole countenance darkened. He put the hand aside, and walked out of the room. Immediately I was summoned to his presence.

"Cousin Susan, how dare you let Alice wear that accursed ring? Did not Dr. Egerton take it from her finger, and say she was never to see it?"

"But the poor child entreated. Oh, cousin, if you had seen her look! I could not keep it from her; I cannot take it away."

"But I say you shall. The very sight tortures me. I would that it were at the bottom of the sea, with him who gave it. Take it off, Susan; hide it—steal it—or I will not come near my child."

"It is cruelty, to take from a wife her wedding-ring."

"I tell you, she is no wife. I can free her; and I will." And the storm of passion began to rise so violently that it was a joyful escape for me, when Alice's maid summoned me to her mistress.

She was weeping—my poor child! Oh, thou stern John Wynyard! I almost hated thee at that moment.

"Why did my father go away—is he angry? Ask him to come back again, aunt Susan," said Alice, now rendered doubly sensitive by weakness. "What have I done to offend him? Do not deceive me—tell me the truth; *you* always do." And her eyes were fixed so earnestly on mine that for my life's worth I could not have framed an excuse.

"You must not feel pained, my dearest," I whispered; "your father will get over it in time—but now he does not like to see this;" and I touched the ring.

I expected Alice would have wept more than ever; but not so. Her tears ceased, and the low complaining tone of sickness became firm and composed.

"What does my father desire, aunt Susan?" she said, almost sternly.

"If you would take it off—and not wear it for a little."

I started to see the sick girl rise from her pillowed chair, and stand upright on her feet, in an attitude of almost fierce defiance.

"How dares my father ask this? can he expect a wife to give up the symbol of her marriage? I will not do it. I am a wife without a husband—a wife only in name; but I will keep that name while I live. Go, and tell my father so!"

She sank back in her chair, and I saw she trembled like an aspen leaf, though her words were so firm. I laid her head on my bosom, and soothed her like a child. Then her feelings burst forth in one long, mournful cry.

"Oh, aunt, you knew my heart was broken—why did you torture it thus?"

A wretch that had committed murder could not have felt more guilty than I did then.

After a time Alice's words became more calm. "It is well, perhaps, that the ice is now broken, that I dare speak of what lies day and night upon my heart, like a leaden weight. Aunt Susan, answer me truly, tell me, where is Arthur? where is my husband?"

"He is safe at home—but—"

"I know it—you need not utter the horrible word. Oh, my Arthur—my own! Why did I live to see this day?"

She said no more, but lay back in her chair. For hours she remained motionless, with folded hands and closed eyes, looking like a marble statue. I sat beside her, pondering over life and its mysteries, and thinking, with a trembling heart, of the long, dark future which lay before that young creature: widowhood, without its patient hopelessness—without the calm and holy shadow of death, which in time brings peace to the most bruised heart. I thought of her, and then of *him*, and I knew not which was the most bitter lot, that of the maniac husband, or the worse than widowed wife.

After this painful scene, Alice became so much worse that her father was considerably alarmed. I told him what had passed between us, every word; and he did not make a single reply. I led him where Alice lay, in a heavy slumber, approaching to insensibility, and I saw that he was touched. He wished to send for Dr. Egerton; but I told him it was useless, that calmness of mind alone was necessary for Alice's recovery. He could not understand how any mental agitation could have made her so much worse—men never can. The wise ones! they can feel for the agony of a broken limb, but they have no sympathy for a broken heart. Well! I am an old maid—I have a right to speak of the other sex as I list; and I can truly affirm that I never knew one man living who had a really feeling heart.

Yes—I except one; and that was my dear good Everard. He was a comforter and a strengthener to me, in all this sad time. To an almost womanlike tenderness, he united clear sense and firmness such as few men can boast. In Mr. Wynyard's first paroxysm of anger and despair, Everard's influence over him was marvellous. My own, alas! was considerably weakened; for it was hardly surprising that, in the blindness of his wrath and sorrow, my cousin reproached me for this marriage, which I had urged through love towards my sweet child. Perhaps I was wrong—and yet, were the time to come over again, I think I should do the same. Everard stood manfully between me and the torrent of wrath; he was an angel of peace and consolation. Yet this was he whose heart the arrow had pierced; and I knew it was there still, and must remain for ever. Noble, self-denying Everard! When, as Alice recovered, I saw him watching her like a brother, (poor girl! in her unsuspicious nature she considered him as such,) striving to divert her thoughts, soothing the conflicting passions of father and daughter, and never by word or look giving sign of what I knew was in his heart, then I felt rejoiced that there was one man in the world who loved truly and unselfishly. It restored my faith in the whole sex.

After the little episode of the wedding-ring, John Wynyard's anger seemed to lull. He said no more on the subject; and, after a time, Everard persuaded him to visit his daughter again. What innumerable feminine contrivances did I use lest the obnoxious ring should again catch his eye! such as hiding the poor erring left hand in my own affectionate clasp, or finding out the prettiest pair of gloves in the world, to keep the thin, pale fingers warm during winter-time, Whether he yielded to Alice's determination or not, I cannot tell; but he said nothing. However, by degrees, his manner grew harsh and bitter; he would sit for whole hours in silence, and spend morning after morning in consultations with his lawyer. Somehow or another that man's entrance always boded evil; he was a bird of ill omen—the creature! with his wiry voice, his hooked nose, and his sharp black eyes. I disliked him heartily, for I knew there was some fresh vagary dawning in John Wynyard's brain. At last the storm burst.

We—that is, Everard, my cousin, and I—were sitting round the fire, after Alice had retired; poor thing! she always crept away early, and said often and often that during sleep was her only happy time, seeming to yearn for night to come and bring forgetfulness. How sad it was, this longing for even a temporary oblivion! I wondered not at those who seek repose in another and a deeper sleep.

"Susan," said Mr. Wynyard, suddenly breaking a dead, uncomfortable silence which had fallen upon us, "has Alice given up that foolish notion about the ring?"

I hardly knew what to answer, but Everard spoke for me.

"Surely, sir, you will not revive a subject so painful. Let it rest, for Alice's sake."

"It is exactly for her sake that I will not let it rest. And now, cousin Susan, and Everard, I will tell you what I have been long thinking about, and what I intend to do. My girl shall not be tied for life to a villain, a madman."

"Hush, hush, cousin!" I entreated; "speak not thus of him; remember, he is Alice's husband in the sight of God and man."

"But the marriage can be dissolved, and it shall; my child shall not bear the name of a wretch, an assassin. The law shall make her free. If it costs me half my fortune, I will get a divorce; by Heaven I will!" and he struck the table violently, uttering a stronger asseveration than I dare write.

Trembling in every limb, "My poor Alice! it will break her heart!" was all I could say.

"Pooh, pooh! girls' hearts are not so easily broken. Five years hence she will thank me for this. At eighteen, to be bound for life to a maniac; a widow, without a widow's freedom; it would be like chaining together a dead body and a living one. No, cousin; neither law, common sense, nor justice, can sanction that."

There was reason in what he said: I could not deny it. Alice was only a girl; and girlhood's love, warm and gushing as it is, will change sometimes. If the time should come when she might find the nominal tie, to which her riven soul now clung so fondly, a burthen and a galling chain—if she should love again, or another should love her——I turned to look at Everard. His face was ashen; his lips were compressed, as if in a spasm of acute pain. A hope—wild, mad, as passing as a meteor—but yet a distinct hope—had entered his soul; and the reaction from despair to even a glimmer of joy, was such that it became almost suffering. He was like a man brought suddenly from freezing cold to light and warmth, to whom the change gives sharp but momentary pain through the entire frame.

God forgive me if, when I looked at him, I forgot even Alice's sorrow! If she could be free—if she could be brought in time to love him—so noble as he was—so faithful—so true-hearted; superior to Arthur Sylvester in all things save in outward appearance: nay, to me, he seemed as handsome as Alice's chosen; but then it was not young Everard alone that I saw in the clear brown eyes, the soft curling hair, so dear and well-known of old!

"Have neither of you a word to say?" cried John Wynyard, impatiently, after a long silence. "But perhaps it is as well; for I tell you my mind is made up; this very day I have taken the first legal steps in the affair. Everard Brooke, you are a man of sense, though you are but young; tell me, am I not right? —Alice must consent."

Everard lifted up his head like one roused from a dream. "It is so sudden—I can hardly say;—you must consider this well before you act, Mr. Wynyard."

"I tell you I have considered, and fully: you are a man, and will at once see the justice of the case; but as for cousin Susan there, with her womanish nonsense about feelings and broken hearts, why, she must e'en get over them as fast as she can, and persuade Alice to do so too. A fine thing to have a madman for a son-in-law!—and my pretty Alice pining her life away in her father's house, neither old maid, wife, nor widow, when she might have the best men in England at her feet. I will endure no such thing; Arthur Sylvester is hateful to me; I will not suffer my child even to bear his name. I tell you, I will have a divorce!"

Louder and louder grew John Wynyard's tones; his vehement gestures and excited looks engrossed the attention of us both, so that neither Everard nor I observed that the door opened, and a fourth person stood among among us.

It was Alice; and she had heard all!

If a ghost from the dead had risen up in the midst, we could not have looked more aghast. And, truly, the girl's own appearance was like that of the dead rather than the living. She walked up to her father's chair, caught his arm convulsively, and looked into his face with her stony eyes until he seemed absolutely to quail beneath them. At last there came from between her white lips words terribly calm:—

"Father, you say my husband is mad—I know it—but I am his wife still. If you tear me from him, I will curse you to your face, and then die."

When she had said this her whole frame seemed to collapse, like that of a corpse suddenly animated and then sinking down again, cold, still, and dead, as before. Her arms fell, her eyes closed, and Everard carried her out totally insensible.

My cousin Wynyard was not on the whole a harsh man, still less an unkind father, but he had vehement antipathies, and was obstinacy itself when he once determined on a project; nay, such are the ins and outs of human nature, that generally the worse the scheme, the more bent he was upon it. His hatred for poor Arthur Sylvester outweighed even his love for Alice. In his determination there might have been some lingering of care for her future fate, as he had stated, but I verily believe he thought of himself first and his child afterwards. He would have moved the whole world, have sacrificed everything he loved, rather than the blot of Sylvester's name should ever darken the family pedigree of the Wynyards. Scarcely had Alice recovered, when he began the attack again. This time, however, he put me entirely out of the question, regarding me as an ally on the other side, and tried to enlist my nephew in his cause.

Now came the struggle in Everard's breast. Day after day he listened to Mr. Wynyard's arguments, until hope—vague as it was—whispered to him that there was reason in them, and that the cold-hearted father might be right after all; and then, on the other hand, when he saw the face of the broken-spirited girl, he hated himself for conceiving this wild hope, the fulfilment of which must be purchased by such torture to her. Poor Alice grew paler and paler every day, but neither threats nor arguments could induce her to give her consent to this divorce; and without her will Mr. Wynyard knew it could not legally be accomplished. He entreated Everard to seek to persuade her.

"You were children together," he said one day,

when in Alice's absence he was discussing the usual agonizing subject with Everard, and while I sat in a corner, my lips closed, but my ears open. "Everard, Alice would always listen to you,—she was so fond of you;—you two were like brother and sister, as one may say. If you would persuade her, she might consent. The lawyer comes to-morrow, and I want to do things quietly. We might soon get the formalities over, and Alice would be free."

"Alice free! Alice free!" muttered Everard; and his whole countenance brightened. But in a moment it fell again. "Mr. Wynyard, this is cruel!—I cannot—I dare not urge her. Do not ask me!"

"You are a fool, Everard Brooke;" angrily returned Mr. Wynyard. "Don't you see it is for Alice's good?—A woman is no use in the world at all unless she has half-a-dozen children and a house to be mistress of. *I* want to see my girl really married to some one I like,—some one who will make her happy,—in short, just such a fellow as yourself, Everard!—Who knows but she might choose you?"

Everard grew very pale, and his lips trembled, but he drew himself up, and said, almost proudly—"Mr. Wynyard, I do not understand this jesting."

"Pshaw! you foolish boy,—you are standing in your own light! Do you think I cannot see as far through a stone wall as most people? You and Alice used to play at husband and wife when you were babies; and you, at least, would have kept up the game now, but for that man,—I wish he had been dead before Alice saw him! But, to speak plainly, Everard Brooke, I see you would be well content to have Alice for a wife; and you may take her with my good-will and blessing."

Everard covered his face with his hands. Oh! how bitter was the strife!—Love fighting against love—the earthly passion which desires its own fulfilment, against the holy, pure, divine essence, in which self is absorbed and annihilated, which seeks only the happiness of the beloved one! Everard!—dear Everard!—how my heart clung to thee in that struggle!

Mr. Wynyard's coarse voice broke the dead silence: "Well, my dear boy!—you see I am right now—and you will help me,—gain the best little wife in England into the bargain. See, there she is, walking in the garden. Go and persuade her, and we will have all right directly."

Everard lifted up his head, and saw Alice as she slowly passed the window. Her gait, her attitude, wore marks of utter dejection; there was no life, no hope, in the marble-like face that drooped upon her bosom. Her eyes had no expression save that of vague apathy;—she looked the picture of stricken despair. Everard started to his feet in a burst of indignation:—

"Mr. Wynyard—if you have any feeling—look there! Is that the girl you would make an object of barter—a bribe—regarding her own free choice as little as if it were your horse, instead of your child, that you were disposing of? I will not do this. I would not be a party to such cruelty—no—not for the world's wealth."

"Then you scorn my daughter—you despise her!" muttered Mr. Wynyard between his set teeth.

"Scorn Alice?—despise Alice?" repeated Everard.

"Yes; you came here with your girl's face, and your pining and puling, and it was all false! *You* love her, indeed!"

Every muscle of Everard's face quivered, and yet he tried to speak calmly:—"Mr. Wynyard, I will tell you, what I never breathed before, because I knew it was in vain—that I do love Alice,—that I have loved her from boyhood,—that I would give my life and soul for her. And, because I loved her, I never told her this, lest it should cause her a moment's pain. Can I torture her poor broken spirit now? No; it would be cowardly—dishonourable. To win Alice, I would sacrifice everything—save her peace and my own honour."

Oh noble spirit of true love—the earnest, the self-denying,—how thou didst shine out in every lineament of young Everard's face as he spoke! Surely the good angel which had triumphed in his soul stood behind him invisibly, and shed upon him brightness and glory from its heavenly wings. Alice! Alice! how couldst thou not love Everard?

My cousin Wynyard stood a few moments, confounded; he was unprepared to meet such firmness. It incensed him beyond endurance. In a burst of anger, such as I had rarely witnessed even in him, he forbade Everard's ever entering his house more, and rushed to his own study, locking the door with violence.

Then I crept out from my corner, where Mr. Wynyard's commands had sealed my tongue, and went up to my dear nephew. I laid my hand on his shoulder:—

"Everard, my own good noble Everard,—take comfort!"

He seized my hands, pressed his forehead upon them, and wept like a child.

My life has been lonely: it was my destiny. No child has ever nestled in my bosom, and called me mother!—the yearnings, the mysteries of maternity, were not for me to know;—and yet, had it been otherwise, there is love in my heart's depths that would—I feel it would—have answered to the call. But if ever I experienced the faint shadowings of what mother-love must be, it was when I bent over Everard Brooke, and tried to pour comfort into his bruised spirit. In that hour I could have shed the dearest blood of my own heart to bring peace to his.

Everard went away, and Alice was not told of the cause of his departure; even John Wynyard had sufficient delicacy and good feeling to agree to this; but not the less did he persevere in his constant endeavours to win over Alice to his will. And I—my heart was torn by conflicting feelings: on one side Alice and her sorrows—on the other Everard; why, oh! why was it, that these two had not loved one another and been happy? At times I was almost ready to acknowledge that my cousin Wynyard had

the right on his side after all, and that his persecution was only the rough but kindly ministering of the leech, who wounds for a time in order to heal at last.

The wisest of all wise men says, "A continual dropping weareth away the stone," and so it was in the case of my poor Alice. Yet, perchance, her consent might never have been gained to the act which parted her from her husband, so passionately loved, had not fate overruled matters so as to win from grief, and filial duty, the concession which would never have been yielded to threats and harshness. Mr. Wynyard fairly stormed and argued himself into a severe illness; and then, like all men, he grew alarmed, felt sure that his doom was come, and took most touching farewells of all the household. My poor Alice, struck with terror and remorse by what she believed the result of her own opposition to her father, promised solemnly to fulfil his dying injunction, (I must say this for my good cousin, that he really thought himself *in articulo mortis*,) and be separated from the unfortunate Arthur Sylvester.

The deed was done—that evil genius, Lawyer Doubletongue, effected it without delay—and Alice was free. By her father's commands, even her maiden name was to be reassumed, that the marriage might be utterly blotted out from all men's minds. I shall never forget the day when that hateful Doubletongue first addressed Alice as *Miss Wynyard*.

She had moved about the whole day, pale, dreamy, and silent, only seeming conscious of herself when beside her invalid father. But the instant that name struck on her ear—the signal that all was over—that she was Arthur's wife no longer—it had the effect of a thunder-clap. She drew up her tall stature with icy haughtiness, and looked at the mean shrinking reptile before her as though she could have trodden him beneath her feet.

"This to me, sir! you forget yourself!" And then her tone changed—she glanced wildly round, pressed her hand to her brow; "No, no! I see it now! it is I who forget. Ah me! ah me! all over!" She fled from the room, and I found her lying crouched on the floor of her own chamber in strong convulsions. It was the most fearful struggle, and the last. Alice and her husband were parted by a legal divorce. Alas! this was of little moment to the poor maniac, who was doomed to spend his life in darkness—the most awful darkness, the darkness of the soul. But with all my pity for the unhappy man, I felt a vague relief, that, whether he recovered or not, Alice could be no more to him than the stranger in the street: they were husband and wife no longer—not even in name.

(To be continued.)

WHY SHOULD WE STUDY THE CLASSICS?

"Why should we study the classics?" exclaims the young city wit, as he lounges over his desk, "and of what advantage to us is the knowledge of these old-wives' tales of 'heroic Greece?' Why should we weary our patience, and overload our memory, with the languages of a people now wisely forgotten, whose arts and manufactures were at no time worthy of much consideration, and whose commerce at the height of its glory was little better than the successful plunder of weaker or more peaceful states? *Our* daily intercourse is with the great nations of modern Europe,—the French, the Germans, the Russians, and the Italians: how much better that their languages should become familiar to us as household words, than that our best years should be spent in the slow and painful acquisition of what can never be of practical use to us in our after-life!"

Such, or something like this, is the common language of a large portion of modern society, and especially of persons devoted to mercantile pursuits. The opinion seems widely spread, and continually growing stronger, that a change in the principle of English education is imperatively demanded; that what might once have been good is now no longer so; and that to pursue the study of the old tongues is a useless remnant of the monastic system, in other cases so wisely discarded. Practical men, as they love to be called, look to the present; they see that the literature of the Continent has a daily increasing demand on the energies of our youth, and they wonder, not altogether without reason, at the time devoted to what we call the dead languages.

Now, without discussing the character of the early education at present existing in England, and without denying that much might have been done to render it more successful than it is or has been; admitting, that from the practical habits of the English mind our scholars have been rather celebrated for the variety of their general knowledge, than for their profound acquaintance with individual branches of learning; and granting that the tendency of the training of some of our larger schools has at times led men to value the husk more than the fruit of ancient learning; it still appears to be a subject well worthy of consideration whether the study of the Greek and Latin, even with the defects to which it has been liable hitherto, is so wholly useless as it is asserted to be, and whether there be not sound reasons for maintaining unchanged in its principle that course of studies which has so long prevailed among us. The question is, simply, Are we justified at the present day in continuing to the ancient tongues the same rank in the education of the country which they have had up to this time?

Now, it were enough, on my principle of faith, to reply, that what hath been so long the practice of the country ought not lightly and without due thought to be given up; at the same time that they who have been so free in their complaints against the present system, in adopting the tone of radical reformers rather than that of men who wish calmly to reconsider the whole matter, have in great measure put themselves out of court; that, of old, our "merchant princes" deemed not a knowledge of the ancient literature less valuable because not directly bearing on the affairs of modern commerce,—that our Greshams,

our Cannings, and our Raleghs were not exceptions but rules; and that it was not the mere rude sailor who breasted the waves in his frail bark, but the courtly student and the polished gentleman, who forgot the comforts of his English home, and the luxury of repose, that he might open new worlds of well-earned wealth to his countrymen, and bid them vie with the "adventurers" of Italy and Portugal in the generous rivalry of new discovery.

Yet I fear such arguments as these would weigh but little with the commercial men of the present day, who, above all who have lived before them, seem careless of the records of the past, and devoted in their nightly musings and day-dream imaginings to the one engrossing object of money-getting; a race who, if they read at all, have no apparent end in view but temporary excitement and the relief of ennui, and who love the easy flowing style of Dickens, the pert Man-about-Town-isms of Albert Smith, or Thackeray's chronicles of street and ball-room, because it costs no labour to comprehend at a glance the meaning of such writers. Let us see, then, if there be not some reason, why the *practical* student of the languages of modern Europe should acquire some knowledge of these ancient tongues before he attempts the study of the continental languages, and some proofs of their utility, such as would pass current, if need be, even in the unpoetical halls of the Stock Exchange.

Now let any one look but cursorily at the best known languages of Europe, the French, the German, and the Italian, and consider how much they are indebted to the Greek and the Latin, not only for the idiomatic peculiarities and delicacy of thought and expression in which their chief beauties reside, but even for the very words of which their staple consists.

In French at least two-thirds—in Italian, as it is usually spoken (apart from the peculiarities of local dialects), nearly four-fifths of the words belong to the ancient dialect of the "Eternal City," while in German, perhaps one-third of the elementary words are due to the Latin and the Greek combined together. How difficult must be the acquirement, how slow and tedious the progress, in learning these tongues, to those who, wholly ignorant of the ground stems from which they have sprung, come to their study as to that of Turkish or Chinese, with no other previous information than their native English can provide! If, therefore, there were no other reason assignable for the study of the classical languages, the fact that they render those of Europe so much more easy of attainment, would be sufficient inducement with a reasonable man for their acquisition.

But there are other reasons which ought to weigh strongly in favour of the pursuit of classical literature, and which will be appreciated by all who do not look upon learning with the cold eye of the utilitarian, as something which must give a certain money-value for the time the pursuit of it may take. Suppose these languages mastered so that their more ordinary difficulties should have been surmounted, still, how much of their intrinsic merit must be lost to those who have no previous knowledge! how many of the finer shades of meaning, how many of the nicer and more elegant turns of thought, must fail to meet with due appreciation! how many curious resemblances, which, like the image of an ancestor in the features of his late descendants, have been transmitted from the parent dialects of the Old World, must be passed by without just regard and consideration! Were the ancient literature swept away altogether, or its study entirely given up, it is hardly too much to say, that a large portion of that of modern Europe would become unintelligible and meaningless. Nor is this confined to Europe only: for a long period of English history, our own writers framed their sentences and moulded their style almost wholly on the classical models; and in later times some of our most eminent poets and divines have added to the primæval Saxon base of the language large quantities of Latin and Norman-French words. How could these be duly understood without some acquaintance with the elder tongue—or if in our youth teachers were not ever at hand, to whom the language of ancient Rome had been long familiar? If, even now, with all the advantages derived from the knowledge of the kindred dialects of the French and the Italian, complaint is often made of the obscurity of our Spenser, our Shakspere, or our Milton, arising partly from the inverted character of their sentences, but many times more from the peculiar use of strange and unwonted words, how vastly must these difficulties be increased to those readers who do not recognise in their phraseology or sentences the reference to the classical idea which was present to the mind of the divine or the poet at the time when he was writing!

But, after all, to suppose that the only, or even the main use of studying the dead languages, is the facility such study would give for the attainment of the modern tongues, is to form a very limited and narrow estimate of its real value: were this all that could be said in its favour, I fear that the continuance of the study of Greek and Latin in our schools would not be of long duration. But they have a higher and a grander office, to be the basis of all sound knowledge, and, by a logical training of the mind, the foundation-stone of everything that is acquired for other than merely mercantile purposes: to be, in short, the substructure on which we *must* raise any system of teaching which is not purely mechanical. It is because such study is so important for the carrying out any real system of education, that the habit of inuring the youth of this country to Greek and Latin, before they proceed to other studies, can be most successfully advocated. For what *is* education, rightly so named, but the development of those faculties wherein man differs from other animals; the careful training of the reasoning powers, so that he shall be able to express, with clearness and precision, whatever views he may have on the subject he is investigating?

To this end, two things, at least, are necessary; one, a knowledge, more or less profound, of the sources whence our language has arisen, so that the original

meanings of the words themselves, and some of their subsequent changes and modifications, may be fresh in the mind of the speaker or writer: the other, the power of expressing logically, in outward language, the internal workings of thought, so that the exact conception of the orator, or the author, may be conveyed to the hearer or reader;—in fact, some practical knowledge of *Etymology*, or the *History of Words;* and *Grammar*, or the *Method of Language*, whereby the expressions of our ideas are combined, classified, and arranged in sentences. For it has been well remarked by Coleridge, in the third volume of "The Friend," that the man of education is at once distinguishable by the evidently habitual arrangement of his words, grounded on the habit of foreseeing in every sentence the whole of what he intends to communicate, so that there is method in the fragments of his conversation even when it seems most desultory.

Now, there can be no doubt that *some* knowledge of both Etymology and Grammar is necessary for a sound education, and that an acquaintance with the origin of words is as requisite for him who would use them appropriately, as a knowledge of the structure of the language he is employing: but the latter is the most valuable as a system of training; because, by its logical character, it is more immediately connected with the operations of the mind. I will pause for a few minutes to examine this part of my subject rather more fully, as it may not be quite clear, at first sight, to every one, in what way Grammar (the laws of the structure of language) is the result of the exercise of a *logical* process.

There are only two ways in which the mind uses its reason scientifically, namely, by acquiring habits of *induction* and *deduction;* yet the first is not a subject for teaching, though the skilful use of that power will, in this as in all other cases, follow from continued practice and perseverance. It belongs to the man of genius, and to him only, to eliminate the general law pervading and animating a crowd of particulars,—to discern the hand of order in the confusion of the elements, and to note resemblances and similarities where common men only see the differences. The *inductive* quality is innate, if it exists at all. It is, however, possible to teach *deduction;* at least, to give the young mind the power of acquiring deductive habits; for deduction requires attention chiefly; and attention has for its object the order and connexion of thoughts and images, each of which is previously ascertained. Such habits may be taught in many ways; for instance, by the study of Geometry, which, at least in its elementary parts, demands attention only. But it is best taught by learning languages. How is it, then, that this study produces this result? Let us reflect for a moment on the nature of language itself. Language is the external expression of ideas existing previously in the mind, by the means of certain general symbols. Hence, words have been defined to be the signs of thoughts; arbitrarily chosen at first, subsequently compounded, altered, and modified, according to the genius, the temper, and ofttimes the local peculiarities of the people so employing them: they are *general* terms, expressing *general* ideas;—the first attempts in the mind at the classification and arrangement of thoughts: and the *method of language*, or *general grammar*, is nothing else but the *formation of sentences* (as distinguished from the formation of words, which is the business of Etymology)—an operation altogether logical, and the first effort of the young intellect to exercise that reasoning power which elevates the man above surrounding animals. The acquisition of such a method, if possible, must be of great value: it only remains for me to show how the learning of it is aided by the study of the dead languages.

What, then, well arranged cabinets of minerals are to the lecturer on the component parts of our earth,—what the remains of the animal forms of the Old World to the student of comparative anatomy, and to those who are investigating the normal types of animal structure,—such to the student of the modern tongues are those elder sisters of our languages, retaining as they do, in their written memorials, the permanence of their ancient forms, and the original perfection of their grammatical system; and offering to the intelligent student or lecturer specimens of peculiar excellence, which he may scrutinize, dissect, and analyse. They lie before us, as has been well observed, in gigantic and well preserved remains, and we may compare them with as much certainty as we should feel in experimenting upon the objects of any branch of Natural Philosophy. It is not, indeed, enough for our purpose that we have existing languages for our study; for the study of the logical order and connexion of sentences must depend on the logical sequence of the pre-existing thoughts. It is, therefore, general as the universal mind of man, and independent of the particular significations of individual words. It cannot but be, too, that the mutability of spoken languages will be an impediment in our way, and the attempt to get from them any fixed ideas on the analogy of language little better than the copying "the fantastic pictures of an ever revolving kaleidoscope." We must go out of ourselves, as the Germans would say, if we wish to know anything of ourselves: we must see somewhat of foreign travel, if we would appreciate the excellences of our own home. And so it is with the study of languages. The words of our mother tongue we acquire insensibly and we know not how—we have learnt its use, its force, and its propriety, ere we have thought on the analysis of the words to which its excellence is due. To do this well we must have external aids; we must compare the specimens of other lands: and the reasons given above seem to me convincing in favour of the selection of the ancient tongues of Greece and Rome, as those on which our experiments can be most fruitfully made.

But a few more words, and I have done. I have already stated, that I have no intention of maintaining that the system which has prevailed in England is either the best that could have been devised, or that, such as it has been, it has produced the fruits its most earnest advocates have desired: I wish but to urge

the truth of the great principles of that system, and to show that we have not played the part of fools in insisting on a classical education as preliminary to subsequent and more extended studies. It may be, that, for many years, too much time has been given to what I would call but the elements, though, I think, the *necessary* elements of education—that our system has been too narrow and exclusive, in that it has, in great measure, excluded from our youth the early acquisition of the great languages of modern Europe. It may be, that a judicious combination of the two classes would have been the best course of study for young minds; and that they who have submitted with doubtful pleasure or a subdued reluctance to the "flowery yoke of Horace," would have relished his poetry the more, had they learnt it in company with the merry song of Schiller and Goëthe. Yet these are faults easy of remedy,—errors which are, now at least, present to all the better class of teachers; prejudices, arising in great measure from our political position, and the long absence of any effectual communication between our own and foreign lands, but which thirty-three years of peace have done much to dissipate: while the real cry which has been raised, and still prevails, is not so much against the system of teaching which has been adopted, as against any study of those languages,—it is the assertion of *monied ignorance*, that valuable time is lost in their acquirement. Finally, I think but little acquaintance with the ordinary popular writings of the day demonstrates, but too clearly, how inadequate for the expression of great ideas are those writers who have had little or no training from the ancient sources. The popular style of the day shows often much of wit and cleverness, sometimes much wildness of imagery and a rich poetical imagination;—yet the incongruous connexion of ideas, the heaping up conceptions drawn together carelessly at random, and intended to tell upon the minds of the readers rather by weight of words than the power of the thoughts they are intended to convey, prove to the calm and studious peruser of antiquity, how little of real education or knowledge has ministered to the pleasure or the amusement of the readers. The tinsel and the ornament have attracted the gaze, because sight was easy and cost little labour; the colours of the painting were bright, and the enduring light of time had not yet dulled the limner's outline, and so they have carried with them the admiration of the many, because the many must be thoughtless; for thought and reflection, the painful acquirement of many silent and undistracted hours, as they are the merited reward, so they are the privilege, of the few.

Nor is it a fair objection to such studies, that a certain hardness of outline has sometimes distinguished the writings of those who have been much imbued with ancient learning. If, indeed, of old, our great writers sometimes dealt in unmeaning subtleties,—if our Andrewes' would sometimes tarry with a tedious minuteness upon individual words, or our Souths, our Barrows, and our Burtons play, in a joyous sense of their native power, on the elementary meaning of a word, till its sense was almost lost in the wit and the jocose acuteness of the writer;—what, after all, was this but a good quality somewhat overstrained,—an ingenuity and mastery of materials rarely overstepping the proprieties of their subject? How different from the affected style and strutting point of these modern complainers, who too often seem to write, as a great poet of this country once said of them, as though they thought that all their readers were troubled with the asthma! At least, let not such as these condemn these ancient tongues as useless;—if they will not study them, at least let them not revile what they have not wit to admire and to appreciate. Let no rude hand assail these ancient monuments of the human speech; but let them be preserved, alike from the cold gaze of the sneerer, and the profane wit of the modern jester; let them dwell, so it please this all-acquiring age, in their old monastic seclusion, apart from the garish eye of day, in the dusty time-hallowed tomes of the old and now forgotten learned; so only, they may rest there in peace and undisturbed tranquillity,—silent witnesses to the neglect of an age which has scorned their excellence and despised their truth, and whose popular literature, fleeting as the advertisements which announce each new novel to the world, and aimless as the intellectual weakness which now panders to the popular taste, demonstrates, and that not doubtfully, by its absence of method, its contempt for logical arrangement, its careless use of metaphors, and its lavish expenditure of unmeaning expletives, how well it has thriven on its *own lean kine*.

Z.

AMUSEMENT.

"Come, thou goddess fair and free."

THE following passage occurs in Mr. Smith's admirable translation of Fichte's "Characteristics of the Present Age:" "In this empty void of time, everything disappears which is adopted for the purpose of mere amusement; or, what is the same thing, for the satisfaction of curiosity, founded upon no earnest desire for knowledge. Amusement is altogether a void and empty waste, which intervenes between the periods of time devoted to earnest occupation." With all due submission to the lofty intellect of the German transcendentalist, we venture to offer a word in remonstrance against this view of the matter.

Life is a very serious thing; most sensible people are fully aware of that fact. No sane Briton, at least, ever considers it as a joke; on the contrary, both young England and elderly England seem to look upon life as a lugubrious affair enough. *Old* England, chronicles tell us, was "merrie," and contrived to get a good deal of amusement in the intervals of business. The race may have changed a little, as well as the climate; but we do not believe that those old men, like

"Those old Mays, had thrice the life of these."

Nor do we believe that there is so much hard work to be done among us now, that there can be no time for

amusement. On the contrary, we cannot help believing that people in England have energy enough, and time enough, to amuse themselves. Now, to do so thoroughly, we must do it with an easy conscience; for we are, upon the whole, a conscientious nation, and love to be satisfied with ourselves. Here, then, comes the question, Is amusement a profitable and proper thing for rational beings to indulge in; or is it indeed altogether "a void and empty waste?" We do not deny that from the high supersensual region of philosophy, whence Fichte looked down upon mundane matters, *l'art de s'amuser* appears a very contemptible art; but on this very account it is necessary to remind the disciples of his school, that, viewed from the lower level of practical philosophy, this same *art de s'amuser* no longer seems despicable, but strikes the observer as a matter of importance, and as one worthy to engage his best attention. It is from this region of practical philosophy that we are considering the subject of amusement at present.

Amusement, nothing better than "a void and empty waste, which intervenes between the periods of time devoted to earnest occupation!" Hear this, ye laughter loving, eager-eyed pleasure seekers! ye admiring youths and admirable maidens! ye lotus-eating dreamers! that stretch your "listless length," at "noon or eventide," "under the shade of melancholy boughs!" Hear this, and help us to do honour to amusement; and let us show all cynical and sceptical objectors, that this "void and empty waste" may be made to "blossom like the rose."

An allegory is an old-fashioned form of illustration, but we are not aware that it is any the worse for that; and although we do not assuredly aim at rivalling our grand old masters in that style of composition, we will yet venture to offer a species of trifling allegorette to the reader, that he may thereby apprehend our meaning the better, and remember Addison with the stronger admiration. In the earliest ages Labour was recognised as a deity; and civilised men in all succeeding times have agreed in saying, "labour is divine." There is no reason to fear that the clear-eyed, hard-handed goddess will lose any of her true divinity now, after being organized by M. Louis Blanc, crowned with the cap of liberty, and girded with a tricolor cestus. Few of the *Dii minores* would be less affected by a change in costume. The goddess Labour had two sisters, younger, and as many think fairer, than herself. The eldest of these was Sleep, that with folded hands and sealed lids, reclining between the wings of Night, was borne ever after the steady steps of Labour. The youngest was Amusement, who was brought up in the household of Venus, where she was tutored by the Graces, and became the nurse and favourite companion of Cupid. She was beautiful, bright, and amiable, as became a nymph so nurtured. She was sent upon earth to interpose between her two sisters. It is her duty, by gracious smiles and animated gestures, to remind mortals that they have within them a spirit which needs more than alternate toil and rest for its full development and gratification; a spirit that would fain *rejoice*. This fair goddess shows clearly, to all those who can understand her teachings, a world beyond the present, where this spiritual appetite for celestial joy shall be thoroughly gratified. Without pushing our allegory any farther, we will just quote these exquisite lines from Coleridge, in conclusion,—

> "Oh, pure of heart! Thou needst not ask of me
> What this strong music in the soul may be!
> What and wherein it doth exist,
> This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
> This beautiful and beauty-making power.
> Joy, virtuous lady! joy that ne'er was given
> Save to the pure and in their purest hour;
> Life and life's effluence, clouds at once and shower;
> Joy, lady, is the spirit and the power
> Which wedding nature to us gives in dower,
> A new earth and new heaven;
> Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud.
> Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud!
> We in ourselves rejoice!
> And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight;
> All melodies the echoes of that voice,
> All colours a suffusion from that light."

It is a foretaste, however feeble, of that celestial joy, not low sensual excitement or empty frivolity, that the bright-eyed goddess Amusement should awaken within us. In plain English, allegory and metaphor apart, what we mean by the word amusement is no "void and empty waste," occupying the intervals of serious labour; it is time profitably as well as pleasantly spent.

True, labour is indeed *divine;* but amusement is divine also. The heroes and great workers of the world deserve not more gratitude and honour than do its amusers. Such, at least, we may presume to have been the opinion of the philosopher who prized the song-making of a nation above its law-making; and such is the opinion we would fain press on the reader's attention. We are all so easily duped by high-sounding names and lofty pretensions, and so apt to believe that want of pretension is want of sterling worth, that it is well to consider sometimes the claims of those who seem to have no higher aim than to fill up agreeably the intervals of actual business. Bowing, then, with due reverence, before the solemn, somewhat stern-featured demigods who occupy the adytum of the historic Pantheon, we leave their praises to loftier pens, while we linger in the less sacred parts of the edifice, that we may look on the smiling faces of those whose mission is to gladden the heart, or beguile it of its load of earthly care.

Poets, literary men, musicians, painters, sculptors, actors, artists of every kind, and of many grades, these are they who fill up the intervals of labour among the cultivated classes; these are they who furnish amusement to the world, and whose business it is to spread and popularize truth and beauty. Perhaps the most numerous and most powerful classes of amusers at the present day are the novelists and writers of fiction on the one hand, and the newspaper and magazine essayists on the other. Some persons may think we claim too much honour for novel-writers, when we rank them with poets and artists; persons, too, not very narrow-minded, persons who are indignant when they read the story about the pious archbishop who

refused interment to the body of Molière on the ground of his having been a writer and actor of plays. "*Eile mit weile,*" as our friends the Germans say. Society has enlarged its views a little since the time of that good archbishop. We do not call our Garricks and Siddonses, our Bouffés, Rachels and Macreadys, "mountebanks" and "vagabonds;" and when they die, we do not cast their bodies out of the pale of the church, along with the monkeys and the dancing-dogs; but we bury them in cathedral aisles, with fitting accompaniment of "storied urn and animated bust." For the sake, too, of these great artists, society is more respectful towards actors and acting generally. So will it be with our story-tellers of all kinds. The demand for fictitious literature, for what are called *novels*, is greater now than it ever was, and the supply is adequate to the demand as regards quantity, and is becoming superior in quality every season. An average novel of the present day, historic, domestic, or philosophic, is far superior to an average novel of thirty years ago. In fact, fictitious literature has become an important element in the daily life of a great portion of the middle and higher classes. What newspapers are to busy practical men, novels are to idlers and poetic speculators; what newspapers are to men in general, novels are to women in general. The amount of talent expended on a single novel, newspaper, review, or magazine, is highly creditable to both writers and readers of such ephemeral objects of interest or amusement. Some people may say, "What a pity that so much wit and wisdom, so much poetic and philosophic eloquence, should be frittered away in novels, and newspapers, and magazines!" Indeed, this is, at a first glance, a very natural thought; but a little deeper acquaintance with the nature of the age would show us that it is not a wise observation. The regret implied in it is unavailing; nor is it desirable that it should be otherwise. It is unavailing, because it cannot restrain the daily, weekly, monthly outpourings of the national mind, through the thousand channels that the press has made for it, nor force the flood through one or two grand canals, into any mental Mœris Lake, however vast or wonderful in structure, whence the whole population might fetch water at their need. Such a system of irrigation might have a more imposing effect upon the theoretic looker-on, but could not be attended with the same beneficial results to the people, as the present system of watering the whole country by means of innumerable literary dikes and canallettes, trenches and pipes, so that each man may set one of these flowing through his own little plot of mental ground. We need not fear that this great water privilege will fail us, in consequence of the present lavish use of it. It is in the nature of things spiritual to gain power by action, to increase by expenditure. Let our daily and weekly writers be as clever, as profound, as subtle and as penetrating in intelligence as they may; let us call forth all their powers, and use them fully; there is no fear that we shall exhaust the resources of the human mind, and come to a dead stop. We do wonders in the way of intellectual exertion for amusement's sake, just now, certainly; but the national intelligence is not nearly "used up" yet, and the greater part of us may go on reading or writing in perfect security. There is an inexhaustible fund of knowledge and beauty as yet untouched by popular hands, which must be made familiar to every one. In the mean time, God's chosen few, the creators and inventors, the lofty geniuses, ever and anon strike out some new truth or sudden beauty, which will in time be made the property of all, by means of the promulgators of knowledge, whose name is legion. These are the direct teachers, and the *amusers* or indirect teachers of the nation at large. Their mission, when rightly understood, is sacred, though their office may seem more humble than that of the great originators, whose "audience" must ever be "few." And of the various promulgators of truth among ourselves at the present day, not the least in real importance are those who furnish us with amusement.

J. M. W.

HARRY SUMNER'S REVENGE.[1]

BY POLYDORE.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream."
Midsummer Night's Dream. Act i. Sc. 1.

"But oh! gentle friends,
As times of quiet and unbroken peace,
Though for a nation times of blessedness,
Give back faint echoes from the historian's page;
So in the imperfect sounds of this discourse,
Depressed I hear how faithless is the voice
Which *those most blissful days* reverberate."
WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion.*

A SUCCESSION of casualties prevented the immediate explosion of Colonel Flint's mine of internecine intentions. A long interview at the Horse Guards, respecting the recent court-martial on ensign Medwin, (the decision of which had not as yet been confirmed at head-quarters), occupied that sanguinary veteran until several hours after the time appointed for his interview with Mr. D'Aaroni. It may be observed in passing, that had "Thou shalt hate thy neighbour" been the Gospel command, it would not have been easy to find a better and more consistent Christian than Colonel Flint. An abstract love of being upon snarling terms with everybody, appeared to be the gallant colonel's animating principle. Promptness and decision, and a by no means contemptible amount of strategic skill of a peculiar description, of which a dash of malice was the most formidable element—a kind of strategy adapted rather for the arena of private life than for the battle-field,—had generally procured him the victory over any luckless wight who chanced to provoke his hostility; so that he might be said to be, in a domestic sense, "the hero of a hundred

(1) Continued from page 15.

fights;" and there were lieutenants and ensigns, together with an army of ruined non-commissioned officers, not to mention drummer-boys, who still rued the day on which they first provoked reprisals from the invincible and inexorable colonel of the —th. But most of the great conquerors of history have experienced, at some time or another, an unlooked-for check. So it was with Colonel Flint. His promptness, decision, and strategic skill were being threatened with a failure. Throughout every moment of his interview at the Horse Guards, the violent struggle of a fly he thought he had destroyed, threatened his web with instant dissolution; and his efforts to prevent the escape of his victim detained him so long, that it occasioned his warlike palate the tantalizing and most disappointing postponement, at least for several days, of a delicious little tid-bit of private murder.

The following day was the one fixed for the chairing of Mr. Browne at Cantingbury, for which place the Colonel was to set out in the company of the honourable member very early in the morning. On the next day they were bidden guests at a great prandial spread of Mr. Browne's constituents. Then came Sunday—a day on which not even Colonel Flint felt disposed to make arrangements for a duel. On Monday they must be present at a very large and highly popular ball given in honour of the successful candidates,—a ball at which every animosity excited in the recent contest was to be trod beneath the light fantastic toe. Liberal gentlemen were to polk with Tory girls, and the honourable members were to show the most marked attention to the fat wallflower, who, blooming against the wainscot, exhibited that beautiful mixture of martyr resignation and magnanimous forgiveness so becoming in the better-half of a defeated candidate. Mr. D'Aaroni was on a committee which was sitting daily upon the Bribeworth and Huxtable Line. So that six days must elapse before any final arrangements could be made. Six days of suspense in such a matter! For six long days must Colonel Flint smack his lips in expectant relish of a duel to come, swearing, like a true-born British trooper, at the temerity of events which dared to obstruct his plan of operations.

No excuse has Harry Sumner for precipitation. A deep inner feeling—vague, but very decided—has been remonstrating with him from the first. And he has nearly a week allowed him for a quiet chat with his conscience. Now, whether a duel after so long an absolutely unavoidable postponement should have been fought at all, according to the laws of duelling, it is impossible for one entirely unacquainted with that occult science to decide with any positiveness. Certain minds, highly superstitious no doubt, (such at least they would be pronounced by that "vox" which has been said to be—save the mark!—the "vox Dei,") would have been disposed to regard obstacles so simple, yet so insurmountable, as so many impediments, lovingly thrown in the way of a detestable purpose by Him who said from the beginning, "Thou shalt do no murder:" and, under a dispensation of closer nearness to Himself, requires all who have a desire to be pleasing to Him to "Love their enemies." At all events, the circumstance that so long a period must intervene before the aggrieved parties could possibly enjoy the satisfaction of endeavouring to drill a hole through one another's bodies with a pistol bullet, afforded an opportunity of an amicable arrangement, without the smallest compromise of the *brute* courage or *conventional* honour of either party; an opportunity of which it is supposed that any second would have availed himself, saving and excepting the determined Colonel Flint. A member of that learned body which meets from time to time at various taverns in the united kingdoms, in the pursuit of truth—a believer in the doctrine of the metempsychosis,—had introduced this celebrated character in a most elaborate, striking, and original paper, which he read to the literati after dinner, as an illustration of his favourite theory. And whilst one listened to his ingenious and acute reasons, it was difficult to resist the conviction that Colonel Flint had begun life as the mineral his patronymic indicated, and had been saved from being melted into glass, by his promotion to the lock of a duelling pistol. In this congenial position, he revelled in fire and gunpowder, to the great "satisfaction" of numbers whom he assisted out of this world. But at length, disgusted with a flash in the pan, entirely owing to himself, when two bosom friends were firing at one another over a pocket handkerchief, he lost all acuteness from that time—his scintillations of genius, or genius for scintillations, grew fainter and fainter; when one day, as his owner was practising at a plaster of Paris figure, he went all to pieces at half-cock. His next state of being was in the vegetable kingdom, where he flourished in a solitary, sandy little swamp, in a gentleman's park in Dorsetshire, as a sun-dew. And it was to be concluded that he must have acquired whatever strategic skill he possessed during this stage of his metempsychosis: brute courage and wiliness being two qualities not usually found in combination. They may have received their present amalgamation in the gastric juice of a donkey; which having been cudgelled into a very undiscriminating appetite by some urchins on their road to school, ate him up, between some nettles and thistles, in a sort of vegetable sandwich. He is now, said the learned associate, in his third and last stage of metempsychosis, exhibiting in a state of very perfect combination the qualities which he held in sublimation during the other two.

And all these united powers were now concentrated upon the congenial object of exasperating Mr. Browne to the highest possible pitch of determination not to be done out of his right to exact satisfaction. Truth to say, however, the Colonel's skill was not very highly taxed. His thoughtless, reckless principal, was but too glad to leave the whole matter in other hands. He had quarrelled in a moment of irritation with a man whom, if he were to see at this very moment in circumstances of peril, he would risk his own life to save. Innocent of malice, he would now have shaken

hands with him more heartily than he had quarrelled, if he could have but once resolved to emerge from the hurrying stream of events, and, seated on the shady bank of solitude, but for one little quarter of an hour, have reviewed what had passed, and decided how he would act. With one of the seconds and one of the principals willing to do anything in reason rather than be driven to an alternative they abhorred, a reconciliation must have been the result. But the young M.P., just emancipated from heavier mental toil than he ever thought of undergoing again, and fast abandoning himself to an intense realization of *present* pleasures, could not trouble himself to think. If the subject ever came into his mind, it was dismissed with, "I suppose we must fight it out, and there will be an end of it." And as, in spite of all his dashing recklessness, an impending mortal combat with Harry Sumner of Oriel could not but be continually coming into his thoughts, and molesting him considerably, he quaffed the cup of excitement all the deeper, which chairings and public balls and dinners presented to his lips. Thus, while Mr. Browne, nothing doubting but that the duel must be fought, committed his entire being to the torrent of sensuality; and in its foaming, eddying turmoil, drowned all thought of it, save flitting memories which *would* importune him, and *would not* be put off: Harry Sumner spent the anxious interval amidst circumstances which, although they did not seem to be attended with any immediate beneficial results, may have been, as is often the case when least we think it, the turning point in his destiny. The work of tracing their by no means uncertain effect, through the black and lowering events that followed, must be left to the sagacity of the reader. Be it ours faithfully to chronicle events. Warning our readers, however, as knowing *the end*, that often—very often—in human life, *the moment of sinking is the one of rescue*. Those circumstances were, indeed, so long as they lasted, propitious in the extreme; but the calamities that immediately succeeded them became the more intolerable in consequence.

The state of mind into which he was thrown by recent events, and in which he remained up to the morrow's engagement at Clifton House, was one of more painful excitement than Mr. Browne's; although not of its tumultuous and debasing nature. Conflicting emotions struggled for pre-eminence within him; incompatible with one another, one by far the strongest, but all refusing to be put aside altogether. First and foremost was that one emotion (by what words to be described?) which had just been born within him. Another being had on a sudden appeared to share his very existence: one who seemed to have descended from another and a higher world, to complete his own personality; incomplete, as was now clear enough, before. Nay, his own individual existence appeared to be absorbed into hers. Unlike other objects of loveliness, this never faded from his retentive sight. If the ordinary laws of material nature were still unsuspended in his case, he was unconscious of them. Whatever might be the objects the rays of light described upon his "retina," *her* face and form were what he *saw:* although the still air were voiceless, he heard the melody of her words in distinct articulation, and he never tired of their repetition. A few hours before, life had appeared to him as a thing in which he scarcely cared to share; he had gazed around upon it mournfully, as upon a funeral pageant of hopes and interest, and pleasure, dark and gloomy, heavily moving on to —— whither? On a sudden they had all become invested with a tenfold brightness. As yet, however, it was nothing definite within him; it admitted of no expression—scarcely of being deliberately entertained; it was a vague, dreamy, exquisite sensation, which escaped him if he attempted to realize it. Bashful as a timid girl; if he essayed to look at it, it was gone! Yet there it was—a golden, mist-like, glistening light—embracing and pouring itself into every object of life, felt in its reflected lustre: but in a manner so subtle, it seemed he dared not be fully conscious of the feeling, lest it should be lost. Neither was it without a tinge of graceful jealousy. It did not struggle with the other importunate emotions, but retired at their approach; only, however, to resume shortly afterwards a more monarchical sway.

Of the other feelings which struggled for pre-eminence within him, it would be difficult to decide which was the most powerful. They enjoyed their short rule in turn. Grief for the loss he had suffered, and the shocking event of which he had been an eye-witness in Lionel Roakes's rooms at Oriel. Then an aversion, deepening from day to day, to his sister's husband; and a suspicion, fast ripening towards a conviction, that a marriage which had appeared to be so auspicious was likely to turn out a source of deep unhappiness to one whom he loved second only to his mother, and—but let it pass.

How keen, too, was the silent suffering to a disposition chivalrously honourable, of labouring under an imputation not reconcileable with the strictest notions of honour; but from which he was unable to clear himself without shifting it upon a dear friend, now no more. And very miserable did the thought of the possible encounter with Mr. Browne make him. This, however, became feebler and feebler, almost every hour. Every hour of its postponement seemed to him to increase the probability of an amicable arrangement. It so happened, that Lord Clifton was glad to improve the opportunity their accidental meeting had afforded him of confirming the strong attachment he had formed at school for Harry Sumner, and which their subsequent separation had not obliterated; and, it may be conjectured that the latter gentleman was by no means averse to find himself from day to day with an engagement of some kind or another at Clifton House.

Gloomy forebodings did not flourish in this new happy world into which he had been suddenly transported. Beneath the warm sun, by the clear stream, amongst the bright flowers, they grew fainter and fainter, until as the day drew near on which some

arrangement must be decided on between the two seconds, he had come to look on the last alternative as rather a remote probability than otherwise. Meanwhile, the feelings which gushed from his heart, at the first sight of Lord Clifton's sister, had expanded to a deep sea of love. No longer vague and impalpable, a radiant halo of which he durst not even admit a consciousness lest it should disappear; an emotion, bright and thrilling, penetrating to the inmost centre of his being, had taken possession of every faculty, and engulfed his whole existence, as it were, in a new element. As all nature lives in the light and warmth diffused from the glorious orb which is the centre of its particular system,—so a definite object, a peerless vision of material and spiritual loveliness, was now the instrumental source and centre of his whole mortal life. As we see every object as the sun-light, which is the medium of our own being, presents it to us,—in bright golden lights in spots most favourable to it; in shade deep or gentle in places where it is more or less withdrawn,—so the element of his new existence, emanating from that dark-eyed girl, of gentle graceful soul and loving heart, tinged every thing to Harry Sumner. But why attempt to describe such love? When summer morning dawns over the hills, with how rapid, yet how imperceptibly gradual a glow the tide of radiance advances! Our emotions scarcely keep pace with the burst of light; and almost before we are aware, the sun is up in the exulting heaven, flooding the blue expanse with a light so dazzling that, if we dare to scan it, it must be with rapid glance and shaded brow. Happiness!—rapture!—nay, what verbal sign stands for that state of intense sensation which was Harry Sumner's portion during these five golden days? when every emotion of thrilling bliss of which the human heart is susceptible was collected and concentred, as it were, in one focus of unutterable enjoyment:—

> "Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh:
> This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,
> Though inconceivably endowed, too dim
> For any passion of the soul that leads
> To ecstasy."

And thou must learn, noble, loving heart, undisciplined, instructed as yet only by the goodness which is thine innate gift, that this is *sin*. Thou must learn through many a hard lesson, and at times when least thou thinkest of it, that this is an intoxication of love, a sensuous intemperance, an idolatry of the creature. There is but One Being to the love of whom thou canst innocently *abandon thyself:* but *one* whom thou canst not love immoderately:—thou shalt one day love Him, Harry Sumner!

It was impossible that a feeling so absolutely overwhelming should escape the notice of Lord Clifton. He knew his sister; and if she forbade it not, he was rather gratified than otherwise at his friend's devotion. This young nobleman differed very remarkably from most of the fashionable crowd amidst which he moved, beloved by every individual of it, although not sympathizing with one of its tastes or customs. He regarded the plighted love of man and wife in a very deep and solemn light. It was to him a high mystery of heavenly import. He indulged not, therefore, in funny allusions and pleasant hints, sly and knowing, to his sister. He carefully abstained from affording any indication that he had even noticed the sentiment with which she had evidently inspired his old schoolfellow. He saw that Sumner's attentions were not absolutely declined by her. She received them with exquisite grace, reserve, and delicacy. One great advantage she possessed over her admirer: loving, warm-hearted, confiding, simple, impetuous, and yet retiring by nature; her very beautiful character had been *disciplined* in a high school of psychology: the development of the inner lives, both of herself and her brother, had been the care of a divine whom to know was to love and honour; she was therefore prepared to restrain and rule her soul, even amidst feelings so tumultuous.

Whilst then Harry Sumner, ignorant of the very duty of *systematic* self-control, committed himself unhesitatingly to the passionate torrent of his emotions, Lady Agnes, not less fascinated, was striving her utmost to keep herself from being carried away by a feeling which, if *once misplaced*, must, she well knew, be misplaced *for ever*.

She could not, however, disguise from herself that her love must be bestowed *there*, or nowhere. She perceived that, in spite of all her efforts, she was unable to come into the presence of her brother's friend without emotion, admirably as the least indication of it was suppressed. A feeling of deep satisfaction *would* spring up within her at each fresh engagement which promised a speedy renewal of his presence and society. His manly generosity of sentiment, his unaffected genuineness, his noble fresh enthusiasm, his depth of feeling, appealed with resistless effect to every feeling of her own ardent nature, cast in a mould not dissimilar. He scarcely spoke but his words appeared to touch some chord in unison; it thrilled intensely to the innermost depths of her spiritual being, and died away in gentle echoes like the soft murmuring of an Æolian harp. When alone he would be ever recurring to her memory, although she had recourse to all kinds of expedients to divert her musings. First one peculiarity that had attracted her, and then another, persisted in absorbing her attention — his graceful form, his noble bearing, his polished, yet simple manners; but of all the external accidents of this sort, not one had struck her so forcibly, of none did she retain so faithful an impression, as the ever-varying expression of his deep blue eyes—now beaming with intelligence, now flashing with the fire of high-wrought emotions, now melting to the softest gentleness and sympathy.

Nay, rise not so impatiently, fair girl! Cast not aside so petulantly thine embroidery! Hast thou indeed done all wrong what thou didst appear to be so intent on working? Well, no one sees thee; be content;—thy hands have only been too faithful to thy heart.

On the Tuesday morning after Mr. Browne's de

parture for Cantingbury, Harry Sumner and his sister were breakfasting at Clifton House. The latter was seated by the side of Lady Agnes, who had already learned to love her tenderly. It was one of the fête days at the Botanical Gardens; and a party had just been arranged to proceed thither in the afternoon. Mrs. Sumner, whom the united persuasions of her children had easily induced to lengthen her visit at Hyde Park Gardens, was to be of the party. Harry Sumner had left directions with his sister's servant, that any letters that might arrive for him should be brought to Clifton House immediately. The time of general-post delivery had long passed.

"Don't look so melancholy, my dear fellow!" said Lord Clifton. "I fear you expected some important letters to-day. Is your brother subject to these attacks, Mrs. Perigord?"

"He has been much changed of late," she replied; "ever since his return from Oxford; but I have fancied he has been gradually recovering his usual spirits the last few days."

Lucy Perigord had not the smallest intention of conveying any allusion in this answer; neither did Lady Agnes think any was intended; and yet she felt that the pulsations of her heart were playing the rebel, and that her blushing face was betraying the treachery.

A letter was at this moment handed to Harry Sumner by the servant, who informed him that the messenger was waiting for an answer. He also conveyed to Mrs. Perigord the intelligence that her carriage was in waiting.

"Oh, how early you have ordered your carriage!" exclaimed Lady Agnes, and added, coaxingly, "Pray, do not run away from us so soon!"

"I thank you, dear Lady Agnes," said Lucy Perigord. "It is very kind of you to wish us to stay longer. I should be delighted to look forward to doing so another day, if you will permit me; but not to-day,—mamma's visit is so short, that I do not like to be away from her very long."

"I beg a thousand pardons!" was the reply of the affectionate girl, at the same time clasping Mrs. Perigord's hand between both her own, "I had quite forgotten. I am so selfish! I do so hope Mrs. Sumner will be of our party this afternoon."

This little dialogue ensued immediately upon the announcement of Mrs. Perigord's carriage. It was not until it was almost concluded, that Harry Sumner vouchsafed one look even at the letter that had been handed to him. This effort of unconcern, for he had little doubt of the subject of its contents, cost him less than it might have done, by reason of the deep interest he felt both in the subject of the conversation, and in the speakers. He now inspected the direction, and with many apologies begged for permission to withdraw, in order to peruse its contents. He was rising from his chair for that purpose, when Lord Clifton, laying his hand on his shoulder, desired him to keep his seat.

"Come, don't be formal with us, Harry," he said, "open the letter and read it where you are. No—no excuses! you are so disagreeably polite! If a *written* answer is required, I will let you go. There is my library, as you know, where you will find every thing you want."

Afraid of exciting a suspicion of its contents in his sister's mind, Harry Sumner obeyed his friend's genuine kindliness; and, opening the letter, he resumed his seat, and began to peruse its contents. One glance informed him what they were. And that one sudden, unexpected certainty, seemed to freeze up every drop of the life-current within his veins. His face became ashy pale—his lips quivered—the veins in his forehead stood out as if on the point of bursting—the letter shook in his hand. They were but momentary symptoms. In an instant, he had recovered his composure. He folded the letter leisurely up, turned his head slowly to the servant who waited his answer, and desired him to give the message, "very well," to the messenger. He then, with admirably assumed composure and gaiety, resumed some indifferent conversation.

Lucy Perigord had perceived but too minutely the effect this letter had produced upon her brother. His first appalling change of countenance filled her with such dread and consternation, that by an involuntary movement, and altogether unconsciously, she cast her hand into the lap of Lady Agnes, and grasped her wrist. And did that deadly hue of ashy paleness, which overspread, for a second, Harry Sumner's face, escape another gaze? With timid half-raised eyes, dark and brilliant, another's heart is yearning to read his who is thus moved. She feels his sister's fearful grasp, and gently clasps her fair soft hand, *as though she felt not.* When Lucy Perigord had somewhat recovered her composure, she turned towards Lady Agnes, as though she would seek some comfort or sympathy from her. But she saw only the beauteous profile, half-shaded by its rich profusion of raven hair drooping forwards; and the richly shaded eyes, gazing musingly upon a vase of flowers, with which she appeared to be unconcernedly and somewhat abstractedly toying with her disengaged hand.

"*To-morrow morning, at half-past four o'clock.*"

This line had caught Harry Sumner's eye. Such were the words that burned within him to his very heart's core. Not even his sister saw one rapid look of deep despair and unutterable fondness, with which he glanced at her whom he might now be about to say farewell to *for ever.* Nevertheless, he contrived to maintain the conversation for several minutes, with an appearance of unusual animation. At length he rose with his sister to leave.

"I fear I shall be unable to keep my engagement this afternoon," he said, addressing Lady Agnes. "It is an *intense* disappointment to me, but one quite unavoidable." This was spoken with deliberate and perfect composure down to the last four words, when his voice perceptibly shook and faltered.

Resolved rather to sink to the earth, than to betray the smallest symptom of the mental agony he was

suffering, his efforts to that effect caused him to pronounce the word "adieu!" as he shook hands with Lady Agnes, in a tone so deep and solemn, so stern and boding, that the small white hand he held in his closed slightly, by a mere muscular contraction, much to the discomposure of its timid owner, with a more decided pressure than she could have at all desired.

That ashy paleness again! like a winter's blast, sweeping across the gay verdure of spring. Unspeakable was the agony of that moment: as unspeakable as the bliss it supplanted. Unfathomable mystery of the human heart! Anon, like the lark at its utmost flight, hovering on the wing at heaven's gate of spring-tide happiness, as though borne aloft by its efforts to chant forth all its rapture; beat a few pulses, and it is down upon the earth dumb and stricken; convulsed with the agony of its sudden fall, sad and reft of hope. Thus *must* it be, when our *greatest* pleasure depends on what is mortal and mutable: when our *spring* of happiness gushes from a created reservoir, and not from the eternal source!

Lucy Perigord's gaze was fastened upon her brother. She saw how deeply he was moved. She saw that phantom-paleness. She saw a part—a very small part, but too much—of the struggle that was raging within him. She saw the iron hardihood of his inflexible resolution. And she saw, too, that last look upon the idol of his passionate devotion, when that stern solemn adieu fell from his lips. It was almost a keener agony than he could bear. It was as though every nerve, and every fibre in which dwelt the acutest and most exquisite sensations, were being scorched, torn, and lacerated. He too was obliged to salute *that* hand with a closer pressure than he would willingly have done, in order to conceal a slight trembling which overpowered all his efforts of self-command.

He turned to take leave, and what a tale of untold agony was concentred in that look. It was as though he were for ever leaving happiness behind him; as though the door that would shortly close upon him would for ever shut him out from hope. His sister's heart was now full to overflowing; amply sharing the family impetuosity of temperament, every other consideration save what she witnessed in her darling brother, vanished from her. Even where she stood, she cast her arm around him, and looking imploringly up into those features of deep dejection, besought him with eyes filled with tears to tell her what had happened.

"Lucy! Lucy, dear! what *do* you mean? Nothing has happened;" replied her brother, adding in an under breath, "recollect yourself, my darling sister—we are not at home." That gentle affectionate arm that encircled him fell instantly, but just as they were passing out of the door Harry Sumner suddenly recollected that he had taken no farewell of Lord Clifton. He instantly returned, and shaking his noble friend warmly by the hand, "My dear Clifton," he said, "the idea of my conducting myself in this manner! I cannot tell what you must think of me. Good bye—I mean good morning! Would that I could contrive to be of your delightful party this afternoon."

"Say not a word, my dear fellow;" said Lord Clifton, "I perfectly well see you have received unwelcome intelligence. I am delighted, however, that you have given me an opportunity of entreating you to make use of me in any way in which I can be of any service." And so saying, he advanced gaily to Lucy Perigord, and offering her his arm, conducted her to her carriage.

One more parting glance Harry Sumner took at her of whom he now felt as if he were taking a *final* farewell; her face was cast down, and he remarked that it was deeply flushed. With polished deference he advanced towards her, and once more extending his to her not unwilling hand, again uttered that depressing "adieu," and hastened to his sister.

To-morrow!

Chapter XV.

Don Pedro.—"And hath challenged thee?
Claud.—"Most sincerely.
Don Pedro.—"What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!"
Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. Sc. 1.

"It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it; he is so above me,
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere."
All's well that ends well, Act i. Sc. 1.

When the gates of Clifton House had closed upon Harry Sumner, and his sister's carriage bore him away in her company, from the object of as deep a love as ever swelled within the heart of man, he experienced a considerable reaction of feeling. The despair which on the receipt of Mr. D'Aaroni's note seemed suddenly to bury in a night of pitchy darkness the bright day that had dawned upon him, and eclipse in one heart-sinking moment a bliss more thrilling than he could realize, was succeeded by struggling gleams of hopefulness. Treacherous anticipations whispered within him that the duel might yet be avoided. If not, "no harm can by any possibility come to Browne," whispered his sinking spirits, as ever and anon they rose to the surface, "as, of course, I shall fire in the air. As to myself, even if I be injured, the chances are very much against my life's blood being on poor Browne's head." These topics of consolation, such as they were, occurred most opportunely; they helped him to adopt such a manner as should best allay the suspicions that had been aroused in his sister's affectionate heart, by the slight exhibition of feeling he had been unable to suppress, at the first moment he became conscious that he must stand face to face in mortal combat with one who had been his friend. He contrived to accomplish this effectually. The week's interval had served to obliterate all recollection even of the fears that filled her mind on the preceding Wednesday evening; and when she deposited him at the Athenæum, Mr. D'Aaroni's club, where he was to meet that gentleman by appointment, no anxious misgivings distressed Lucy, as far as *her brother* was concerned. The turbid stream of phenomenal life was bustling along

through the various channels of "the great modern metropolis;" its multitudes of puny ripples, each rearing its own minute crest of individual consciousness, gone as soon as seen, now jostled one another in the crowd, now hurried on in passing and re-passing currents, now eddied round a corner, now chafed at some massive obstacle, divided into two currents, and glided onwards on either side, now plunged into mysterious recesses of turbid depth, and now reposed in open spaces, shallow and diffused.

Amidst it all, indifferent to it all, like some undercurrent, which is sometimes observed to streak a running water with a deep dark line, Harry Sumner and Mr. D'Aaroni walked arm-in-arm; wholly engrossed with a subject of, to the former, life and death.

"It is *unavoidable*, my dear fellow," said Mr. D'Aaroni.

"What made you and Colonel Flint fix on a spot so far off?" inquired Sumner, with a calmness and confidence which was not once disturbed throughout the conversation.

"We thought that if either of your weapons took a truer aim than your intentions——"

"Do not imply such a thing," interrupted Sumner, with considerable earnestness.

"Now, you need not be sensitive with *me*, my dear Sumner," said Mr. D'Aaroni; "you cannot suspect me of intending to impeach the courage of either of you?"

"Oh no, not that. I was not thinking of that," replied Sumner. "What you implied is IMPOSSIBLE, *as far as it depends on me*. But never mind. You have not told me why you have fixed on so distant a spot as Delcombe."

"Free from interruption," said Sumner's second; "handy to Southampton, whence you can cross to the continent in a certain contingency. We get there by rail in an hour or so. 'Twas that ruffian's arrangement."

"Whose?" inquired Sumner; whose thoughts, truth to say, were at that moment with his mother and sister.

"That precious colonel, to whose tender mercies Browne, with his usual wisdom, has entrusted the guardianship of his maiden honour. Forgive my laughing."

"He is a brave officer, is he not?" inquired Sumner.

"Remarkably!" said Mr. D'Aaroni, with a bitter emphasis on that word; "if an absolute insensibility to a moment beyond the one present be courage. A future exists not to him, any more than to the siliceous lump whose namesake, and perhaps kin, he is."

"You don't seem to like the colonel!"

"Like, indeed!" ejaculated Mr. D'Aaroni; "please not to tell him what I am going to say: not because I should not like him to know I think so, but because he would call me out, if he heard it; and he would call uncommonly long and loud before I came. The fact is, in mind, heart, and manners, the man's a *brute;* a two-legged, two-armed, lump of matter, utterly devoid of spirit. He is scarcely an animal; for the inferior order of soul within him, he is all but unconscious of."

"You are too bitter," remarked Sumner, gravely.

"Not a bit of it. 'Tis true—true to a word."

"But it is likely to injure yourself."

"How?"

"That undiscriminating bitterness against every one who may not chance to suit your taste, seems to me to be likely to find a man a crowd of sham, and few, if any, real friends."

"Why so?" inquired Mr. D'Aaroni.

"Because most of those who listen to you are likely to wish to be on terms of friendship with you, from motives of self-interest."

"There are no friendships on any other terms," observed D'Aaroni.

"What a horrible notion!" exclaimed Sumner. "Is it to your interest to befriend me in this miserable affair?"

"Oh, that is an *argumentum ad hominem!* Now we will change the topic."

"And now I must leave you, my gallant second," said Sumner, gaily. And as he wished his friend farewell till the following morning, he informed him that he should be very sorry to think he really believed the proposition he had advanced; for it might cause him to be suspicious of his acting in accordance with it.

"At three o'clock, at the South Western station," said Mr. D'Aaroni, as he parted from his principal; "and keep your spirits up. 'Tis an ugly amusement. If the brave siliceous colonel," he continued, smiling, "were a principal, instead of a FRIEND, crimson consequences might be anticipated. Keep up your spirits! Adieu."

Physical languor was added to mental torture in Harry Sumner, as he wended his way alone amidst the restless multitudes. Solemn thoughts engrossed him. His individual being acquired an importance to himself he had never experienced before. He appeared to himself to be isolated from the living mass amidst which he moved, by a fatal, overwhelming destiny. He felt as though he did not belong to them; as though he were absolutely invisible to all he saw with such vividness. Every thing and every body, and all the actual life, and intimated action, about and around him, dwindled into ridiculous insignificance as he looked out upon them from the unfathomable recesses of his own emotions. He felt at times almost disposed to laugh or to sneer at the rapid steps, and panting breath, and eager faces, that passed him continually; all so intent on their own particular object, as though it was the great affair of the metropolis, and the huge life torrents were heaving, and foaming, and eddying, and murmuring, through its streets, entirely in its behalf and service. But no subject of reflection caused him such intense anguish as the misery he was running the risk of occasioning his mother and sister. Now that the duel was unavoidable, he bitterly reproached himself for having so little regarded them. In the agony of the moment he took it for granted that but one fate awaited him. He quite forgot the

other alternative; and that it was quite possible he might come off scatheless. "Oh, that dearest, gentlest mother!" he groaned, almost aloud; "what will be her feelings when she learns the fate of her only son! Brute that I am!" And then he saw her limbs stiffen at the intelligence, her eyes grow fixed and glassy, and her body fall lifeless, speechless, to the earth. His scared imagination witnessed as vividly as though they were really happening, in the space of a few seconds, scenes which it would take pages to describe. Forgetful for a moment of every thing around him, he stopped in the middle of the street, and violently covered his eyes and forehead with his outspread hands. Recovering himself instantly, he wandered awhile up and down streets, he knew not and cared not whither, glad only to be moving. And then he thought of the consequences to his sister Lucy. *Now* he felt sure of what, until now, had been only a very distant surmise, that she had not a happy married life to look forward to. He had seen enough of Mr. Perigord's disposition lately, and knew enough of his sister's, to feel a terrible certainty to that effect. He knew that he had already been an indirect cause of unhappiness to her, through her husband. What would it be now? How overcast would be that face which this morning was smiling so brightly at his side at Clifton House! Then he grew wholly absorbed in other thoughts. He became lost in the recollection of Lady Agnes; the duel was forgotten; he lived over again, from the beginning to the end, the last five days. His hopes rose as he thought of her. "I have been taking a very despairing view of things," he said within himself; "it may be all over by six o'clock to-morrow morning, and no one any the worse or the wiser." Then again a cheerful light broke into the thick darkness that had overtaken him. He became conscious of the passing multitudes, of carriages of all kinds creeping on or whirling past him, of shop windows, of street cries, and of all the busy life and traffic that surrounded him; and to which he had been a minute before as profoundly insensible as if he had been soundly sleeping, far away and in the recesses of some trackless forest.

He soon became aware that he had wandered to the top of the street in which the Lambs resided. A perfectly inexplicable, but as irresistible impulse led him on to the house. Once more immersed in absorbing memories of the last five days he had spent, abandoned to the ecstatic feelings with which the very thoughts of her who had been to him the bliss—the whole existence of those days—inspired him; there was scarcely a perceptible depression of spirits when he found himself with his hand upon the knocker of the door.

"I may never see them again," he murmured to himself, as he struck the forehead of a brass lion, with a decidedly comic expression of countenance, several violent blows with a queer-shaped instrument of torture, resembling a very bandy-legged pair of sugar-tongs, turned topsy-turvy. His mind had now taken another bias; and the combined force of the two subjects of his thoughts took such absolute possession of him, that he continued battering the lion's skull with the reversed sugar-tongs, for he knew not how long; but it was until a male domestic made his appearance, with a countenance of moving consternation, and an unloosed apron clinging by one string around his ankles so desperately as to have nearly pitched him head foremost, as he came tumbling over it to the door, into the arms of Harry Sumner.

A visitor was in the drawing-room, with her daughter; the former of whom was thrown into a paroxysm of delight by an announcement so extremely "the go." The rap at the street-door had been prolonged for the full space of a minute and a half; and when the servant opened the drawing-room door to announce the visitor, Mrs. Roakes was all eyes and fluster upon his entrance, being inwardly certain that the visitors, whoever they might be, must be the greatest people of the Lambs' acquaintance; a snug little hypothesis being treasured up in a retired corner of her sagacious mind, that it was not impossible to be a distant relative of the royal family.

The fidgetting, the hurried uncourteous extension of her hand, and the whole vulgar betrayal of annoyance, when Harry Sumner entered, and, after exchanging a few words with Mrs. Lamb, advanced to greet her, were nothing new to him. He was well aware that he was not a favourite; nor was he more unconscious that he cordially reciprocated her sentiments.

"Just like his conceit," she whispered *audibly* to her daughter, who was at the time in conversation with Miss Lamb. And in a whisper of a more subdued tone, "Such a rap for a young man!" she continued, "I'm sure I think it is quite rude. A youth at college!—just plucked too!"

Then turning to Sumner, who now came towards her, one of the usual forms of greeting fell almost instinctively from her lips.

"Good morning, Mr. Sumner. I'm so glad to see you. I thought we were *never* going to see you again."

"Never is a long while, Mrs. Roakes," said Sumner.

"You were determined we should *hear* you, at all events; he! he! he!" chuckled that lady, who imagined that she was giving Harry Sumner what she called a sharp hit; so sharp indeed, that it seemed to her only merciful to assuage its keenness somewhat, with a little pleasant giggle.

"It was very forgetful," he replied, but most unintentional. "I hope I have made my peace with Mrs. Lamb. I believe she has quite forgiven me." And turning towards that lady, he took a seat by her side.

"Oh, pray,—dear, yes, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Lamb, who was really exceedingly discomposed at the bare idea of being supposed to have been offended at such a trifling accident, "Quite undertenshunnall! Please not to think of it!"

Harry Sumner was not aware that Mrs. Lamb had,

in the course of her history, gone through two distinct stages of promotion; one, from the office and dignity of a wealthy cit's lady's maid, to the headship of a millinery and dress factory in Langham Place, Regent Street; in which responsible position, her suavity of manner and disposition, the hearty patronage of her former mistress, and the architectural skill she displayed in the decoration of the various portions of the female anatomy, met with such success, that in a few years she was mistress of 15,000*l.*, "stowed in various 'vestments," as the good-natured lady expressed it, ready to assist in maintaining the dignity of the next promotion she enjoyed—viz., the sharing with Mr. Lamb of the Inner Temple the care and bliss of a connubial administration. He had discovered an extraordinary unconcern about grammatical accuracies, and a slight variation or two upon well known words: but her manner was so quiet and unobtrusive,—and there was so much self-possession in her humility and genuine kindliness, that his attention had not been very strongly arrested by it. When, however, an emergence of this sort led her to speak unreservedly,—when her goodness of heart got the better of her recollection of her husband's injunctions, "*not to speak an unnecessary word in society*," he certainly did begin to wonder whether his friend's mother could be an importation from one "United State" to another; or, if not, where she could have come from.

"I am really rejoiced it was your door I made such an attack upon," said Sumner to her in reply. "Some ladies would never have forgiven me. But wherever it had been, I could not have helped it. I was thinking about a subject that happens to interest me very deeply just now,—and until the servant opened the door, I really did not know I was knocking."

He was then proceeding to address his conversation to Miss Roakes, when he was interrupted by Mrs. Roakes.

"Absent! eh? Oh, you sly absent man! He! he! Very complimentary to Mrs. Lamb, indeed! Somewhere about Clifton House, perhaps, were you, eh?" and these knowing observations were accompanied with a highly nervous manner; being a compound of half-irritation—half gay and easy banter.

The following little history will suffice to account for the extremely exasperated feelings which the lady cherished in her bosom towards Harry Sumner. They had been known to each other now for nearly three years. A great part of Sumner's first vacation she had spent with her family at Bribeworth, the doctors having recommended the air of the neighbourhood to her daughter. Lionel Roakes was of the same college, and of the same year, as Sumner; he had been acquainted with Lamb before they went up to the University; and to these circumstances he was indebted for an introduction to Harry Sumner, and the not very intimate acquaintance that subsisted between them. When his mother and sister came to sojourn in the native town of his college acquaintance, he of course seized the first opportunity of making them known to him.

From the very first period of his introduction, Sumner became sensible of a very great regard for, and interest in Laura Roakes; an interest which, if it did not altogether originate in, was at all events indefinitely strengthened by the unappeasable disgust he felt for her only surviving parent. Her patient, quiet deportment, contrasted with the coarseness and vulgarity of the latter, threw around her indeed a peculiar and very fascinating interest; for it was impossible for the most insensible not continually to be keenly touched by the very evident suffering she uncomplainingly endured from time to time, at certain very piquant exhibitions of her mother's astounding idiosyncrasies. This sentiment of pity for her position, not unmingled with admiration of rare qualities, which bloomed in secret in a neighbourhood so uncongenial, led him to show her such marked and considerate attention, that Mrs. Roakes, at one time, had positively stated to every member of her circle of acquaintance, that Mr. Harry Sumner "was the most delightful young man she had ever met,"—"that he was heir to a coronet, and 11,000*l.* a year,"—and "that he and Laura were *engaged*," accompanied with the most minute detail of every circumstance, which she at length talked herself into believing had taken place, connected with his asking her permission, and the proposal to Laura.

Laura Roakes herself, overborne by her mother's positive and reiterated representations, almost permitted herself to believe that there might be in Mr. Sumner's attentions a higher meaning than that of mere friendship. Her own feelings were very soon wholly beyond her control. The *first* genuine kindness she ever remembered to have been the object of, accompanied as it was by exterior fascinations of no common order, enlisted her sympathies too deeply. Too soon she discovered that any reciprocation of such a sentiment on his part was not in the least probable; but she had no disposition, even had she been able, to retrace the path of love. Her estimation of herself, whether of her personal charms, or of her grace of character, was humble almost beyond belief. "No one," she thought, "whom I can love, will ever love me; situated, too, as I am." And so, in the silence of her own desolate heart, she consented to abandon herself to all she felt, to love on silently and deeply, to hide her passion within her own bosom, like the deep waters in a nook of verdure-covered rocks; to love unto death without a hope of its return; and because she did not feel worthy even of his warm-hearted attentions, much more of his plighted love, to lavish on him all her own.

Not even her mother had the smallest suspicion of the state of her feelings; happy and true as were, accidentally, many of her coarse allusions. Indeed, as she was wholly incapable of the sentiment herself, she could not conceive of others really being consumed by it. Her daughter's state of heart, if she had been told of it, would have appeared to her funny, or wicked, or idiotic, or *ungenteel*, according to the mood in which she heard of it.

Now it was quite impossible that any one of Sumner's generous, but slightly satirical disposition, could have witnessed, many times, the rude shocks inflicted on a retiring, humble-minded girl by such a person as Mrs. Roakes, without being provoked at times to the utterance of bitter sarcasms. He put upon himself the most powerful restraint he was able, from consideration for Laura Roakes's feelings; but not unseldom the occasion was too much for him, and some withering sneer, expressed in polished phraseology, would curdle every drop of milk of human kindness that might linger in detached spots of Mrs. Roakes's system. So long as the smallest hope remained within her that an alliance she so much courted for her daughter was not entirely out of the question, she seemed to relish these sharp sayings as excellent jokes, so that Sumner was once or twice on the eve of confessing to himself that he did believe Mrs. Roakes must at least be good-natured. But not one escaped her—they sank deep within her memory, were treasured up in a well-furnished storehouse of malice, and rankled for years; so that when she was at last driven to renounce her favourite matrimonial theory, to the keen disappointment she experienced was added these unfortunate recollections, which seemed to be so satisfied with their quarters that they never showed any disposition to move.

Now it so happened that Mrs. Lamb was one of those numerous friends to whom she had mentioned in the strictest confidence, not to be hinted at for all the wealth of Mexico, or the Great Mogul, that "Laura was engaged to be married to Mr. Harry Sumner of Bribeworth," &c. &c., and to whom she had consequently spoken of him in terms of enthusiastic admiration; she now, therefore, felt the necessity of being guarded and cautious.

"And pray, Mrs. Roakes," inquired Harry Sumner, in a tone of haughtiness, which to any other lady would have been, it must be owned, offensive, "may I ask, what can you possibly know about Clifton House?"

"Oh! how well you do act a part to be sure!" replied Mrs. Roakes in her usually nervous manner; but evidently endeavouring to appear extremely amused, "I know all about it—a fair lady in the case. For the last five days, *every day!*—I have been looking in the Post for 'Marriage in High Life.'"

The excitement under which Harry Sumner had been labouring during the last few hours, the unutterable disgust he felt at hearing *her* name even alluded to by Mrs. Roakes, threw him into such a paroxysm of indignation, that for a few seconds he dared not trust himself to reply. His lips quivered; his eyes flashed; he started from his seat, and prepared to take his leave of so uncongenial a company. Laura Roakes failed not to detect exactly the nature of his emotion, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Certainly, you have great gifts, Mrs. Roakes," he said, with a bitter laugh, suddenly turning to address that lady, as he was just about to shake hands with Mrs. Lamb. "What a reporter of fashionable intelligence you would make for the papers! when facts were deficient they need never be in want of fiction."

Love is ever a keen sharpener of the perception. Its impulses often resemble inspiration. Laura Roakes saw distinctly the state of high excitement into which Mr. Sumner had been thrown. Well she knew her mother's violent disposition, and how bitter she could be if provoked; actuated by a sudden impulse of fear of what might ensue, she rose slightly from her chair, and extended her hand to Harry Sumner, who was now standing near her, as though she had thought he was waiting an opportunity to bid adieu. Indeed, she was not far from correct in this extempore hypothesis; unluckily, however, the keen eyes of her mother perceived the movement.

"Laura, my dear!" she exclaimed, "really I am surprised: sit down immediately."

The poor humiliated, abashed girl, sat—or rather sank—down upon her chair instantly, and shading her face with her hand, her whole frame showed evident signs of the struggle it was costing her to repress her tears.

Harry Sumner thought it would be the most considerate course to take his departure immediately, and having wished Mrs. Lamb and her daughter good morning, he pressed Miss Roakes's hand so warmly, that the poor girl was more than compensated for what she had suffered; and bowing distantly to Mrs. Roakes, quitted the apartment.

"Puppy!" ejaculated that lady as the door closed upon Mrs. Lamb's visitor, of whom other thoughts immediately took possession, as he wended his way towards his sister's mansion, there to drag through the weary hours on that last heavy night before the duel.

LETTERS FROM NEW ZEALAND.

LETTER V.

My dear A——,

In my last I endeavoured to give you an outline of some of the main customs, which certainly bespeak a vast deal of ignorance, prejudice, and superstition; but however we may condemn these people for their grossness of manners, and, on some occasions, their savage brutality, yet the candid inquirer will find, to his surprise, many amiable qualities that are worthy of the imitation of some, and the encouragement of all.

The native disposition is a strange compound of cruel passions, with kindness of heart; social affection, with moral debasement; high principle, with low cunning; and a dash of pride, obstinacy, and selfishness, which renders their better shades of character less distinct. In their ordinary occupations, a stranger would consider them the happiest people in the world. So long as they can get sufficient to eat, and tobacco enough for their pipe, they are perfectly contented; care and sorrow, petty troubles and vexations, which mar the happiness of most other people, pass by them like the "idle wind;" they never seem melancholy

nor despouding, and their momentary sullenness can only be excited by witholding their darling gratifications. At all other times they are happy and cheerful; singing, jesting, laughing, and enjoying their frolicsome humours, at the expense either of one of their own party, or of an European, who is a far more desirable mark for their diversion. Yet, notwithstanding they so much delight in passing their rude remarks and rough jests on strangers, they do not practise them with any ill-will; and though they would feel no compunction at giving offence by their conduct, yet it would make no alteration in their behaviour after the joke was over. They think that your feelings subsided with their own, and they would approach you in the same terms of familiarity as if nothing whatever had transpired to ruffle your temper. If they find, however, that you are easily offended, your case is desperate; for they will watch every opportunity of crossing your inclinations and exciting your anger, and you will ever be subjected to some annoyance or other.

But in general, they are as civil to white strangers as can be expected of an ignorant and barbarous people, who know nothing of the etiquette and delicate ideas of politeness which civilized classes entertain. Many of them delight in showing their hospitality, though they may have very faint prospects of an immediate return; so that a person might travel almost through New Zealand, and stop and refresh at every settlement in his way: but should he remain any time, they would not fail to evince their covetous propensities, by frequent hints for payment in some shape or other; and should he flatly refuse, or requite their importunities in a niggardly manner, they would not hesitate to lighten his *pikau* (load or baggage,) by abstracting whatever pleased them. Their generosity, however, is for the most part considered by them as another term for barter, and whatever they give away, they expect an equivalent in return at some time or other; and should you fail to satisfy their anticipations, they do not scruple to declare to all their acquaintances, that you are a *pakiha kino*, or in other words, that "you are no good." It is a very easy thing to keep on friendly terms with them, if you are indifferent to any kind of acknowledgment for your little favours, but you must not look for any thing like gratitude; the word is not in their vocabulary: whatever you may do for them, they consider it no more than their due, and it only excites them to ask for more; nay, such is their audacious and unconscionable spirit, that if you do them a personal kindness, they will often demand payment for submitting themselves to your will and direction. An intelligent missionary here, writes, "Formerly, I never administered a dose of medicine, without the native who had taken it coming after his recovery to demand payment for taking my medicine." It was precisely the same when the missionaries first visited the island; the natives actually sought their *utu* for attending prayers and receiving instruction. Their cupidity is extraordinarily great, and they think nothing too bold or too mean which may obtain the object of their covetous desires; yet, withal, they have evidently some slight shade of delicacy; for I have observed, that when their begging has been unusually frequent, and they think you may be offended at their requests, they will approach you in the humblest manner, and whisper their wants so as scarcely to be heard or understood.

Like children, too, they are excessively fond of novelty; a new object,—a new piece of work even, will so excite their fancy, as sometimes to conquer their sluggishness, and even cause them to lose sight of their own interests; nor can any grateful feeling for past kindness subdue their love of change. They will leave their best friend with the utmost indifference, to gratify their ardent desire for change of face and place. Faithfulness cannot therefore be attributed to the Maori character, as regards their association with white people, nor indeed is it very conspicuous amongst themselves, unless they be in some way under the immediate interdict of their solemn *tapu*, which binds them inviolably to all duties thus authorized by their *arikis*. In their engagements with Europeans, there is no dependence to be placed on either their word or deed; like most other savages, they are deceitful, selfish, and surprisingly indifferent to their master's interests.

It is but fair to say, that they are on the whole very affectionate one to another, and pay due regard to their several stations. To old age I observed they show marked respect, and to their children the majority of them appear very affectionate; yet I have seen instances of brutal conduct to these young creatures, when in a state of utter helplessness, that would make the hardest civilized heart to shrink. If a child require more than ordinary care and attention, from natural causes or accidental ailments, their love of ease takes the alarm, and when repeatedly disturbed, they will discover the most inhuman disposition towards it. They have no idea of the comforts and advantages of careful nursing, of the little soothing attentions and fond endearments which are natural to an English mother; instead of this, the little sufferer is handed over to a slave girl, taken out perhaps into the cold and wet, or anywhere, so that it be out of sight or hearing of its pitiless mother, who, if disturbed by its cries, will inflict punishment of the most furious and fiend-like character, instead of endeavouring to pacify the helpless being by redoubled attention and fondness. At other times, if the children be in good health and give little trouble, a Maori mother seems doatingly fond of them, and is delighted by their being noticed and fondled by the white people. Their natural indolence is unquestionably the cause of their occasionally opposite behaviour, and not any want of affection. There cannot well be a stronger proof of their unconquerable laziness, and repugnance to any kind of exertion. So far as my observations have gone, the men here display much more real affection for their offspring than the women; but perhaps this may be accounted for by their being less constantly exposed to annoyance from them. They are frequently

seen carrying their children about, but as for nursing, in the true sense of the term, they are as stupid and clumsy in their attempts at it as the mothers, though perhaps not so easily and ferociously excited by every petty violation of their own ease. I have generally remarked, that both sexes are very excitable, their passions soon roused, but as quickly subdued, and often followed by an evident sense of shame. They seem to be extremely cautious, however, in marking their anger towards their children, when in the presence of other relatives; for the time has been, when excessive punishment inflicted upon a child has been the cause of bloody contention: sometimes, therefore, for want of proper discipline and a little wholesome chastisement, their children may be denominated spoilt. In cases of sickness, it is not only towards their children, but towards white men, that they display such a total want of feeling, indeed in all cases whenever any extra trouble is called for.

From the peculiar nature of their *tapu* this may be somewhat excusable among themselves, but it is difficult to look over their want of humanity to their civilized neighbours. The more deplorable the condition in which they see a white person, the more it serves them for their rude mockery; they will much more readily sympathize with one of their pet dogs or pigs, than offer any condolence or assistance to a suffering stranger.

The most preposterous observation that I have yet seen published on the New Zealand character is, that these people "have no cunning." Now, I am convinced, no one can live amongst them many days without discerning this propensity to be extremely active. Selfishness is the root of their disposition; and it is often surprising to witness the artifices which they adopt. It is true they have not the ingenuity and adroitness to do a "clever trick," like your home-bred, accomplished, legerdemain gentlemen, and their cunning is therefore of the lowest stamp: the meanest subterfuge is resorted to for the pettiest measures, and the boldest impudence called in requisition when they wish to carry a point of interest. Whilst I am writing, one of them has just made an application for a white man's canoe; on being sharply questioned how he dare ask such a favour without any offer of payment, which they themselves so rigorously exact on all occasions, he coolly replies, "This is always our way towards the white people; we first try to get what we want for *nothing;* if we can't do that, then there is time to talk about payment."

This speech is quite characteristic of the conduct of these people towards Europeans, but in their behaviour towards each other they are scrupulously free, open, and undisguised. They appear to think that a white man's means are at the Maori's disposal; though when disappointed in their unconscionable desires, they rarely show it in anger or ill-feeling, but stoically submit to it as a result they had anticipated. When they do succeed, however, which is not often, their exultation is beyond bounds, and they ever afterwards designate their dupe *porangi* (fool).

They also manifest a considerable degree of personal, national, and family pride. You can seldom persuade a New Zealander that he is not able to do anything quite as well as yourself; and even though the fact of his ignorance stares him in the face, he will be very loth to admit it. It is in vain to remonstrate with him on this or that impropriety, for he will be sure to commit the same fault on the very next occasion, tacitly and doggedly inferring that he has a greater reliance on his own judgment than on yours. These people uniformly hold that none can excel them, as a nation, in affairs of war, in political regulations, and in utility of customs. Their pride and prejudices in these matters seem thoroughly rooted, and it will doubtless require many years to disabuse their minds of such erroneous impressions. They sacredly treasure up in their memories the great actions of their forefathers, the number of chiefs they have slain and eaten, the several tribes they have worsted or destroyed, and the number of slaves they have captured. Such themes constitute the burden of many of their rude songs, in giving expression to which they work themselves up into a state of ferocious enthusiasm, which gives them the appearance of so many sanguinary demons.

There is much difference of opinion as regards native courage. From frequent observation, I should incline to the belief that they are naturally timorous; but their passions being readily excited, their almost instinctive love of contention, their strong attachment to their country, families, and chiefs, and particularly their desire to appear valorous in the eyes of the other sex, all conspire to rouse their sluggish energies to something like bravery and magnanimous deportment in times of danger. But this is only while they have a chief over them whose warlike conduct and reckless daring has gained him a name that is in itself a host. Should he fall, or if by some unlucky chance they have the worst of the fight, their heedless courage quickly evaporates. A Maori alone is no match for an Englishman of half his dimensions. He will dance about, flourish his tomahawk, foam at the mouth, sputter out his vociferations in mad fury, and show every other fearful demonstration of savage passion; but still he is withheld from molesting you, either by a consciousness of inferiority, or a fear of the consequences. Occasionally, however, these people do evidence something like courage when they are well supported by numbers, and when they feel, as I have before said, an enthusiastic reliance on a favourite leader. Then the love of life seems to be their last consideration, and rather than be disgraced by not having killed an enemy, they will undertake the most hazardous enterprises, and not unfrequently come off successful; though more from foolhardiness, I apprehend, than from true bravery.

The late unfortunate catastrophe at Wairau illustrates very correctly the kind of revenge which inhabits the Maori breast. The panic of the disorganized European band gave the necessary spur to

native courage, and on this occasion they would appear the brave people which indeed, for the time, they actually were. But more of this in a future letter.

The natives cannot reconcile themselves to the idea of the British nation submitting to be governed by a woman; and they insist that their own chiefs' wives are far superior to any queen on the throne. Family-pride is very remarkable in them all, so that a trifling insult to any one member thereof is an aggression upon all, and is resented with the utmost indignation. Certainly, the white people too often treat them with undeserved contempt, as an inferior race of beings. Such conduct is only calculated to keep alive their worst passions, and ought to be severely censured, if only on the grounds of humanity; and while it is the opinion of many, that the New Zealanders cannot be led, but may be driven, these people often appear to the humane and benevolent eye to be much abused. Hardship and rough treatment undoubtedly effect what kindness fails in doing, for the latter only encourages their natural apathy, and disposes them to all manner of extortion; and they truly verify the old adage, "Give an inch, they'll take an ell." In the conduct of Europeans, however, towards these people, an unwavering resolution, firm decision, just and impartial dealing, and, above all, a persevering good example, will best counteract their numerous failings, and will produce the happiest result to both parties.

The foregoing observations on the Maori character will obviously show that it is inordinately selfish; but this is not to be wondered at in savage life, where the animal instincts must predominate, and passions and desires are centred on individual welfare and comfort. Left as these people have been for a long series of years to their own resources, and now exposed to the allurements of novel practices and unknown objects, it would be much more astonishing did they at once enter into the notions of their civilized brethren, and discard their own. Thanks to the light of Christianity, they have rapidly risen in the scale of human nature; and when we consider the restrictive tendency of their singular custom of *tapu*, it is almost incredible what advances they have already made in intelligence and social improvement. It is encouraging to us to think, that we may be the agents of Providence in carrying the blessings of education and religion to a people, who are not only desirous of knowledge, but whom nature has endowed with talents and capabilities which will enable them to profit by our instructions; and it is gratifying in the highest degree to remember, that England has had the exalted privilege of being the first to dissipate the mists of ignorance and superstition by the light of Truth, and to enlighten their hitherto darkened hearts by the glorious revelation which God has given to us in His Gospel.

Notwithstanding their natural indolence, the New Zealanders are capable of any kind of labour; for their bodily conformation is of so muscular a character, and so supple are all their limbs, that they are equally well adapted to every description of exercise. Indeed, the great diversity of their occupations, from their earliest years, conduces to this accommodating condition of the system. Apparently almost amphibious in their nature, they scarcely leave their nurse's arms before they are taught to swim; then climbing, walking, running, leaping, swinging, follow in rapid succession; some light burdens are early accommodated to their youthful backs; and as soon as their strength permits, their hands are employed in tilling land, chopping wood, pulling canoes, practising their war instruments, and a vast variety of exercises which tend to give vigour and activity to the whole frame.

Their first efforts in husbandry were probably employed in the cultivation of the "kumera," or sweet potato, which they appear to hold in high veneration, both because of its early introduction by their forefathers, as well as the various superstitious rites with which they accompany its planting, production, and gathering.

A portion of ground is selected as a plantation, solemnly consecrated by the "Tohungarua," while divers ceremonies and songs are made use of, adapted to this grand occasion, and in which the virtues of the plant are highly extolled; then, by some solemn incantation, it is committed to the care of the great deity whom they supposed to preside over the vegetable kingdom. In gathering the produce at the end of the season also, similar ceremonies are observed, being either of a lamenting or exulting character according to the quality and quantity of the crops. They are then stored away, and placed in charge of the tapua functionary, who alone is privileged to enter the store and distribute them.

The potato which they seem next to prize, is usually planted twice a-year, but I do not observe that they pay the same solemn respect to this root as to the kumera; it may, however, be considered their standard article of food, the other being regarded rather as a luxury. They grow potatoes in very large quantities also for bartering with Europeans for articles of clothing, agricultural utensils, tobacco, &c. In the planting of this vegetable we see a striking instance of the laziness of these people, and particularly in digging the ground. This operation they perform sitting on their haunches, and not in the English fashion; they therefore employ a spade that has no handle, but provided only with a long stick. Formerly, before these instruments were known to them, they made use of a pointed stick with a cross piece lashed about a foot or eighteen inches from its end. With either of these implements they will work very expeditiously for a short time, particularly if they observe you looking on; but this excitement being removed, this burst of activity is succeeded by long intervals of rest or childish buffoonery. They simply raise the earth with one hand, while with the other they throw in a potato, letting fall the clod upon it, regardless of any kind of order, thereby increasing their subsequent trouble in cleansing and weeding, which employments are usually consigned to the women, girls, and boys.

Besides the kumera and potato, they also cultivate maize, pumpkins, the tara, water-melons, peaches, and a sort of gourd, of which they construct their calabashes; some of them also grow the tobacco-plant and different kinds of grain. Since the introduction of wheat, they have, in imitation of Europeans, paid some little attention to its culture, but they do not seem to like the trouble attending its planting, threshing, and grinding. These operations are far too laborious for their habits of ease, and it is not unlikely that in a short time, as soon as the novelty has subsided, they will decline the cultivation of this valuable grain, and content themselves, like the Irish, with the less troublesome potato. In several parts of the island, however, the natives have subscribed among themselves for the erection of water-mills, the common steel hand-mill being beyond all native patience and exertion. These occupations, being in a great measure compulsory, are no criterion of their general perseverance and industry, as some people are disposed to maintain; for if their immediate subsistence did not enforce them, they would even neglect their agricultural employments. A Maori will never do any work if he can get anything to eat without it. Their chiefs, too, who do nothing themselves in the way of manual labour, insist upon these duties being performed in their appropriate seasons.

Those natives who are connected with the establishments of Europeans are engaged in a variety of ways, such as cleansing and tilling land, making fences, cutting wood for fires, sawing, feeding, driving, and killing of pigs, travelling, and many other offices; but the same slothfulness is always apparent, for nothing is done in time or place without the continual cordial of tobacco or some kind of *utu*. I am not aware that any of them are paid periodically for their labour, as our servants are at home, nor do I think such a system would answer with these people, whose patience and diligence are exhausted as soon as their supplies are momentarily suspended—a circumstance of great annoyance and inconvenience to an European settler, who knows that the very soul of business is despatch and punctuality.

Next to their agricultural pursuits, fishing occupies a large portion of their time at certain seasons. It is usually practised by netting, spearing, or sinking a long line with bait; but angling, in the common acceptation of the term, is very rarely exercised among them. In spearing, they go out at night with large torches, and a bayonet fixed to a long pole; or a stick armed with several sharp wooden prongs serves the purpose of a harpoon, with which they dexterously strike their prey as they are attracted around them by the light. Flat fish, which lie sleeping at the bottom of shallows, are abundantly caught in this way, and are often to be bought by scores for a trifle of tobacco or a pipe. But their netting affords them the most gratification and the most profit, and in this employment they really do sometimes show a remarkable degree of energy and resolution. No weather seems to abate their ardour, and they swim and drag through the cold water with the utmost composure. Their seins are composed of strong bands of flax, admirably well knitted together, and accommodated with light sticks and heavy stones as floats and weights: some of these are hundreds of yards in length, and being attached to two or more canoes, are drawn through the water by the natives, partly by their efforts in pulling the canoes, and partly by dragging through the water, and they rarely fail of an immense draught of fishes of various descriptions. Their favourite are the sharks and skate, which they generally appropriate to their own use, but they are very liberal in supplying any white men they know in the neighbourhood with any other kind of fish. Their nets and fishing places are often under a sacred *tapu*, a disregard to which has caused many of their wars. Eels also they highly esteem, and are very careful of their preservation in the numerous creeks, swamps, and lagoons. For catching them, they let down a conical shaped basket made of the *mongumonga*, which they bait with worms, &c. and leaving this trap for some time, they are frequently rewarded with an abundance of delicious food. Many natives are very expert in diving for the larger kinds, and the length of time they can remain under water is truly astonishing.

Bird-catching is also another of their favourite pastimes, both for the purpose of profit and amusement. In this they are singularly clever, and are equally dexterous in calling, spearing, or snaring them. Some of the natives can imitate the note of many birds so correctly, that they can call them to any particular bush or tree, while they conceal themselves, and by a snare at the end of a rod, or even by a stick alone, they will catch or kill them with the greatest facility. In this sort of pleasurable work they will spend many hours, and will even disregard the calls of hunger, while thus employed. Their canoe-making, carving, weapon and pipe making, and many other more trifling performances, require much perseverance; but time to them is no object. I have seen some samples of their pipes, made out of indurated clay or hard flint stone, in a style which, I am convinced, a civilized person would think impracticable without very appropriate tools; so also their war clubs or *meris* are cut out of the solid stone, with an infinite deal of trouble, and are worked up with a nicety and degree of exactness perfectly surprising.

The employments of the women consist principally in flax-dressing, mat-making, and a variety of minor occupations incidental to the cultivation of the land and to the duties of the house. The first of these appears a simple operation in their hands; they separate the fibres of the flax by means of a shell, drawing it quickly through the leaf, and leaving them silky and glossy; they afterwards tie them up in small bundles, for their several uses. I have not observed that they ever make use of any machine for the purpose, though several have been proposed, but on trial have not been found to work so well as the native method. Their mat-making is really a pleasing performance; they execute many different patterns with great nicety, their busy

fingers platting and knotting with remarkable precision and celerity. The better kind of mats, which they call *kaitakas*, are prettily ornamented with black, white, red, and blue threads and tufts, as may please the fancy of the designer. The natives do not now manufacture their mats with that beautiful finish which they formerly did, nor do they make so many of any kind, which circumstance may partly be assigned to their present use of blankets, but especially, I think, to their indolent indifference to these matters since their intercourse with foreigners. Most of them prefer blankets, and they will readily exchange very handsome mats for them. Their *kokas*, or rough capes, are made up with the flax in its green state, only partially dressed; and when completed, are sometimes immersed in a strong decoction of the *henau* bark, and afterwards in dark mud, which together communicate a black and glossy hue; but most of these garments are worn in their original grey state.

The women, who are by far the readiest at any kind of work, are often seen employed in agricultural pursuits, particularly in weeding, dressing potatoes and maize, gathering produce, and other trifling jobs; even digging, fencing, hoeing, which are more particularly the occupations of the men, are not too hard for their delicate hands when circumstances call for their assistance. They also, in common with the other sex, are frequently employed in pulling canoes; and I have observed, they exercise far more perseverance and steadiness in the application of their paddles, and far more discretion in the use of their strength, than the men. I should certainly prefer a crew of these ladies to one of men, for they have none of that nonsensical play and childish mummery which the latter are apt to display as soon as they are a little tired, whatever may be the urgency of your business. It is very amusing, however, to witness the frolicsome humour of the lads in their different styles of paddling; now with a deep, strong pull, alternately with a gentle dip; sometimes with a rapid and vehement stroke, pulling you through the water as if life depended on their energy, then deliberately drawing their paddles, as if fearful of disturbing the finny creatures below; but all this is done in the most exact time, to a song or measured tune, sung by one or more of their party. It is useless to expostulate with them in these moments of folly; they will have their own way; so that a stock of patience is as necessary as a store of provisions in journeying with Maories.

In bad weather, when you would wish to get to a place of shelter, they are invariably most indolent and annoying, continually changing their positions or places, regulating their garments, eating, and doggedly refusing to pull at all, but would rather cover themselves over with their blankets, and lie at the bottom of the canoe until fine weather revived them. Their dilatory habits are again exhibited on starting to any place, whether in a boat or canoe; they spend half the day in rigging, refitting, and other preparations of the most trifling importance. As before remarked, they seem to have no notion of the value of time, and all your hasty remonstrances but make them more determinately listless and obstinate.

The women are likewise much engaged in household duties. Those of superior rank spend most of their time in making dresses after the European fashion, sewing, netting, and various kinds of fancy-work; but the common people and cookeys undertake the principal share of menial drudgery connected with house work. Fetching wood, lighting fires, carrying burdens, cooking, washing, &c., all fall to their lot. It is truly laughable to observe the uncouth manners of the native women when attending European families, in their several little domestic services. In laying the table for dinner, for instance, they are scrupulously exact in placing the plates, knives, and forks, but in regard to the latter they are often not a little puzzled to know the right hand from the left, and you may observe them changing and re-changing the position of these articles several times before they can feel assured they are in their right places. In sweeping the floor also, they invariably begin at the door, and thence proceed to the upper parts of the room, never considering that they thus cause themselves twice the trouble.

I have just time to mention one remarkable peculiarity amongst all these people,—that when intrusted with a letter or message, they will approach you as on any other ordinary occasion, and perhaps delay the delivery of the one or the other for several hours, however urgent the communication may be. This, I have heard, arises from their diffidence and a wish not to appear bold and intrusive, but if I may judge from their general indifference to the affairs of others, it would not be asserting too much to say, that delicacy of feeling, like bashfulness, is incompatible with the Maori character. Whatever civility and politeness they may observe amongst themselves, or however cautious they may be in not hurting the feelings or infringing on the rights of each other, it is certain, that in their general conduct to Europeans, none of these amiable traits are conspicuous. It can scarcely, however, be expected that these barbarous minds should evince anything like what we call delicacy of feeling; yet they hold certain forms, which, according to their manner of thinking, express something of the kind. Certainly they have no such word as *thanks*, nor yet any very lively emotions of gratitude; but they endeavour to show that they are pleased, by a grunt or a grin, with the expletive *kapi* (very good). If you would confer a gift, they look upon it as more respectful if you toss it at their feet, instead of giving it into their hands: in the latter case, they think you show your superiority over them; but in the former, that you consider them your equals. Their usual mode of recognition on meeting with any of their acquaintances (white or coloured) is to toss up the head and elevate their eyebrows, which they deem far more dignified and even friendly than our formal bow and stiff bend of the body.

But here I must conclude, or bear the reproach of being unnecessarily tedious. Yours, &c. Kn.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY LIFE OF GEN. SIR F. H——, K.C.B.[1]

I PASS over my mother's funeral, which took place the next day, and the concourse of people which attended it. I pass over the lamentations o'er the poor woman and her babes; and the execrations uttered against my father, all of which went to my heart.

My sister and myself went home, where some kind neighbours had prepared for us a few necessaries; and we passed the rest of the day in walking from room to room, and talking over with wonder what we should do. The next morning, as soon as we had finished our mournful breakfast, some one knocked at the door; I opened it, and who should walk in, but my kind friend, the chaplain of the gaol! He took me by the hand, and sat down in our little parlour, my sister and myself standing before him. He asked me if I had heard anything of my father. My exclamation in answer was, "Is he hanged?" There was an abruptness in my manner which I never could account for, but suppose that he had touched upon the string which was uppermost in my mind; and I could but think that the good man must know, I was impatient for the information he had to impart; and, besides, I had lost all feeling of affection for my father, and was little more than twelve years old. The clergyman looked at me with astonishment. "Have you heard anything?" said he. We assured him we had not; and he then, in as guarded a manner as possible, told us he was dead—not hanged, but that he had destroyed himself in the prison. I remember that he was some time telling us all this, and that before he left us he made us kneel down round a little deal table, and prayed for us. What a good man I thought he must be!

Of my father, how he destroyed himself, or was buried, or any other particulars, I never heard, nor indeed wished to hear. Our friend then said, "And what is to be done with you, my poor children?" I never seemed to have thought of this, but was very soon made to understand we could not remain where we were, for my father's creditors would take everything; and besides, we could easily understand that we could not keep house. All at once the thought came into my head, that I had heard of boys seeking their fortune, so I said, "I will go and seek my fortune." But then I said again, "But my sister!" This, too, my good friend had thought of, and I found that a place with a connexion of his own had been provided for her, many miles off. I blessed him.

At this time I was a strong, steady, quick, active boy, between twelve and thirteen years of age. "And, F——," said he, "what will you do?"

Again I answered, "Why, seek my fortune, to be sure; never mind me, sir, I shall do."

He looked at me very earnestly, and said, "Not as you have done, I hope." I blushed till my face and hands glowed, but felt quite indignant at the imputation, and for the moment almost hated my friend because he could not understand the full conversion of my mind. The feeling was but for a moment, for I took his hand and kissed it, and solemnly assured him I would never do any thing which should disgrace myself, but that I had made up my mind to be God's child. He smiled, and the tears came into his eyes, and he looked for a moment as if he prayed. He then told me that my father's name had been an assumed one, and that we had a right to another: this was, he said, fortunate. In spite of all his offers of providing for me, or of getting me into some service, I determined to go away; and the very next day I found myself on the road from ——, with 17*s.* 6*d.* in my pocket, and with no idea where I should bend my course, or what I should do. I had in my pocket the direction to the situation where my sister was going, and had taken a very affectionate leave of her. I was full of hope, and feared more for her than myself, for although she would have a good home, I did not think she trusted in God. I started at four in the morning, for I did not wish to be seen by any one, and at nine was many miles away; further than I had ever been before. My supper had been saved, so I sat down upon a heap of stones by the way side, to eat it for breakfast, and then took out my Bible (for my good friend had given me one), to read a chapter. In doing so, out dropped a note; it was directed to me; these were the words: "F——, pray earnestly and constantly; God will help you. Your friend ——."

I felt in my heart the impulse, and at once by the way side kneeled down and prayed for help and strength. I was aroused by a slight blow of a whip across my shoulders, and by an exclamation of "What the devil was I about?" I started up and saw a very good-looking well-dressed man standing before me. I answered at once "Praying, sir."

"What, in the road?—Why don't you pray at home?"

"I have no home, sir."

We walked together, and he entered into conversation with me. He was pleased with my frankness, and before we parted gave me his card, and wrote a direction for me to a friend at a seaport twenty miles off; and when we parted he wished me good luck, and at the same time said, "But remember, do not pray in public."

I answered, "Why not?"

The question seemed to puzzle him for a moment, and in fact he gave me no answer, but turned away, and I think I saw a tear in his eye. Before he left me he gave me half-a-crown.

I continued to walk on, and evening found me still some miles distant from the sea; so I walked to the door of a little inn, and asked if I might come in. The landlord said, "No, he wanted no boys there." I turned round, but at the same time said, "I could pay for what I wanted."

"Well, then, if you have any money, you may." So I went in, and laying down my half-crown, received a good meal of bread and cheese and a mug

(1) Continued from page 42.

of beer, and one shilling, with an announcement that my bed was paid for.

I went and sat down upon the settle, and very soon fell asleep; the kitchen was full when I awoke. I found that some one had thrown a cloak over me, as I lay in the corner. I was soon aware that some people were whispering near me; and being, as I said before, a very sharp boy, did not move; the more so as I soon found the voice of one of the speakers was familiar to me. I had heard it too often at my father's. I was well acquainted with their manner of talking, so that I could understand their meaning. The whole plan was laid to rob a house at the seaport to which I was going; and, if I remembered the name on the card, it was the very house I was directed to. I lay quietly till they went away, and then went to bed. On my entering the town of —— the next day, having breakfasted on the road from a roll I bought at a baker's, my first impulse was to go to the sea side. I pass over my astonishment at the sight of the ocean; I am detailing facts, not sensations. I then walked to the jetty or quay, by the side of which a river flowed in with a rapid tide; all was new to me, and for a time I forgot everything in the amusement and wonder of the scene. I was recalled to myself, however, by being violently taken off my legs by a rope which was in use for hauling a ship into the basin, and a horse laugh accompanied by an oath at my blindness. I was but slightly hurt, and if I felt angry for the moment, I remembered my promise to my friend, and without saying a word, hopped away as well as I could.

A very mild but firm voice, however, took up my quarrel, and rebuked the sailor for not calling to me. I looked up; my friend was a tall fine-looking young man with a benevolent countenance; he came up to me, and asked if I was much hurt. I assured him I was not. "Let me see your leg," said he. In stooping down to untie my stocking, the card I had received from the stranger the day before fell out of my pocket. He took it up, and looking at it inquired how I came by it. Upon my giving him the particulars, he said, "We were looking out for you to-day." I stared. "Yes," he said, "Mr. —— wrote about you to my father. Come along with me."

I limped after him. We entered the town, and passing down two or three streets, came to a very handsome house, and turned through a gateway into a large yard, three sides of which were warehouses, and the fourth, the back of the house we had passed. He stopped at a door, and giving it a swing, entered. The door swung back, and I was left alone. Whilst I stood here, two or three ladies passed me, with a beautiful little girl. One of the carters was putting a horse into a cart. Just as the child passed, the horse backed, and the little girl was in imminent danger of being crushed under the wheel. I sprang forward and pulled her away, but not so quickly as to disengage myself. The wheel passed over my leg, and I was unable to rise. The pain was intense, but I did not cry out. Not so the ladies; the last thing I heard was their scream.

When I was next conscious, I was laid upon a bed; many persons were about me, and a surgeon was setting the bone. I remember then calling out with the pain, and being kindly comforted. When all was over, I was left under the care of an old woman, and well tended; the bed and the room were something more grand than I had ever before seen. About the time of lighting the candles, and when the glare of a large lamp in the court-yard showed that the night was closing in, all at once the conversation I had heard at the alehouse the day before came into my mind. I asked the old woman where I was. She did not seem inclined to be communicative, and upon my more earnest remonstrance bade me be quiet, and left me. I began to be very anxious. I could not doubt that I was in the very house intended to be robbed. The clock struck seven, and again eight, and then nine. I fell asleep, and awoke to hear it strike ten. Unable to move, I was really in agony. During my sleep some one had been in the room, for the candle had been moved. I called aloud, but no one answered. For nearly an hour I lay listening to every sound, and the pain in my leg was nothing to the anxiety of my mind. I was again, however, dozing, and dreaming of robbers, when I was aware that something moved near me. I looked up. Something white passed my bed. I spoke; no one answered. I entreated whoever it was to come to me. At last, a very gentle voice said, "Are you in pain?"

It was the little girl whose life I had saved when my leg was broken. She had been told not to disturb me, but had not been able to resist the feeling of gratitude, and had risen from her bed to steal in and see if I was really alive. I spoke to her, and begged she would send her father to me.

"She dared not, he would be so very angry."

"But, my dear, I must see him."

"To-morrow," said she, "you will."

"But I must see him to-night."

She assured me it was impossible. I entreated, and at last said, "If you do not, you will all be murdered."

The child looked very frightened. "You won't murder me, will you?"

I could but smile, in all my anxiety, at the dear child's face. She was a lovely girl, with the most beautiful blue eyes I ever saw. I did not, however, think of these then: their impression, in after years, was the source of many a heart-ache. They were then filled with tears, and shone in the reflection of the glare of the lamp in the yard. I at last made her promise to fetch the nurse to me; as she reached the door for that purpose, I again enforced her promise. At that moment a voice on the stairs said, "Who is that?"

The child slipped back in a fright; the door opened, and a middle-aged man in a dressing gown entered the room. His surprise at seeing the child was very great; but he seemed so pleased at the motive, that he spoke to her with the utmost kindness, and took her up in his arms and kissed her; scolded very little, said she could do no good, called up the nurse, and

sent her to bed, and then, to my great satisfaction, came to my bedside. After the usual inquiries and promises that I should be well taken care of, he was about to go out, when I at once told him that in another hour his house would be robbed.

"Poor child!" he said, "you need not fear, no one will hurt you."

I said I was not afraid, but that there were those who would enter his house at midnight.

He laughed, and said, "Let them come, if they can."

I begged him to listen to me; he took his candle and said, "Lie still, my boy; I will see you again in the morning." I entreated, but he passed on; just as he reached the door, I said, "You keep your money in a closet in your bedroom?"

He stopped, and said, "What then?" "Is it not behind your bed's head?" He returned and put down the candle. "The key is like three keys." He came to my bedside. I then explained all I had heard, how they intended entering, and their number, six of them; and more, that they were determined to succeed, by fair or foul means.

The clock struck eleven.

"Did you say twelve?" he said. I answered, "Before twelve, before the watchman goes his rounds."

What happened more, I know not. He left the room, and I remained in darkness, except that the lamp in the court-yard flared with the wind, and that the rain battered against the window. My leg ached very much. Sleep I could not. I lay and listened for every passing sound. Tick, tick, tick, went the great clock, which was fixed outside the wall of that part of the house where my chamber was, and which between the gusts of wind I could distinctly hear. Once or twice I thought I heard whisperings on the staircase. Could it be the robbers? Had the gentleman neglected my warning? Oh, how I longed to be able to creep to the door! The clock struck twelve, but there was no noise but the continual tick, tick, tick of the clock, and the pattering of the rain. Could they have given over the attempt? I was sure I had not been mistaken in my information. All at once I heard, in the room over mine, the window opened, and a man step down upon the floor; another followed, another, and another. They struck a light, the window was gently shut, and I could distinctly hear them walk lightly across the room, towards what by the shape of my chamber I conceived the door. I was right; the door opened, the sound of their feet was upon the stairs. I lay in agony. What would be the event? I did not wait long in suspense. A violent outcry and the firing of pistols succeeded—struggling, swearing, blows and screams. This lasted some four or five minutes. Presently some one entered the room over head and opened the window, and then rushed back again. It must be, thought I, that they had cut off his escape! As I afterwards learned, the ladder had been removed. He returned to the staircase and ran down. My door opened; some one entered and made for the window: it was barred: he had not much time to undo it. The master of the house and two others entered—he fought well, and once was nearly on the bed. I shrieked with apprehension for my poor leg. At last he was overpowered and led out of the room. There was no more quiet in the house that night. Every one was moving about. The court-yard sounded with the voices of many persons. All was confusion and uproar. I did not fail of my share of attention; I soon found I was an object of no common feeling.

The surgeon came to me again in the morning, and the whole family visited me in the course of the day. I learned that one robber had been shot and badly wounded, another beaten almost to death; one escaped by opening the street-door and joining some companions, who drove off in a cart; and one taken in my room. Such were the events of the night.

One of the porters was much hurt, and another dislocated his wrist by a fall on the staircase. The master of the house and his son escaped with only a few slight bruises.

I lay some weeks in my bed, during which I was furnished with books, and indeed everything I could require; and at last, for it appeared a weary time, was permitted to go about upon a crutch. My little blue-eyed friend was all attention to me, and in a few more weeks I was well, and again wandered down to the quay and about the town.

One day, the master called me into his private room, and said, "Well, F——, you are now well: What do you intend to do?"

I answered, "I am sure I don't know."

"Perhaps," he said, "you will make a friend of me, and tell me your history?"

I hesitated.

"You need not fear. You have done me two services, and I never forget. Tell me all, candidly; you shall never repent it—no one shall ever know it from me."

"What, no one?"

"No," he said; "not even my wife."

"You will never speak to me again, when you know all."

"Again," said he, "I tell you, not to be afraid."

And so I made a full confession; and, when I had done, I looked up with shame and confusion, expecting to see him as an enemy, and to be turned out of his house. To my surprise, he took me by the hand, and said,

"I thank you for this confidence. I had, indeed, expected as much. I knew that you must have been in very bad company; for, although you did not observe it, you told me the names of those men, whose voices you could only have heard when you were aroused from sleep in the alchouse; and when I talked with them in prison, and intimated that I had notice of their attempt from one who knew them and their language, one said, *It must have been, then, either the devil or that hang-dog of a murderer's son who told you.*"

I felt as if I must sink into the earth; for although

I had told him all, the very mention of it again from his lips seemed to paralyze me. But he reassured me, and offered me a situation in India, which he had procured for a sister's son who was dead—a clerkship in an office, where, he said, if I would be attentive, I might make my fortune; and moreover, that I should go out as captain's clerk in a ship of which a relation of his was captain, who would have me instructed during the voyage, to fit me for my situation. His kindness did not stop here; he furnished me with everything needful, and I sailed amidst the good wishes and the bounty of the whole family.

These particulars were told me by my friend, General Sir F—— H——, as we rolled along in his travelling chariot and four to his magnificent mansion in —— Square.

"This," he said, "was my early history. You, my dear Archibald, know how I sped in India—how, from the mercantile, I became a volunteer in the famous expedition under ——; and how, by one stroke of what men call fortune, I rose above my fellows, and far above all expectation. I thank God—He has always been *my God*. He it is who has helped me. *Trust in Him*. You are young yet, but the mercies of the Almighty, through his blessed Son, are fortune enough for any—for all."

"And your sister, General?"

"She died young. I never saw her more. I have, indeed, been but once in England since that time. My benefactor was dead—my secret died with him—you are now its only depository. It was in that visit to England that I married; and—I will let you into one more piece of my history—Lady H—— was the fair blue-eyed daughter of my friend, the child I saved from the cart-wheel at ——, nearly at the expense of my own life."

It was many years after this that I obtained permission to publish these particulars. The General's last words were—"I am wifeless and childless; you are the inheritor of my property, due to you as the preserver of my life in India. The history may do good—it can harm no one. Let the public have it after my decease."

LA CAMERARA-MAYOR.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH, 1701.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

THERE is more truth than at the first glance appears in the sweeping assertion of La Rochefoucault: "Rien n'est impossible: il y a des voies qui conduisent à toutes choses, et si nous avions assez de volonté, nous aurions toujours assez de moyens." We have implicit faith in this sentiment. The gay sayer of sparkling aphorisms, of daring and unpalatable truths, built his opinions on the strong foundation of long observance of his fellow-creatures, and experience in the forte and weakness of many a cultivated mind. He considered life and character in a vast and brilliant studio,—the court of Louis XIV.; and a distinguished modern writer, who studied men and things moving in a very different arena, and looking on himself with a mental vision far more clear and searching, has yet arrived at nearly the same conclusion: "What is of greater value than that which often receives the name of genius, is not to be considered as an original quality, but a habit of the mind. It is nothing more than intense mental activity, steadily directed to some leading pursuit. *This*, call it by what name you will, is the source of all distinction."[1]

This strong volition, consistently and perseveringly maintained, is the secret of success, and in right or wrong is nearly certain to secure it. It was a most unwearied and pertinacious ambition that made Anne Marie de la Tremouille, Princess Orsini, for many years, in fact, though not in name, ruler of Spain; and would have placed on her escutcheon the many-quartered arms of that kingdom, had not Time, merciless Time, stamped on her yet fair brow a few of the traces usually acquired in a passage of some sixty years through the tortuous ways of this troublous world. As our old friend La Rochefoucault writes, "Il ne sert de rien d'être jeune sans être belle, ni d'être belle sans être jeune." To this saying, however, neither experience nor history gives the strong corroboration and support which both lend to the maxim we quoted in a previous passage.

Female influence was then at its zenith amid the courts of Europe. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, swayed the councils of the good-tempered bon-vivant, Queen Anne. "La Vieille," as her aristocratical enemy, the Duchess of Orleans, persists through her memoirs in calling Madame de Maintenon, held entire rule in the policy of Louis XIV. He, whose youth had been devoted to the worship of beauty, surrendered the years of middle life and old age to the domination of a devout prude, older than himself, with some comely remains of good looks, but without high genius or brilliancy; possessing sound sense, and a marvellous and most unfeminine talent for keeping silence and a secret when it was politic so to do. We cannot enter into the prejudice that exists in many minds against Madame de Maintenon, her prudish airs, her fifty years, her long prosperity. The extended period of her life certainly divests her memory of the charms of sentiment, even with the help of Madame de Genlis's novel. We cannot feel any romantic interest about her. It would be by no means fair if we did: that kind of posthumous attraction belongs to the unfortunate, the beautiful; those who "die betimes;" often—we are sorry to write it—to the pre-eminently wicked. We are afraid the lives of Lucretia Borgia or the Marchioness de Brinvilliers would be formidable rivals, as public taste runs at present, to the memoirs of far more respectable historic personages. Madame de Maintenon seems to have used unlimited power with great moderation, and often exercised sound judgment in the use of her influence. She was above many feminine vanities and weaknesses, among which we may men-

(1) Abercrombie, "On the Culture and Discipline of the Mind."

tion that she never sought to appear younger than she was; she held the king bound in the substantial but unglittering iron chains forged by habit, good common sense, and a reasonable placid temper. She offered a harbour of rest to a monarch wearied by the passionate virulence of De Montespan, the silent reproaches of De la Vallière's tears, the frivolities, the infidelities, the passing excitements of a dozen other transient liaisons. The selection of a Camerara-Mayor for the young Queen of Spain awakened many discussions in the little boudoir, where Madame de Maintenon sat quietly at her work, ostensibly attending to it, but in fact, with consummate cleverness, directing the counsels and influencing the determination of the great king.

Charles II. had breathed forth his troubled spirit after bequeathing to his young kinsman, Philip, Duke d'Anjou, those many realms, which had never been to him a source of pleasure: "God is the disposer of kingdoms; I am already nothing," he exclaimed, while signing the unwilling testament, wrung from him by French intrigue.

It seems as if a weight of gloom and woe, of madness or imbecility, attends the possession of the Spanish throne. The young Philip soon began to show such unpromising and spiritless indolence, that his wise grandfather hastened to try the effect of matrimony in giving him new objects of interest. His choice fell on the sister of the Duchess of Burgundy, the daughter of Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy. She was a bright and gentle creature, hardly fourteen years of age, possessing all the charming qualities that made her sister the delight of the French court, and almost the only object of love and hope amid the dreary splendour and heavy afflictions of Louis XIV.'s old age. Fair, and fresh, and graceful, like a wild flower of her native mountains, looking even younger than she was, Marie Louise of Savoy came to the pompous and solemn grandeur of the Spanish court. The coterie at Versailles selected, as her chief lady-attendant, the Princess Orsini, whose duty it was to secure the young queen to the French interest, and jealously to watch the influence which a wife was so sure to possess over a character like that of Philip V.

The previous history of this lady is curious, and has afforded matter of scandalous comment to those charming gossips, the French memoir-writers.

Anne Marie de la Tremouille sprang from a race fertile in warriors and heroines. She shared the exile of her first husband, the Prince de Chalais, who was compelled to flee the kingdom on account of his share in the famous and unfortunate duel with the La Fret family, which ended fatally to one of the parties concerned. Spain was his place of refuge, and here his beautiful young wife acquired that knowledge of the language and manners of this nation which laid the foundation of her future greatness.

They next took up their abode in the Venetian territory. Here they separated, and she went to Rome to solicit the patronage and assistance of the French cardinals there, De Bouillon and D'Estrées, and the Cardinal Portocarrero, then Spanish Ambassador at the Papal Court. Shortly after she had secured the protection of these powerful men, not without some reports arising injurious to her fair fame, the Prince de Chalais opportunely died, and left the widow-exile dependent on the pecuniary assistance of her new friends. "Why should we contemn any man's meanness when we know not his destiny?" says Bishop Hall. The hand that now gratefully received the old Cardinal's bounty was designed to dispense the resources and honours of a vast kingdom. These prelates negotiated for her an alliance with Flavio Dei Orsini, Duke of Bracciano and grandee of Spain. He was of the race of the Orsinis, so famous in modern Roman history,—of that family whose frequent feuds with their rivals the Colonnas alarmed the city with conflicts as bloody, and about as profitable, as those of the gladiators in her arenas of old.

This marriage, founded solely on interested motives, was unhappy; but it endowed the lady with the wealth and high station she coveted, and enabled her to shine amid the most envied and admired in the courts of Rome and Versailles; there she improved her former acquaintance with Madame de Maintenon. This intimacy was commenced in far different circumstances. The fair and portionless Widow Scarron was then residing in the Convent of the Ursulines, Rue St. Jacques, on very limited means, yet commanding the notice and contriving to keep up the acquaintance of a portion of the brilliant society that frequented the house of the witty old writer whose widow she was. We do not find that the Princess de Chalais bestowed tokens of friendship more substantial than kind words and occasional friendly notice; agreeable doubtless to the recipient, coming from so high a quarter, and of no cost to the gracious donor. Of these small attentions, however, De Maintenon in her days of power and prosperity retained a grateful remembrance; and she supported by her all-powerful influence the petition of the princess to accompany the young Queen of Spain to Madrid in the capacity of Camerara-Mayor, or superintendent of the royal household. St. Simon gives a very animated sketch of the lady destined to play a part so distinguished on the stage of history: "She was above the middle size, dark in complexion, with fine blue eyes; in manner and appearance extremely interesting and ingratiating"—so attractive that this denizen of courts declared he had never seen her equal. Her voice and manner were most pleasing, and her conversational talents of the first order; sparkling with anecdotes of the different countries and distinguished personages she had seen and associated with in her migratory life. She possessed a simple natural eloquence, and the power of pleasing all whom it was her will to attract. With an ambition so pre-eminent, and a spirit and ability superior to most men, she yet shared largely in feminine weakness; she was excessively fond of admiration, vain of her personal and mental attractions, and retained in extreme old age a taste for dress of the most youthful character. She was

proud and haughty, a zealous and jealous friend, a most implacable and persevering enemy.

There would seem to be a singular charm in the favour of kings and the atmosphere of courts, for the desire of possessing the former, and existing in the latter, has subjugated some of the most powerful minds, and placed them in a frivolous and unworthy bondage. This rich, highborn, and imperious woman succeeded in acquiring the right of taking off the king of Spain's dressing-gown when he went to bed, and giving him his slippers when he rose in the morning; of placing the night lamp in the royal bedchamber; the oil from which utensil the princess declares she almost invariably spilt over herself—and no wonder, considering the heavy sword and other necessary but not ornamental articles with which she describes herself as being laden. Her popularity, despite this awkwardness, became so great, that she had to pay the penalty which the possession of this sort of favour commonly entails; she became so necessary to the comfort of the royal pair, that she was roused two hours earlier than suited the taste of the luxurious widow of the Orsini, and had to take her meals *en courant*. Through this agreeable and powerful agent, Louis XIV. intended governing the court of Spain; and Madame de Maintenon, through the means of this old friend, determined to inform herself of all the secrets of the Spanish correspondence;—a knowledge which she could not exactly gain through the spirited and faithful Torci, who was entirely attached to Louis XIV., but would never subject himself to the humiliation of communicating his despatches to Madame de Maintenon, whom he pertinaciously regarded as the Widow Scarron,—animated by the same aristocratic prejudices that provoke a smile over the pages of St. Simon and the Duchess of Orleans.

The early part of the Princess Orsini's court life was chequered by many public trials; and her fidelity to the young queen more severely tested than that of most mistresses of the robes. The War of the Succession was raging. The Italian dominions of the Spanish monarchy were first assailed; and thither Philip went, leaving his fair young queen to head the Regency of Spain. Amid many privations and trials, Marie Louise and her able camerara-mayor acted with a decision and wisdom which drew forth the praise of Louis, and extracted a compliment from the bitter Louville: he expressed his astonishment, that such a union of reason, love, and strength of mind could exist in a being so young and gentle; and the King of France assured his grandson that he considered his marriage with one so wise and good, the greatest blessing of his life. They had pecuniary difficulties of no common order to contend with. The riches of Peru and Mexico strangely vanished from Spain; she never appeared so impoverished as since the cruel acquisition of those vast colonies. The "mot" of Boccalini was true to the letter: "L'Espagne est à l'Europe ce que la bouche est au corps: tout y passe et rien n'y reste." It was during these days of sorrow and difficulty, that the first wife of Philip the Fifth laid that foundation of love and tender recollection in the hearts of her people, which found so discordant a voice for the ears of the successor on her husband's throne—the astute and grasping Elizabeth Farnese. "Viva La Savoyana," sounded in the streets of Madrid during many a royal procession, long after the fair mortality that once owned the designation had mouldered in the vaults of the Escurial. The infatuated obstinacy of old Cardinal Portocarrero, unequal to discharge his duties as minister, and yet most jealous of any assistance and interference, was only rivalled by the annoyance occasioned to the court of Spain, the most punctilious in Europe, by the easier manners of the French, and the light consideration vouchsafed by the young queen and the camerara-mayor for the momentous etiquette of ancient Spanish usages. We all know that one of their kings died in consequence of being partially roasted alive, because there did not happen at the time to be present a grandee of sufficient rank to wheel back his chair. The queens have not been more fortunate; their lives and daily comfort have been placed in jeopardy and destroyed on the same frivolous grounds. Mariana of Austria, queen of Philip IV., was thrown into serious trepidation on her wedding progress by the stern etiquette of her new subjects. The citizens of one of the principal towns through which she passed on her way to the capital, went out to meet her laden with presents, selected from the richest commodities and manufactures for which their town was famed; gorgeous brocades and silk stockings were among these. The sight of the latter articles so incensed the punctilious major-domo in attendance on the royal bride, that, furious with passion, he flung the stockings back in the face of the well-meaning burghers, and screamed forth this memorable sentence:—"Aveis de saber que las Reynas de Espagna no teinen piernas!" ("I would have you know, gentlemen, that the Queens of Spain have no legs!") We are told that the young princess, in a burst of nervous agitation, inquired if amputation of her legs were a necessary preliminary to taking possession of the Spanish throne. The life of the first wife of Charles II., the beautiful and equally unfortunate daughter of Henriette D'Angleterre and Monsieur, was nearly sacrificed on a similar occasion. It was high treason for any subject to touch the feet of the queen of Spain, save the chief of her *meninas*, or little female pages, of ten years of age. It chanced one day that the royal lady was thrown from a fiery steed of Andalusia, in the very court of the palace, which at the time was filled with grandees, and the helpless little *meninas*. Her foot caught in the stirrup, and she was dragged several times round the court, while the nobles were considering, if they stopped the horse, how they should release the royal foot. At last, and just in time to save her majesty's life, two young knights, De las Torres and Sotomayor (for their names deserve recording), dashed forward, and rescued the

queen, in doing which the hand of one was dislocated; but without pausing one moment to receive the thanks so well earned, they mounted their horses and fled the vengeance of outraged etiquette. It may be a satisfaction to the reader to know, that, for once reason prevailing, a free pardon was sent after the gallant delinquents.

The easy cheerfulness of the Princess Orsini was indeed a novelty in a camerara-mayor, whose duty it was to persecute the queen-consort with court usages and Spanish prejudices. The Duchess de Terra Nova filled this office under poor Louise d'Orleans, and rendered a principal part of her short life a scene of tedious trial. She was a woman of the highest birth, of a ferocious pride, and more than suspected of instigating murder. This beldame, hideous in person as in mind, was always either at the elbow or the heels of her unhappy charge, or following her abroad, mounted on a mule, in lugubrious widow's weeds, and a high Mother Shipton sort of hat. She contrived to persuade the king that an improper meaning lurked under the queen's naïve inquiry, addressed to a native Syrian Christian, as to the habits of females in the East, and whether they were kept as strictly prisoners at his birth-place, Muzal, as in Madrid. When a slight difference had occurred between the royal pair, and the young wife was impatiently awaiting at her window the king's return from hunting, resolved, at the earliest moment, to remove the shadow of displeasure that might yet be lurking in his mind—this persecuting old crone was near, to inform her, in shrill and dictatorial accents, that "the queen of Spain ought not to look out at the window."

It speaks highly for the tact and ability of the Princess Orsini, that she was really able, in a great measure, to modify these extravagances. She even persuaded many of the nobles to attend the toilette of the queen, and the king led forth some of the ladies in the dance.

As in this personal sketch we have little to do with politics, it is unnecessary to dwell on the events of the Italian campaign. It began unpropitiously; for the blood of St. Januarius obstinately refused to liquefy in compliment to king Philip, to whom, however, its termination was rather favourable than otherwise, but of no very decided advantage; and from Italy the melancholy young sovereign brought the seeds of that hypochondriac disorder which increased almost to insanity in his later days.

While the War of the Succession was harassing Europe, the influence of the clever camerara-mayor was hourly gaining strength and solidity: she promised to be greater in Spain even than De Maintenon in France; at least to be more *ostensibly* powerful; for she had not the wise quietude of the widow Scarron in gaining and carrying out her objects. She set up and cast down ministers, strong in the affection of the queen, who ruled the king. She spoke of "her administration" in her letters to Torci; she quarrelled with the ambassador of France, the Cardinal D'Estrées, a man of proud birth, consummate diplomatic skill, and probity and erudition; but the very splendour of his qualifications unfitted him for the post of ambassador in Spain, though supported by Louville, the satirical confidant of Philip, and D'Aubenton, the king's confessor. Continual quarrels arose, and daily occurrences piqued and aggravated both parties. The princess and the royal pair were true to each other; while the irascible cardinal demanded if it was necessary for him to bring his baptismal register to show who he was, and what in consequence were his pretensions; and, in his despatches to Versailles, designated the princess as "the woman who beset and governed the king." These representations drew a most angry letter from Louis. He had not expected that the instrument of his own selection would ever exercise an independent influence; he did not deign to listen to her explanations, nor the entreaties of the king and queen of Spain, but angrily besought his grandson not to shut himself up in the disgraceful effeminacy of his palace, and dictating to him rules for his future conduct, threatened to withdraw from Spain the Princess Orsini; but this the Great King failed to effect.

The able tool rose up a power that for the time defied the master's will. The queen's health failed; every thing fell into confusion. The cardinal continued quarrelling and scolding like an angry old woman, and the princess came off victorious. Louis was compelled to indite to her, with his own hand, a letter expressive of confidence and friendship; and so far from the recall of the haughty favourite being required, he assured her that her continuance at court would be for his service, and the good of the young king his grandson. She, therefore, and her two "Freedmen," as D'Estrées indignantly termed the clever financier Orri, and her favourite and secretary D'Aubigny, continued in high power and favour. They, with the princess, wielded the whole power of the state, triumphant over Spanish prejudice and the authority and anger of Versailles.

And very ably the government seems to have been conducted; to the advantage of the nation governed, and the discomfiture of French policy and interference, always so fatal to the peace of Spain. The cardinal was withdrawn; and his nephew, the abbé D'Estrées, filled, with the approbation of the princess, his post as the ambassador of France. And so friendly was the understanding between them, that on one occasion the intriguante, entirely unmindful of her usual caution, allowed herself to be persuaded to sign an official despatch, in company with Orri and himself. This glaring informality and public recognition of her power and influence, again drew down the indignation of Madame de Maintenon's cabinet. That lady never so far forgot her position; great as was her power, it never appeared in state documents.

The cardinal D'Estrées seized this opportunity to be avenged on his nephew the abbé, and privately informed the princess, that though the public despatches of the French ambassador were crowded with praises of her talents and conduct, his secret and private letters teemed with abuse and censure, and complaints of

her interference. Here again our heroine lost her self-control; she asked, and obtained from Philip, permission to intercept and open the confidential despatches of the ambassador; there she found narrations, comments and statements, most offensive to her ambition and credit as a *stateswoman*—to her vanity as a female. And when she found it was declared as a fact, that she had married her secretary, D'Aubigny, with other allusions to supposed favouritisms and gallantries, she permitted herself to be so far carried away by rage, that she copied this private despatch, enriching it with marginal comments, one of which, on the subject of her marriage with D'Aubigny, has come down to us. In reply to the accusation, she wrote on the margin, "Pour mariée, non!" Such an insinuation, as Duclos says, was not likely to be admissible at court during the latter days of Louis. It suited neither the reformed manners of his old age, nor, as this author writes, "la pruderie" of De Maintenon; the whole affair was most shameless and impudent, it determined the French king to insist on her dismissal, but he awaited a favourable opportunity to effect it, and in the meantime lulled suspicion by renewed compliments, and the dismissal of the offending ambassador.

Scenes of vast importance to Europe at large, were now passing on Spanish ground; Estremadura and Catalonia were the theatre of long and bloody struggles. The archduke Charles of Austria, the rival claimant to the triple crowns of Spain, took the field with a large force, combined from the Portugese, Dutch, and English armies. For a time, it seemed that even the skill of Berwick, and the great but cold courage of Philip himself, would fail to preserve the possession of the country. Sir George Rooke planted the flag of Great Britain on the ramparts of Gibraltar. The internal distress of Spain was most alarming; and Marlborough defeated her allies, the French, in Germany. But among all these causes of anxiety, court intrigues and jealousies were not quenched. The dismissal of the princess was effected during the king's absence with the army. Louis insisted upon her departure from Spain, looking on her restless disposition and machinations as a great source of political annoyance and national discontent. The queen was so strongly attached to her camerara-mayor, that Louis did not choose to expose his grandson's obedience to the temptation of her tears and entreaties, and arranged the departure of the favourite during the separation of the royal pair, the queen sullenly consenting. The princess obeyed the mandate that dismissed her from her high honours, without a day's delay. Next morning she departed, no personal interview having taken place with her royal mistress, to whom she addressed a letter, urging her to obey the commands and resign herself to the will of the French king.

With the princess, the court at Versailles flattered themselves that many factions and disaffections would disappear; that all would go on peaceably within the palace at Madrid, and that the Duke de Grammont, the new ambassador, would charm away the chagrin of the queen. Very different, however, was the state of the case found to be: at the first interview with Marie Louise, in a flood of tears she demanded an explanation of the causes of her friend's dismissal, and indignantly complained of the offensive nature of the whole affair to the king and herself. "No," she added, "I will not deceive you—I never shall be appeased."

Here was exhibited anything but that serenity and favour anticipated by the hapless ambassador. The queen patiently awaited her opportunity, and on the king's return, reiterated her demands for the princess's recall. She was residing at Toulouse, and endeavouring to propitiate De Maintenon, and to dictate measures to the queen of Spain—in both of which she succeeded. Her attached mistress plunged into a labyrinth of intrigues; she made herself master of the designs and wishes of the French ambassador, and successfully deceived him. Through the agency of her sister, the duchess of Burgundy, she gained the ear of Madame de Maintenon. She obtained the recall of the duke of Berwick, whose soldierly mind could neither assist, nor was capable of entering into the plots of her majesty. "C'est un grand diable d'Anglais see, qui va toujours droit devant lui," said she. De Grammont and D'Aubenton, the king's confessor, were recalled.

The princess was received at Versailles with triumphant honour, and nearly succeeded in captivating the Great King; at any price, Madame de Maintenon desired to get rid of her fascinating friend. She was permitted to recommend Amelot as French ambassador in Spain, and after a judicious delay, which had only increased the affectionate interest and anxiety of her royal friends, she returned to Madrid, "avec plus d'éclat et d'autorité que jamais," says Duclos. Truly it was a great triumph for a girl of fifteen, as the French king called Marie-Louise, to have carried her point so successfully against such opponents; to have bound, as she did, the hearts of the Spanish people to her, notwithstanding the unpopularity of her adviser, Orsini. When again regent, during Philip's absence with the army, she behaved with the courage of a heroine. When driven out of Madrid by the army of the archduke, she prepared herself to retire to the Indies, in case of losing her European crown; a circumstance that seemed more than probable, when city after city revolted, and, as she expressed it to Madame de Maintenon, "scarcely a day passed without bad news." Through all the misfortunes and reverses of the War of the Succession, through the successive rise and downfal of ministers, the sending out and recalling of embassies, our indefatigable princess kept her place in the royal esteem, and her support was necessary to every candidate for royal favour. But Madame Orsini's experience in the ways of courts had taught her to regard with doubt and diffidence even her continuance in power; and that she long meditated an honourable and distinguished retreat, is rendered evident by the difficulties which she threw in the way of

the conclusion of European peace at Radstadt. This private individual, this childless woman, coveted for herself the possession for life of the town and canton De la Roche in Ardennes (Rupes Ardennæ), situate about twelve miles from Luxembourg. With a selfishness and uncontrolled ambition, singularly characteristic of the unworthy friend of the disinterested and affectionate girl-queen, she insisted on securing this territory as a small sovereignty for herself. To this design she had gained the consent of France and England; but Austria, whom she had offended and never served, and the sturdy Dutch, stood out against this unusual and unreasonable demand, which had been recognised at Utrecht.

In the midst of these negotiations, death struck the beloved consort of Philip V. At the age of twenty-six, in the bloom of her beauty, the happy mother of promising children, she sunk into an early grave. In September, 1713, she had given birth to her son Ferdinand; she died at the commencement of the following year. "El Reyno la lloró *con lagrimas del Corazon* porque el dolor nace de la misma oficina del amor," as writes Florez, the courtly biographer of the Spanish queens.

"The interregnum between the death of one queen and the arrival of another," says Archdeacon Coxe, "became the reign of the Princess Orsini." Philip, anxious to remove himself from a palace where every thing reminded him of the loved and departed, took up his residence at the hotel of the Duke of Medina Celi. As governess of the Prince of the Asturias, the Orsini accompanied him. The convent of the Capuchins adjacent to the hotel afforded her apartments; and the open gallery connecting the two buildings was closed to admit of private communication between the inhabitants. The order to enclose this passage was given on a Saturday evening, and the workmen made some scruple of working on a Sunday. Le Père Robinet, who, though a French Jesuit, was a truly good and honest man, being consulted on the propriety of proceeding, he hesitated, and then exclaimed—"If you had orders to pull down the gallery, I should say, work all Sunday, even on Easter Day." "But," says Duclos, "the orders of Des Ursins were dispensations, and the gallery was made."

From this moment all the courtiers imagined the king's marriage with the princess almost certain. A woman so fascinating and ambitious was a dangerous companion for the solitude of the royal widower. But the stern truthfulness of Robinet prematurely settled this question.

The king delighted in a little quiet gossip with his spiritual adviser, who frequently communicated passages of private history and current reports, which would not otherwise have reached the royal ears. On one occasion he asked Robinet what news were afloat in Paris.

"Sire," was the reply, "on y dit que V. M. va épouser Madame des Ursins."

"Öh! pour cela, non," replied the king, drily.

The repetition of this dialogue, short as it was, seems to have been conclusive to the shrewd though vain mind of the princess. There was no recalling the bloom of her girlhood,—the distinguished and glowing charms of her maturity. She was old. Bolingbroke had called her "this old woman." She was faded. It was to the charms of her mind that she must look; on these she must rest her pretensions to the crown of Spain; and these, it would seem, failed to secure the regal prize. The next object was to place a queen on the throne through whom she could rule the king, and exercise her former influence; and to the Abbé Alberoni she confided her designs, and made inquiries concerning Elizabath Farnese, the niece of his sovereign, the Duke of Parma. This imperious and grasping woman was then unknown, and the powerful qualities of her mind lay undeveloped in the subjection and obscurity of her position in the petty court of Parma. Had she not been fated to mount a throne, this phase of her character might have rusted for lack of opportunity and occurrence to sharpen and draw it forth to light and action. She wanted not occasion for the exercise of these qualities when she wore, as a second consort, the crown of Spain.

Alberoni, the astute confidant of the princess, was an extraordinary man. The German proverb tells us that "every man is the smith of his own fortunes;" and in the case of the son of the little market-gardener of Parma—for such was the future cardinal and minister,—the truth of the adage is very evident. He immediately comprehended the advantages to be derived from this marriage. He represented Elizabeth as an easy tempered, ignorant girl, "plump and well fed," fond of needlework, and, above all, tractable. On this lady the misguided choice of the princess fell. She talked to the king of her, and unknown to his grandfather the affair was set on foot. Of course, no opposition was likely to arise at Parma, and the previous engagement of the future queen to the duke of Mirandola, the grand ecuyer of her uncle, was broken off, and preparations made for her journey to Spain.

In the mean time some busy friend opened the eyes of the princess to the deception practised by Alberoni. The plump Lombard was this time painted in her true colours by one who was capable of comprehending the hidden depths of her character; and the princess listened in trembling to these decisive traits. It was evident that Elizabeth Farnese would be queen herself, no vice-reine would rule under her; and, in her dismay, the Orsini sent pressing orders to suspend the marriage, which, however, took place by proxy the day after her courier had arrived at Parma; this unwelcome messenger having been induced to lie *perdu*, and delay his appearance until the ceremony was concluded.

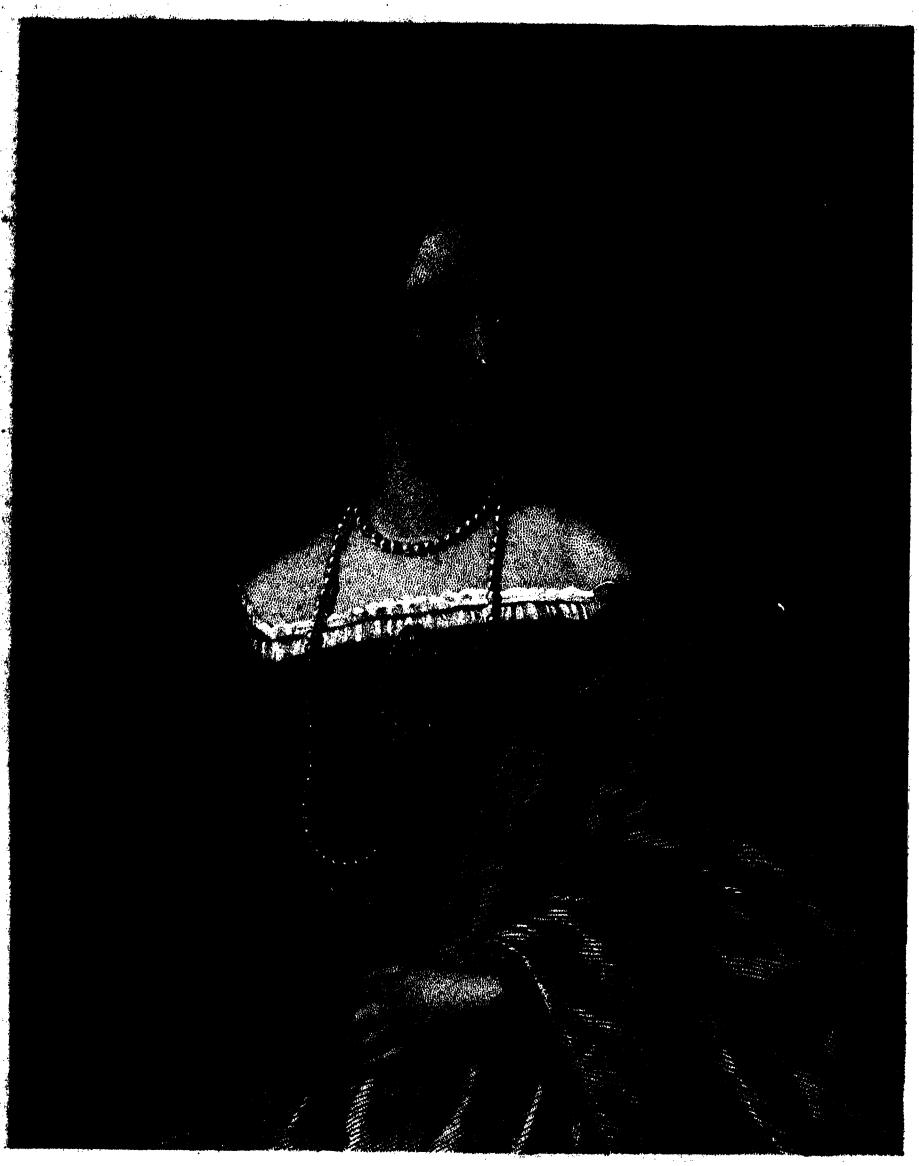
From this moment it is believed that the young queen resolved to free herself of the camerara-mayor. Some writers declare that Philip gave her secret instructions to this effect, for reasons that argue ill for the delicacy of the writer, or of the lady to whom the

note was addressed. The king was too happy, in the thoughts of his approaching marriage, to suspect the cause of offence given by the princess to the royal family of Parma; he was totally ignorant of the counter orders contained in the despatch of the intercepted courier. The reasons, as well as the real instigator, of the princess's sudden disgrace, have remained among the hidden mysteries of history. Sometimes the French king, sometimes De Maintenon, have been suspected; but certain it is that when Elizabeth communicated to Alberoni, *en route* for Spain, her resolve to rid herself of Madame Orsini, the Abbé expressed the greatest astonishment, and shrunk from any interference in the affair. Filled with doubts and fears, the stately princess advanced to meet the young queen, in whose character she had been so deceived, at Kadrara, a small town four miles beyond Guadalarana, where the impatient king awaited his bride—a bride far different from her predecessor, the daughter of Savoy, who slept in the gloomy Escurial. The Orsini had written impatiently to Madame de Maintenon on the fulsome praises bestowed by the courtiers on the coming queen. She was not handsome, much marked by the smallpox, owing her only charm to the animated, but not candid, intelligence of her countenance; she was imperious, passionate, avaricious, yet a clever dissembler, acquiring and holding her power over her hypochondriacal husband by constant flattery and apparent submission. There is nothing to charm in the character of the artful Italian; and our sympathies are henceforth almost enlisted on the side of the once all-powerful subject and favourite whose strange downfal we are about, in a few words, to relate. In full dress, the princess advanced to meet the young queen, and, kneeling, kissed her hand; she was received courteously, and conducted her Majesty to her apartment, where she remained only a few minutes, the queen bursting forth into violent reproaches, and declaring her dress improper, and her manners insulting. To no apologies would she listen, but, thrusting the princess towards the door, she commanded the assistance of the guard in waiting, to arrest and convey her to the frontier. The amazed official gazed and listened in wonder, and hesitated to obey. "Turn out that mad woman!" was the queen's passionate demand; and she wrote on her knee the order that consigned the Princess Orsini to her inexplicable banishment.

Attended by only one female, without any change of dress, or protection against the bitter cold, she travelled towards the frontier under the escort of fifty dragoons. What her reflections were we may well imagine: to express them would be difficult. At first sullen silence, and occasional bursts of indignation, varied the scene. Her two nephews, the Count de Chalais and Prince of Lanti, joined her the third day; and, reproving them for their doleful countenances, she asked for tidings from the king, adding, "that she was perfectly tranquil, and had nothing to reproach herself with."

In the news they brought, and still more in the cold letter of which they were the bearers from the once devoted Philip, she read that her influence was past never to return. The donation of the principality of Rossa had been offered, but this was withdrawn; and the only kindness that was shown to her was the monarch's promise that her pensions should be regularly paid. In her fallen state, the real greatness and power of her mind shone forth; she composed her agitated feelings, she resolutely faced her fate, and supported the difficulties, and privations, and indignities of her journey with an uncomplaining courage. She was even compelled to borrow from her guards a trifling sum to pay her expenses *en route*. The disgrace that had fallen upon her was so swift and unexpected, that not the most necessary preparation had been made for her journey; not even a warm covering shielded from the winter blast those once beautiful shoulders, for *en grande parure* was she forced to depart. The princess addressed Madame de Maintenon from a little house by the sea: "I see that element sometimes calm and oftener agitated—fit emblem of courts, of what I have seen, of what has recently happened to myself, and what must excite your generous compassion."

She requested an asylum in her native land, and this Louis XIV. granted her. The reception she met with at Paris and the court gratified her, and for a while she was again brilliant and cheerful. But the Queen of Spain, who it appears could not forgive one whom she had so deeply insulted, instigated the Duke of Orleans to oppose her appearance at court when any member of his branch of the Bourbon family was present. This interdict, of course, much limited her intercourse with the royal circle, where, however, she still kept up an interest and a correspondence with Madame de Maintenon. The magnificent palace at Chanteloupe, which her favourite D'Aubigny had built at her command, and which she had designed to make her future residence, fell into his hands, she never claiming it as her own. There he resided, and, marrying after the death of our heroine, left this beautiful palace and estate to an only daughter, who in her turn carried it by marriage into the Conflans family, from whom the Duke de Choiseul purchased it, and thenceforward it became the favourite residence of that minister. Dreading the regency of the Duke of Orleans, fifteen days before the death of Louis, the Princess Orsini retired to Holland; the states, that had so strenuously refused to recognise her principality of Limbourg, declined affording her an asylum; thence she passed to Chamberi, then to Geneva, and, after the death of Pope Clement, to Rome, that pontiff having refused, at the instigation of her Spanish enemies, to allow her residence there. "Le goût de la cour est si adhérent dans le cœur de ceux qui l'ont suivie long-tems, qu'ils ne peuvent vivre que là dussent-ils y ramper," says Duclos. Not being able to enjoy the reality of a court, Madame Orsini consoled herself with the fiction, and, attaching herself to the Pretender James III., did the honours of his court. She died at Rome in 1722, aged above eighty years.



The Lady Anne

"Occupée du monde," says St. Simon, "de ce qu'elle avoit été et de ce qu'elle n'étoit plus, elle eut le plaisir de voir Madame de Maintenon, oubliée, s'anéantir dans St. Cyr." But how great the contrast! There was wisdom and dignity, and the hope and contemplation of higher things, in the retreat of De Maintenon; but the old age of the Orsini was a painful object to thought and eye. How hardly do some struggle to maintain their place in the world that has given them up!

THE LADYE ANNE.

W. BRAILSFORD.

"Relieve my anguish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care return."
S. DANIEL, 1562.

I HAVE sought thee night and day,
In the forest's solitude,
In the mazes of the wood,
Thinking of thy worth alway,
Ladye Anne.

Though to me thou art no more
Than the ocean's fretted foam
Round a sea-nymph's coral home,
Or upon some desert shore,
Ladye Anne.

Yet to hear thy gentle voice
Softened into whispering,
Like some moss-encircled spring,
Ever makes my heart rejoice,
Ladye Anne.

I have sought thee by the oak
Where thy early troth was won,
Where the shadows chase the sun
From the haunts of fairy folk,
Ladye Anne.

Where the leaves were all so green
In *that* balmy month of June;
Now our hearts are out of tune,
And our memories, I ween,
Ladye Anne.

I have sought thee, though I know
Thou wouldst rather I should flee
Every chance of meeting thee,
For the love that I may show,
Ladye Anne.

I will seek thee—thou shalt know
That I do not choose to wear
Furrowed brow or tangled hair,
Emblems of a sad heart's woe,
Ladye Anne.

Words of mine shall never more
For thy favour interpose,
Or my hidden plaint disclose
That thy love thou shouldst restore,
Ladye Anne.

Let the ocean breezes swell;
Sorrow hath as wild a cry
In the heart's intensity,
Solemn toned as parting knell,
Ladye Anne.

Oh the pleasant roses won
In the merry childhood hours,
When the blessings of the flowers
With their beauties o'er us shone,
Ladye Anne.

I still seek thee—yes, to see
Time has left no earthly sign
On that smiling face of thine,
Where childhood read Life's verity,
Ladye Anne.

Yes, to see thee so renew
A long time past, a summer glade,
A hope that fancy ever made
Half like thy love, but aye more true,
Ladye Anne.

Let the ocean breezes swell;
Music have they none so grand
As a proud heart's proud command,
In its strength invincible,
Ladye Anne.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN OXFORD MAN.[1]

T. N. H.

August. 3*d.*—MET to-day one of the queerest characters that I have seen since I have been down here—I was walking alone along a winding lane which leads to a sort of hamlet on the outskirts of the parish, when I first caught sight of him. This wonder is nothing less than an elderly man, remarkably upright for his years if he be as old as he looks, with a pinched, rigid face, eye wandering, quick, and observant, rather tall, and of a form still muscular. But what is most striking, is the difference between his appearance and his costume. Such garments for the nineteenth century! he wore boots which came up to his thighs, spurred *à la militaire;* a velveteen shooting jacket, which has evidently seen many more summers than the present; his trousers were of a piece of the roughest corduroy, and remarkably ancient. To conclude the picture, he sported a hat, the brim of which was as if it had been goffred by some unskilful laundress; the crown—however, I need not particularize. The *tout-ensemble* was dismally shabby, and contrasted most drolly with the bearing of the man; which was that of a really well-bred person. As he passed me, he took off his hat with the air of a perfect gentleman—that is, I beg pardon, he would have done so, but the unhappy brim aforesaid wouldn't stand it, and the hat made a sort of a bow of its own, coming thereby into rude contact with the owner's nose—much apparently to his discontent. He has greatly excited my curiosity. I asked the rector about him, when I reached home. He says, he is a stranger in the village, just arrived; that he has been making inquiries about Willy Jewell, and that he has something to do with that letter which he had received from the London solicitor.

Hutchins came in this afternoon. He was in a fit of his unnatural spirits, and Miss Montague, as usual, had almost the whole benefit of him and them. He wanted to know all the news about the Chartists.

"The old maid," he said, meaning Miss Hawkner, "is in a regular stew. She has not allowed the gardener—would you believe it?—to work out of doors for the whole of this week, but confines him to the house to

(1) Continued from p. 50.

protect her from murders and other possibilities. I go there very often, and always find her in the same place on the sofa, sitting with a little hand-bell close by her side, which she rings about every half-hour to know if the rioters have come yet, or whether anything has been heard of them. She has that blessed 'Elijah the Tishbite' always open before her, page 7, whereof she has been studying for the last fortnight to my certain knowledge."

"She must be very nervous by herself," suggested Miss Montague in a half-soliloquizing tone.

"Oh yes, you know the feminine gender are shocking cowards; they can't help it, poor things! it's their nature. There's Charlotte, now—it's enough to drive one mad. First she'll do this, then that; now she wants me to see whether all's right in the village; and then, when I get up to go, she lays hold of me, and cries like a baby, and begs me not to stir. It's enough to worrit one out of one's life. She has not got to hysterics yet, but I fancy that's because she fears my energetic remedies. And now she has taken it into her head that I must stop at home on Friday to protect her."

"And you will humour her in this respect, I do not doubt, Mr Hutchins," said his fair auditor, in a quiet, cold tone of voice, which too plainly, as I thought, expressed the contempt which the mere words only implied.

But Mr. Hutchins did not observe it.

"Oh yes, of course," he replied, "'for better, for worse,' you know; though I think I have all the worse, and none of the better; eh Miss, Montague?"

"You're somewhat ungrateful to fortune, Mr. Hutchins."

"Or rather, has formed far too modest an opinion of himself, sister mine," chimed in Montague.

This Mr. Hutchins did not or would not hear, so he replied to his lady victim.

"That was the worst day's business, Miss Montague, I ever did; I didn't know women then as I know them now, or I'd have seen myself at——" and here he pointed to some obscure or at least nameless region behind his back, with the thumb of his left hand, "before I'd have *altered* my condition. Ha! ha!"—but observing to his chagrin that the pun did not take, he added, with a confusion of aspirates very natural to himself, but unusual to educated ears, "before the altar, you know, or *halter*, as I ought rather to say." And here he relapsed into a fit of his peculiar "earthquaky" laughter, which quite realised the pictures of old Mr. Weller in Pickwick, with the addition that the external development was a fair index of the internal commotion.

"For know, Iago," said Montague, with a significant smile directed towards his sister,

> "But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
> I would not my unhoused free condition
> Put into circumscription and confine
> For the sea's worth."

This allusion the doctor did not see, and stared in that simple astonishment with which ladies listen to the Latin speeches which are made at public schools on the great annual day—*by way of entertainment*, in good sooth: nevertheless he seemed by his manner to have a notion that "Charles" was snubbing him somehow or other, and he looked awkward. Then suddenly fixing on the rector, he said,

"What are you going to do, Montague, eh? *I* shall have my pistols loaded in readiness. If the villains come near me, they'll catch a Tartar, I warrant 'em. I stand no nonsense. When I was in the milit—our regiment, I mean, I was accounted a crack shot. I remember I once, for a wager, knocked off the head of a breast-pin of Donald, one of the officers in our company, which he tossed up in the air, at twenty yards And there was an uncle of mine, a colonel of the Ninety-second, who was a famous hand with his pistols. He never missed the bull's eye once in twenty times, shooting at full gallop on horseback."

This relation of dear Mr. Hutchins, whose fame he was very often extolling, was an uncle of his wife, and utterly unconscious of his precious nephew in Dorsetshire; never, for reasons best known to himself, having come near him in his life. Yet this unfortunate uncle was so everlastingly brought forward as a living reality, obtruded as an actual *bonâ fide* wonder of his age, and to that extent, that most of Mr. Hutchins's friends had unconsciously almost conceived the notion that he, Mr. Hutchins, had been born as never man was born before, and had escaped the ties of father, mother, sister, brother—all of which had been by an eccentric arrangement of nature absorbed in one tremendous, live, never-to-be-forgotten uncle, who had a real park with big trees in it, and men servants, not one only, in livery, and "tenants." Oh those happy "tenants!" if they had only known how fond their squire's nephew-in-law was of them! And yet the strangest matter of the whole is, that, with this one notable exception, that gentleman has the profoundest contempt possible for all nobility and ancestral dignities, opining that they are relics of a barbarous age, which is past and gone by for ever; and all that sort of thing. — However, I'm turning my diary into a memoir.

Mr. Hutchins now rose to go, and first fixing his hat on his head,—as a mark of breeding, it is to be supposed,—had just made his exit by the sitting-room door, when Miss Montague went up to her father, and said in a low tone, "Would it not be kind to Mrs. Hutchins, papa, to ask her to come here on Friday? I know she would like to be with Georgie till it is all over."

"Yes, quite true, my darling. Thank you: it never crossed my mind. Mr. Hutchins," cried out the rector, running to the outer door, "will you give my kind regards to your wife, and ask her if she could come up here on Friday to keep my two girls company, while this village invasion lasts?"

Mr. Hutchins, who had meanwhile reached the garden gate, shouted out that he would tell her, but he thought she wouldn't like to leave her husband; and as his face became considerably blank and overcast at

the invitation, the rector did not press it. What if, after all, the coward is afraid to be without his wife! I should not at all wonder.

Miss Montague at dinner time asked her father, if she might offer Miss Hawkner a bed at the Parsonage on Friday. "You know, papa, Mr. Hutchins said she was very nervous."

"And let her get over it as best she can," said Montague; "for my part, I do not at all see why we are to be bothered with an old woman that will invent scandals for a month about us all when she gets home. If all the mischief the Chartists did, were to annihilate—"

"Charles, Charles!" interrupted the rector, "what a strange notion people would form of you, if they were to judge by your words! But, my dear child, how *can* we accommodate Miss Hawkner?"

"Put her in the cellar with her Elijah the Tishbite," replied Montague.

"Hush, hush, you most troublesome brother, or we'll give her your room, with all the manuscripts about, for public inspection. If there's no other difficulty, papa, that's easily managed. So I'll write to her at once, shall I?"

Mr. Montague gave consent, and the letter was despatched. The bearer brought back a most characteristic reply, which was as nearly as possible, if I can trust my memory for a few hours, as follows:—

"Miss Hawkner presents her compliments to Miss Montague, and begs to decline her invitation, for which she is nevertheless obliged. She considers it to be the duty of a believer not to run away from trials, and she feels sweetest comfort in the assurance that she will be sustained in all her afflictions like others, and particularly dear Job.—Miss Hawkner begs to be remembered to Mr. Montague, and hopes he will reflect upon what Paul says, that faith alone saves us. She hears he is going to trust in prayers and other carnal forms, when the unconverted rebels come here; but hopes it is not true."

"She'd give her head to come," said Montague, "but her pride will not let her."

Saturday, July 6th.—Thank God, every thing has passed off better than could have been hoped or anticipated. The rector received intelligence early in the morning, that the Chartists would come for certain to his parish that evening. The service in the church was fixed for seven o'clock. The village all yesterday was in a terrible commotion; most of the people were frightened out of their wits. The farmers took every precaution; they armed their servants, and put men as sentinels all about their fields and outbuildings. Just before service, a dirty scrap of paper was put into the rector's hand by the sexton, on which there was written, "Preach on this text: Galat. vi. 1. If you don't, you'll repent it."

My feelings on entering the church, I shall not easily forget. Whether it was the unusual occasion or not, I cannot say; but the impression is not likely to leave me soon, I'm sure. The chancel was lighted with a very beautiful corona, besides light from six large wax candles, three on each side, on high bronze candlesticks along the stalls. The organ is placed in the aisle of the chancel, which is on the south side. The east wall over the altar, and the side walls, are ornamented with diaper work and richly painted emblems, the work of Montague and his sister. The old rood-screen has been restored in all respects, and surmounted by seven candlesticks, which in part lighted the nave. The effect was most beautiful; the yellow light of the candles streaming down on the painted walls, and on the rich embroidered velvet, which hung as a sort of reredos to the altar, and then stealing away between the clustered columns, left a deeper shade on the greater part of the roof, as it faded away among the lofty arches of the aisles. The ceiling was of wood, which had been at first painted blue, but had in after times been whitewashed, and then painted a sort of pinkish white. The rector has had it painted blue again, and powdered, as before, with stars. These glittered in the soft light, and did indeed remind me of *that* heaven which they were meant to symbolize; where the wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars, for ever and ever. And oh! it was almost overpowering when the voluntary began. The rector had chosen a most penitential piece of music, which Montague played beautifully. At its commencement, the little choir in their surplices, followed by the rector, took their places reverently in the stalls. The voluntary began as if on a single note, and continued throughout low and plaintive; a voice of tender lamentation from the afflicted daughter of Sion. Strangely did it penetrate into the innermost depths of the heart, awaking sympathies therein with its chords of mystic sorrow. It was so exquisitely touching, that I frankly own I wept, and hardly noticed the noise made by the crowd of persons who were entering the church together, till it began to get very full. The service throughout was equally appropriate. The seven penitential psalms were the ones chosen, and they were sung to noble chants, for the most part in a minor key, as were also the evangelical hymns which are used at evensong after both lessons. The voices of the children were more subdued than usual, and at times slightly quivering, which gave an almost painful reality to the solemn service. The stillness throughout was unbroken, till the rector ascended the pulpit, when there was a low sort of murmur. He began by stating why he had not taken the text sent him by some persons, who were, he believed, present; that he could allow no such interference from any but his bishop. He then took for his text, "Obey them that have the rule over you." The sermon was most affectionate, and the tone in which it was delivered more so, if indeed that could be. It was impossible to mistake the earnestness and charity of the preacher. The end of it I cannot forbear quoting, as well as I can recollect it.

"I augur well from your coming to this holy place at all. It is a sign, a hopeful sign, that you are not obstinately bent on violence and wrong. Do not, my dearly beloved children, give us cause to

know otherwise to our sorrow. Remember who you are, WHOSE you are, and who they are whom you will wrong if you break the peace which we at present enjoy. They are not only fellow-countrymen, Englishmen, but they are your *brethren*. I do not say you have no wrongs to complain of; that there is not much which presses on the poor. But you will get no good (I am now merely treating it in a worldly point of view,) by violently trying to set things to rights yourselves; nay, rather, you must do harm, even to a good cause. Seek redress in all legal ways you can. Your clergy will gladly help you, if you ask only for what is just; it is their bounden duty to assist the poor. But the Church dares not to sanction rebellion, bloodshed, or rapine. Nay, she utters heavy judgments on such as do these evils. There is a special blessing on poverty from God, if it be endured patiently and cheerfully. But rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft. It has never succeeded in this world, and its punishment is certain and most terrible in the next; moreover, it always falls of its object. Those who stir it up are sure to suffer from it the most, and get tired of it the soonest. Let me pray you, as an aged minister of Christ, to go quietly to your homes, and to leave my people, who have done you no wrong, in the peaceful possession of what is their own. Face your difficulties, and you will overcome them. It may be that your grievances appear huge to yourselves, because you have not honestly laboured to bear them. They have grown larger than they in fact are Work zealously in your several trades, and you will soon see things in a less gloomy way. If so you will do, I give you God's blessing, and my best wishes that any legal endeavours you may take to obtain your dues, may be successful. And whereinsoever I can help you, I promise you I will." * *

The sermon ended with a solemn exhortation to them as Christians, and therefore so much more responsible for all they might do. The emotion in the church during the sermon was almost audible, and the whole congregation throughout were reverent and attentive. I remained in church to accompany the rector, who had determined, whatever might happen, to front the mob after the service was over. They were all gathered in the churchyard, and had lighted torches, which they had with them. The red glare from these threw a lurid light round the vast group, like what one has seen in some of the paintings of Teniers, and increased the ferocious expression too plain on many of their faces. They were, however, evidently subdued, the greater part of them; but some were murmuring, and ripe for mischief. Mr. Montague begged them to leave the churchyard, and meet round the old tree in front of the gate, which was close by, whither he would go with them; they immediately complied. The fact is, by the providence of God, the leaders seemed to have been impressed for good, and were evidently restraining the others. It was a singular scene: all about the tree was lighted by the torches; the night was very dark and cloudy; in front of the large crowd, stood the aged rector in his cassock, with Montague and myself beside him. However, the rector began by asking them what they wanted from his parishioners, that they came down here. It was a good sign, by the bye, to begin with, that they submitted to a conference at all. One fellow who was behind grumbled out,

"We want bread to eat, and leave to live."

"Well! a very reasonable wish; but surely you can get it without hindering your fellow-countrymen, who have never injured you, from both."

"We've been oppressed and ill-treated, and we won't stand it any longer," the same gruff voice answered, apparently rather inarticulate from drink. "We'll let them know we're not to be made slaves of, and work our lives out for a set of fat, rich nobles and squires, who don't give us bread enough to eat, and treat us like dogs. I wonder why they're a bit better than any one of us? We'll teach them a lesson before we've done. So it's no use your prating here, mister parson. It's all gammon. I'm not going to be made a fool of; and I don't think any of my mates are, either. Eh! what say you, boys?"

There was a silence very ominous to the speaker. I may add here, that I have not put down the oaths which were plentifully dispersed about this man's speeches; for I do not see the good of it; especially if this diary should get into other persons' hands than my own.

"Here goes, then," he continued, "if nobody else does;" and with these words, rushing forward towards us, he raised a tremendous club-stick, with a sort of pike at the end, with the purpose evidently of felling the rector to the ground. The scene now, for a moment, became awful: a few of the men began to move nearer, and to jostle, and clutch the various weapons they had, ready for action, while the muscles of their faces grew rigid and swollen, giving them a fierce and horrible expression. Montague and myself, at the same time, rushed forward to screen the rector, and do our best. I frankly own, I thought we were in for something rather worse than a town-and-gown row; but all in a moment the man was struck down by a powerful blow from some one behind him. It was the queer man I met yesterday.

"Take that, you dastardly coward," he said; "and so I'll serve every mother's son of you, as long as I have a whole arm on my body, who would dare to lift their hands against this good old clergyman."

The mob themselves seemed to catch the speaker's enthusiasm and indignation. They cheered him tremendously, and the few who had been pressing forward, finding which way the wind lay, slunk behind, and bided their time.

But the man who had been thus punished was seriously hurt; for he had fallen on the point of the pike which he had in his hand, and it had injured him severely. The rector had him immediately conveyed to the inn, while he tried himself to disperse the rest. He had not much difficulty in the end; for the man thus wounded was the only one of their three leaders who had not been either shamed or touched by

the solemn service and the rector's words. He was well known, being the worst and most brutal of the whole band. They stated their complaints; and Mr. Montague listened patiently and attentively; but still insisted that instead of getting any good by their riotous proceedings, they would only make matters infinitely worse—that they would not obtain what they wanted, but would lose what little they now had. He admitted that their condition was none of the best; that wages were often too low, and masters too indifferent about their workmen. But then he urged on them the necessity of quiet, for their own sake, as the best chance they had; besides that it was right, and therefore would be sure to succeed in the end. But he found one difficulty: for a Mr. Jeremiah Scroggins, who is an occasional visitor here at the village, making sundry lugubrious preachments in the open air, to the undisguised admiration of the boys, who had, as some of that genus often have, a remarkable taste for noises of whatever kind, came suddenly into sight and prominence. The scene was now really, except that there was a momentary fear of consequences, delightfully ludicrous. This Mr. Scroggins was a short, lean man, with long black hair, greased into temporary subordination. His legs were spare; his face was in the daytime dismally acid, with little ferret-like eyes, a large mouth and somewhat protruding under-jaw, and a complexion considerably bilious. By the flare of the flickering torches he might really have been mistaken for some imp, urging on the men to violence. This man of peace made a rather exciting harangue to the men about letting themselves be imposed upon, or priest-ridden—that the Church was the friend of the aristocrats—that tithes took away the bread from the poor—that it was a shame to have to pay so dearly for one's religion, especially if that religion be such as most liberal people in these enlightened days of freedom did not believe in—and that the parsons, of course, wanted to keep things quiet, and just as they were, for they liked corruption, and bribery, and oppression. "But England," said the orator, now fairly uncorked, like a bottle of ginger-beer, and well up, throwing his arms about like an intoxicated windmill, and jerking out his words somewhat after the manner of a steam-engine, with the mixture of a very professional nasal twang, and at a pitch of voice really inconvenient to one's ears,—"England will never suffer herself to become the slave of a proud priesthood. No, no! Mistress of the circumambient ocean, with 'er ships and steam-boats over every wave—she, who annihilated King Napoleon with her vast navies, till he was obliged to fly to the freezing shores of Moscow, and St. Ellena—she, who forced her Reform Bill at the bloody point of the brave bayonet—whose flag, the emblem of universal liberty, swims upon the breeze in every clime under the blue ivvens—she, who liberated and ransomed the black savages from his everlasting chains, and have raised a never-ending, not-to-be-forgott'ened light in the eternal pitch darkness, thick as Hellebus—she, I say, will never continue, coun-te-nance, nor al-low the abomination of desolation spoked of, the withering hupas-tree, as a brother once beautifully pronounc-ed the ty-ranni-cal Church of England."

Just as the worthy speaker was thus winding up his eloquence, an old woman cried out as lustily as she could bawl, "Why, you old scoundrel, you good-for-nothing vagabond, who was it got as drunk as a beast at Farmer Mugwell's last week? Eh? Answer that, if you can. I know'd all about it the day arter. An old hypocrite!"

But this practical attack did not have due effect, and for this reason; that the whole attention of the motley audience was directed at the time to another matter. Mr. Jeremiah Scroggins had been interrupted at occasional intervals during the latter part of his speech with shouts of laughter, which I was quite at a loss how to account for, although Montague, close by me, was enjoying the joke, whatever it was, as heartily as any of them. But at the close of Mr. Scroggins's effort, a much louder burst of laughter than any before explained to me the cause; and did I not cachinnate too, myself? The bare remembrance of it now unsteadies my hand so, I can hardly write.

A travelling musician, it appears, had come into the village that evening with his grinder and an astonishingly precocious monkey, who made up in great measure for the dismal chronic complaints to which his *accompanying* friend, the hand-organ, was subject, by sundry little extempore eccentricities. This Italian noise-dispenser had, out of sheer curiosity, mingled in the crowd just as Mr. Jeremiah Scroggins aforesaid had begun his discourse; and the monkey, refreshed after his journey by a considerable after-dinner snooze, had run up a branch of the village tree which just overhung the head of that gentleman, while his master was gaping about, and had accompanied the speaker's words with an accurate imitation of his gestures and postures throughout, throwing his paws about frantically, and otherwise doing Mr. S. to the life. And, just at the end, he had swung himself downwards, still hanging on to the branch by his hinder feet; and with one paw catching hold of Mr. Scroggins's hat, while with the other he *playfully* tapped his face, inflicting a continuous scratch thereon right up his cheek, he ran up along the branch, chattering continuously, as if in pure self-applause. This decidedly took the mob; they enjoyed it intensely. Poor Mr. Scroggins, in a state of dejection at his ignominious position, only waited till the monkey, at its master's order, dropped the hat, to rush away as fast as his legs could carry him. The occurrence had put the men in a thoroughly good humour, and Mr. Montague took occasion of it to say,

"I wish now to go and see after the poor fellow who is so hurt, if you will promise me not to do any harm among us. I hope and believe you will not."

"No, sir, we won't," one of them cried out; "you're good and kind to the poor. I wish they was all like you, sir; there wouldn't be many like us *then*, I reckon. But I don't see what's the good, arter all, of all this fussing. I only know I'm much worserer off

than I wore afore I begun this 'ere game—Let's go along with the parson, and see how it goes with Caleb." The rest saluted this speech with a hurra by way of approval; and on they went, to do them justice, very quietly, when the rector told them that it would perhaps do their comrade harm, if they were not still. When we reached the inn, no doctor had come. He had been sent for, but could not be found any where. The door of his house was locked, they said, the shutters shut, and nobody answered their knock. This soon got wind among the men outside; and sundry of them made a move, first inquiring where the doctor lived, in the direction of his house. We feared harm might happen; so Montague and I followed the troop, to try and save Mr Hutchins from any serious injury, if we could. They soon got there; and one of them knocked quietly at the house. Nobody came to the door. Then they became more violent, and knocked louder and more incessantly. We begged them to remember that there was a lady inside. They said they would do her no harm, but they *would* have the doctor. At last, by dint of sundry threats in case of resistance, and promises if the door were opened, a maid-servant came, as pale as a sheet, and trembling from head to foot, so that the extinguisher in the candlestick she held in her hand rattled again; but before she could speak, Mrs Hutchins came out from the sitting-room herself, and asked what it was they wanted. She was evidently dreadfully excited and alarmed, till Montague and I showed ourselves, and then, in answer to their questions, she said she believed her husband was in a loft in one of the outhouses. Thither accordingly we went; while one or two hurried back into the village, after consulting with the rest, for the purpose of forcibly securing the services of a donkey. They were evidently bent on a lark. I managed to get up with those who ascended the perilous ladder into the loft, and there, sure enough, was Mr. Hutchins, crouched down behind an old empty bin, like a ghost, his hair all disordered, his clothes covered with straw and husks, and his face absolutely wild with fright. I really thought for the moment he had gone mad. As I was behind the rest at first, he did not see me. Around him he saw none but strange faces, from whose expression it was not easy to guess what was intended. He cried in a piteous tone of supplication, "Oh! dont murder me. I'll give you all I have. I'm not a parson. I hate them, and nobles, and squires; and I agree with the Charter in every thing. I'm a friend of the people. Don't injure a poor man like me; I'm sure you won't." The men began to crack rude jokes at his expense. But just then, the light of a lantern fell on my face, and he caught sight of me, and became distressingly confused. He was evidently perplexed, and did not yet feel quite safe; as how should he? In fact, he did not know what to make of it, and I dare say fancied it possible that I was serving him such another sort of trick as confounded friend Pardles in "All's well that ends well." One of them, however, soon put an end to his suspense. "Come, get up with you, you precious coward, and don't keep crying there, like a big overgrown babby. Get up, I say, don't you hear?—and come along with us."

"Oh, where are you going to take me, gentlemen? Where am I going to?" shrieked the miserable wretch, now fairly at his wits' end, if indeed there ever was such a terminus; "Don't let them murder me, Mr. Freeman!"

But I suggested to him in an under tone, "You had better go quietly. They are not likely to hurt you; only keep quiet."

So Mr. Hutchins, as submissive as a lamb, followed the men to his own gate, where the division which had left for the village, having returned with the animal required, were awaiting their comrades. With bursts of laughter and jokes of their own, they put him on the beast's back, just as he was. They would not suffer him to go in to make himself tidy, nor even to get his hat. But instead thereof, for fear of his catching cold, one of them put on his head a red nightcap, which he had in his pocket; and thus apparelled did he ride, while his retinue urged the ass mercilessly with their sticks, till it, not relishing the application, took to kicking, and poor Mr. Hutchins went up and down, with a celerity which was every moment more critical, and altogether out of keeping with his professional dignity. But no sympathy did he get; on the contrary, the higher he went, and the more unsteady his seat became, the more the mob shouted with laughter. At last one man, an unenviable specimen of his tribe, came behind the unlucky victim, and struck him a violent blow on the back of his neck with his fist. He then was rushing back to the hinder ranks, as fast as his laughter would let him, when Montague stopped his laughter and his progress also most unceremoniously, by catching him fast by the collar, and shaking him as I fancy he never had been shaken before. "You scoundrel, I'll teach you to strike a helpless man in that brutal way."

The man, in a high state of fury, growled out that "he wasn't going to be sarved like that, not by no man; and he'd let him know that pretty quick." But he stopped short, for Montague was evidently not to be trifled with, and had got him fast. Still shaking him, till his very teeth rattled, he said, "I'll serve you like that, and worse too, depend upon it, if you attempt that joke of yours twice, my friend. No one but a paltry coward strikes a man who can't return the blow."

"You're sarved about right, Tommy," said a voice, "to my thinking; so you'd better take it aisy. 'Fair play and no favour' is my motto."

"Hurrah for Bill Jolly!" cried out one or two; and with general cheers for Bill, the doctor persevered in his perilous journey. I confess I was not sorry to see them thus disposed, for Montague's was not a wise act under the circumstances. By the time he reached the inn, though the men with great good feeling had ceased from their noises, a little crowd of the villagers had collected; and before their eyes Mr. Hutchins had to dismount in his odd state of dress, enduring not a few jibes, (for he was not a favourite in the vil-

lage,) and to enter to see the wounded man. They had told him what he was wanted for, on the road. On seeing the patient, he pronounced, with a professional shake of the head, that the wound was a very dangerous one; that he was afraid of internal hemorrhage; and another very bad symptom was, that the local inflammation was owing apparently to the patient's intemperate habits; it was more than usually acute. The men, when they heard the report, were evidently affected; and having first begged the rector to let them know, through one of their leaders, how Caleb got on, they agreed to disperse quietly to their homes.

In the midst of all this Mr. Scroggins suddenly reappeared, and was very anxious to administer consolation "to the sick sinner above stairs;" but the landlord, who duly estimated his sincerity, and had rough ways of his own, which, though questionable in a legal point of view, had the advantage of being expeditious, kicked him out of his house, where his progress was further accelerated by a similar help from the indignant villagers outside. So Mr. Scroggins got neither respect nor rum; two articles, neither of which did he despise.

The Chartists began to disperse, many of them begging to shake the rector by the hand; and one affirmed, as he left the house, that "he was a gentman to the backbone, and no mistake."

We did not reach the parsonage till eleven, or thereabouts, and found them in a most deplorable state of alarm. The poor old clerk was sitting on a chair in the hall, crying like a child, and at intervals moaning, half to himself, half out aloud, "What have they done with maister?—What have they done with our good maister?" by which name he always dignified the rector. The Miss Montagues were almost distracted, though they endured it differently. The elder one had arranged, from the first, so that they should have news of what was going on, and the turn things were taking. But her aide-de-camp had rushed off, half mad with terror, when the man had aimed his pike at the rector; and when he summoned courage to go back to the scene of action at Miss Montague's bidding, the place was cleared, and no Mr. Montague there, or anybody else, from whom to learn any news of what had taken place; so that from that time they had been in a miserable state of suspense. The servants said, however, that Miss Montague's presence of mind throughout was wonderful. Even the men there had given way like the poor clerk. She was the only person who was quite self-possessed. She had arranged everything admirably in case of emergency; while her sister, utterly unnerved, and weeping as if her heart would break, had gone to her bedroom. But when Miss Montague saw her father and brother come back, both of them in safety, it was too much for her; and with a fervent "Thank God!" she fell on her father's neck, sobbing like a child, and went into a violent fit of hysteria.

What extraordinary natures women have! With greater nerve, very often, and decision of will in the midst of danger, their spirits rising with the difficulties that surround them, the moment these cease, and the occasion for energy ceases with them, they yield to the physical weakness of their sex. I confess I had not given Miss Montague credit for such strength of character, in my previous estimate of her; perhaps I had not estimated her at all; for certainly, if the truth must be told, I do not like women with characters—figures that you can chisel out, and say they have this quality, and that, and all the rest of it. This may be all very well with men; though in the case of both it is too much like dissection. But *the* charm in the character of women is, though I cannot say I know much about it, that it is indefinite and indefinable—a reflex of what is noblest around them—pure, transparent, and colourless, as a stream of running water. The greatest tribute to a woman's merit is to confess ignorance of her idiosyncracy, and to look upon her *relatively*, according to the idea of her primal creation: "He for God only, she for God *in him*," as the poet says. Joan d'Arcs, Queen Elizabeths, *et hoc genus omne*, do very well in pretty histories written for the gapers of our day. But these are not women; they are monstrosities, worth seeing, like the giant of a show, for their most desirable rarity, but, nevertheless, calling up no sympathies, no tender interest in their fate. Which was the woman, and which consequently does the memory linger about—Queen Elizabeth, or Mary Queen of Scots? A pit-full may gape at your pasteboard heroines of modern romance, who sigh and foam, pop the question out of dubious simplicity and indubitable devotion, run away to strange houses, and all the rest of it; but real taste sickens at all this, and seeks relief in the dreamy ideal of Fouqués Gabrielle, or the more actual but as uncharactered picture of Rose Bradwardine. I know of but one distinct quality in a real woman, however modified in its forms in individuals, and that one is pure self-denying love. I do not deny that they have a character of their own, though less defined than men, because less sharpened into outline by contact with the world; but these peculiar marks and tokens are *not seen*, nor discovered till after most intimate intercourse; and even then, in all cases, the confidingness of their affection modifies, and imparts its own hue to the whole picture. They even seem monotonous; for they all dress out of doors in one and the same garment, which the custom of society has forced them to adopt—the garment of reserve.

And where this love of the heart is offered up pure and virginal to the highest and noblest object, as is the case with those who are dedicated to a life of religious service, I confess there is nothing in history or experience so truly heroic and ennobling. Who has not in his thoughts the deeds and lives of the Sisters of Charity?

August 8th.—The rector went to see the man who was wounded on Saturday. He is in a very bad way; quite delirious. Mr. Hutchins is to see him for the second time to-day. They were talking in the village about his not having come on Sunday to see him, and

crying out at his negligence, hinting pretty broadly that this was not the first time either that he had so failed in his duty. It is rather curious,—he has not been near us since the row. I expect even *he* has at last felt what shame is.

Miss Montague is to come down stairs to-day. She was in bed all yesterday, very unwell with the excitement and fatigue of Friday.

I do not feel well, somehow, to-day myself, and am suffering a more than usual depression of spirits. There is much harm, I verily believe, in passing too much of one's time in a disengaged way; enjoying ourselves without a real work in hand. It is true I am labouring for my degree; but then my heart is not in *that*, as it should be. I'm afraid the fault is all in myself.

How that girl does what is allotted to her! How heartily she endures the daily drudgery of watching over Willy! And she has her reward, for no one can mistake the child's manifest love for her; indeed, how could it fail of loving her?

Midnight.—The whole house is quiet, but I cannot sleep; so here goes for a little entry in my diary. Miss Montague was telling us this afternoon, after dinner, all the circumstances of the eventful night. I remember one part of the conversation that struck me amazingly, from a remark of the rector at the end.

Miss Montague had been telling Willy, so she said, that the reason he was not to go to bed was, that some bad men were making a rebellion, and perhaps he would have to go to town (Dorchester, that is,) in a coach that night. The child suddenly (I quote her words as nearly as possible,) looked wistfully at her, and then said, catching her hand in his own, "And what is a rebellion, Minnie dear?"

"A rebellion, Willy, is when men do not do what those who teach and rule them tell them to do."

He thought on this, as he often does, when anything interesting is explained to him, and then, looking up with his bright little eyes, as full of love as though they were reflecting the pure glory of his guardian angel, he said, "Are there such naughty men as these, though? Where do they come from? Do they come up from some dark place?—that dark hole which you showed me in the blue picture-book?"

"What, the mines, dearest boy? oh, no! They live about here."

"Then they haven't got my Minnie to teach them, like me, or they would not be so naughty, would they?"

"The dear child was right," said the rector, "they have no Minnie to teach, or guide, or rule them. Would they had!"

"Talking of that," said Montague, "did you hear, sir, what Squire Wilgrave, of Saxton, did last week?"

"No, Charles; what is it?"

"The Chartists went there, and the old fool had the militia down to protect him, and he himself with a cutlass was mounted on horseback. Some fellow tried to stop his horse, and caught hold of his bridle; he quietly cut his hand nearly in half. You know him, sir, don't you?"

The rector shook his head.

"He was the man who opposed the church-rate there, and made a long tirade at Dorchester against the House of Lords and the aristocracy at the last election, besides abusing the bishops and all the rest of it. They served him out, though; for they gutted his house."

"And I don't——" began the rector hastily, his face flushed and his voice quivering with emotion; but as hastily he stopped himself, and relapsed into silence. I thought I saw his lips moving, as if in secret prayer. Oh for his discipline! And yet all can get it who try. It has been the work of a whole lifetime; and hard work too, depend upon it; so I need not be impatient. Such a habit is not the work of a day. I never knew, indeed, a habit that was. But it's worth the labour to be as he is;

> A child-like soul, which takes delight
> In lowly deeds, and shows aright
> The true and guileless Israelite.
> Often he seems by toil oppress'd,
> Oft'ner IN VERY TOIL AT REST.

Yes, that's his special characteristic; always at rest in the midst of toil. He lives in peace. A vacation cannot have been wasted that has shown me such a man.

August 10th.—The rector received the following letter to-day, which has sorely puzzled him.

"Chancery Lane, 9th Aug."

"SIR,—I write to put you on your guard against a man who is making inquiries about Helen Jewell. The object of my former letter to you was to obtain information for him, in consequence of his having put the matter into my hands.

"I understand that he has arrived in your parish, and is now pursuing the matter farther himself. I know nothing very satisfactory of him, and his mode of dealing with us has been most unusual.

"We do not purpose to move further in the case, *as it cannot be of benefit to the deceased woman's child.* There is, we believe, a nearer claim.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
"STEPHEN JENKINS, *Solicitor.*"

A terrible report about Mr. Hutchins; but the rector would not say what, till he was quite sure of it; but he said it would probably ruin him, if true.

A VISIT TO THE CAMP OF THE CHIPPEWA INDIANS.[1]

You ask me if I have seen anything of the Indians lately. I am glad you were interested in my former accounts of them, and will supply you with any little anecdotes I may collect, from time to time, for your amusement. I have not seen old Peter, the hunter, or his good-tempered squaw, since the death of poor

(1) Letter from Mrs TRAIL, Authoress of "The Backwoods of Canada," to her sister, Miss AGNES STRICKLAND.

Jane, the pretty Indian girl I told you of: she had been married about six weeks, when she fell ill with a bilious epidemic, which proved fatal to her and many others of the Indian village.

Last harvest Tom Noggan (old Peter's brother), his squaw, and their children, came to our neighbourhood, and encamped on the opposite shore, near one of my brother's little islands. The squaws came frequently to get pork and flour from me, and garden vegetables, in exchange for fish, venison, or baskets. For a few pounds of salt pork they will freely give you a haunch of venison, or dried salmon trouts. They are fond of peas, Indian corn, melons, pumpkins, or indeed any vegetables; sometimes they will follow me into the garden, and beg "*onion*," or "*herb*," to put in soup: potatoes they never refuse. They often beg for the shells of green-peas, to boil in their soups and pottage, and will eat them by handfuls.

Mrs. Tom Noggan is sister to Mrs. Peter, and was once reckoned an Indian beauty—but no trace of comeliness remains; but their notions of beauty possibly differ somewhat from ours, for her brother, who bears the appellation of "Handsome Jack," is, to European eyes, a sad ill-looking savage. But, to return to my squaw. When she first came she was in very ill health, and had a poor, sick, brown baby with her, about whom she seemed very uneasy. The poor babe was suffering under the effects of a slow fever, that seemed to be wasting and withering up its weakly frame. Its tiny hand hung listlessly beside it, its skin was hot and damp, and its tongue deeply furred and ulcerated. The sorrowful mother besought me, in the most intelligible manner she could, to give it medicine to cure it. I first petitioned to have the poor thing unbound from its wooden cradle, and suffered to have the free use of its limbs, unrestrained by the close swathing bands that confined its narrow chest. I then administered to it, as the safest and readiest remedy, a dose of castor oil, and, in spite of my compassion for the poor little sufferer, I could not help being amused by the original plan the mother adopted to make the papouse swallow the medicine. As soon as I had put it into the child's mouth with a teaspoon, she gently shook its head from side to side, till she fairly got it down the poor thing's throat, reversing the old joke of "Before taken to be well shaken."

Mrs. Tom was very thankful for some white bread and rusks, and a bottle of new milk, with which I supplied her, from time to time, for the sick child. She generally came every day to show me the little patient, and I gave her some rhubarb and magnesia for it. Whether they were the proper medicines for its case I cannot say, or if it was the better food it got, and the release from its cradle, that agreed so well with it; but I had the satisfaction of seeing a wonderful improvement take place in a short time, and before the Indians moved their camp, little Moses was quite brisk, and as lively as a kitten.

When Mrs. Tom was so poorly, and came to trade for meal or flour, and I asked for baskets, she used to shake her head, and answer in a plaintive tone, "Got-a none," "Go Mut-a-Lake," or "Buckhorn-a-Lake," meaning she had got none till she went to Mud Lake or Buckhorn Lake. The former place is where the Indian village is situated at present; but, on account of the unhealthiness of the site, it has been judged expedient to remove them to Buckhorn Lake—one of the largest of our beautiful chain of Otonabec lakes. This sheet of water takes its name from the singular indentations of its bays and peninsulas, which they say resemble the horns of a deer.

The Indian women manufacture their baskets from the inner tough rind of the bass, which you know is a large species of the lime or linden, and from the blue beech; having stripped off the hard or outer bark, they then divide the inner or white rind into strips, and beat it with a tomahawk to render it pliable, keeping it wetted frequently whilst they are at work; these they dye black, or red, green, blue, or yellow, to fancy, with indigo, logwood, butternut, hickory, blue beech, redwood, and other dyes, with the uses of which they are intimately acquainted; but they are not very communicative on the subject, and will not tell you how they give those bright hues to the porcupine quills.

The winter and spring passed over without our seeing anything more of the Indians, with the exception of three squaws, who came in one cold day; and though I showed them some attention, they were apparently very insensible to it, and on my declining to purchase some ill-wrought baskets, they rose simultaneously, and wrapping their black mantles about them, walked forth without saying another word. They were very uninteresting squaws.

A few days ago, I received a friendly visit from Mrs. Tom and little Moses, with half a score more squaws and papouses, and after most affectionately greeting me, and bartering some fine fish for flour and bread, they all expressed a desire for us to visit the wigwam, which was situated on Strawberry Island, the largest of the three islands in our lake. But a difficulty arose; they had only one birch canoe, and that was deeply laden, as you may suppose, when I tell you it had conveyed ashore Mrs. Tom, her really pretty sister, the widow, Nancy Boland, Mary Anne Fron, and Mrs. Muskrat, with two little Noggans, two little Bolands, and six Muskrats; you may imagine there could be little stowage for Jane and me, and little James; however, as the squaws had set their hearts on our company, they managed to overcome the apparent difficulty of the transport. An old leaky birch canoe lay on the shore; the lively widow set herself to work, and heating some gum, such as they use in stopping the seams and cracks of these frail vessels, she soon made it as safe as the other, and invited Jane and little James to take a seat at the bottom of it, while Mrs. Tom directed me to step in beside her among the papouses and the other squaws. With that genuine politeness which is taught in nature's own school, the good creature gathered together some cedar boughs, which formed a smooth and fragrant matting at the bottom of the canoe; over

these she cast her black cloth shawl, and then with a face radiant with benevolent smiles, that made ample display of a set of pearly teeth of unrivalled colour and shape, she beckoned to me to take my place. The sky was so exquisitely blue above, and the water so clear below, with all the richly wooded banks reflected in its depths, that I enjoyed my short voyage exceedingly, and could hear the rapturous shouts of my little boy from the other canoe, as it cut through the great beds of water-lilies, which were just rising to the surface and displaying their full fragrant silken cups and broad floating leaves, gemmed with the sparkling insects that rested on them. Hundreds of blue, purple, green, scarlet, and bronze dragon flies, just emerged from the pupa state, were to be seen at rest, or just fluttering their newly expanded wings; the neat deer-fly, that torment to cattle, and even to man, with its angular spotted wings and bright gilded green head, and many others; while the surface of the water, where it was quite glassy and smooth, was gay with the splendid blue shining water-beetle, and others of a brilliant scarlet, dancing their gleesome circles upon the watery mirror. Sometimes the eye was enlivened by the transient flash of the splendid scarlet tanayer, or blackwinged summer red bird, a living glory among the feathered tribes, which now and then was seen darting swiftly among the trees of the islands, while the ear was greeted with the full melody of the Canadian robin, or migratory thrush, and the sweet clear note of the little song-sparrow, flitting gaily from bush to bush, and pausing at intervals to cheer you with its pretty songs. These sounds were blended with the light dip of the paddle, and the hoarse rush of the rapids, as the waters gurgled and eddied round the fallen cedars and huge blocks of stone that obstructed their passage downwards.

A painter might have made a pretty sketch of the scene. The broad expanse of tranquil water, bounded on either side by the dense mass of forest, varying from the gigantic pine to the dwarf-silver-leaved willow that trembled beneath the swell of the mimic waves that undulated beneath them. The line of trees broken only by our clearing, with the little log-house and adjoining buildings, the green turf sloping down in emerald verdure to the brink of the lake. Higher up might be seen the islands with the rapids between them; at the head of one of these, on a little green platform above a steep bank, clothed with roses and other low flowering shrubs, might be seen the white canvass tents of the Indians; the thin blue smoke rising in light vapoury mist, and spreading among the young aspens and birch that crested the summit of the bank on either side; below, just rocking in the shallow water, lay two empty birch canoes; our own, freighted with the women and children, making for the island, completed the picture.

While I was dwelling with delighted eye on all before me, a temporary disturbance was caused by the rude behaviour of one of the papouses, an ugly ill-favoured imp, who persisted in leaning over the side of the canoe and snatching at the broad floating leaves of the water lilies, or paddling with his brown hands in the water, to the imminent peril of overturning the frail boat. Mrs. Tom, who was steering with her paddle, gently remonstrated against his wilful behaviour, but to no purpose; the urchin only raised a pair of broad shoulders with a significant grumble indicative of his determination to persist. The squaws expostulated with him by turns, but without raising an angry voice or menace. I do not remember ever hearing an Indian woman scold; the peculiar intonation of their voices rather sinks into a plaintive whine when they are displeased, and instead of speaking more rapidly, they seem to give force to their words by a slow and deliberate style of utterance.

At the first outbreak of the forward child the good-humoured mother only laughed, and seemed inclined to jest at the anger of the boy, till, losing all command of himself, he proceeded to acts of violence, and taking up handfuls of water dashed them in his mother's face. This undutiful conduct caused a burst of indignation from Mrs. Muskrat and Mary Anne Fron, while the now offended mother held up her finger and pointed upwards, as if warning the little fellow that God looked down upon his sinful conduct; but passion held the mastery over the rebellious child, and he became yet more ungovernable, and even struck his mother and flung more water in her face. Any one but an Indian mother would have boxed the delinquent's ear soundly, and poured forth a torrent of words; but she suited her punishment to the nature of the offence, by taking up in her turn large handfuls of water and pouring upon his thick black hair, patting it down as she did so, till he looked like a fierce drowned rat. He screamed with fury, and struggled in vain to escape from her grasp, but she gently laid him sprawling at our feet in the bottom of the canoe, foaming with impotent rage. I was not a little amused by the cool deliberate way in which the squaw conducted herself, and inwardly congratulated her on her command of temper, and the victory she had gained; but obstinate perseverance is a distinguishing trait of the Indian character, and no sooner was the refractory imp released from thraldom than he darted up and reseated himself, casting looks of defiance on his mother, whose heart had already begun to relent at her severity, for she gently drew forth a gay handkerchief and softly wiped his streaming hair and face, patting his head with soothing accents. The ungrateful child took advantage of his mother's advances towards reconciliation, but disdained her overtures, and, with an expression almost of malignant triumph, snatched the handkerchief from his head and flung it into the water. The squaw now seemed to think further opposition useless; the handkerchief was rescued at the end of the paddle, and the disobedient urchin continued to dabble in the water till the canoe touched the bank.

I must tell you that in the middle of the fray a nice brown girl, Anne Muskrat, fell asleep with her head on my lap; so the mother removed her gently to her own knee, and I took the opportunity of taking

up the relinquished paddle, and made a pretty successful essay in the art of propelling the canoe up the rapids, to the great admiration of the whole party. For my own part, I enjoy the motion of a birch-bark canoe far more than a boat or a skiff; it is so gentle and gliding, no noise nor shocks from the effort used in rowing; the paddles are so slight and short, that a child may use them, and, provided the canoe be in good order and well balanced, and persons sit quiet in it, there is no danger. The chief care required is in shallow water to avoid sunken rocks and fallen trees. These last often fall along the edge of the water, projecting far into the stream and forming eddies, and are dangerous for such light craft unless shunned in time, for the branches are apt to injure the frail material of which they are formed.

Some of the old massy cedars that have lain for years in the water, become the depôt for all sorts of loose floating matter; sticks, rushes, reeds, grass, and all sorts of water weeds, in tangled masses, find a lodging among the immersed branches; a variety of ferns, fungi, mosses, and small plants cover it with deceitful verdure, while the work of decay is rapidly proceeding beneath. You often see a flourishing growth of young pine, hemlocks, swamp elm, and other seedling trees on these trunks. Quietly, but surely, does Nature carry on her grand operations by the simplest and most insignificant agents. Corruption and decay become the foundation for life and renovation, and we wonder and admire the economy displayed in the works of an Almighty Creator as much as his wisdom and power, as if to set forth an example to his children. He is in no one thing wasteful or prodigal of the materials of the visible world, but has ordained that something should indeed "gather up all fragments, that nothing may be lost."

But while I am philosophizing I am wandering from my party. You must suppose us all safely landed, and, after a good scramble up the steep face of the bank just in front of the encampment, which consisted of two nice white canvass tents, the floor strewn with cedar boughs according to custom. The fragrance of this rural carpet, with the delicious odour of some bunches of the wampum grass, of which the Indians braid belts and necklaces and other ornaments, was sufficiently powerful to overcome the smell of the venison, that hung in an unsightly manner along the front of the tent, drying in the blaze of a July sun. A large piece of the same meat was roasting over a fire of brands outside; it was suspended by two cross sticks, much after the fashion the gipsies manage their roasts; three or four deer hounds lay stretched at their ease, lazily eyeing the meat, and snapping angrily at the flies that were buzzing about them.

The two men, Tom Noggan and Joe Muskrat, had been left at home to cook the dinner; but, from the black aspect of the viands, methought they had not been over faithful in the discharge of their office; indeed, when we arrived, the two men were fast asleep, covered up to their chins with great blankets, though the thermometer stood at eighty degrees in the shade. Muskrat did rouse himself, and taking out a well-thumbed Bible, began to read; but Tom, whose laziness is proverbial, just opened one sleepy eye, and, having examined the party with apathetic indifference, turned on his side, and only gave token of his being awake by sometimes pointing with a significant grunt to one of the children to bring him any thing he required.

The squaws soon disposed of the sleepy, weary children, and all were asleep in a few minutes, excepting one nice neat little gipsy-looking girl, Rachel Muskrat, who hung fondly about her father, caressing him with quiet tenderness; her black hair was all curiously woven, the ends into a braid with the sweet grass, and formed a sort of border, or cap, round her head; it looked neat enough, but must have cost great time and patience to have arranged it so cleverly. On her father expressing a desire for drink, the little dark-eyed maid snatched from the ground a square sheet of birch-bark, which she gathered up at the corners, and quickly returned, bearing a full draught of water from the lake in this novel and simple vessel. Surely here was a proof how few are the wants of man in a savage state, and how easily supplied. Here was a vessel capable of containing liquid, formed without toil or trouble. This valuable material supplies the want of all sorts of earthenware utensils; divided into thin sheets, it makes no contemptible substitute for writing-paper, and can be rendered as fine as the most delicate tinted note-paper. When cast into the fire, it curls and writhes like parchment, but quickly ignites, and then bursts into a most brilliant and gaseous looking flame, emitting a highly aromatic perfume, that I am sure might be made from it.

Whilst sitting under the tent I took notice of the perfumed grass, and the widow soon employed herself in weaving a chain of it, which she linked together very prettily with bands of coloured quills. When she had completed it she placed it about my neck, and said, with a most agreeable smile, "Present for you; wear it for me."

I was delighted with its fragrance, and ordered several more of the same kind to be made, for which I paid her in some trifling articles; and send them to you, for they are far sweeter than lavender, to lay among your linen, for I know you, like myself, used to practise that sweet but now old-fashioned custom.

The squaws told me they got the sweet grass, or wampum, on an island in Stoney Lake, and that none of it grew anywhere hereabout; it is very long and rather harsh, but smells delightfully.

The only article I have been able to procure of their work for you, is a pair of bracelets, which I really think are very neat; the coloured quills, you may perceive, are cut as small as beads, and strung in a sort of antique pattern, something like what we used to call the Grecian scroll,—these, with a little canoe and a knife-case, are all I could procure worth sending home. They make some things neatly enough, and others as carelessly. It is a mere chance you getting anything well made by them, and never if you

order it. They invariably give me the same brief answer if I ask for anything pretty that I want to send home,—"Got-a-none," "Village," or "Go Mud-a-Lake" or "Stoney Lake," or some other place, and that old excuse of "By-and-by," or "To-morrow," which means some day or other.

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

HOW FAR THE PROVISION OF FOOD IS DUE TO THE LABOUR OF MAN.

The number of human beings on the earth is calculated at nearly one thousand millions: all these are fed from the produce of the ground; for even animal food is itself the produce of the ground. It is true that, for this result, man in general must labour; but, how small an actual portion of this immense productiveness is due to man! His labour ploughs the ground, and drops the seed into the furrows. From that moment, a higher agency supersedes him. The ground is in possession of influences which he can no more guide, summon, or restrain, than he can govern the ocean. The mighty alembic of the atmosphere is at work: the rains are distilled, the gales sweep, the dews cling, the lightning darts its fertilizing fire into the soil, the frost purifies the fermenting vegetation,—perhaps a thousand other agents are in movement, of which the secrets are still hidden from man; but the vividness of their force penetrates all things, and the extent of their action is only to be measured by the globe; while man stands by, and has only to see the naked and drenched soil clothing itself with the tender vegetation of spring, or the living gold of the harvest,—the whole loveliness and bounty of Nature delighting his eye, soliciting his hand, and filling his heart with joy.—*Rev. Dr. Croly.*

GUNPOWDER AND GREEK FIRE.

M. Renaud has lately discovered an Arabian MS. of the thirteenth century, which proves that compositions identical with gunpowder in all but the granulations, were, and had been for a long time previously, in the possession of the Arabs; and that there is every probability they had obtained them from the Chinese, in the ninth century. Many of these were called "Greek fire;" and comparing the account of Joinville, of the wars on the Nile in the time of St. Louis, with the Arabic recipes, there can be little doubt that we are now in possession of what was then termed "Greek fire." Mr. Grove, F.R.S., who has investigated the subject experimentally as well as historically, concludes that the main element of Greek fire, as contradistinguished from other inflammable substances, was nitre, or a salt containing much oxygen; that Greek fire and gunpowder were substantially the same thing; and that the development of the invention had been very slow and gradual, and had taken place long antecedent to the date of Schwartz, the monk of Cologne, A.D. 1320, to whom the invention of gunpowder, is generally attributed; thus adding to the innumerable if not unexceptionable cases, in which discoveries commonly attributed to accident, and to a single mind, are found upon investigation to have been progressive, and the result of the continually improving knowledge of successive generations.

CAUSE OF WAVES.

The friction of the wind combines with the tide in agitating the surface of the ocean, and, according to the theory of undulations, each produces its effect independently of the other. Wind, however, not only raises waves, but causes a transfer of superficial water also. Attraction between the particles of air and water, as well as the pressure of the atmosphere, brings its lower stratum into adhesive contact with the surface of the sea. If the motion of the wind be parallel to the surface, there will still be friction, but the water will be smooth as a mirror; but if it be inclined, in however small a degree, a ripple will appear. The friction raises a minute wave, whose elevation protects the water beyond it from the wind, which consequently impinges on the surface at a small angle: thus, each impulse combining with the other produces an undulation which continually advances.—*Mrs. Somerville's Physical Geography.*

CAUSE OF DARK COLOUR OF THE SKIN.

Darkness of complexion has been attributed to the sun's power, from the age of Solomon to this day,—"Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me;" and there cannot be a doubt, that, to a certain degree, the opinion is well founded. The invisible rays in the solar beams, which change vegetable colour, and have been employed with such remarkable effect in the Daguerréotype, act upon every substance upon which they fall, producing mysterious and wonderful changes in their molecular state, man not excepted.—*Mrs. Somerville.*

EFFECTS OF HEAT ON GUTTA PERCHA.

The great peculiarity of this substance, and that which makes it so eminently useful for many purposes, is the effect of boiling water upon it. When immersed for a few minutes in water above 150° Fahrenheit, it becomes soft and plastic, so as to be capable of being moulded to any required shape or form, which it retains upon cooling. If a strip of it be cut off and plunged into boiling water, it contracts in size, both in length and breadth. This is a very anomalous and remarkable phenomenon, apparently opposed to all the laws of heat.

Reviews.

THE KELLYS AND THE O'KELLYS.[1]

If any one should suppose, after reading the first few pages of the work before us, that it is a specimen of that unpleasant hybrid genus in literature, the political romance, and should therefore cast aside the volume in disgust, he would be doing what no one likes to do—he would be making a mistake, and depriving of a pleasure just the very last person he would probably wish to curtail in that particular, viz.

(1) "The Kellys and the O'Kellys: or, Landlords and Tenants." A Tale of Irish Life. By A. Trollope, Esq. Three Vols. 8vo. Colburn.

himself. No! in spite of the opening paragraphs about O'Connell and the state trials, this is by no means a political novel. Indeed, it would be difficult to write an Irish novel, at such a date, that should be so little political. We compliment Mr. Trollope upon the ingenuity with which he introduces his readers into genuine Irish society, without involving them in a vortex of fiery invective, out of which they can only emerge aghast and *horrorized*, as from the cave of Trophonius, with the words "Repeal," "Nation," "Whiteboys," "Protestant," "Catholic," "Celt," and "Saxon," ringing in their ears. It may not be superfluous information to add, that the novel in question is not an artful trick for entrapping the reader into the author's peculiar notions about farming or finance, social morals, or science, or art. It is, as far as we can see, a book written merely to amuse the reader; it is entertaining, and not instructive;—indeed, we will not pretend to say that we have discovered any moral in the book at all. But then we have not looked very minutely for one, and we may have swallowed it unconsciously, as children do their medicine when it is judiciously administered in sweetmeats. As there is no direct instruction in the three volumes, no scientific or artistic theory, it may be supposed that "The Kellys and the O'Kellys" are all occupied with the *prime* business of a novel, love-making. *Du tout:* there is so little love in the book, that we fear our young lady readers will find fault with it on that account. Moreover, there is a sad want of interesting characters. The reader has no admiration for, or sympathy with, any person in the book. They are all just as common-place as if you had sent for them *all hap-hazard* out of the street, and you do not much care if you never see them again. There is nothing elevated, nothing touching or tender throughout, except the character and conduct of a plain old maid, who is married by one of the heroes (?) for her money. Anty Lynch, *i.e.* Anastasia Lynch, whether intentionally or unintentionally it is not easy to say, is by far the most interesting person, although she is said to be half a simpleton.

Having told our readers what "The Kellys and the O'Kellys" is not, we will now say a few words about what it is. It is an account of the way in which two young Irishmen, Frank O'Kelly Lord Ballindine, and Martin Kelly a farmer, speed in their wooing of two heiresses. Both the young men are, of course, handsome, lively, good-natured, and born lucky; but a pair of less romantic heroes, or more calculating, money-seeking lovers, it would not be easy to find in ould Ireland, or old England, or even in New England, which is saying a great deal. The ladies are, to our thinking, quite worthy to be loved and married for themselves alone; but Mr. Trollope has compromised matters by causing them to be sought at first for their fortunes, and then to be loved for their amiable qualities, which is treating them just as they would be treated in real life, that is, if they were unusually lucky. All the characters are well drawn, and thoroughly Irish. The official and wearisome Lord Cashel—the *roué*, his son—the calculating gambling gentleman on the turf, Dot Blake—the drunken, unprincipled, would-be gentleman, Barry Lynch, who brings the tragic element into the book, for a short time, by his desire to effect his poor sister's death,—and, last of all, the inimitable widow Kelly, are all unexaggerated pictures from the life. Mr. Trollope's characters, we may add, are his own; he has not borrowed from Miss Edgeworth, or from Carleton or Mrs. S. C. Hall, or from any of the many persons who have given us sketches of that "finest" nobility, gentry, and "pisantry in the world." The conversations are good: that is, they are natural, animated, and full of Irish drollery, without being all brilliancy, eloquence, and keen repartee. Take the following as a specimen. Lord Ballindine is in disgrace with Lord Cashel, the guardian of his lady-love, because he will not renounce the turf; and the report is spread that his match with Miss Wyndham is off. He asks advice of Dot Blake, his friend, a cool-headed, worldly, heartless fellow, who cheats him genteelly, as a gentleman rider ought to do.

"'And what shall I do now?'

"'Nothing to-day, but eat your dinner and drink your wine. Ride over to-morrow, to see Lord Cashel, and tell him—but do it quite coolly, if you can—exactly what you have heard, and how you have heard it, and beg him to assure Lord Kilcullen that he is mistaken in his notion that the match is off; and beg also that the report may not be repeated. Do this, and do it as if you were Lord Cashel's equal, not as if you were his son or his servant. If you're collected and steady with him for ten minutes, you'll soon find that he becomes bothered and unsteady.'

"'That's very easy to say here, but it's not so easy to do there. You don't know him as I do. He's so sedate, and so slow, and so dull, especially sitting alone, as he does of a morning, in that large, dingy, uncomfortable, dusty-looking book-room of his. He measures his words like senna and salts, and their tone is as disagreeable.'

"'Then, do you drop out yours like prussic acid, and you'll beat him at his own game. These are all externals, my dear fellow. When a man knows he has nothing within his head to trust to, when he has neither truth nor genius, he puts on his wig, ties up his neck in a white choker, sits in a big chair, and frightens the world with his silence. Remember, if you weren't a baby, he wouldn't be a bugbear.'

"And shouldn't I ask to see Fanny?"

"'By all means. Don't leave Grey Abbey without seeing and making your peace with Miss Wyndham. That'll be easy with you, because it's your *metier*. I own that with myself it would be the most difficult part of the mornin's work. But don't ask to see her as a favour. When you've done with the lord—and don't let your conference be very long—when you've done with the lord, tell him you'll say a word to the lady; and, whatever may have been his pre-determination, you'll find that, if you're cool, he'll be bothered, and he won't know how to refuse; and if he doesn't prevent you, I'm sure Miss Wyndham won't.'

"'And if he asks about these wretched horses of mine?'

"'Don't let him talk more about your affairs than you can help; but if he presses you—and he won't, if you play your game well—tell him that you're quite aware your income won't allow you to keep up an establishment at the Curragh, after you're married."

"'But about Brien Boru, and the Derby?'

"'Brien Boru! You might as well talk to him about

your washing bills! Don't go into particulars—stick to generals. He'll never ask you those questions, unless he sees you shiver and shake like a half-whipped school-boy.'

"After a great deal of confabulation, in which Dot Blake often repeated his opinion of Lord Ballindine's folly in not rejoicing at an opportunity of breaking off the match, it was determined that Frank should ride over the next morning, and do exactly what his friend proposed. If, however, one might judge from his apparent dread of the interview with Lord Cashel, there was but little chance of his conducting it with the coolness or assurance insisted on by Dot. The probability was, that when the time did come, he would, as Blake said, shiver and shake like a half-whipped school-boy.

"'And what'll you do when you're married, Frank?' said Blake; 'for I'm beginning to think the symptoms are strong, and you'll hardly get out of it now.'

"'Do! why, I suppose I'll do much the same as others—have two children, and live happy ever afterwards.'

"'I dare say you're right about the two children, only you might say two dozen; but as to the living happy, that's more problematical. What d'ye mean to eat and drink?'

"'Eggs, potatoes and bacon, buttermilk, and potheen. It's odd if I can't get plenty of them in Mayo, if I've nothing better.'

"'I suppose you will, Frank; but bacon won't go down well after venison, and a course of claret is a bad preparative for potheen-punch. You're not the man to live, with a family, on a small income, and what the d—l you'll do I don't know. You'll fortify Kelly's Court—that'll be the first step.'

"'Is it against the repalers?'

"'Faith, no! You'll join them, of course; but against the sub-sheriff and his officers, an army much more likely to crown their enterprises with success.'

"'You seem to forget, Dot, that, after all, I'm marrying a girl with quite as large a fortune as I had any right to expect."

"'The limit to your expectations was only in your own modesty; the less you had a right, in the common parlance, to expect, the more you wanted, and the more you ought to have looked for. Say that Miss Wyndham's fortune clears a thousand a-year of your property, you would never be able to get along on what you'd have. No! I'll tell you what you'll do: you'll shut up Kelly's Court, raise the rents, take a moderate house in London, and Lord Cashel, when his party are in, will get you made a court-stick of, and you'll lead just such a life as your grandfather. If it's not very glorious, at any rate it's a useful kind of life. I hope Miss Wyndham will like it. You'll have to christen your children Ernest, and Albert, and that sort of thing, that's the worst of it; and you'll never be let to sit down, and that's a bore—but you've strong legs. It would never do for me. I could never stand out a long tragedy in Drury Lane, with my neck in a stiff white choker, and my toes screwed into tight dress-boots. I'd sooner be a porter, myself, for he can go to bed when the day's over.'

"'You're very witty, Dot; but you know I'm the last man in Ireland, not excepting yourself, to put up with that kind of thing. Whatever I may have to live on, I shall live in my own country, and on my own property."

"'Very well: if you won't be a gold-stick, there's the other alternative: fortify Kelly's Court, and prepare for the sheriff's officers. Of the two there's certainly more fun in it; and you can go out with the harriers on a Sunday afternoon, and live like a raal O'Kelly, of the ould times,—only the punch 'll kill you in about ten years.'

"'Go on, Dot, go on! You want to provoke me, but you won't. I wonder whether you'd bear it so well, if I told you you'd die a broken-down black-leg, without a friend or shilling to bless you.'

"'I don't think I should, because I should know that you were threatening me with a fate which my conduct and line of life would not warrant any one in expecting.'

"'Begad, then, I think there's quite as much chance of that as there is of my getting shut up by bailiffs in Kelly's Court, and dying drunk. I'll bet you fifty pounds I've a better account at my banker's than you have in ten years.'

"'Faith, I'll not take it. It'll be hard work getting fifty pounds out of you, then! In the meantime, come and play a game of billiards before dinner.'"

Lord Ballindine is unsuccessful in his attempt to see his mistress, and is informed officially by Lord Cashel that it is her wish to break off the engagement. Poor Fanny's pride has been roused by her lover's neglect; but it was against her will that such a message was delivered to him. On the contrary, she is more anxious than ever to assure him of her love, because she has become possessed of a hundred thousand pounds by the unexpected death of her brother. This news was unknown to Lord Ballindine, who, to do him justice, was quite contented to take her with twenty thousand only, her original fortune. An effort is made by her uncle to marry Fanny to his own son, Lord Kilcullen, who is *criblé de dettes*, and good for nothing. He is a good specimen of a bad young man. He bullies and cheats his father, laughs at his mother, and deceives his cousin into a good opinion of him. The plot of the father and son to get Fanny's money into their own hands is worthy of the plotters. Lord Kilcullen contrives to overcome his cousin's dislike to him very cleverly, and the easy badinage between them is natural and amusing. But though Lord Kilcullen gets on so well with Fanny in small talk, he finds that he cannot get on at all when he comes to propose marriage to her. She tells him honestly that she will marry no one but Lord Ballindine, and begs her cousin to bring him back to the house. This is a reliance on his generosity that somewhat affects the feelings of the worthless young man;—besides, Lord Kilcullen is sensible and shrewd enough, and he sees clearly that Fanny has a great deal too much spirit and principle to be forced into marrying one man when she loves another. He probably reflects that the dog in the manger never got anything but an ill name by preventing the ox from eating the hay, and therefore he makes a virtue of necessity, and advises his father to let Fanny marry Lord Ballindine. That young gentleman is enjoying the fag-end of the hunting season at Kelly's Court, where his mother and sister reside, and where he keeps a pack of hounds for the benefit of the neighbourhood. There is much amusing talk in these three volumes about the turf and the field. The jovial hilarity of a hunting-morning at Kelly's Court is well described. The hunt itself is well done: perhaps not as fully and scientifically as Tom Scott or Nimrod would have done it, but very well for a book not professedly sporting. We quote the following from the hunting breakfast:—

"'Now, Miss O'Kelly," said Bingham Blake, 'do let me manage the coffee-pot; the cream-jug and the sugar-tongs will be quite enough for your energies.'

"'Indeed, and I won't, Mr. Blake. You're a great

deal too awkward. The last hunt morning you breakfasted here, you threw the coffee-*grouts*[1] into the sugar-basin, when I let you help me.'

"'To think of your remembering that! But I'm improved since then. I've been taking lessons with my old aunt in Castlebar."

"'You don't mean you've really been staying with Lady Sarah?'

"'Oh! but I have, though. I was there three days; made tea every night, washed the poodle every morning, and clear-starched her Sunday pelerine with my own hands on Saturday evening.'

More comic than natural, by the way, unless such matters are differently conducted on the other side the Irish Channel.

"'Oh! what a useful animal! What a husband you'll make when you're a little improved!'

"'Shan't I? As you're so fond of accomplishments, perhaps you'll take me yourself by-and-by?'

"'Why, as you're so useful, may-be I may.'

So much for the O'Kellys. The chief person among the Kellys, with the exception of the hero, Martin, is his mother, the widow. She is a clever, thrifty, money-making woman, who keeps a general shop and an hotel at the town of Dunmore, and fights Anty Lynch's battles with her rascal brother, Barry. She is quite the supreme spirit of the Kelly family. Poor gentle Anty Lynch is thus described:—

"Anty Lynch was *not* the prettiest or the youngest girl in Connaught; nor would Martin have affirmed her to be so unless he had been very much inebriated indeed. However young she might have been once, she was never pretty; but in all Ireland there was not a more single-hearted, simple-minded young woman. I do not use the word simple as foolish: for though uneducated, she was not foolish. But she was unaffected, honest, humble, and true, entertaining a very lowly idea of her own value, and unelated by her newly acquired wealth. She had been so little thought of all her life by others, that she had never learned to think much of herself. She had had but few acquaintances, and no friends; and had spent her life hitherto so quietly and silently, that her apparent apathy was attributable rather to want of subjects of excitement, than to any sluggishness of disposition. Her mother had died early, and since then, the only case in which Anty had been called upon to exercise her own judgment was in refusing to comply with her father's wish that she should become a nun. On this subject, though often pressed, she had remained positive, always pleading that she felt no call to the sacred duties which would be required, and innocently assuring her father, that if allowed to remain at home, she would cause him no trouble and but little expense.

"So she had remained at home, and had inured herself to bear, without grumbling or thinking she had cause for grumbling, the petulance of her father, and the more cruel harshness and ill-humour of her brother. In all the family schemes of aggrandisement she had been set aside, and Barry had been intended by the father as the scion on whom all the family honours were to fall. His education had been most expensive, his allowance liberal, and his whims permitted; while Anty was never better dressed than a decent English servant, and had been taught nothing save the lessons she had learned from her mother, who died when she was but thirteen. It was not wonderful, therefore, that no one proposed for Anty; and though all who knew the Lynches, knew that Sim had a daughter, it was very generally given out that she was not so wise as her neighbours, and the father and brother took no pains to deny the rumour. The inhabitants of the village knew better; the Lynches were very generally disliked, and 'the shameful way Miss Anty was treated' was often discoursed on in the little shops, and many of the townspeople were ready to aver that 'simple or no, Anty Lynch was the best of the breed, out and out."

Attracted by her four hundred a-year, Martin Kelly, the most "likely" young man in the village, determines to marry Anty, the old maid. As soon as her brother discovers this intention, he almost kills Anty in his drunken fury. She, poor thing! is very much frightened, and takes refuge with that strong-minded woman, the widow Kelly. There is much wicked contriving on the part of Barry to get his sister back again. She is taken ill with ague, and is believed to be dying. She then sends for her brother, and addresses a few touching words to him, which, brute as he is, have some effect on him at the time. Among other things she says,—

"'Barry, no good ever came of my father's will. The money has done me no good, but the loss of it has blackened your heart, and turned your blood to gall against me. Yes, Barry, yes! Don't speak now—let me go on. The old man brought you up to look for it, and, alas! he taught you to look for nothing else. It has not been your fault, and I'm not blaming you. I'm not meaning to blame you, my own brother, for you are my own;' and she turned round in bed and shed tears upon his hand, and kissed it. 'But gold and land will never make you happy. No! not all the gold of England, nor all the land the ould kings ever had, could make you happy, an your heart was bad within you. You have it all now, Barry, or mostly all. You'll have what you think the old man robbed you of; you'll have it with no one to provide for but yourself. But oh! Barry, an it's in your heart that *that* can make you happy, there's nothing before you but misery, and—death—and hell.' Barry shook like a child in the clutches of its master. 'It's to save you from this, my own brother, to try and turn your heart from that foul love of money, that your sister is now speaking to you from the grave. Oh! Barry, try and cure it; learn to give to others, and you'll enjoy what you have yourself. Learn to love others, and you'll know what it is to be loved yourself. Try, try to soften that hard heart; marry at once, Barry: at once, before you're older and worse to cure; and you'll have children and love them; and when you feel, as feel you must, that the money is clinging round your soul, fling it from you, and think of the last words your sister said to you.'"

Notwithstanding this touching appeal, Barry subsequently tries to bribe an apothecary, who attends Anty, to poison her when she begins to recover. For this crime, of which there is no legal proof, Lord Ballindine and Mr. Armstrong, the vicar, frighten Barry out of the country. Anty is then left in peace to marry Martin Kelly, who has become quite attached to her for her sweetness and unselfish disposition, and is almost oblivious of her plain face *et ses trente-six ans!* We are glad to say that she is much happier as a married woman than she was in her youth.

In conclusion, let us inform our readers that "The Kellys and the O'Kellys" *is remarkably easy to read.* The style is lively, clever, and uniformly amusing. It might be more polished, it might be more eloquent; but there is no wisdom in the criticism which finds fault with a plum because it is not a pine-apple.

(1) We fear Miss O'Kelly has conversed too much with her waiting-maid.

ILIUS PAMPHILIUS AND AMBROSIA.[1]

Some few months ago we should only have laughed at this ridiculous book; but the signs of the times are so strange and so alarming, that grave considerations must now mingle with our mirth. We have here a most striking exemplification of that state of literary second childhood to which, thanks to Hegel, and Strauss, and Feuerbach, and all other mystagogues, and democratic and pantheistic mischiefmongers, German literature, and, unfortunately, the German people as well, have finally been reduced. That such marvellous silliness as the volume before us contains should not only go in six weeks to a second edition, but also excite universal attention and very general admiration, is surely suggestive of a most melancholy conclusion; and this is (to tell the plain truth), that our good German neighbours are altogether "at sea," in morals as in poetry, in religion as in politics, driving before the wind without a noted course or a fixed goal, whilst the breakers are roaring very near at hand, and the abyss beyond is bottomless.

No man or woman can value German literature for its real merits more highly than we do. Despite that unfortunate rationalistic vein, which, from Lessing onward, has never ceased to flow in the works of Teutonia's standard authors (with some very few exceptions), we have rejoiced in the grandeur, boldness, and artistic beauty of many German creations. Schiller, especially, in our earlier days, has charmed, excited, and inspired us. Goethe, perhaps the greatest of all artists (with the sole exception of Shakspeare, who transcended art), still delights and elevates us, despite his egotism and indifferentism. Nor are we blind to the artistic merits of him who first gave this unfortunate rationalistic impulse—Lessing, of "Nathan the Wise" memory—nor of his mild, but equally dangerous follower, Wieland—nor of the, on this score unexceptionable, but fearfully mystic Werner—nor of Kleist, nor of Tieck, nor of Grillparzer, nor Schlegel, nor Hoffmann, nor De la Motte Fouqué, nor even Jean Paul. But "the giants have departed," save Grillparzer; (Tieck is of the Past;) and though pleasing talents remain, the general quality of *living* German literature is much "below par." And why so? Because genius, though it possibly might succeed in making even Pantheism poetical, does not come every day; and in default of genius, common sense is absolutely indispensable: while the absence of sound principle of any kind, or indeed of any principle whatever, in the German national mind, must necessarily conduct to absurdity, and all but universal barrenness. Of course there are honourable exceptions to the rule, and we shall ever be happy to recognise them. Nay, even the modern revolutionists, Freiligrath, and Herwegh, and Gutzkow, and Laube, and Prutz, have talent in their way. Nevertheless, we cannot well conceive anything sillier or more tasteless than the recent popular literature of Germany, and more especially of so-called Young Germany; or rather of Young Judaism; for all the literary antichristian and revolutionary coryphœi of Teutonia have for some time past been Israelitic infidels. This is literally true of Strauss, Bruno Bauer, Feuerbach, Gutzkow, &c. &c. &c.

But we must not wander too far from our immediate theme. Perhaps our readers may have heard of a very absurd but rather clever woman called Bettina Von Arnim. The Quarterly contained a most amusing account, or *exposé*, of her, together with some other German *bas bleus*, two or three years ago. Bettina has long rejoiced in the cognomen of "The Child," she having thought proper, some thirty or forty summers back, to conceive a romantic literary passion for old Goethe (for old he was, even then), and address a multitude of inflated and childish love-letters to him accordingly; extremely rhapsodical, very silly, but here and there fanciful in thought and expression. Goethe sent her tolerably cold and ministerial replies to these glowing epistles: nevertheless, the old gentleman was much flattered by the young lady's addresses. Bettina, some time after, gave to the world this correspondence betwixt the bard of Weimar and herself; and further, though she knew nothing whatever of English, converted the whole book into a species of lingo, bearing no affinity to any known tongue, but intended for our British vernacular. Since then "the Child," as she styles herself (now about sixty years of age), has given various other products to the world, among which may be especially noted a heap of trash entitled, "This Book is for the King," viz. the king of Prussia. These works, which in most other countries, and certainly our own, would have been hooted, made "*furore*" amongst the helmless, rudderless, creedless, aimless Germans, who appeared to take her bathos for sentiment, and her twaddle for philosophy. However, her crowning feat now lies before us: and, despite the grave considerations which the success of such a production might suggest, when coupled with the apparent triumph of democratic licence throughout the length and breadth of Germany, we are compelled to acknowledge that it is exquisitely funny—"a rare jest, a very rare jest indeed."

It appears that some juvenile bard, certainly not out of his teens, and we should say still in his jackets, fell in love with Bettina, in a literary and æsthetic sense, on a perusal of her correspondence with Goethe, as she had done before with that elderly gentleman. Inspired and carried to the seventh heaven of rapture, Ilius Pamphilius (thus Bettina denominates him) sits down and endites a glowing missive to his literary enslaver, professing himself her æsthetic adorer,—of course at a respectful distance. She is charmed by this act of poetic homage, and thereupon opens a correspondence with the new "child," who comes to occupy her former place. A series of the most absurd admonitions and adulations ensue. But, alas for romance! it too soon becomes evident that the real object of Ilius Pamphilius is to be ushered into

(1) "Ilius Pamphilius and Lady Ambrosia;" by Bettina Arnim. Second Edition. Leipsic, 1848.
"Ilius Pamphilius und die Ambrosia;" Von Bettina Arnim Zweite Auflage. Leipzig, 1848.

the literary world by Bettina; and when he finds out that she, despite her mighty professions, will *do* nothing for him, he grows cold again, and apparently deserts his soul's charmer. Well, this absurd correspondence has now been collected and republished by Lady Ambrosia, (as Ilius Pamphilius thought proper to rechristen Goethe's "child,") and it is the admiration of Germany. We call attention to it, not for any intrinsic merit it possesses, though it is not devoid of amusing matter, and really contains some poetic fancies and a few striking half-truths, but in order to open the eyes of the British public to the existing degradation of continental literary taste.

A few specimens of this fashionable Teutonic twaddle shall be placed before our readers: but neither their nor our patience could bear with much in an English garb, though we can heartily recommend the volume to all those students of German, who wish to enjoy a hearty laugh, and who take an interest in tracing and tracking "the spirit of the age." Thus then preaches Bettina: "A Sage told me all life was prayer: he who prayed not, lived not in the spirit. The spirit was the ruler, and beamed on the soul, as the sun on flowers, and called it into bloom, and this was prayer; and the spirit which watched not o'er the soul as the sun above the realm of blossoms, would have no life blooming into eternity." Do our readers comprehend this? If so, they are wiser than we. But the Germans call this very religious; and we dare say Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Emerson would do so too.

The lady's appreciation of her own powers and abilities is exquisite; she writes to the youthful Ilius, who had expressed a comic apprehension that she might learn to love him too well, "Fear not me, Pamphilius! I am only the night-wind which *shakes thee!* And if thou think'st this nothing, do *not* think it, for such a wind wakes a soul in thee which feels through and through where others are as stones. Others think they know of me and understand me: but I am not that," (not what?) "I am only that which drives me to thee, to touch thee, like thy own heart's-pulse," (very mysterious.) "I have told thee many a truth, and thou sayest thyself that thou hast learnt from me. But I will not teach, I will leave thee to exist and develop: what needest thou to know whether thou art that which must be known?" (gloriously oracular.) "Whether thou dost comprehend me?" (rather doubtful.) "If I love thee? so much ability I have not; that I can tell thee all, that is much for me; and that manifests thee, whether thou canst or canst not understand it: my very saying it forms and raises thee! I hover round thee; and that I thus learn to know and permeate myself, this is a hidden dream," (hidden enough.) "The Philosophers" (Berlinese philosophers) "tell me I am wise! I only *make* fools of them," (that would be difficult, considering) "and they fancy I like their praises. I?—I laugh at—but no! it were beneath me to say I soar above such wisdom; before my inner nature I shame me of all external praises." Prodigious! as Dominie Sampson says; and, we add, Delicious! May our readers share our enjoyment!

Ilius Pamphilius is almost as amusing: his small vanities and male coquetries, his attempts to be philosophical, and his excessive shallowness, are all very good in their way. But we return to Ambrosia, whose eulogy of Byron attains a higher sphere from its peculiar silliness, though we have not space to extract it. Her account of her attempts to write in English is vastly entertaining. It appears that some university men were in correspondence with her concerning the translation of *her* "Child's own Book;" for she speaks of the "Kembridsch-member" and Ochsford-member" with the most poignant contempt, because they did not altogether fall in with her views of the English language. Her translation, she says, was wiser than she, and positively frightened her from the abyss of sagacity contained in it. The æsthetic platonism of the lady (p. 256) is charming: "Pamphil, ich bin von Herzen in dich verliebt; und Oh! und Ach! —Und sage dir nochmals; ich küsse deine Hände und Füsse. Und sage dir nochmals: Ich möchte dich in meine Seele begraben." We shall leave this in the original High-Dutch, a Chaldean mystery for the uninitiated, and take no little delight in picturing to ourselves the curiosity of young ladies who have not yet plunged into the German dictionary, and the mystification of the general reader, who must remain in perpetual ignorance of these words' hidden purport.

But we are getting as saucy and as flighty as Bettina—we beg her pardon, as Ambrosia herself, sitting late in the night in her Berlinese sanctuary, and inditing innocent coquetries to the obviously insensible Ilius Pamphilius. (It should be hinted, that some people fancy Ilius Pamphilius to be altogether a creation of Bettina's brain; but such is not our opinion.) And now the question is, whether we shall not have more promoted the circulation of this book among English students of German literature by our censures than we could have done by our praises. If so, we shall rest well content. We do not think that any English reader can be injured by the perusal of such a volume, and some *may* have their eyes opened to the absurdities of German pseudo-philosophy.

THE WILKIE GALLERY.[1]

Not very long since, a notion widely prevailed among our continental neighbours, if not throughout the whole of Europe, that the working and middle classes of England were insensible, in so great a degree as to render the fact a remarkable feature in the national idiosyncracy, to that peculiar kind of intellectual gratification of which the ear and the eye are the sentient media. Musical and pictorial taste was supposed to be totally uncongenial to the industrial habits of "a nation of shopkeepers;" and honest John Bull was deemed incapable of appreciating the notes of a Beethoven

(1) "The Wilkie Gallery." George Virtue: London and New York.

or the pencil of a Rubens. Nor is it altogether surprising that such an impression should have been almost universal abroad, when, apparently at least, it was as strongly felt at home. From the charms of music all but the opulent were until very lately conventionally interdicted; and a certain propensity for scratching names upon valuable mirrors, and otherwise defacing works of art and *vertu*, formed an excuse, not altogether without reason, for closing our museums, public and private, against all but the favoured few. This said propensity, however, as more recent experience has abundantly proved, originated not so much in a want of taste, as in the want of its encouragement; in a certain feeling of chagrin and vexation at the impediments thrown in the way of a high intellectual enjoyment, scantily dealt out, if not altogether withheld; in a careless disregard of costly *bijous* by persons who were incompetent to estimate their value; and in an almost involuntary contempt for that selfish and exclusive spirit, which wrapped the beauties of a Madonna in a veil of brown holland, only to be removed for the courtly admiration of the prince or the peer.

Perhaps it would be too much to assert that the restrictions formerly in force against the admission of the public generally to our artistic collections, were the chief exciting cause of that demoralizing taste which has prevailed too much among the working classes for low gaming-houses, gin palaces, beer-shops; certain it is, however, that no sooner were the means of access opened to our national galleries and museum, than advantage was readily and gratefully taken of the proffered boon, and a progressive improvement in the great body of the working population has been the salutary result. The Hampton Court collection alone is visited by thousands weekly; and there may be seen not only the smile of unmeaning gratification on the countenance of the idle spectator, or lounging cit, but the searching gaze, accompanied by the shrewd observation, which mark the delight of the connoisseur, though clad, perhaps, in the garb of a mechanic. No act of wanton mutilation or mischievous disfigurement any longer occurs; and indeed the sense of a certain right of property, as it were, if not in the objects themselves, at least in the rational and elevating pleasure which they communicate, would unite all present in the indignant prevention of such practices, if any one were disposed to indulge in them.

Neither are the advantages which have been gained by this step forward in the path of liberality, confined to an hour or two of innocent and intellectual relaxation conceded to the industrious artizan; but an acquaintance with the works of art, thus thrown open to the inspection of our vast metropolitan population, calls for their reproduction by the engraver, and the consequent advance towards perfection in that exquisite branch of artistical embellishment. The rapid glance at the original of a magnificent or interesting picture, of which a single or even a repeated visit will admit, is not sufficient for those—and they are far more numerous than will at first, perhaps, be imagined—who seek to obtain something more than a vague and general idea of the works of the great masters of our own and other countries. Hence the assistance of engravings becomes necessary to aid in recovering and perfecting the impression of beauties, which would otherwise be evanescent; the effects of colour, indeed, are wanting, but memory will easily supply this unavoidable deficiency, and in other respects the representation of the several varieties of form, character, and expression, is complete.

In thus studying the works of a great painter, whether with a view to professional advancement, or for the mere purpose of acquiring that taste and discernment in the art, which the well-educated are commonly anxious to possess, it is advisable that they should be, as far as possible, regarded as a whole; that is to say, that the best specimens of his peculiar style and manner should be carefully and critically examined. Now, among all the splendid productions of our national genius, there are none perhaps which better deserve to be so studied, than those scenes of domestic life which we possess from the graphic pencil of Sir David Wilkie. Not only does each individual picture tell its story unmistakably, but there is a fund of moral instruction, as well as rich and caustic humour, laid up in every group, which is well worth the drawing out; while the entire series embodies a variety of characteristic sketches, which speak so forcibly through the eye to the heart, that he must be dull indeed who fails to perceive and appreciate their native truth and vigour. All, too, are in strict keeping with the high character of the painter himself; for Wilkie was a great and a good man, no less than a perfect master of his art, and he has devoted his pencil to the illustration of those manly and generous virtues, and those home-born affections, for which he was himself conspicuous through life, and to the exposure of meanness and malevolence in all their deformity. A publication, therefore, which is intended to embrace a choice selection from the best productions of such an artist, engraved in the first style, and on such a scale as to exhibit all the variety and delicacy of expression for which Wilkie was remarkable, is assuredly deserving of the most liberal patronage and support. Wilkie himself "could not but feel how valuable, to a great painter, a great engraver is. While the canvass remains fixed as fate in some rich man's gallery, and only known to the fortunate few who have influence sufficient to open the reluctant doors, the impressions from the graver fly lightly over the world, and carry into the cabin of the cottar, as well as into the hall of the peer, the same form, and sentiment, and feeling, which charms in the original."

If this exclusive spirit has been greatly relaxed of late, it still partially prevails; and thus, the artist and the public are alike indebted on this account, no less than on those already mentioned, to the projector of such meritorious publications as The Wilkie Gallery. The work is beautifully printed in elephant quarto; and in the three numbers already published, and now lying before us, there are *ten* magnificent prints, nine inches by

six in size, including a fine portrait of the artist by Phillips, and a vignette-title, with a pleasing view of the manse and church of Cults, the place of his nativity. These ten plates are, the *Penny Wedding*, the *Parish Beadle*, the *Rabbit on the Wall*, the *Pedlar*, the *Rat-hunters*, the *Card Players*, *Blind Man's Buff*, and the *Village Politicians*. A biographical and critical notice accompanies the engravings; and although it is clear that the writer is very considerably indebted to the interesting life by Allan Cunningham, published shortly after the death of Wilkie himself, and almost at the very moment when his biographer was breathing his last, his criticisms are for the most part original, and written with the vigour and perspicuity of one who is fully alive to the peculiar beauties and excellences of the great painter whose performances he has undertaken to illustrate. As we hope, at no distant period, to draw the attention of our readers to the completion of the work, and on that occasion to dwell somewhat more at length on Wilkie's personal history, we shall at present confine ourselves to a passing glance at the subjects already engraved, principally with the view of illustrating the design, and throwing in here and there an anecdote, or marking a trait of character, which the memoir before us has but cursorily noticed, or altogether overlooked.

First then, in order of date, is "The Village Politicians," painted, we suppose it must be said, as his lordship pledged his honour upon the reality of the compact, at the price of *fifteen guineas*, for the Earl of Mansfield. Though convinced in his own mind that no bargain whatever had been concluded between them, the young artist, upon whom the first dawn of patronage was now beginning to smile after a painful struggle with poverty and ill-health, gracefully conceded the point; and the door being thus closed against competitors who had offered *a hundred pounds*, the fortunate nobleman so far drew upon his generosity as to double the sum at which he claimed his prize, and gave his draft for *thirty guineas*. This noble picture grew out of the political disputes which were rife among the lower classes in the early days of the first French Revolution, when the club-room and the ale-house were filled with noisy rustics, who met to settle the rights of man over their tipple, and bluster for the redress of popular grievances. Its subject was first suggested to the painter's mind by the description of a country debating club, in Hector M'Neil's ballad of *Will and Jean*, which made a great stir among the Scotch peasantry about the time when Wilkie was pursuing his early studies at the Edinburgh academy; and the slight sketch then thrown off, and subsequently enlarged, was at length expanded into that splendid conception, of which Haydon enthusiastically declared that "in dramatic force it rivalled all but Raphael." Nothing indeed can surpass the excellence of the grouping, the variety of expression in the several countenances, and the vivid clearness with which the story is told. At the head of a table in the kitchen of a Scottish clachan, upon which the principal light is made to fall, is seated the sage of the village, calmly listening to the vehement harangue of a sturdy ploughman, who with knitted brows and earnest gesture is discussing some mighty affair of state, unmoved by the angry impatience of the weaver, and the quieter remonstrance of the shoemaker, who are by no means convinced by his view of the case. Absorbed in the contents of an old newspaper, a farmer, apart from the principal group, reads steadily on, without paying the slightest attention to these noisy disputants; while the sagacious hostess stands duly prepared with the means of moistening the debate; and a highland drover and his dog, with sundry other rustic personages, appear more or less unconcerned in the warm controversy, with which they do not care to interfere. While this picture was on the easel, Wilkie became acquainted with Sir George Beaumont and the Earl of Mulgrave, both of whom remained his firm friends through life; and its exhibition at the Royal Academy, in the twenty-first year of his age, was the means of extending his reputation far and wide. No undue elation, however, was produced in his mind by the praises, public and private, by which his unequivocal success was universally greeted; and the only effect of fame so justly acquired was the legitimate one of urging him onward to fresh exertion. Thus he writes to his father: "I am redoubling my application with the sure hope of success. My ambition is got beyond all bounds, and I have the vanity to hope that Scotland will one day be proud to boast of *David Wilkie*." "These remarkable words," observes Allan Cunningham, "were followed by others not less prophetic, in a letter to his brother Thomas; and the first and last boasts which can be recorded of this distinguished and modest genius, were breathed in secret to those he dearly loved; and after a long period of doubt and depression."

In 1808, in his twenty-third year, Wilkie painted the "Card Players" for the Duke of Gloucester, by whom the idea was suggested. The memoir before us takes no notice of this picture, which is chiefly remarkable for the variety of expression, not only in the winning and losing partners respectively, but in each of the four individuals engaged in the game. A rumour had gone abroad, which told against the royal duke's liberality in regard to the purchase, and Wilkie lost no time in setting the matter right. When the commission was given, fifty guineas had been the proffered remuneration; but, readily acknowledging the inadequacy of the stipulated sum, His Royal Highness generously added a hundred guineas to the original compact.

Early in 1811, on the death of Sir F. Bourgeois, Wilkie was elected a Royal Academician; and in the usual routine he presented to the Academy, as his diploma picture, "Boys digging for Rats." "It is a small but clever performance," says Cunningham, "in which the eager boys, and the no less eager bustling terriers, the former digging with all their might, and the latter sniffing the scent and trembling with impatience, form a scene true to the life." Shortly after

his election, and not without great discouragement from the Academy, he ventured upon the novel and somewhat hazardous experiment of exhibiting his pictures *en masse*, in a room which he had hired for the purpose in Pall Mall. Among them, in an unfinished state, was "Blind Man's Buff," intended for the Prince of Wales. It received considerable attention at the time, and has since been repeatedly engraved; but never, we presume, with greater effect that in THE WILKIE GALLERY. We need scarcely remark, that the great interest of the piece consists in the well-known humour of the game, skilfully represented; though there is also much in the by-play, which adds to the exciting business of the scene. A young man, under pretence of eluding the blind man, is enjoying unseen the luxury of a true-love grip; a young girl cowers by the side of a settle, less to escape from the approaching hand of the blind man, than to enjoy the caresses of two lovers, one of whom clasps her round the waist in silent ecstasy, and the other is obtaining kisses in abundance from her willing lips; two boys, in the whirl and hurry of the scene, have, much to the detriment of their shins, upset a chair, while a shoemaker, extending both arms as if he drew out a long and refractory thread, pinches himself up to escape the all but touching hand of the blind man, heedless that he is squeezing a boy behind, who with rueful looks endures, not without tears the unexpected crush. Even the old man who sweeps the public crossing, moved by the merriment, looks in at the door, and seems disposed to quit his broom, and join in the fun. Such is the glee and whirl of the whole, that none of the actors perceive these episodical incidents: all eyes are blind to aught save the business of the scene.

Of "The Pedlar," which he painted for his kind and excellent friend Dr. Matthew Baillie, we find no descriptive account in Cunningham's biography. It is however very well and minutely described in the memoir which accompanies THE GALLERY; and we cannot do better than extract the notice as a fair sample of the manner in which the writer has treated the several subjects of which he takes occasion to speak.

"*The Pedlar* is an incident of country life. In the remote village, or still more secluded farm, this personage is of some mark, and his arrival an event; witness the 'Bryce Snailsfoot' of Scott; for he carries not only his pack, furnished forth like that of his plausible prototype Autolycus, in the 'Winter's Tale,' with

> 'Lawn, as white as driven snow,
> Cypress, black as e'er was crow,
> Gloves, as sweet as damask roses,
> Masks, for faces and for noses;
> * * * *
> Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
> What maids lack from head to heel;"

but he is also the general newsman and gossip of the district; he has something for everybody: tidings of weddings and courtings for the young, scandal for the old dame, and politics for the goodman. He well knows how to frame his face to all occasions, to tickle every one on the weak side, and turn everything to the main chance. Such an one is here exhibiting the choicest contents of his box, before

> '. . . 'The prettiest low-born lass that e'er
> Ran on the greenswaird.'

A gay-patterned dress, intended perhaps for her wedding, has wholly captivated her fancy; and, while a sister is carefully examining its texture, she turns with a look of appeal to her father, who, in his perplexity between the value of 'siller' and the desire of indulging his pretty daughter, is drily ejecting from his mouth a long whiff of tobacco. He is apparently giving way to the pleasing temptation; but in the back-ground, meanwhile, the old dame (a most marvellous character of Wilkie's), one who is famous at a bargain, is fighting out a hard battle to save a penny. It is evident that she is well aware that the article is cheap enough (a female counsellor is holding up her hands, as if to say, 'You will never have such a chance again'), though she is trying with all her might and main to appear indignant at the pedlar's extortion: but it is of no use, he is up to the manœuvre, and prepared for the attack, which he knows well how to parry with his blandest smile and most conciliatory manner, resolved all the while not to go a farthing lower:—

> 'Like feather-bed 'twixt castle wall
> And heavy brunt of cannon-ball,'

he receives the blow, and gives way for the moment; but no impression can be finally made on him, and he carries his point, no doubt, by patiently wearing out his assailant. In point of character, Wilkie never surpassed the expression thrown into this brace of disputants—they are true to nature in general, and to Scotland in particular—each is the representative of its class, and yet a dramatist, with all his resources, could hardly stamp upon the mind a more perfect impression of their individuality than is here done within the compass of an inch by the astonishing art of the painter."

Perhaps none of Wilkie's pictures have obtained a greater share of public favour than the "Rabbit on the Wall," which appeared in the exhibition of 1816; and he seems himself to have regarded it as one of his most successful efforts. It is needless to describe the dexterous involution of the fingers of one hand with those of the other, by which the illusion of the mimic munching animal is produced; for it is still, as it has been for ages, the wonder and delight of the younger members of our domestic circles. In Wilkie's picture, a labourer, seated happily after his day of toil, with his wife and children about him, is performing the trick for their amusement. His sideling glance at the wall, as he seeks to make the shadow perfect, and the comic gravity of his countenance, are nature itself; while the fond smile of the mother, who is scarcely able to hold the delighted infant in her arms, the mingled fear and astonishment of one a little older, the fixed gazes of the eldest boy, and the care with which the girl adjusts the light of the candle, are not so much the studies of a close and accurate observer, as the vivid conceptions of one who could enter with glee into the gist and humour of such performances. The engraving in THE GALLERY, by William Greatbach, is admirably executed.

The humours of a Scotch wedding had already been exhibited on canvas by David Allan, when Wilkie received a commission from the Prince Regent to represent the national manners at one of those scenes of mingled drollery and licentiousness which King James,

Allan Ramsay, and others, have described both in prose and verse. It has been said that the prince, though perfectly satisfied with the execution of the picture, was somewhat disappointed to find that the details of the "Penny Wedding" were closely confined within the limits of decency and decorum. As a truthful representation of Scottish manners and customs, it is perfect as far as it goes; and if bridals at which the rules of temperance and propriety were flagrantly violated, were the more ordinary occurrences, there were doubtless exceptions which amply justified the scene of more modest joy which Wilkie has delineated.

Of the pictures contained in the parts of the GALLERY now under review, the last in order of time is the "Parish Beadle." It was resting on the easel during the painter's absence in Scotland, on the occasion of the sovereign's (George IV.) visit to his native country, and completed, on his return, for his exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1823. This picture is remarkable for the vivid brightness of the colouring. In all the fussy importance of petty authority, and the full blow of official costume, the beadle has seized upon a young urchin, who, in defiance of the Vagrant Act, has been parading his bear and monkey through the streets of the parish. As he is dragging him towards the cage, a female with a hurdy-gurdy, whose dark Italian eye flashes with indignation, is clamorously demanding his release; and a dancing-dog, dressed out in its faded finery, follows closely at the heels of the unhappy victim of the parochial dignitary, as if conscious of his share in the offence, and ready to share the punishment. All the countenances are full of meaning, and teem with expression; and if the work is one of less pretension than many other of our artist's compositions, it is by no means one of the least powerful.

From the brief review to which we have thus submitted those *eight* productions of Wilkie's pencil, which have already appeared in the Gallery now in course of publication, it is easy to account both for the eminence to which he attained as an artist, and the universal and undying estimation in which his works are still held. He not only studied his subjects patiently, and took time for their elaborate execution, but the subjects themselves were popular, and addressed to all classes of the people; to the connoisseur and the mechanic, to the critic and the clown. His memory was stored with Scottish originals, and the peculiarities of his countrymen were worked out with such strict adherence to nature, such reality of character and dramatic skill, that the story of the piece, the humour of the scene, and the moral to be drawn from it, are discernible at a glance to all. It has been said that he could not enter into the spirit of English fun; but, at all events, he has taught the English to enter into the spirit of Scottish fun, and has made us familiar with all the pleasantries, charities, and eccentricities, of his native land. "He spoke," says Allan Cunningham, "to all degrees of knowledge, and to all varieties of taste:" he might have added, that the most knowing could scarcely detect an error, or the most refined in taste, a blemish. Hence, perhaps, it is, that the works of few artists, if of any, have been so extensively engraved; and he duly appreciated the aid which two friends, Burnet and Raimbach, had lent to the spread of his reputation. Being informed by the latter that he had been elected, together with himself, a corresponding member of the French Institute, he thus wrote in reply: —"This is a distinction to which my art could never have arrived,—confined in its nature to one place,—were it not that it has been fortunately combined with yours, the excellence and beauty of which are wafted forth on a thousand wings, and speak simultaneously to all countries, and in all languages." Such, then, being the importance attached to engravings executed separately and at a high price, what may we not augur from a selected series, such as THE WILKIE GALLERY, published at a cost below that at which a single print was sold at the time when the letter above cited was written? We have intimated our intention of devoting a future paper to Wilkie and his works; and in the mean time we would act a friendly part by his admirers, in advising them to lose no time in procuring early impressions of the splendid publication, to which we have thus directed their attention, as it advances periodically through the press.—W. T.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing-Desk.

READER, it is not a pleasant thing to be forced by a stern inexorable necessity to write a postscript, or anything else, by a certain given day, whether you are in the humour for it or not. You may think it is, if you are not an editor, or a curate hard up for a subject for his next sermon, which must be a worse predicament still to find oneself in, for Sunday comes once a-week, and magazine-day only once a-month—our blessing on it for that same!—[illegible] may think it very agreeable, because you have not [illegible]ed it, but we must beg to differ from you, because we have. First of all, we must ransack our brain for something to write about,—give us any idea, however unpromising, and we will undertake to do something with it,—afford us a thread on which to hang our pearls, and "an it be no stouter than a gossamer" we will string you an editorial necklace forthwith; but *ex nihilo nil fit.*

Well, then, what is it to be this time? The Insurrection in Paris?—A fertile subject truly,—thousands of our fellow-creatures, living, breathing, sentient beings, of like passions with ourselves, loving, hating, (capital fellows for hating—Dr. Johnson would have delighted in them,) fearing, hoping, even as we are now doing,—each man of them living a two-fold existence, an outer life, perceived and appreciated by those around him, and a deeper and more real inner

life, undreamed of by the world, and known only by himself and by One to whom all hearts are open: thousands of these immortal spirits,—our kindred in the great family of Nature,—have been suddenly expelled from the fearfully and wonderfully made bodies which clothed them!—many, alas, amidst the most unheard-of tortures—and for what? To obtain the triumph of freedom?—that, according to the ideas of those who, mistaking license for liberty, fondly believe a revolution likely to advance their cause, had been done already. To gratify the ambition of some world-subduer, who, blinded by the brightness of his own glory, perceives not the death-struggles of the victims sacrificed to his lust of conquest?—weeks have now elapsed, and the leaders of that maddened populace are yet unguessed at. No! the Insurrection in Paris is certainly not a fit subject for us to write about, for it is decidedly political, and Sharpe's Magazine carefully eschews politics.

Then, there is "Jenny Lind,"—every one who can't find anything else to talk about, starts "Jenny Lind:"

"Have you heard her in Lucia, Miss Reader?"

"Yes, isn't it wonderful, Mr. Editor?—but really, mamma says, its quite dangerous for us girls to see her,—she goes mad for love so becomingly, we shall be all wanting to follow the fashion ourselves!"

"Your mamma speaks like a well-bound book, miss."

"Pray, is Jenny Lind married, Mr. Editor?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Reader, to three husbands at the very least!"

"La! now you're joking?"

"True, I can assure you: one is a Russian nobleman, Fluff—Floff—ah, well, I can't exactly remember his name, but I know there's an 'offsky' in it. The courier, who went with my aunt to Berlin, lived with his step-mother when a boy, and he's ready to swear it. Floffsky met her in a snow-drift on the grand St. Bernard, and they were married at the convent, with all the great dogs for bride's-maids."

"Yes, but——"

"Wait! [redacted] there's a banker at Stockholm; I *do* recollect [redacted] name, but I must not mention it, for it was told me in strict confidence by a friend of his second-cousin—he saved her from engaging herself to Bunn for five years for three thousand pounds, and she married *him* out of gratitude. Then, there's the famous French Count, Sans-six-sous,—at least, he was a count till he fraternized with the men of the barricades, and dropped into plain *Citoyen Sans-six-sous*;—there can be no mistake about him, for I happened to call at his tailor's when the wedding suit was lying on the counter. The way he—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Editor, but I'm sure mamma wants me, she's sneezed twice so very significantly."

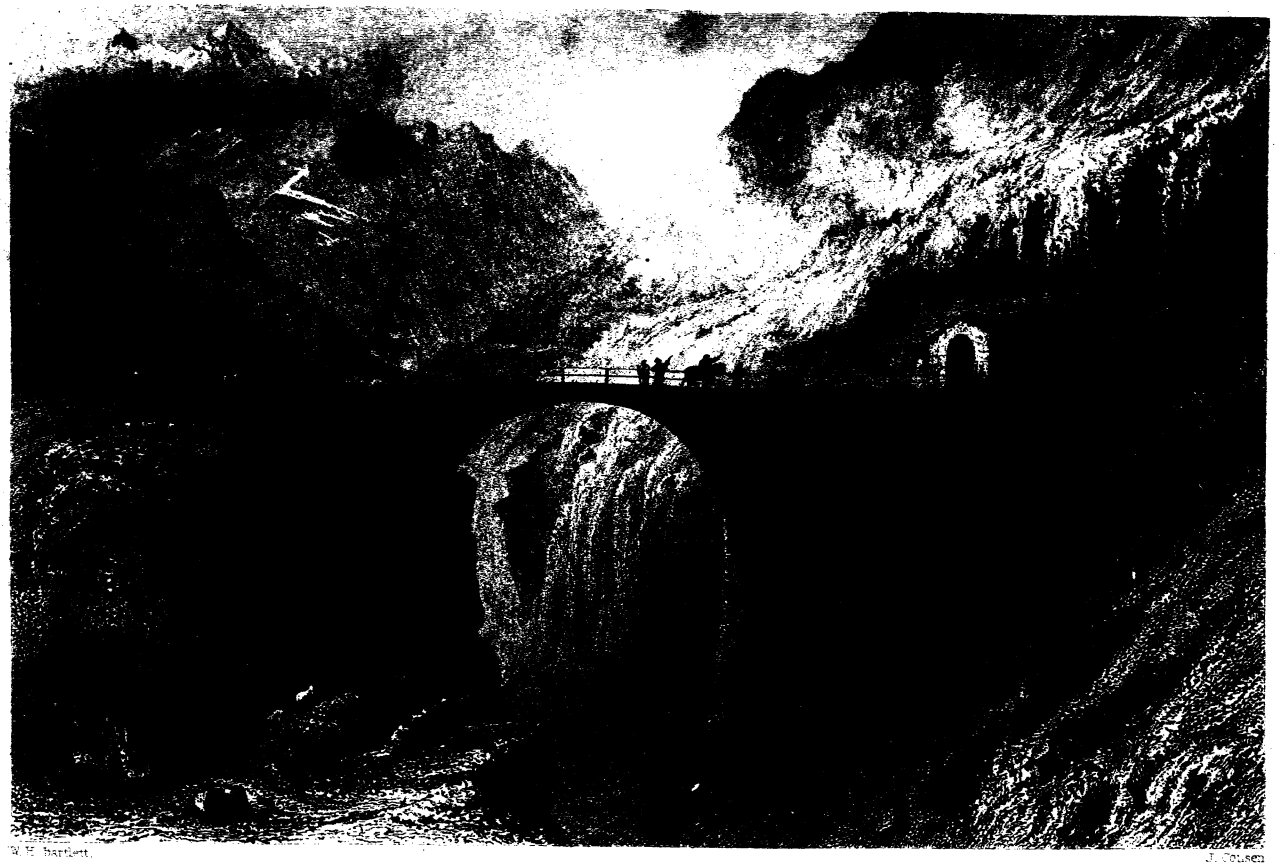
And it was quite as well she did so; Jenny certainly won't do for our subject, for she is an opera singer, and Sharpe's Magazine ignores theatricals, *et hoc genus omne*;—but positively, in hunting for a subject, we seem to have written our postscript, at least such part of it as does not relate to business.

In that line we have a few trifles to dispose of. First, we are forced to come forward with a low obeisance, and apologize for the melancholy fact, that in the present number there is no "Story of a Family." We have remonstrated with the talented authoress as strongly, and in as energetic language as we *dare* use to a lady-contributor, and she has replied by declaring that the present delay was quite unavoidable, and promising amendment for the future.

Secondly, we have received a decidedly singular epistle, purporting to come from two brothers, and bearing the post-mark "Plymouth." The only object we can discover in this remarkable document is, to induce us to reply to it in our postscript. When we first read it, we were ill-natured enough to determine to say nothing about it, on the plea, that "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*," but we are benevolently disposed this morning, and beg our friends, the Plymouth brethren aforesaid, to accept our best thanks for the hearty laugh afforded us by their exquisitely absurd effusion. One thing we cannot credit,—no sponsor could have been so cruelly sarcastic as to call the *frère aîné* Solomon.

Amongst the books sent for review, we have received "Letters to an Undergraduate," by the Rev. Charles Clarke. These letters, as the author himself states in the preface, do not contain any very new or striking ideas; but they set forth useful and important, though well-known truths, in a clear and sensible manner; the writer is a man of education, and a gentleman, and his remarks are well calculated to excite those to whom they are addressed, to emulate him in these particulars.—The fourth letter, in which the use and abuse of "time" is treated of, and the sixth, in which the subject of "debt" is discussed, and the inconveniences and miseries attendant on pecuniary embarrassments are clearly and forcibly pointed out, appear to us the best executed, and most useful of the collection. We recommend this little book to the attention of all "Governors" about to launch their sons on the troubled ocean of college-life, and if the said sons refuse to profit by the advice contained in it, so much the worse for them.

"The Course of Life; a Sketch for Christian Females," is what is conventionally termed "a good book," written, we do not doubt, with a good object. Whether that object is likely to be attained by the insertion of such sentences as the following, we leave our female Christian readers to determine. "The purchase of the Linnæan herbarium and library, by our countryman, the late Sir James Edward Smith, was a beautiful family episode and a pleasing national event." "Ardour possesses a self-communicative power, and strength attracts confederacy." "High advantages may be gained from a domiciliation with erudite ecclesiastical piety." We might multiply instances, but conceive we have given enough to suggest the sort of touches by which the lights and shades in the "Sketch for Christian Females," are produced.



W. H. bartlett.

J. Cousen

BRIDGE AND AVALANCHE GALLERY, SCHEIDEGG.

W. H. Bartlett. J. Cousen.

BRIDGE AND AVALANCHE GALLERY, ST BERNARDINO.

THE AVALANCHE GALLERY.

The formation of secure carriage roads across the Alps taxed to the utmost the skill of the engineer. The ancient ways, practicable only at best for laden mules, followed the unsheltered brink of fearful precipices, liable in the winter and spring to be swept by tremendous avalanches. One of the most needful and important of the engineer's precautions was to secure his newly formed road from these desolating scourges, and this is done by the construction of strongly built galleries, with roofs sloping in the direction taken by the falling mass. It must be remarked, that the spots chiefly exposed are well known, the annual recurrence of the avalanche having worn for it a distinct channel; yet, many places are unavoidably insecure, and the mail couriers, or any other persons whose occupation forces them to traverse the passes at the perilous season, often fall victims in spite of the utmost precaution. The annals of these secluded mountains are full of hair-breadth 'scapes: the wayside cross points out the fatal spot where a falling mass of rock or snow suddenly crushed the thoughtless peasant; and as we track the narrow ravine, overhung with towering precipices, and look where the herdsman has built his humble chalet, our only surprise is, that such occurrences are not more frequent—

> "Mountains have fallen
> Leaving a gap in the clouds—and filling up
> The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters."

Who has not heard of the catastrophe of the Rossberg, and the destruction of the village of Goldau; of the fearful fate of Plurs, buried at midnight by a falling mountain so deeply, that all attempts to penetrate to its site have proved abortive? It was but the other day that the account of a similar occurrence was in all the papers.

Few impressions are more striking than the first sight of an avalanche. You are following, perhaps, the course of a playful brook through the verdant meadows and shady pine avenues of a Swiss valley, and are admiring the serene lustre of the snow-covered crests, which tower far above you into the cloudless azure, like palaces of crystal—the air is full of the sweet sounds of pastoral life, the pipe of the shepherd, the lowing of cattle, or the tinkling bell attached to their necks, as they roam over the lofty pasturages of the mountains—you are startled by a sound as of distant thunder; and turning your eyes in the direction whence it proceeds, you perceive the huge mass of snow descending like a streaming cataract from precipice to precipice, with a din the more tremendous, as in its descending impetus it encounters some fresh obstacle, some ridge of rock, which shatters it into foam. It is gone in an instant, but as you trace the ravine, you soon come upon lasting traces of its destructive violence; the pines of the forest are uptorn and scattered; huge rocks, brought down by the rushing mass, are hurled together in wild confusion, or, rolling to the utmost depth of the valley, are scattered over the narrow fields, marring the prospects of the toiling husbandmen, who labour by the erection of strong barriers to confine the destructive agent to a narrower channel.

Avalanches fall during the whole year, but those in summer are for the most part comparatively inconsiderable, consisting merely of crusts of snow, which remain on the crest of a precipice till loosened and undermined by the summer heat and thaw. Yet, these are quite sufficient to "tickle the catastrophe" of a passing tourist, as witness the following accident which happened to the writer personally, in a midsummer ramble among the mountains of the valley of Meyringhen, his object being, after visiting the fall of the Aar at Handek, to pass the night at the Hospice of the Grimsel.

The weather being perfectly serene, and the snow having entirely disappeared from the lower valleys, I deemed it quite unnecessary to take a guide; the more so, as I wished to linger at pleasure among the beautiful scenes with which the Hasli everywhere abounds. The fall of the Aar is perhaps the most striking in Switzerland, and it was late in the afternoon before I left the neighbouring village of Guttanan to ascend to the wilder regions of the mountain. The green pasturages of the valley began to disappear, the chalets to become more rare and rude in their construction; the path now grew more dreary, the pines dwarfed and scanty, till they ceased entirely, and gave place to stunted heath and spungy moss; the air felt keen and cold, and the remains of the winter's snows still clothed the rugged sides of the narrowing ravine. A curious and high-pitched bridge of one arch spanned the torrent of the Aar, swollen with the melted snows, and foaming over huge blocks fallen from the mountains above. Upon this bridge I came to a pause. On either hand rose abruptly from the stream two enormous slopes covered with snow, which hung over its precipitous banks. The path was covered, but there were two lines of footsteps to be traced; one along the course of the stream, the other rapidly ascending the mountain—apparently a shorter cut to the Hospice of the Grimsel, my evening bourne, which I knew to be not far distant. After a brief pause, I decided on following the latter. It proved more difficult than I expected, and when I had advanced, by planting my feet in the foot-holes of former passengers, to a height of about fifty feet above the stream, I halted a second time, hesitating whether, as the sun was fast sinking, it would not be rash to follow a track so steep and toilsome, without any certainty as to where it led, and whether it might not be more prudent to retrace my steps and keep to the bank of the stream, when, if out of the right path, I was at least certain of reaching some chalet where I could obtain guidance, or, if need were, shelter for the night. Perhaps it was well that I advanced no higher; for just as I had resolved to descend, and had turned round, carefully availing myself of the holes which offered a frail footing, from my slippery perch, on the smooth hard snow, to my horror, that noise I was so familiar with, though as yet at a distance, the fearful sound of the avalanche, burst upon my ear with

appalling distinctness and proximity, and, looking up the steep slope of the mountain, I perceived that a mass of snow, which had accumulated on some perpendicular precipices, was suddenly loosened from its precarious position, and in huge solid blocks and broken heaps was descending in a direct line to the spot on which I stood. Escape was impossible—the lightning flash was scarce more sudden or rapid than the resistless sweep of the avalanche. I averted my head instinctively from the first fearful shock, and thus receiving on my shoulders a violent concussion, was hurled along in the midst of the falling snow, receiving blow after blow from the loose blocks which burst as they descended, and in a moment was violently precipitated, with the entire mass, into the foaming torrent of the Aar. The instantaneous nature of the accident almost precluded any distinctness of sensation: one sole and terrible idea passed with electric speed,—that of instant entombment in the falling mass—of the most fearful and perhaps lingering of deaths—and the sadness of thus perishing in a manner unknown to those dear to me, till the discovery of my bones should solve at length the mystery of my long disappearance. While this idea was yet passing through my mind, I found myself in the foaming waters, struggling instinctively to disengage myself from the fallen snow. Happily, though from the violence of its descent it had seemed enormous in quantity, it was not so considerable as to offer any serious accumulation; some portions falling into the stream, and others breaking up among the rocks among which it was hurled, it soon left me at liberty. Hurried down by the fury of the torrent, my next care was to extricate myself from its foaming waves: grasping at rock after rock, I at length succeeded in arresting my downward career, and, dragging myself upon a ledge, stood under the raised snow-covered bank, which I succeeded in clambering up.

Trembling in every nerve, half drowned, and hatless, I regained, but a few minutes after I had quitted it, the same bridge where I had first been undecided in my course—but in a very different frame of mind. I was so stunned and confused that I could hardly realise what had passed during that eventful interval.

The sun glowed with its last rays upon the snow-covered mountains; the shadows crept solemnly up their sides, and invested them in gloom, while their roseate summits arose into the pure deep blue of heaven; the crescent moon appeared; the roar of the Aar filled the wild and quiet solitude—all was just as before the accident, save that a few broken heaps of snow, scarce perceptible, traced the path of the fallen avalanche—an insignificant occurrence in itself; yet, within a few moments, I had been menaced with a fearful fate, a feeling of the bitterness of death had passed through my agonised brain. My escape was almost by miracle, for if I advanced higher up the mountain, the additional height from which I should have been hurled would have rendered my destruction almost certain; and if carried down but a little farther by the torrent, I should have been precipitated over a cataract; had the first shock from the falling snow struck me on the head, or had I been violently dashed against the rocks of which the river was full, instead of receiving but a slight contusion, the result would have fatal. I had received a solemn and effectual warning, that when the sense of health is most exquisite, each muscle high strung with pure air and exercise, when the blood courses most joyously through the veins, and the mind is open to none but the most pleasurable impressions, even "in the midst of life we are in death," liable to be crushed in an instant by the blind working of nature, as heedlessly as the gilded insect is trodden underfoot by the unconscious traveller, unless a Providential Power is mysteriously exerted for our preservation.

The spring avalanches are the most tremendous in their consequences. Formed by the gradual accumulation of the snows of winter, saving only those portions which may be successively thrown off in a loose state, their mass is enormous, and coming down from the higher solitudes of the mountains through winding ravines with constantly increasing impetus, the rush of air alone caused by them is able to tear down the loftiest pines. Accordingly, they are the most dreaded by the hardy inhabitants of these regions. A painful instance of the desolation often inflicted by their ravages, was narrated to me by the pastor at Prali, when rambling about the Waldensian valleys.

In these primitive villages, where inns are unknown, the house of the clergyman is the only refuge of the occasional traveller, and, poor as they are, I have never known their hospitality to fail. Unlike the snug parsonage, or decent manse, the dwelling of the more remote Waldensian pastors is of the rudest character, and but a shade above the hovels of his poverty-stricken people. A stone-floored kitchen; a huge fireplace, supplied with pine logs and blackened with the smoke of half a century; an enormous *pot au feu*, never empty, in which is kept a constant supply of broth, (an *olla podrida* composed of all sorts of ingredients) is the family room, to which a more decent chamber is sometimes appended. Such was the habitation where a snow storm in the leafy month of June compelled me to remain for nearly three days. Even then, how wintry and how dreary was the landscape!—what must it be when for months the country is buried deep in snow, when no sound greets the imprisoned inhabitants but the echoing roar of avalanches and the dreary wail of the snow-storm, and when the pastor, in the performance of his ministrations of mercy and love, (and how precious are they to so forlorn and scattered a population!) must encounter a thousand perils to which habit alone can render him indifferent—the attack of wolves, the whelming avalanche, or the icy *tourmente*, or hurricane, that may instantly, as my guides have assured me, freeze up the springs of life, or, at the least, lay the foundation of some incurable malady?

Here is an adventure, simply and quaintly told by one of these indefatigable men. "Setting out alone," he says, "from Prali, one Sabbath at daybreak,

to perform the first service of the day at Rodoret, at about a German league from thence, as I was crossing the hill called the Tracenea, I was encountered by such a furious hurricane of wind, that I was for a long while rolled to and fro in the snow, in which I lost my hat; but when I had reached the village of La Ville, David Guigon, an ancient pastor, having lent me another, I went on my way. But as my head had been well soaked in the wet snow, it was not long before it was covered with a nightcap of ice, with which I was compelled to go forward. When arrived at Rodoret, I *thawed my poor head a little before the fire*, but this did not hinder but that some weeks after I was laid upon my back, and so roughly handled by an imposthume, that all the doctors counted me for dead: my ears so greatly swollen that they were thicker than my two fingers, my jaws so firmly closed that it was not possible to get my teeth open to pour a spoonful of soup into my mouth; so that, to do so with a silver pipe, the Sieur Laurens, my uncle, thought good to break one of my side teeth, 'Because,' said he, 'God is all-powerful to raise him up, even yet; and then he will want again his *fore teeth for the work of preaching*.'" The good pastor of Prali told me of not a few hair-breadth 'scapes of his own, but the saddest event that had occurred in his experience was one recorded in a book which he kept to chronicle the short and simple annals of his village—the births, marriages and deaths, times of scarcity, or the few more marked occurrences which occasionally broke the monotonous course of their secluded existence.

It was at the most dangerous season of the avalanches, about the end of March, 1832, that eighteen men from Prali having gone down several miles into the lower valleys to seek work, were about to come home to their own families, when a heavy fall of snow, by adding its additional momentum to the winter avalanches which had not yet fallen, as well as by blocking up and impeding the path, rendered their return a matter of considerable peril. Unfortunately, the very circumstance that increased this peril was one which rendered them most anxious to get back, lest the additional weight of snow heaped upon their cottages should, as often happens, crush in the roof, and bury their wives and children. But the apprehensions which would deter an ordinary traveller are either unknown to these hardy mountaineers, or have but little influence when any object is at stake. They were, besides, well acquainted with the path, and knowing where each considerable avalanche (which always falls in the same channel) makes its annual descent, they were enabled to take the needful precautions against being surprised by it. In fact, they had surmounted every obstacle, and joyfully advanced till within sight of the clocher of Prali, and their snow-buried habitations. Here occurred an incident which, as in my own case, shows upon what trifling circumstances—upon what mere moments of haste or of delay—our frail existence is suspended. The path lay along the brink of the torrent, and was covered by the recent and heavy fall of snow, which had formed so thick an overhanging crust that the older and more wary of the band hesitated at keeping the usual track, lest by their weight the brittle mass should give way, and precipitate them into the boiling current. The younger and more reckless, on the contrary, eager to reach the homes they could already catch sight of, urged the bolder course; and while the dispute grew warm, the unhappy disputants forgot that they were in the very pathway of the last and most tremendous of the avalanches to which they were exposed—one which, coming down from the higher solitudes of the mountain, brings down with it an enormous quantity of debris and snow. At length, weary of the dispute, and impatient to proceed, the younger men rushed angrily forward—the rest impulsively followed: the angry sound of their voices had hardly ceased, when a fearful cry issued from the foremost—'On your faces, for your lives! Good God, the avalanche! the avalanche is upon us!' Over those behind, who instantly followed the advice, passed merely the outer and looser portion of the falling mass, but the entire accumulation of a whole winter swept down the foremost thirteen, and hurling them into the torrent, buried them deep under a solid and immovable mass of snow.

As soon as the five who had thus almost miraculously escaped had recovered from their terror and confusion, they hastened to the relief of the others; one of them hurrying to the village to spread the sad tidings, and obtain assistance. The whole of the inhabitants were soon on the spot, labouring with the energy of friends or relatives to extricate their fellow villagers. But all their efforts were in vain; the solidity of the mass of snow defied their efforts, and it was not till the second day that the bodies were successively detached—each, as it appeared, awakening a burst of agony in the bereaved relatives. "That day," said the pastor, "was the saddest ever known in Prali. Almost all the poor fellows had wives and children to mourn for them; and besides, in our little secluded community, cut off from the rest of the world, our interests and our labours are in common; and we are like one family, where every one is rejoiced or afflicted with the others. I shall never forget the dreariness of their burial day—the weeping train that followed the bodies to the grave: their desolate condition, and my own recollections of the departed, so overwhelmed me that I was scarcely able to go through the service, and was often interrupted by my tears."

Such stories are by no means uncommon, but they are confined to the remote localities of these sequestered mountains.

FABLE.—THE Sword of the warrior was taken down to brighten; it had been long out of use. The rust was soon rubbed off, but there were spots that would not go: they were of blood. It was on the table near the pen of his Secretary. The Pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little further off. "Thou art right," said the Sword; "I am a bad neighbour." "I fear thee not," replied the Pen, "I am more powerful than thou art; but I love not thy society." "I exterminate," said the Sword. "And I perpetuate," answered the Pen; "where were thy victories if I recorded them not? Even where thou thyself shalt one day be—in the Lake of Oblivion."—*From an ancient Jewish Apologue.*

STORY OF A FAMILY.[1]

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—THE FIRST SORROW.

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet."
LONGFELLOW.

IDA was no longer a child. Seventeen years and six months had done their best to rob her of that sweet name; yet of the reality which the name implies they could not rob her. Her soul was still a clear mirror, unused to reflect anything but blue skies, shadowy woods, and loving faces. She was sitting on the shore at Mrs. Chester's feet, her cheek leaning against the knee of her friend, her lap full of shells and seaweed gathered in the evening's excursion, her eyes fixed upon the waters which were slowly heaving themselves out of purple shadow into golden light, under a sky vibrating with the thousand hues of sunset, and sprinkled all over with small bright clouds, some like frosted silver, and some like fragments severed from a rainbow. Her fair hair fell backwards from a face so pure, so radiant, so placid, that you might have fancied it the countenance of some guardian angel who had never needed to weep for the sins of its human charge. The deep, almost stern melancholy which was the habitual expression of Mrs. Chester's beautiful features, contrasted very painfully with such a vision of peace. Their voices blended in the tones of a solemn melody, to which Percy had adapted words suitable to the time:—

SUNSET.

Is it the foot of God
Upon the waters, that they seethe and blaze,
As when of old he trod
The desert ways,
And through the night
Fearful and far his pillar poured its light?

Oh for quick wings to fly
Under the limit of yon dazzling verge,
Where bright tints rapidly
In brighter merge,
And yet more bright,
Till light becomes invisible through light!

What wonder that of yore
Men held thee for a deity, great sun,
Kindling thy pyre before
Thy race is run,
Casting life down
At pleasure, to resume it as a crown?

Or that our holier prayer
Still consecrates thy symbol, that our fanes
Plant their pure altars where
Thine Eastern glory rains,
And thy bright West
Drops prophet-mantles on our beds of rest?

Here, watching, let us kneel
Through the still darkness of this grave-like time,
Till on our ears shall steal,
A whisper, then a chime,
And then a chorus: earth has burst her prison,
The Sign is in the skies! the Sun is risen!

[1] Continued from p. 51.

"The whisper is on the earth already," said Mrs. Chester in a tone of enthusiasm, as the last notes died away; "at least," she added, sighing, "for those who can hear it."

Ida looked inquiringly into her face. "Dear Madeline," said she, "how sad you look to-night! Is there any reason?"

"Yes—no—I don't know," replied Mrs. Chester, absently; "it is my birthday, Ida, and that is a time to be grave. I am afraid of the day. Every great change which has happened to me throughout my life, has either begun or been completed on this day, and there is scarcely one of them that I would not recall if I could."

Ida took her friend's hand hesitatingly between her own, seemed about to speak, but checked herself, and after a moment's pause, said with a manner of assumed carelessness, "Was it to-day that you first came to live at Croye?"

"No, no,—yet my coming to live here—But let us talk of something else, my Ida." She spoke with effort, and turned away her face.

"Why of something else?" said Ida, persuasively, "you said once that the day might come when you would tell me all about yourself. It is not fair to keep from me the privilege of knowing why you are unhappy, when we love each other so dearly."

"But I am not unhappy, love," replied Mrs. Chester; "Why should you think so? I never said so."

"Said so!" exclaimed Ida, "but who is there that would come and look into your face, and spread out his hands, and make a bow, and say, 'Look at me! see how unhappy I am!' If I were to see such a person, I should not believe that he had the capacity for unhappiness. But you—you are lively in conversation, and grave when you think nobody sees you; you laugh openly, and sigh when you think nobody hears you; and sometimes you start and answer sharply when you are not angry, and tremble when there is nothing to be afraid of. Besides, you never throw out hints that you are not so gay as you seem; on the contrary, you delight to assure people that you are really cheerful when you seem out of spirits—indeed, I never heard you say as much about yourself before as you said just now. So the time is come, is it not, dearest Madeline? —(throwing her arms caressingly around her)—I am not a child any longer—you are going to make a friend of me?"

"You *are* both my child and my friend," replied Mrs. Chester, a few reluctant tears slowly breaking from her eyes; "but indeed this is all a mistake; you have watched me, out of your fondness, till you fancied what had no real existence. I have every reason to be grateful."

"Grateful and happy are not the same, are they?" said Ida, ponderingly.

"Ought they not to be the same?" inquired her friend.

"Why, no, I think not: surely not," answered Ida. "We may be grateful for reproof, and yet sorrowful because we deserve it. I am sure that is what I often

eel. Why do you smile? Oh! you are thinking that I deserve it, now, for pressing you to tell what you do not wish. You are not angry with me, are you?" And taking Mrs. Chester's hand, she kissed it with an expression of the gentlest humility.

Madeline embraced her tenderly; and Ida, fearful lest she was indeed obtruding her sympathy, hastened to change the subject. "You were playing Schubert to-day," said she; "the 'Lob der Thränen.' I like no music so well; why is it that you so seldom play it?"

"It is too exciting for every-day use," replied Madeline. "It would wear me to death. Beethoven is like Shakspeare—his music is objective—you are altogether lost in the composition, and in it you forget your own existence. It is as though a giant held you forcibly aloft, so that you see earth and heaven from a new and more commanding point. But there is always something personal in Schubert. He does not look down upon life, he struggles in the midst of it; and even in his conquest you are made conscious of the wounds of the battle. His expression is as intense as it is possible for it to be without losing suggestiveness—after the scena from Faust, or the Ungeduld, I require a composing draught to fit me for the common duties of society."

"Oh, it seems so different to me!" cried Ida. "I suppose that is because I have not talent for music, as you have. To me, now, such music as that seems like a wild, beautiful fairy tale, sometimes very melancholy, but then it is a sort of melancholy which gives pleasure."

"That is a child's notion of life and the world, my Ida," said Mrs. Chester, fondly. "It seems a realm of mysterious enchantments, in which the gloomiest parts are but as shadows making pleasant contrast with the light. Nevertheless, they are deep enough to bewilder those who walk among them."

"And the child's notion is, as ever," said Percy, who had approached them unobserved, "the germ of a great truth. The utmost reason can do for us is to regain, toilsomely and with loss, some of the jewels which instinct freely offered us at first, but which we suffered to escape from our hands. What could the highest Christian say of life, more than that its griefs are shadows, whose purpose is to make the light stronger and brighter?"

"The highest Christian might *say* that," exclaimed Mrs. Chester, abruptly, "but——"

She stopped as suddenly as she had spoken. Percy made no comment upon the unfinished sentence. He seemed to be preoccupied with some painful subject of thought, and sat down in silence by his daughter's side, shading his eyes with his hand.

"Papa," said Ida, after a while, as she drew closer to him and laid her head on his shoulder, "there is one thing which you forgot about the shadows."

"What do you mean, my love?" inquired her father.

"It is very dangerous to walk through them alone," replied Ida. "There must always be two, hand in hand, supporting each other. A father and daughter, for example—is not that true, dear papa?"

Percy turned his face slowly towards her, and looked at her with a grave smile. "You are right," said he; "we cannot stand alone. Better to lean on a flower than on nothing."

"But the poor flower may be crushed!" said Mrs. Chester.

"No fear of that!" exclaimed Ida. "Only try it! You will find that it is a hardy shrub, and can bear a great deal of leaning upon. It is a very bad plan to give up seeking for comfort because you are afraid of not finding it—you can but do without it after all, you know, if your search proves vain. And perhaps, if you try, and trust, you will find all you want."

"So that is your philosophy, my child," said Percy, with somewhat forced playfulness. "You think it better to make your life a series of disappointments than to do without hope."

"But *would* it be a series of disappointments?" asked Ida, looking into his face with an expression almost of fear. "Oh, papa, how sad that sounds! Surely, surely you don't mean it? How *can* we ever be disappointed in those we love?—unless, indeed," she added, "we begin by loving the wrong people, and then that is our own fault."

"But, without being 'wrong people,' as you call it, the people you love may do wrong," suggested her father; "and would not that be a disappointment?"

"It would, indeed," said Ida, gravely. "I never thought of that. But, you know, that is a grief which I might indeed cause you, but which you never could occasion me; so I suppose that is the reason of my forgetting it."

Percy coloured deeply, and bit his lip, but said nothing. He was as chary of praise to his daughter as he was lavish of affection. Not that he never praised her; but his commendations were invariably given to some effort or achievement—something which had cost labour or demanded resolution. He was in nowise addicted to those little outbursts of parental admiration which are in some families awarded to the simplest expression of character or the commonest phrase of humility. "My dear, I'm sure *I* don't know what your faults are." "Well, if *you* can't, nobody else can!" "Yes, *you* might, I dare say; but then, my love, there are not a great many people in the world like *you*," &c. &c. Let me not be supposed to ridicule the veriest extravagance, or the merest weakness of real affection. But there is a sort of conventional habit of mutual laudation which sometimes grows up in the midst of an attached family, which is *not*, in itself, real, which is only a degree removed from egotism, and which is worse than ridiculous. The habit is not real, because it is often found to exist in company with a very keen appreciation of petty faults and personal offences separately, as they occur, which somehow are resented and condemned without affecting that vague general view of the perfection of the offender which is always ready to hand when wanted; moreover, it is no guarantee whatsoever for that permanent and unobtrusive family union which grows out of forbearance, tenderness, sympathy, and

self-distrust; it is nearly egotistical, because it helps to keep up a sort of common stock of satisfaction upon which each member may draw as he requires it, and which results in a practical contempt for all *differences from* (not *inferiorities to*) the home standard; it is worse than ridiculous, because it seriously injures the characters of those among whom it exists. You can scarcely be perpetually overrated by others without learning at last to overrate yourself, or at any rate to be so accustomed to the stimulus of applause, that all viands seem flavourless without it—a great, and in such cases almost an inevitable danger. Besides, the practice of humility, always difficult enough, is rendered doubly difficult where every expression of it meets with a pleasant opposition. You must be very clear-sighted and self-disciplined indeed to be quite safe from the peril of self-deception—quite guiltless of ever blaming yourself in all candour, and then listening for the sweet melody of contradiction. Woe be to us if even the arms which we clasp about the neck of our beloved ones, shall draw them back as they labour along the upward path! Let us not indeed cling less closely—but let us cling so as to sustain and help!

Mrs. Chester was not always so cautious, but in the present instance she too was silent. She had drawn a few paces apart, and perhaps she did not hear the conversation. Her hands were clasped upon her forehead, and under their shadow she was gazing fixedly at the sea.

"Well, but, Ida," resumed her father, "there are other disappointments in affection besides faults. There are separations enough in life, before we come to the last great separation."

"Death," said Ida, her soft eyes filling with tears, as leaning on her father's knees she still looked earnestly into his face. "Oh! that is solemn and sorrowful, papa—but no disappointment—rather the light and life of hope. It is separation, you know, but not disunion, because we still pray with each other, and we love more than ever. I was at the grave to-day," (happy Ida! she knew but of *one* grave,) "and I watered the myrtle, and hung a circlet of roses upon the white cross; so I have still that little service to render—and can you doubt that he still loves us in Paradise!"

"You speak bravely and truly, my child," said Percy; "you could then be content to be thus parted from those you love—from me?"

Her face was hidden on his breast, her arms twined closely about his neck, as, nearly inarticulate with sudden weeping, she murmured "Oh! no, no, no."

There was a momentary expression of anguish in his eyes, but it passed as quickly as it came, as, gently disengaging himself from her embrace, he said, "God keep my darling from all trials that she has not strength to bear! Ought I not rather to say, God strengthen her to bear whatever trial He pleases to send? However, I did not mean to bring these foolish tears—there, dry them, and think no more of them—you see it is easier to *say* than to *do*. Come, is the sky bright again?" She looked up, smiling. "That is right; now listen attentively, for I have a history to tell you."

Ida resumed her former posture, and her father thus continued, speaking at first rapidly, but afterwards with more deliberation; "You know I have told you before, that in my youth I did much that was wrong. I pleased myself, and thought only of myself, and forgot God's service. But I never told you how it was that I began to repent." He paused a moment—this was a subject to which he had only once referred, and the shame in his daughter's face was even keener than in his own; yet she drew closer to him, and put her hands into his, as though she feared it might be possible for him to think that she could feel one instant's transitory impulse of condemnation. "When—when your—your mother died," he proceeded, "I had a very severe illness; a brain fever. I was for several weeks in great danger, sometimes without consciousness, oftener in a state of delirium. During the whole of this time I was sedulously and tenderly nursed by a friend who scarcely ever left my bed-side, though the fever was supposed to be of an infectious nature. His name was Nesfield. He was a man of high family, good fortune, and very eccentric character; full of warm kind feeling, though, as you will see from the sequel, destitute of principle. He used to spend hour after hour in trying to soothe and relieve me; he told me afterwards that I kept my hands tightly clasped upon a small book which no persuasion would induce me to relinquish—it was my wife's—one of her few English books, a St. Thomas à Kempis. Once when I was asleep he took it out of my hands, and the next time that my delirium recurred, it came into his head to read aloud a portion of this book and see whether it would produce any effect upon me. I wept, laid myself down quietly, and listened like a child—ah, how often I had heard it before! How often, in the cool night time, I had listened to her voice as she read it aloud, slowly, and with her sweet foreign accent, to the maid who was loosening and arranging her abundant hair before she went to rest! She did not guess that I was hearing; and I heard only the music of the accents, and thought nothing of the words, which had, however, hidden themselves in some shady nook of memory, and now came forth to move me to tears. One passage which she had been accustomed to read oftener than the rest came back to me with special force, and fixed itself in my thought, so that, even when my mind was wandering, I used to repeat it over and over again unweariedly. *She* had returned to it so often out of her care for the girl who waited upon her—an Englishwoman who had suffered much sorrow, and who when she first came to us was dejected and gloomy, though not afterwards—how could she be in that sunshine? These were the words:—

"'*There will come an hour when all labour and trouble shall cease.*

"'*Poor and brief is all that which passeth away with time.*

"'Do in earnest what thou doest; labour faithfully in My vineyard; I will be thy reward.

"'Write, read, chant, mourn, keep silence, pray, suffer crosses manfully; life everlasting is worthy of all these, yea, and greater combats.

"'Peace shall come in one day, which is known unto the Lord, and it shall be not day nor night (that is, of this present time), but everlasting light, infinite brightness, stedfast peace, and secure rest.'

"What strength and refreshment to the weary in those words! what a trumpet-note for the slothful! what a solemn organ-strain for the devout! How her voice rose, how it *kindled*, as she read them!"

He stopped suddenly, and covered his face for a few moments. Rarely, indeed, did he suffer such agitation to be noticeable. Ida was listening too eagerly to weep; when he paused she covered with kisses the hand which still rested between her own, and soon he turned to her again, smiled, and continued his story in a changed and more self-restrained manner.

"Well, dearest, I began to recover. For many days I lay on my bed, powerless as an infant, unable to speak or move, but with those words ringing in my ears like the tones of a low distant chant heard if you stand by the churchyard-gate at the time of evening prayer. I was still outside the gate, but I longed to enter, and a new, living self-reproach was busier at my heart than grief itself. The first news I heard when I was able to leave my room, was that Nesfield was dying of the same disorder—caught, so it was supposed, in attendance upon me; and I was not able to go to him. What an ingrate I felt myself!"

"Oh, no, no, papa!" cried Ida, "do not use such a word; your heart was with him, though your body could not be."

"My heart was nearly broken," replied Percy, "I was in utter despondency. I had no physical strength to fight against despair, no habit of faith or discipline to enable me to resist it. I was conscious of past evil in myself, but felt no courage to amend. I gave myself up without a struggle. A vague heathen notion of doom was in my mind—of doom fixed, inevitable, terrible. I was like one who swings downward in the grasp of some mighty torrent, and knows that the abyss to which he is hurrying is a whirlpool, which will crush him as a child crushes a shell between its fingers. A hundred hands are stretched out to help him, but the blackness of darkness is upon the heavens, and he cannot see one of them. A hundred voices cry to him, but the roar of the water is in his ears, and he hears no other sound. Then there comes into the sky one little star, pale and tender, and by its twinkling light he sees the rope on the surface of the waves, grasps it, and is drawn to shore. It was the little star that saved him. They brought *you* to me, my Ida: when they feared that I was sinking into that worst kind of madness, to which speech and motion are impossible, and life is nothing but a dreary stupor, they brought my little star to me. The first pressure of your tiny, aimless fingers upon my cheek—the first look into your dreamy, innocent, blue eyes—*her* eyes—and I was saved. I wept freely, and after that there was no fear of madness, for I felt that there was something to live for."

Ida's face was hidden in his lap, and she wept unrestrainedly. "Oh, what happiness!" murmured she, as soon as she could speak. "And I was thinking, all the while, what a burden I must have been to you!"

Her father smiled in silence, and after a moment, continued—"As soon as it was practicable, I went to Nesfield, and had the happiness of finding him out of danger, though as feeble as I had myself so lately been. I need scarcely tell you, that I did not leave him till he was completely recovered. One day he placed a sealed letter in my hand, desiring me to keep it, and open it in case of his death. He seemed about to say more, but checked himself, and merely added, that it had weighed much on his mind in the intervals of his delirium, that he had not already taken this step; but now, he was relieved, for that he could trust implicitly to me, to act on the information contained in the paper. I pledged my word to him, and no more passed between us. When he was quite well, I offered to return it to him, but he refused to receive it. "Keep it," said he; "perhaps if I die twenty years hence it will be as necessary as it is now." About a year after this he asked my services as second in a duel. I acceded so long as there was hope of reconciling the combatants, but when I found this to be quite impracticable, I declined to act any further with him. He was bitterly offended. It was a hard trial to me—but imagine how grateful I felt for being permitted so soon to make a sacrifice—so early in my penitence to be able to make some little atonement for past self-indulgence! Nevertheless, it was a great grief to me. I tried to obtain his forgiveness in every possible way, but in vain. He would not see me; he returned my letters unopened, and we have never met since!"

"Ah, papa!" exclaimed Ida, "what a hard-hearted, cruel man! And yet he nursed you so tenderly, I must love him! How could he be at once so bad and so good?"

"My child, he was without the principle of obedience to God's law," replied Percy; "all that he did was from feeling; and so when the angry impulse was stronger than the kind impulse, he yielded to it at once."

"Papa, I could understand that quite well in a heathen," said Ida, "but it seems so unnatural for a Christian to live by impulse. *Was* he a Christian?" she added, with a wondering, puzzled expression.

"We will not judge him," said Percy, solemnly; "He is in God's hands. He is dead."

"Dead!" repeated Ida, with a look of terror, clasping her trembling hands.

"Even so," returned her father, "he died quite suddenly; a fit seized him while out hunting—he was brought home and died the next morning. He was

perfectly insensible till the very moment of death, when he opened his eyes, and with great effort pronounced my name twice. I trust it was an emotion of forgiveness. One of the persons who was present, and who happened to be a mutual friend, communicated immediately with me. I received the intelligence a week ago, and, of course, I then opened the letter, which I have now had in my possession seventeen years.

"And it contained——" exclaimed Ida, breathlessly.

"A very few words, but of astonishing import—I have it here;" he took the paper from his pocket, and read what follows:—"'If I should die, I desire your protection for my wife and child, now resident at the convent of Santa Fé, near ———, under the name of Gordon. Their existence is known to no living being but myself, nor will it be revealed till my death.—James Nesfield." This was all. The letter which brought the news of his death contained no allusion whatever to his marriage, but speaks of a cousin in England as his next heir. It also informs me that among his effects was found a sealed box, with these words written upon the lid, '*To be burned in case of my decease.*' A pencil had been afterwards drawn across this inscription, and my name written below, also in pencil—apparently this was one of his last acts. A very solemn duty devolves upon me, and one which I am of course bound in a special and most impressive manner to execute. I must endeavour to find this unhappy lady and her child if alive, or to procure sufficient evidence of their death. They are given into my charge as it were from the grave, and I dare not neglect for a moment the task thus imposed. Of course, my first step must be to visit the convent—it is in Syria—and to learn all that I can on the spot. Afterwards I must proceed to Delhi, where my friend died, and open the box, which has been kept untouched till my orders are received concerning it, and in which I hope to find the certificate of the marriage."

Ida listened with the deepest interest. "And why was the marriage kept secret?" inquired she.

"I fear, from motives of pride; but, of course, this can only be conjecture," replied Percy hesitatingly, and looking at her with an expression of inquiry.

Ida mused a little, and then looked up at her father. "And when do we set off?" asked she.

Poor Ida! What a child she still was! All that careful and tender preparation—all that elaborate prelude of suppositious sorrows—it had just gone for nothing! It never occurred to her that her father had been trying to break to her, as cautiously as he could, a piece of sorrowful news; that he had not been working upon her feelings without cause, but in order to soften if possible the blow which he was about to inflict. This could not have escaped a Woman—one whose education had advanced even a little way under that stern preceptor, Life—but Ida was a Child. In the interest of the story, she had lost all recollections of its purpose, and of the conversation which preceded it. Childhood is supposed to lose much suffering because it anticipates none; did those who thus judge ever think of the cruelty and bitter suddenness of a new and unimagined grief?

"My dearest child," said Percy, with the quiet and tender firmness habitual to him, and from which there was no appeal, "I cannot take you with me."

Ida started; the idea of resistance, even of the resistance of supplication, never once occurred to her, but it was very hard to bear. Yet, with her whole heart full of sympathy, love, and obedience, how could she once think of herself? It was of her father she had been thinking, for him she had been feeling, and she could not change in a moment to self-indulgence and self-pity: her impulse was to crush by a quick effort every thought that could add to his pain, to conquer her own emotion, as it were by violence, for his sake. She would not let him see that it grieved her—she would put a cheerful face upon her misery; this was a holy deception. So she looked up at him, with eyes straining to keep themselves free from tears, white cheeks, and lips quivering with a painful smile, and asked gently, "And where am I to go?"

"You will be at Evelyn Manor, my love," replied her father; "your aunt Melissa has kindly promised to take charge of you during my absence. I hope to return before that eighteenth birthday of yours, to which we have been looking forward so long, when the whole family is once more to assemble at Evelyn. I shall write to you very often."

Ida drew her breath with a quick, sobbing sound, but was silent. Mrs. Chester approached and put her arm round her waist. "My dear Mrs. Chester," said Percy, "you will not, I am sure, refuse to accompany Ida. It would be so hard for her," he added, dropping his voice, "to go at once among strangers. I am sure I may reckon upon you in this?"

Madeline coloured violently, and her manner expressed a singular hesitation. "I am so unused to society," said she; but a look at the wan trembling Ida overcame her reluctance. "I will go; yes, I will go," she added; "but I must be allowed to live in retirement, and when you return, I must come home before the family party assembles." She spoke abruptly and with much agitation.

"You shall do exactly as you please," answered Percy with some surprise; "I am sorry to urge upon you a step from which you appear to shrink, but——"

Mrs. Chester raised her hand, as if deprecating further discussion of the subject. "It is enough," said she, almost sternly, "I will go."

Percy turned to his daughter, and folded her silently in his arms. She shook from head to foot. "When?" said she hastily, she could articulate no more. "God bless my darling child!" was his solemn answer. She dropped upon her knees, and once more those dear hands were laid gently upon her head; once more was she clasped in those venerated arms and held to that loving heart, and—he was gone! Madeline led her to her room, and wisely judged it best to leave her for a little while alone. As she descended the stairs

she saw Percy in the hall; he beckoned to her, and when she came to him, said hurriedly—

"I am a coward; I despise my own weakness, but cannot conquer it. I *cannot* tell her—perhaps, too, it is not necessary yet. But, Mrs. Chester, you must pledge me your word not to leave her. I have reason to believe that I carry within me the seeds of a mortal disease: it will, most probably, be long before it makes itself apparent; but it *is* possible that—that—it may be necessary to write to her and inform her of it. You are to her almost a mother; she is a tender child; I cannot leave her, even though it is my duty to do so, unless I know that you will be with her. Will you give me your word to remain with her till I return—or, if God so will it, till I die? You understand me; will you pledge your word for this?"

His manner was almost fierce in the impetuosity of its earnestness, and he had taken both Madeline's hands in his own, and kept his eyes fixed on her agitated face. "I will," said she, faintly; "I do. What am I that I should refuse any sacrifice for *her?* But God preserve you to her!"

Percy wrung her hands warmly, and adding a few hasty words about avoiding the pain of a farewell interview, left her.

Madeline was perfectly calm when she joined Ida an hour afterwards, and they passed the first part of the night in prayer and weeping. Towards morning the exhausted girl fell asleep, and her friend watched by her side; all was still, save for the uneasy breathing of the slumberer who lay on the bed, her head pillowed on her arm, and the tears still undried upon her burning cheek. The gray light of dawn was beginning to spread its pale, cold tints over the room. Madeline went to the window; it was a cloudy morning, and a fog lay heavy upon the distant sea, the foliage of the trees was all uncurled by damp, the earth looked black, and the grass sent up a white steam. Before the door a servant was holding a horse, and in another moment Percy came forth. He looked neither right nor left, up nor down, but straight before him; his step was quick and firm; he sprang on his horse, touched its shoulder with the whip, and, without a word to the bowing groom, rode off at speed. Madeline looked involuntarily towards the bed. Ida had changed her position, and there was a lovely smile on her face, as though her dream was a happy one. She turned and softly kissed the pillow, then crossed her hands over her bosom, and murmured, still sleeping, between her smiling lips, "Peace, peace!" It is an angel who guides!

"Now at thy pleasure roam, wild heart,
In dreams o'er sea and land;
I bid thee at no shadows start:
The Upholder is at hand."

NATURE AND USES OF FIRE.

WHILST sitting near a blazing fire, listening to the storm without, and thinking of the sailor on the tossed waves of the North Sea, or of the Laplander cowering in his hut of snow, we are fully prepared to appreciate the comforts which *fire* bestows upon men. At such a time the imagination could present few ideas more terrible than the supposition of a world without fire,—unless indeed the earth be supposed to be one vast garden of Eden, in which storm, snow, and ice were strangers.

There are some aids to human happiness, which have for so many ages shed gladness upon all nations, that we really cannot imagine the world to have ever wanted them; whilst in respect to others we *can* picture to ourselves a period of deprivation, though far beyond all memory. Thus, we can sit down in our libraries and speculate on a world *without books*—when not a single volume of the vast host of octavos, quartos, and folios which now salute us, existed. A most ugly condition of things, of course, when ink was unknown and pens a mystery, but very conceivable of the days when Adam was young, and Cain and Abel in their infancy. We feel convinced there was a period when ships, steam-boats, railways, and bude-lights were unknown; and when even the tailor and shoemaker were very different beings from their successors in Regent-street. But how different are our notions with respect to fire! That seems coeval with the earth itself; and the idea that it was *discovered* scarcely ever enters our minds. We therefore never inquire respecting the year, day, and hour in which fire was first made the property of the human race. When, however, we begin to reflect on the matter, we feel that in all probability fire was discovered; for it seems too much to assume that the first man found it provided for him in that mysterious home assigned him by his Maker. But, if not so prepared, it must quickly have been discovered; as we soon read, in the most ancient history of human progress, that one of the descendants of Cain was a skilful metallurgist:[1] an art which must have required a knowledge and an application of fire—indeed it was *impossible* to possess iron without the use of fire. But *how* was the discovery made? and by whom? These are questions which we shall not attempt to answer, simply because we *cannot;* (how truly unassuming!) but we are not surprised that the ancients escaped from the difficulty by supposing that it was brought directly from heaven. Thus arose the fable of Prometheus, which Æschylus, the grandest of the Grecian tragedians, has expanded with all the majesty and sublimity of the heroic drama in the Prometheus Vinctus. Some may deem this fable unworthy the attention of reasonable men, who see little in the idea of a man bringing fire from heaven concealed in a cane, to excite admiration. Perhaps Æschylus supposed he was doing something sublime when he represented his hero Prometheus as bringing the mysterious fluid from the homes of the gods; and it certainly shows that the ancients imagined fire to have been bestowed upon mankind by the Divinity. This notion, of course, supposes that the discovery was not the result of human labour or wisdom; but the fable may also be supposed to

(1) Gen. iv. 22. "Tubal Cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and *iron*."

intimate that the knowledge of this wonderful agent dawned upon man from one of those singular events called *accidents*, which may often truly be deemed to come from God. Let us therefore admit that fire was the result of an *accident*,—so men will call such events,—and leave all further speculation on its origin, to consider *the nature* and uses of so universal an agent.

The *nature* of fire! "What a profitless subject!" some may exclaim, whilst they suggest that an inquiry into all the words spoken by a mummy three thousand years ago would be quite as rational a pursuit. Some readers will, on the contrary, smile at the facility of our attempt; seeing nothing mysterious in the element which excited the marvels of the ancients, and led men to become the worshippers of fire. *What*, then, is this element? Is it a simple or a compound body? a mysterious incomprehensible fluid, or a thing which we can weigh and examine like any common substance? Had such questions been proposed to the ancient Persians, their answers would doubtless have referred us to the world of mysteries and marvels for its origin, and we should have been answered with mystic hymns in praise of the inscrutable element, instead of explanations and reasonings. But Nature has in these latter ages opened the long hidden magazines of her deep treasuries, and revealed to men the things which have been veiled for a thousand ages. Thus we can now really answer the question, What is fire? It is not a simple fluid, as we may be inclined to suppose, when observing the burning of a piece of coal or wood: for fire is really a compound substance, being produced by three totally distinct elements, the union of which is called flame or fire. Thus, when a candle is burning, the flame arises from an union of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, neither of which would by itself produce fire. Hydrogen will extinguish flame, for no sooner is a blazing substance plunged into this gas than it goes out; on the other hand, oxygen *supports* combustion, ignited bodies burning with great brilliancy in it. Let, however, the two gases be united, and then the one which destroys flame, and the other which refuses to burn by itself, unite their singular agencies to *make* flame. So intense is the heat produced by the co-operation of the two fluids, that not only metals, but the hardest rocks, are melted with rapidity; and the astonished spectator sees flint and sapphire melted into glass, whilst even the diamond disappears before the intense glow. Such are the effects produced by the operation of the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe.

One fact which here deserves remark is, that these same two gases, which thus produce such heat, do also form water. That this fluid and fire should be composed of the same two elements, must be surprising to all who look at the vast difference between a fountain of water and a jet of fire; and few would at first suppose that the bubbling brook which flows by the village lane, is formed from the same invisible substances which, when properly combined, produce the destructive element which burnt down great part of the metropolis in the reign of Charles II. Yet nothing can be more true, than that water and fire are formed of the same gases, oxygen and hydrogen. How wonderful are the influences which thus combine to effect such opposite results, when we see on the one hand water, and on the other fire, produced by the same gases! Thus it is that extremes meet in nature; and the ocean itself is united to flame, which seems to the common eye so totally unconnected with the element filling up the basins of the Atlantic and Pacific.

How forcibly do such facts prove the inability of the unaided senses to detect the mysteries of the physical universe, or to comprehend the nature of the most common fact! The mind with its powers must be called in to correct the misjudgments of the eye, and prevent our keenest senses from betraying us into delusions. For ages men believed that water was a simple substance, but science at last revealed to her patient scholars the fact, that the far spreading oceans, and the streams which traverse continents, are but combinations of oxygen and hydrogen gas. How sturdily did not the senses contend for the sun's motion round the earth; and how positive are these pragmatical senses still, in matters placed beyond their grasp! The study of natural effects, therefore, tends to show the unsoundness of the common remark, that "seeing is believing." No doubt there is a sense in which this venerable motto is strictly true, and in all such cases, woe to the man who despises it! but there is also a region of facts and causes with which the proverb has no concern at all—that is, in the *usual* acceptation of the above wise saw: for it may be said that *all* things believed are *seen*; and seen by the *mind*, which has an eye keener than that of the body. How much more, for instance, does the scientific man see in the flame of a candle, than the untaught! though the latter may fancy he *sees* as much as the former. But the one has two modes of seeing, by the senses and the intellect; whilst the other has but one.

Those who wish to test the relation between fire and water, may easily do so by the following cheap and simple process:—put some water into a bottle, and also some iron filings; in a short time the iron will separate the water into its two elements, by attracting the oxygen to itself, and setting free the hydrogen. As this latter escapes from the bottle through a small tube fixed in the cork, it will take fire, if a candle or match be applied to the escaping gas. Thus fire may be produced from water. If a little sulphuric acid be added to the water, this will cause the hydrogen to form with rapidity, and tend to the more complete success of the experiment.

Having now explained the nature of flame, as a *compound* and *visible* fluid, produced from the union of oxygen and hydrogen gases, and having also stated its close relationship to water, we must proceed to notice the various uses and effects of this substance. Two distinct uses must at once be suggested to the reader, who may regard flame either as a *light* or a *furnace*—as contributing to the security of populous

cities, and the comfort of our dwellings, by producing a species of artificial day; or as aiding the operations of the mechanic at a thousand forges.

Let us first view it as a *light*. If a person wished to see some impressive illustration of the great results produced on society by *physical* means wisely employed, he could not take a better lesson than the crowded streets of London would afford in some dark night during winter. Dark, we mean, as far as nature is concerned, for amidst the blaze of light which pours from almost countless lamps, all thoughts of gloom are banished. What is the *moral* effect of this? In the first place, the business of life is carried on with an advantage and safety nearly equal to the facilities afforded by daylight. Thus the wealth of the nation, and the prosperity of tens of thousands, are increased by so simple an agent as a mass of flame dispersed through miles of pipes, and escaping through myriads of little burners. Perhaps some speculative reader may here exclaim, "Ay, very true all this; but see how terribly mercenary this makes us; what facilities are hereby created for that ceaseless whirl of competition which leaves man no rest between the cradle and the grave!" But does not this kind of objection apply to every advance in the arts and sciences, to every improvement which adds to human power, or diffuses human intelligence? All the progress in machinery, navigation, chemistry, and printing itself, might be attacked by any person who has an eye for the evils only of life. What increased excitement and competition did not the discovery of America occasion! What struggles have been produced and are yet to be produced by printing! But who wishes there had been no Columbus, or no William Caxton? Let us rather admire the vast effects which mind, acting upon matter, produces in the moral and political world. In contemplating, therefore, the gas-lights which banish darkness from great cities, we shall be wise if we reflect on the influence exercised over the destinies of society by the application of flame to the lighting of our towns and houses.

The moralist, also, may see much here to engage his thoughts, for these silent burning lights are aiding his labours by preventing the crimes to which darkness offers a temptation. Let any one who doubts this read the accounts of the state of things in London in old times, when the link-boy was necessary to enable the passenger to track his path through the dark streets, at the corners of which desperate foot-pads lurked for the approach of some passenger whom business or pleasure had forced out. Such times were the golden ages of burglars, who did nearly as they pleased during the period between sunset and sunrise. Who now fears lest he should be knocked down and deliberately robbed and beaten in Cheapside, Fleet-street, or the Strand, even if he should be out hours after sunset? Now, this change in the social state has not arisen simply from alterations in police arrangements, but from the additional security given to persons and property by a well-lighted city. The man who first observed the burning of the gas-jets in a coal mine, little suspected the moral importance which that very species of flame would exercise in subsequent ages. Perhaps even Mr. Murdoch, who first drew public attention to the use of gas in lighting towns, did not anticipate the importance to which his improvement would so rapidly rise. In the year 1792, he erected a small gasometer for use on his own premises; ten years after, the population of Birmingham poured out in thousands to witness his brilliant illumination at Soho, when peace was proclaimed; but in the year 1848 the brilliant lights are familiar to all inhabitants in our second and third class towns. Such is one aspect in which fire or flame may be viewed, as the producer of light, and the creator of numberless aids to civilization.

Another series of advantages derived by mankind from fire must be looked for in the furnaces, which render such powerful aids to the arts and manufactures. From the first rude forge worked by the half civilised artisan of ancient times, to the present elaborate machinery of the modern foundry, we may trace a succession of influential agencies, called into being by fire alone. The high triumphs of the steam-engine owe their beginnings to the combustion of two gases; and from the workings of fire have sprung half the arts which have shed a splendour over human life.

Whether we consider the savage of the South Sea islands, hollowing out by fire the trunk of an ancient tree for a canoe, or the disciplined shipwright of Europe, calling to his aid the furnaces of Portsmouth or Cronstadt, we shall see diversified illustrations of fire in its action as the helper of human skill. After a survey of these influences, effected by this promethean fluid, we must not fail to remember, that the union of two gases is the cause of so mighty a power. Thus from two invisible forms of nature one sensible power is drawn, which has had more effect on the progress of physical science than any other element.

To discuss the effects produced by the internal fire, which in all probability is operating every moment beneath the crust of the globe, would lead us far beyond the limits prescribed to an article. We hear the powers of this agent in the roar of the earthquake, and see its energies in the volcanic eruptions of a Hecla or an Etna; but a detailed account of such vast dynamical workings must not be attempted in this place. Having therefore confined our observations to the *nature* of fire, and its general *effects* on arts and civilization, we here close these brief remarks, remembering that if a great book is a great evil, a long article may also be amongst the "calamities" of readers, if not of "authors." W. D.

WORDS FOR HANDEL'S "HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH."

J. M. W.

I.

Slowly stealing, see the shadows ever lengthening as they fall,
Till the melancholy midnight spreads her mantle over all.

II.

Over all, but that bright region, low down in the western sky,
Where the sun-god's smile hath kindled golden hopes that will not die.

III.

Glowing with a burnished brightness, steadfast through the gloomy night;
That one tract of heaven remaineth, waiting for the morning light.

IV.

Surely comes the morrow's dawning; surely comes the sun-god's smile:
To the darkened soul light cometh, wait we but a little while.

PUFFS AND PUFFING,

BY MRS. WHITE.

"Promising is the very air of the time; it opens the eyes of expectation."—SHAKSPEARE.

WHERE can we find a livelier satire upon the artificialness of society in the present day, and the credulity of mankind generally, than is furnished by a glance at the advertising columns of the newspapers, the wrappers of periodicals, and the superficies of omnibuses and perambulating vans? There all the arts by which personal as well as social appearances are maintained, are daily spread before us — the paints and pigments with which "the picture of Old Adam" is "new apparelled," as well as the other aids to pretension, which the desire to appear other than we are is constantly bringing forth. Quackery, no longer confined to mountebanks and medical empirics, has grown bold, and every where vaunts its ready made delusions; depilatories, hair dyes, bloom of roses, invisible perukes, artificial teeth "to rival nature," and Kalydor bestowing youthful freshness to the remotest period of old age — appear side by side with the last "perfect substitute for silver," "furniture on hire," and "every requisite (glass, plate, &c.) for giving parties in the first style of fashion lent by the night." Who can be sure of his neighbour's circumstances, any more than his teeth and hair? Do we know our own acquaintances? May not some one or other of them walk about, realised renovations of Messrs. Ross, Delcroix, and Le Dray? amalgamations of Gowland's Lotion, undetectable wigs, becoming spectacles, and false teeth, laced and padded in the "patent Orthospinalis," or dependent on the "chest expander" for their configuration? *O tempora! O mores!* who is safe? There must be purchasers for these wares, as well as venders; and if their sale but pay the expense of puffing, how many "disguised cheaters" "as full of cozenage as nimble jugglers that deceive the eye," masque it at prayers, and promenade, and parties daily—fictitious forms and faces, marred by the hand of time, disease, or nature, and the deficiences supplied by that of art! We would be answerable for no man, or woman either, with such a world of trickery abroad. There, an itinerant fencing master informs us, that six months drilling will "convert the rudest clown into the most perfect cavalier;" there we learn from a tailor "impressed with these important facts," that the most ungainly figure may be counteracted by a neat style of coat, and—oh secret of broad-cloth worth knowing!—that first rate quality always bespeaks the true gentleman. Could simplicity exist in these times, the child would fancy we had retrograded to the days of faëry, when good powers scattered their gifts on every side, and benignly hindered the effects of evil. There is no accident of social, nor vicissitude of natural life, that does not seem to have its antidote in these quotidian columns; or to be imprinted where all who run may read, upon the dead walls and hoardings of unfinished buildings; or staring from the sides of city omnibuses: there every ailment of the human frame may find a promised cure, every failing sense an assurance of restoration. "Do you suffer tooth-ache? Send one shilling and a postage stamp to ——, and receive by return (without fail)"—a suggestive parenthesis, by the way,—"an instant and permanent cure." Have you defective hearing? there are "organic vibrators" for every degree of sound, and which charming desideratum may be worn unseen. Then there are glasses which not only improve the sight, but the appearance; glasses with invisible rims, and of a delicate blue tint, which throws a soft shade on the complexion; and as for defects of form, they may be entirely obviated by the before-named "patent Orthospinalis," which, according to the advertisement, supports the attenuated muscles, and supplies the deficiencies of the figure.

There is a subtilty in these "jerks of invention," by which "ladies and gentlemen's repairs are neatly done," that might deceive the most sharp witted amongst us. In our grandfathers' days there was no such fine-drawing of art with nature; there was a palpableness in their seams, that showed them for what they were—patches; there was no artifice so complete as to hide itself. The ear trumpet proclaimed the condition of its wearer as plainly as trumpet could do; and the wig, far from affecting a "real head of hair," took "*any shape but that*," and seemed rather to have retrograded than improved upon the fashion of that most ancient one of Thebes, in the British Museum. "Golden oil for preventing the hair from turning gray" was not then to be had at any *price*. And as for those restoratives for baldness, "Columbian Balm," and Rowland's famed "Macassar," they had not yet become accredited agents for the purpose. When an individual became bald by nature, he fancied, with Dromio of Syracuse, there was no time for him to "recover his hair," and either paid "a fine for a peruke, and recovered the lost hair of another man," or, having no fear of phrenology before his eyes, wore meekly the tonsure of age, and made "a bald conclusion." Now nature's processes are set aside, the hoary head no longer asks our reverence, but hides the touching distinction in liquid hair dye—or, to quote the newspaper, in one of those "elegant specimens of perruquean art, which surpass nature herself." But it is not merely the personal vanity and

physical sufferings of human nature, that puffery turns to account; every disposition of the mind is appealed to; friendship, curiosity, economy, love of acquisition —each finds its separate decoy in the wily category of its allurements. The plain, straightforward tradesmanlike advertisement is rarely if ever seen. A world of words, exaggerated details, and hyperbolical description, is wasted (I was about to say) in this daily canvass for custom; but the effect argues the inference unsound; to the few practical people, who weigh them at their proper value, and regard such flowers of rhetoric as they would the blue and red blossoms in corn-fields, showy, but to no purpose, there are thousands who swallow them like a sweet draught, and are dazzled and drawn onward by them. If it were otherwise, would shopkeepers expend (as many houses, at a moderate calculation, are known to do) seven or eight thousand pounds annually upon this despicable system?

Puffs may be divided into many kinds, each having the same aim, though differently handled. There is the puff direct; the puff by insinuation; the persuasive puff; the puff upon principle; the barefaced puff; the pictorial puff; besides the literary, medical, and artist puffs, which are by no means the most artistical. We look upon "Genuine Bear's Grease!" as coming under the head of the puff direct, and that "greatest wonder of the present day, the patent llama beaver *Paletot d'hiver*," as another. The insinuatory puff implies rather than professes, and appears very often under the form of an innocent paragraph, perfectly removed from the lists of its compeers, and filling up a vacant corner of the newspaper; thus:—"No invention which ministers in a remarkable degree to the public comfort appears to escape the notice of his grace the Duke of Wellington:—the other day, for example, the venerable and gallant duke paid a visit to the warerooms of Messrs. Nicoll, of Regent-street, to inspect a new manufacture patented by the firm, and used in their registered paletot." Here the duke is made the vehicle of the tailor's advertisement, and the prelusive compliments, ostensibly meant for his grace, merge into a covert recommendation of the coat. Several specimens might be given of this species of puff, which is to be met with in almost every paper, and is a favourite form with booksellers, professional men, &c.

The persuasive puff comes roundly to the purpose, yet with so obliging a tone of civility that it seems to ask a favour, while it is cramming you to a surfeit with its vaunted merits. Thus—"All who prize a delicious cup of really good coffee are invited to call at No. —," where, according to this monition, it is only to be obtained. And the proprietor of "The pride of the West End of London," a mart for ready-made clothing—"hand-me-downs," as the Dublin boys call them—requests all who have not *yet* heard of that "Great Metropolitan Wardrobe," to take that establishment in their way on the earliest occasion, and satisfy themselves of its claims. The "Do, papa, buy me one of Ede's laboratories for teaching chemistry and mineralogy!" is an interesting species of this puff in its simplest form, and only surpassed by the ingenious brevity of "Try our 4*s.* 6*d.* black T!!" which I have on more than one occasion seen posted in a grocer's shop window in the Edgware-road. In fact, the puff persuasive is Proteus-like in its appearances. It lies perdue, in the notice of that particularly "Easy chair," which "all who sit in" are just now exclaiming about; and, anon, flourishes in triple darkness, thus—"Black, black, black!!!" —insinuating where a beautiful suit may be had at the low price of 3*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The puff upon principle, at once suggestive and stimulating, is a favourite form with the oldest puffing inhabitants. It generally resolves itself into a "Caution to Families," or appears under the head of "Duty to the Public," warning it against spurious imitations of the articles defended, only for the purpose of hugely eulogizing them. At other times it assumes higher ground, and appeals to old observances and principles; as at festival seasons, when friendship is reminded of its offerings, and inducted into the capabilities of Messrs. Mechi, Rowland, &c. for supplying them; or it invokes boldly, thus—"Exclusion from public worship is one of the deprivations inflicted by deafness; but, happily, by resorting to Dr. Scott's sonifiers, deaf persons may be restored to a participation in it." Piety and humanity go hand in hand through every line of this announcement; while the magnanimity displayed in the following is too obvious to be passed over. "Five-and-twenty ladies' and gentlemen's court dresses, of surpassing beauty, *intended to amuse and instruct* the middle classes, have just been added to Madame Tussaud's exhibition, at an enormous expense!" The disinterestedness of the action is worthy the aim, and will, we have no doubt, be so well appreciated by the public, that the experienced dealer in figures will by no means find herself out in her mental reckonings thereon.

The bare-faced puff affects no strategy; it is simply what it seems — the gasconade of tradescraft, which we laugh at while we read. Thus, "the queen's own needles with new large eyes, easily threaded even by the blind!" are more easily seen through by the public; and "the celestial skin-powder, used by her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and all the royal nursery 'pour blanchir la peau,'" has its true meaning with most of us literally conveyed in the English spelling of its Chinese name, "Meen Fun!" Who that has seen the astonishing programme of its merits, the clearness and delicacy it confers, the beauty it perpetuates, casting all other cosmetics in the shade, and leaving "kalydors and cream of roses" mere milk and water in their settings forth compared with it, could for a moment doubt the wag who christened it was laughing through the label at his dupes? Meen Fun! We should wonder if it meant anything else: its honest impudence is unique, though its promises are not, after all, much above par with other specimens of the bare-faced species. Take for instance the "*fashionable* antibilious *temper* pills of Louis Philippe," (which, by the way, were never more

necessary to him than at present,)—unlike Pandora's, the apothecary's box is, if we believe his report of it, filled with benefits, and Hope, far from being at the bottom, holds forth a threefold promise on the top, in the liberal assurance (to purchasers) of "good health, good looks, and good temper!"

For the pictorial puff we must refer our readers to the next case of "the amputation of *two more* legs prevented by the use of Holloway's pills!" or request them to glance towards the first wall privileged to bill-stickers, where in all probability the semblance of two heads, one in a sadly bald condition, the other like the "curled Antony," confront each other, while the quotation "Look on this picture, and on that!" completes the argument, and directs the eye to the cause of the result in the slaughter of a fine bear at Holborn-bars, or the purchase of a pot of Circassian cream elsewhere. Sometimes the same illustrations—with this difference, that the bald head is as much out of condition in the matter of whiskers as its pendent with Hyperion locks is well supplied with both—appear gazing at each other, the one with wondering admiration, the next with a supercilious simper and contempt, enhanced by the appearance of a volume of breath in which appear the words—"What I was, and what I am!!"

It would be an easy task to cover pages with such "modern instances" of puffs and puffing, in which, for some reason unexplained, tailors, tea-dealers, perfumers, and medical pretenders, appear to take the lead; but without adding any more examples of the *genus* art, enough has been said to show its general absurdity, and to awaken the idea, that if a corresponding amount of ingenuity, perseverance, and capital, were primarily expended in making articles worthy of public attention, their own merits would force their way without the intervention of this contemptible system; for which, by the way, let purchasers remember they have to pay in addition.

TRUTH AND POETRY.—No. I.

BY F. B.

"Truth and Poetry," read I, as I was looking over a list of books some days back. "Truth and Poetry," I repeated to myself, and thereupon fell into a state of musing. It sounded strangely, as though a difference was implied, which to my mind did not seem to exist. It looked like a severing of things that were one in essence; a putting asunder of true friends; and I asked myself presently whether it could really mean, that truth and poetry were different? Of course it all depended on that little word "and;" did it mean to distinguish the two, as though they contained separate ideas? or to imply that they were coupled together as one and the same? or to bring in the idea of poetry, as an amplification and extending of that of truth? It might be any one of these; but the first was that which occurred to me; and it seemed to be something strange and wrong. Great power indeed has that little word "and!" Yes, he is a potent magician, small though he be in size; for when we see him we know that he always implies some kind of addition; and addition always makes a difference in our state, and sometimes a very essential one. When the cup of our happiness seems just such as we wish, a very little addition will spoil it all; and when our life seems to be made up of discordant elements, so that we neither have peace in ourselves, nor in those around us, the addition of one little ingredient will make all blend together, and go on smoothly and happily. One little "and" will make the whole difference. The thing added may be brought in as an element of agreement with what went before, or of disagreement. The new notion may be only an expansion and filling up of the old idea, or it may be something totally opposed to it. Now I am very much afraid, that many people will consider the latter the case in the present instance, and will only meet me with a smile if I assert, that so far from truth and poetry standing justly in contradistinction to one another, poetry is really and essentially truth. We hear men talk every day, however, as though they considered them totally distinct. They seem to think poets are at liberty to deviate from the truth; to indulge in all kinds of out-of-the-way freaks; in any distortion of the true and real; any vagary of fancy that may please them. And so we hear them say that poets have licence, and talk of poetical exaggerations, and a great deal more to the same effect; so that with them truth and poetry stand for two quite different things.

And these sober-minded individuals look with an eye of pity and suspicion on the unlucky being who perpetrates such very shocking things, and then regard themselves with a great degree of complacency, to think that they adhere so closely to the plain matter-of-fact. Well, if they will walk upon the level, and in the highway of every-day traffic, they will go safely, perhaps, and stumble but seldom; but they who leave the beaten path, and mount to the summit of the hills, will see very many revelations of beauty bursting fresh upon them at every turn, and will know that there is a world beyond the narrow bounds to which they have been confined; and they will joy to take the bright sun and the laughing fields in exchange for the dull and hard highway, even though they do but catch glimpses of them afar off. They who hold such notions, however, expect to be treated with a very great deal of respect; they like to see things going on in a matter-of-fact jog-trot sort of way; and it would really be too bad to incommode them by attacking their old opinion, to which they cling quite as firmly as if it were true, and perhaps a little more so, inasmuch as it is a notion of their own, a little bantling which they have carefully brought up and cherished, so that it would be rather hard for them to put it away, and disclaim it altogether; though we cannot help thinking that, if we are to take their definition of poetry, however contradictory it may seem, their notion is highly poetical, seeing that it is about as far from the truth as it well

can be. For we mean to maintain that, instead of truth and poetry being opposed, they are very good friends indeed, and so knit together, that without truth there would be no poetry at all. We do not mean to deny, however, to the very respectable gentlemen who hold the aforesaid very heterodox opinion, that a great deal of stuff has gone abroad which would seem to favour their view, calling itself poetry, and boasting very nice evenly measured lines, (well counted on the fingers, probably,) and very pretty jingling rhymes, and not one word of truth; and that we have been from time to time treated with a great deal more, in which the writers seemed to have a most magnanimous disregard of all those little ornamental trifles, as they hold them to be, if we may judge by their productions; but they have made up for the want of them by inserting a vast amount of truisms, and a few very evident facts, (the said facts being, doubtless, very much lowered in the eyes of those worthy poetry despisers, and very much horrified to find themselves in such bad company, and so disreputable a guise.) And a great deal more has swaggered about with high-sounding names, and called itself fanciful and imaginative, and so on, and has not had a word of truth or poetry in it. And it is hard that poetry should be saddled with all this, and so lose its character, and seem to be divorced from truth; for all that we have spoken of has not the least claim to it, nor anything that belongs to it, except the accident of its wearing the dress in which poetry usually, though not by any means invariably, appears, and looking all the worse for its borrowed plumage.

We mean to assert, then, that there never was nor will be any poetry which was not essentially true, and that in proportion as any work falls short in truth, it loses also the beauty of poetry. By truth, however, it must be remembered that we mean truth of *nature*. A poet may and must draw upon his imagination and fancy; he may write volumes of incidents, not one of which has ever happened, and yet he shall be a poet, and an utterer of truth in its highest sense. But if he once put down that which is impossible, and contrary to the nature of things, it is no poetry; for we know what Horace said—

> "'pictoribus atque poetis
> Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas,'—
> 'Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim:
> Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia: non ut
> Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni." [1]

But it must always be borne in mind that poetry consists not in the jingling of words, and the measuring out of feet;—they are, indeed, ornaments to it, but not its constituents. Many a poet have we had who never wrote a verse in all his life; but never yet one who was not the priest of truth.

But the cause of all this error is too apparent; for men, having once left the right track, and turned away their eyes from the first end of their being, have mistaken the very goal of truth itself, and follow after wrong objects, and in a false way, till they have come by some strange process to put aside the useful, and the true, and the beautiful, and in place of them to set up mere chimeras of their own fancy; and they deem that only to be real which passes immediately under their own eye, or comes within their own reach. We live in an age of action:—in a day when, by the great mass of mankind, nothing seems to be held of any value, or to be deemed worth the pursuing, which cannot show forth some direct practical results. But it is much to be feared that the mere animal wants and passions of the man have so clouded his perception, and turned away his eye from looking at his proper end, that he has lost sight of that which is really practical; and so, while he follows eagerly after many things which after all deserve only a small portion of his care, he looks slightingly upon others which are well worthy of his noblest regards.

Those who have addressed themselves to the higher walks of science, or have loved to delight the eye or rouse the heart of their fellows by some fair creation of the fancy, some bright embodying of the soul within them, have too often, doubtless, turned a look of unmerited scorn upon such as were pursuing a humbler track, forgetting that they also were fellow-labourers with themselves, and that the work of each was tending in its own way to the enlargement of the powers of man. But though such notion may once have had sway, to us it can scarcely come with much force, now that we see time and space well nigh annihilated; while iron roads are running through the length and breadth of our land, and the majesty of the mountain is laid low, and the might of the river is turned from its ancient course. In our time the danger would appear to be quite the reverse, and men seem more apt to elevate that which is low, and depress that which should stand highest of all, and to lose all those finer and nobler feelings which manifest themselves in poetry, considering them as useless and unpractical, while they devote all their energies to that which is in itself little more than an increase of their bodily power. Each of the views has its rise in error; each would separate poetry from truth. The lovers of both have their respective duty to do; there is a work for him whose toil is only of the body, as well as for those who patiently pursue their way in the realms of pure intellect, or wander through the wider and more attractive fields of fancy. Each must labour together, and though the one take rank above the other, we must not suffer either to be put aside. The pursuit of each has its own influence on the character of a people; and if we would have that character rightly formed, we must beware of giving an undue partiality to either. On either side of the right line of truth, let it be defined ever so carefully, there must always lie two wide fields of error; and it requires a steady purpose and a wary foot to avoid turning aside into one or the other of them. There is great risk lest we leave the true and the actual, and wander away into the widely spreading and enticing regions of fancy; or, on the other hand, bring in narrow and confined notions of the true; in the

(1) De Art. Poet. l. 9—13.

one case adding to it that which has no part with it, and in the other cutting it short of its own just proportions, separating reason from fancy, and losing sight of that blending of the two which seizes the fair and beautiful in nature, and makes it subservient to man's use, even while it enables him to raise his eyes above the close limits of his everyday life, and find something for his soul to rest in, so that his heart may be filled with humble admiring of that which is around him, while it expands and is lifted up with the highest adoration to Him who is the source of all beauty, and through whom alone it is that every part of this wide world is turned to our use and service.

It has been too much the fashion for men to stand aloof, and eye one another with jealousy, each deeming himself to be walking in a better course, and following out more closely the real end of existence, when they ought to have looked upon each other as workers together, journeying hand in hand along the same highway. And having become in this manner separated, they have each gone out of the way, and turned all their efforts upon a wrong object, and instead of seeking that which is the true end of their being, the glory of God, they have raised into an end and object that which was only designed for a means; and in place of following after that which is the chief good of all, they have rested content with those goods which flowed out to them as they went, and have thereby too often turned them into evil, finding disappointment and emptiness of heart, because they had looked for full enjoyment and perfection in that which was itself only a means to perfection. Each may have erred in a different way, but with each the error has been equally fatal. The one has thought only of the mere body; the other, only of the intellect; whereas, both should have been joined together. The one has been content to go on toiling day after day, and year after year, in an unceasing round of labour directed only to the gathering together of wealth and provision for mere animal wants, despising altogether the higher objects of life;—the other has lived on in a dreamy state of existence, among fancied wants and shadowy enjoyments, passing his days indeed as a kind of speculative being, but far removed from that high and lofty contemplation which is the delight of true science. But some may devote themselves to the intellect in its stricter sense, and apart from its more imaginative forms, passing by the cultivation and softening of the heart as a thing scarcely worth their notice; and even as the first-mentioned class have sunk down almost to the level of the mere animal, working to provide itself with food and habitation, they too have forgotten that man partakes of the higher nature of the angel, and have been satisfied to rest as mere men, bereaving themselves of their distinctive gift of reason. And between these we find in this our day that our lot is cast among men of slow hearts and calculating minds; and we see fancy losing itself altogether; while reason comes forth clad in vestments that are not its own, and, not satisfied with its high sphere and proper dignity, claims for itself powers to which it has no right, and men raise their voices in its praise, even to the overthrowing of all that has been hallowed since the first hour of revelation. And now that even it has taken this cold and cheerless form, can we wonder that the mass of mankind look slightingly upon those pursuits which do not appear to bring into the hands of those who follow them a real and material value? that they scorn poetry, and all that belongs to it, and call loudly for what seems to them the truth, and do not see that they really put truth aside, and set in its seat a power that shall lead them quite beside the mark? But none of these classes ought to stand alone; they should all be linked together, and point to one great end. And such an union would raise those who were sinking into the mere animal, and soften such as were gradually becoming lost in the cold abstractions of the intellect, while it called back those who were wandering too far away, and building up notions too fanciful and wild, bringing them down to a stern and real life, yet still holding them up far above the lowness of a mere animal existence. And in such way they would find the truth of nature and the poetry of life to be only as one, and bound together with a chain that may not safely be broken through.

THE SPRING OF ACTION.

BY F. B.

In Love must all things centre:—to this end
Man hath his being:—duty rests in love.
Deeds freely done alone have praise above,
Nor baser springs must with right action blend.
If force, or fear, or lust of pleasure lend
A reason for our doings, then they move
From a wrong source, and shall all worthless prove,
For to our own mean selves alone they tend.
God loveth us:—would that our souls could soar
Above the fetters of this mortal clay,
More fully love, more perfectly obey,
And thus his glorious image wear once more;
For every thought of love man's heart can frame,
Softens the curse that by man's sinning came.

PATIENCE.

BY F. B.

To struggle on his way, and strive, and strain,
Faintly and wearily, from hour to hour;—
Came our first mother, then, with such a dower
To gift her spouse?—Oh, let us not complain,—
Alike they fell. Yet look how rich his gain
Who to the end endureth,—knowledge, power,
And holiness increasing, and a bower
To rest him in at last, freed from all stain,
Beneath the shadow of the tree of life.—
An uncontested prize were nothing worth,
Nor heaven, if we had our all on earth;
Nor peace, to him who never heard of strife.
If all were gained, then where would hoping be?
If time held all, what were eternity?

A BRIDE'S TRAGEDY.

Part II.

Who would wish that the days of youth should last for ever? or even that their memory should be eternal? No—let them go: let their stormy joys and aching sorrows be alike blotted out; let the after-growth of calmer feelings shut them from sight; even as, when you wound a young tree, the bark grows over it in time, until the cleft is seen no more. So it is with the griefs of youth. Life is continually changing, or we could scarce endure the fourscore years that make up our longest span. There is in the ordering of the world no blessing greater than that of mutability.

Alice Wynyard at five-and-twenty was no more like the grief-stricken bride, the spirit-tortured girl of old, than I in my grey hairs am like a blithesome child, a dreamy maiden, of whom I could speak: in my prayers I lift up a thankful heart that those days are now more dim than a dream at morning. But it is not of myself that I write, it is of Alice. A broken heart was not her doom; I ought, when I prophesied this, to have known better. Who should tell more than I, how much one can endure, and live! Alice left her girlhood behind, and grew up into placid, patient, thoughtful womanhood; a womanhood bearing the goodlier fruit because the stern hand of affliction had torn off a few of its early blossoms. The soul is like a tree that needs pruning to make its fruit perfect and abundant.

Alice was an heiress, and independent; for her father had died not many years after he had gained his heart's wish, and seen her free. He had not attained one desire, though; for his daughter firmly refused all offers of marriage. Once or twice he gently and tenderly murmured against this, but Alice's answer was conclusive.

"Father, I have done your will—I can do no more."

And he soon ceased to urge her. Indeed, so penetrated was John Wynyard by the patient obedience which had renounced so much, that from the time of the divorce until his death, I never knew him give Alice an unkind look or an angry word. His whole soul seemed bound up in her; he lived but to anticipate her every wish; and his character became so utterly changed, from sternness to gentleness and forbearance, that when at last he died, no man was more fervently mourned by his whole household than was Mr. Wynyard. But he passed away, and I remained, the last of my generation, honoured and beloved in the home of which Alice was mistress. Now, more than ever, did wooers come to lure her from that home, but in vain. I was glad of it: there was no man living to whom I could have cheerfully given my Alice, save to Everard Brooke.

It was not until after Mr. Wynyard's death that my dear nephew returned from abroad, and sought us out. One of my cousin's latest charges had been that Everard should be told how much their angry parting had grieved him, and how sincerely he had regarded to the last that noble spirit which he then offended. Another charge he also privately left to my discretion, that if, when Everard and Alice met again, my nephew still loved her, they were both to be told that the wish for such an union had lain nearest the dying father's heart. They did meet, and I saw how true Everard had kept to his early dream. After one little month spent in her constant society, he loved Alice the woman ten thousand times more passionately than Alice the sweet childlike idol of his boyhood. And she—how did she feel towards him? This was a secret that with all my skill I could not penetrate. She was frank, sincere, affectionate, seemed to delight in his presence, was dull without him, and openly said so; but there were none of those tremulous tones, those fitful blushes, that mark a maiden's dawn of love. She was as serene as a summer sky at noon.

At last Everard's suspense grew to agony, and mine was not much less. I urged him to learn the whole truth from her lips—she could not but requite a love so true. He mentioned with visible tremor the name, not breathed for years, of Arthur Sylvester. I told him what I had lately learned by chance, and had communicated to no living soul, that the maniac had, after his mother's death, partially recovered his reason, and left the country, to go no one knew whither, nor had he been since heard of. Everard drew a long sigh of relief, and his face glowed with emotion, hope, and love. I looked at him as he stood before me with his noble manly port, the glory of a lofty intellect seated on his brow, and his whole bearing replete with the conscious dignity of one who had won and held a position of honour in the world.

"My dear Everard," I whispered fondly, "there is no woman living who would not be proud of your love."

He smiled, but faintly; I urged him the more.

"I cannot speak to her, Aunt Susan," he said, "my heart would burst; but I will write, then I can tell all, and you shall give her the letter with your own hands."

I did so, and watched her while she read it. Her face wore at first a surprised, almost startled look; but as she went on, I could see how deeply she was touched by the earnest outbreathings of that noble heart whose whole life's love was thus at last poured out at her feet. The tears gathered to her eyes, and she became very pale.

"Aunt," she said, coming towards me with the letter in her hand, "I never dreamed of this; poor Everard! why did he never tell me before?"

"Because he would have died rather than have given you pain, my Alice!" And then, with an earnestness that came from my inmost heart, I told Alice the true reason of Mr. Wynyard's quarrel with Everard, and ended by informing her of her father's last wish, that such faithfulness might be requited at last.

"My dear father—my kind father!" she murmured tremulously. "And you wish it too, Aunt Susan, I see you do."

(1) Continued from p. 77.

I could not deny it. With tears I prayed her to try and give Everard the love he sought.

"I—to love! I—to marry! it sounds strange!" and she shuddered visibly all over. "But that is all past: *he* is dead—Yes, I know it!—Aunt Susan, I never told you that I heard so, once."

Was it a sin, that there rose up in my heart a wish, almost a prayer, that those tidings might indeed be true—that the clouded soul of that poor maniac might have gone where He who gave, could restore it to its original glory?

"Aunt Susan," Alice continued, after a pause, "you must give me time—time—I must search my own heart, for I feel bewildered. I know Everard's worth—he is very dear to me—you may tell him so—but to love him as he asks, as a wife, I never dreamed of that: to-morrow—no—the day after, I will decide."

She kissed me, and moved, with an agitated step, to her own apartments. I saw her no more, alone, until the morning of the second day; then she approached me, with a calm, sweet look, and said,

"To-day, in an hour, let Everard come to me."

They were together a long time—an age it seemed to me, as I sat in my own chamber, my heart fluttering like that of a girl. How well I loved those two! how earnestly I prayed that they might love one another! At last Everard came and pressed his lips to my cheek. I felt his tears, tears for which no man need blush; but they were the overflow of joy. Alice had accepted him!

Now all the friends that surrounded our quiet country were full of curiosity and congratulations. The affianced lovers were courted, admired, envied. During the time which intervened between the public, known engagement, and the appointed wedding, I was perfectly bewildered with dinner-parties, abroad and at home. I sometimes thought that Alice would have shrunk from this gaiety, and hid herself in her own happiness, as maiden-love would fain ever do. But hers was not that love; I felt it was not. Warmly, affectionately, as she regarded her betrothed, it was not the one true love of woman's life, compared to which all on earth is not once weighed in the balance. But Everard, thinking of himself so little, and of her so much, never saw this; and I trusted to the might of his love—love is so strong to win a return!—that they might be happy when once united.

It was not one week before the marriage-day that Alice and I went to dine with some acquaintances whom we both liked—friends we could not have called any of our society, for not one among them knew us as otherwise than what we appeared to the world—Miss Wynyard and her maiden aunt. In that quiet spot where we settled, we took care that the history of the past should not follow us, to be a bye-word, and a mark for intrusive pity or insolent curiosity.

I thought, as we drove to our destination, that Alice had not for years looked so cheerful, or so calmly happy. In that beautiful face there was not a trace of girlhood's sufferings, save in a chastened thoughtfulness which lent additional sweetness to its expression. I could not restrain my open admiration.

"Beautiful, am I?" answered Alice, with a quiet smile; "but then, I am getting ancient, dear aunt; who can think me beautiful at seven-and-twenty?"

"Everard does, my dearest," said I, rather mischievously. I would have given anything to see on that fair cheek a deeper blush than the faint hue which crept there and passed away.

"Ah, you and Everard think of me thus, because you love me so well. But here we are at our journey's end."

"Miss Wynyard, have you seen our new neighbour at the Priory?" inquired one of the young ladies, who vied with each other in paying Alice attention,—it might be under the influence of foreshadowings of bride-cake and flowers.

"No, truly," was the reply: "who is he?"

"A rich, unmarried man—always a treasure in dull country places, you know,—a Mr. *Something* L'Estrange; I forget the first surname—but they say he assumed the second when some friend left him a fortune. We asked him to-night, thinking you would like to see him."

"Thank you. Oh yes, certainly," said Alice, cheerfully, and turned to talk with some one else.

A short time after, I saw a tall, foreign-looking man brought up to Alice. "Mr. L'Estrange, Miss Wynyard," said his introducer.

He started at the name, and Alice turned round, lifted up her quiet eyes—they fell on the face of Arthur Sylvester!

He bowed, fixed upon her his piercing glance, and a strange look passed over his face; it was a look neither of love nor sorrow, but of cold aversion. His reason had returned, and with it had come a change—so incomprehensible is the human mind—He now hated Alice as he had once apparently loved her.

And she—how strong is woman's self-control!—she looked at him, saw it all, and gave no sign. Only, when a few moments after I bent over her in the crowd, she murmured in a low hollow tone, "Aunt, take me home, take me home."

I feigned illness—oh, was it feigning?—and we came away. All that miserable drive, Alice lay moaning on my breast, "I shall die, I shall die. Arthur, my husband, my only husband, my own still!"

Everard, poor Everard! I saw there was no hope for thee. Oh the eternity of love! "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." In Arthur Sylvester, Alice saw not the madman who had wellnigh been a murderer—the blight of her youth—the one agonizing memory of long widowed years; but only the beloved of her girlhood,—whom she had set up as an idol in her heart. He hated her—she knew it, she felt it—and yet she loved him, and for his sake all thought of her betrothed vanished from her mind.

Unhappy Everard! when he returned to us—what a welcome—what a bride! And I had to unfold all! I had to pierce the dagger into his heart. He reeled

like one struck by an invisible blow, and fell down insensible. When he recovered, all that he uttered was, "Alice, Alice! I must see Alice."

Alice came, and was struck with fear at the look his face wore; it was indeed hardly that of a living man. She fell on her knees before him, she took his hands, she wept over them, and yet Everard never moved.

"And this is my doing!" Alice cried. "Oh, Everard! good, generous Everard! forgive me!"

"Alice," he said at last, "is this all true? will you forsake me?"

She wept in silence.

"Alice! by the memory of your dead father, who gave you to me, will you let this part us? will you break all your vows?"

"Everard, pity me! How wretched am I! Everard, you love me—I feel it—then think how I love *him*. Let your own heart speak for mine. I cannot, I dare not take any husband while my Arthur lives. I am his wife still, in heart and soul. To wed another would be a sin—a fearful sin. Everard, I dare not!"

There was a long silence, and then Everard said,

"Alice, I saw you his wife once, and I did not murmur. Even now, I would give my life for your happiness; but that is impossible. Do you know that you and he can never be as you once were? that, after what has passed, he hates you with a deadly hatred? Can you love him still?"

She looked piercingly into his face: "Everard, ask yourself, is love always given for love?—can it not live unreturned?"

They were bitter, cruel words to say to him. He understood them, and sank under their keen arrows. "Oh, my God! I feel that——I have felt it all my life. Alice, say no more—you are free!"

And thus they parted; the two to whom destiny had made love not a blessing but a curse; in whose hearts it had been planted so early, and had grown up through life not as a beautiful flower, but as a poison tree, whose leaves blighted wherever they touched, whose fruit was ashes to the taste. And yet how different it might have been! Truly there are mysteries in life that no human power can solve. But we shall read the dark page clearly one day, and then all will be plain that now seems so strangely tortuous. Poor insects that we are! how shall we dare to unravel the mystic web of human fate, until the time comes when we shall see clearly with our spirit eyes, and "know even as we are known?"

Everard's severe illness formed a temporary pretext to the little world around us for the delay of the marriage. After a time the talk and the wonder grew again, but we heeded it not. What was the opinion of the idle world to Alice and to me! I would fain have taken her out of its power, and hidden ourselves once more in some blessed solitude, but Alice would not go. That man seemed to have the influence of an evil spirit over her: she lived but in the track of Arthur Sylvester's footsteps; she roamed over the country only to gain a passing glimpse of him in his rides; she went into society that she might watch him from some secluded corner and listen for his voice. Yet he never looked at her, or spoke to her: if they met in the open country roads he turned his horse another way; if they passed in the street he acknowledged her with the bow that common courtesy exacted, and passed on. At all times, in all places, I saw that her presence made his face darken, until its lofty beauty was like that of a fallen angel. All the world spoke well of him, and it seemed that the only remnant of his past madness was in this terrible hatred of her, who loved him so that she would have laid herself down for his feet to trample on, and thought it a joyful death.

A coldness, almost an estrangement, sprang up between Alice and me. There was something, in my eyes, repulsive, unfeminine, in this passionate and hopeless love. At times I ventured to utter what I thought, but then the deep sorrow, the entreating looks, of that poor girl melted the frost from my heart.

"Aunt Susan," she would say, "is it wrong, is it unworthy, for a wife to love her husband?"

And I could not answer her another word. There is something so ennobling in a woman's true and earnest love, that it elevates the meaner object on which it at times wastes itself. Thus, even while I marvelled at Alice's blind devotion to Arthur Sylvester; while in my heart I condemned it as unworthy of her; while every feeling of reason and affection clung to the forsaken Everard, now a wanderer once more; still I could not but regard with a strange emotion, almost akin to reverence, the workings of that faithful woman-heart, and Arthur Sylvester himself rose to be at once an object of wonder and fear. He shot across our quiet heaven of peace like an evil star, and yet he himself moved on, seemingly unconscious of, or unheeding, the terrible effects he had caused, and was still causing.

Whether Alice in her wildest imagination ever dreamed that his love would return, that she should again stand at the altar, the wife of Arthur Sylvester, I cannot tell. At times, with all my dislike and horror of the man, I almost wished that it might be so; for I saw her day by day fading before my eyes, and knew that her heart was breaking. He must have seen it, too; he must have heard the world's chatter concerning her engagement with Everard Brooke, and its breaking off,—the cause of which one who had once read the depths of that loving heart, as Arthur had done, could never doubt. It was a strange monomania that turned his mind against her, I thought; and more than once, in my overweening love for Alice, I considered whether I would not myself go and tell Sylvester the whole truth, and implore him to love her as in days of yore. I might have done so, but that the web of destiny was drawing closer and closer round us all.

It chanced that in our garden, overlooking the high road, there was a shady walk, leading to a summer-house which had often, strangely enough, reminded me of the spot which had witnessed that terrible scene on Alice's wedding day; so much so, that I framed all

manner of reasons to have it pulled down, lest the similarity should strike her painfully also. Whether it was so or not, I cannot say; I never hinted the real cause of my dislike, but Alice steadily resisted the plan of having her bower destroyed. She had always loved it, she said; and after Arthur Sylvester's reappearance had changed the current of her whole life, habits, and thoughts, a curious fatality seemed to make her cling more than ever to this solitary spot. There she remained, ostensibly with her books, her music, or her work; but often and often I found thick dust lying on her favourite volumes, her harp untuned, her embroidery scattered, and I knew that she had been spending those hours of loneliness in vague and mournful reveries.

One day, when Alice had left me as usual, I sat idly looking out from my window, down the road, watching three horsemen descending the hill: I soon saw that one of them was Arthur Sylvester. This surprised me, for hitherto he had carefully avoided passing our house. But I supposed his two friends had led him on unwitting, for they seemed all conversing merrily together. The world said there was not a gayer or wittier companion than Mr. Sylvester L'Estrange, he was so blithe—so lighthearted! How the world lies sometimes! yet one would not have thought so now, when through the open window came the ringing of his laughter borne upon the clear still country air. I heard its every tone, and I felt that another had heard it too. Poor Alice! a chance sight of that man always made her like a marble image of woe for many hours.

Suddenly at a bend in the road Arthur Sylvester came in sight of the summer-house. At its door stood Alice. She wore that day a white dress, and, with her long falling hair, she looked almost the same as on her marriage morning. The sudden and strange resemblance struck a new chord in Sylvester's yet unsettled brain; he uttered a loud heart-piercing cry, which made the horse he rode become unmanageable with terror. A mist came before my eyes; I heard another cry, "Arthur, Arthur!" and then the clanking hoofs of the riderless steed galloping madly away.

When I looked again, Alice was supporting on her bosom the death-like form of him who had once been her bridegroom. I flew to her side with all the speed my aged feet could exert. She was weeping over him, calling him "her Arthur, her beloved, her *husband*," utterly unmindful of the wondering gaze of his two friends. We bore him into the house, and the husband and wife were again under one roof. But of little moment was this either to the heart that hated, or the heart that loved; for Arthur Sylvester had in his fall been struck on the head, and lay perfectly insensible for many days. Then came a season of terrific ravings, which drove even the devoted Alice from the presence of the maniac. Strange words did the unfortunate man utter—Alice's name, and another, a woman's too; but it was breathed in low tender murmurings, while Alice's came mingled with curses and bursts of passionate remorse. I closed the chamber to all intruders; I would not that those fearful revealings of an unquiet conscience should be known to the world. Thus much I gathered from his delirious words, that never, no not in those early days, had Arthur Sylvester loved my Alice.

It was with a calmness akin to thankfulness that I saw life ebbing from that wretched man. The physicians had told us that no earthly power could ever restore the shattered mind, and that death would come in mercy. I knew this, and Alice knew it too. She also had heard that strange name mingled with her own on the lips of the maniac. It had frozen her into stone: yet she did not leave him, but ministered day and night with unwearied care. The physicians said that no hand but death's would still those ravings; that no glimpse of light would gild the passing of the bewildered soul; but it was not so. Just as the spirit parted, he saw Alice, and knew her. There was no wild hatred in those dying eyes, nor was there love; only contrition and trembling entreaty.

"Alice Wynyard," breathed the white lips, "forgive! I deceived—both—both—you most. Pure angel, forgive!"

She clasped his hand, she would have drawn the dying head to her bosom, with the last kiss of peace and wife-like affection, but on those very lips came that other name, not Alice's, murmured in tones of deepest love. And with its utterance the spirit fled.

There were none to lay the stranger in his grave, save Alice and I. She had called him her husband, and none doubted the fact. He had no relatives, and when a will was found, leaving all his wealth to a charity, there was little chance of any claimant springing up to deny our right in arranging the affairs of the departed. I say "our" because in all things Alice took the direction. I had thought she would have been utterly overwhelmed, but no! When all was over, a superhuman strength seemed to possess her. "My husband, my husband," was ever on her lips, and with a wife's duty she acted towards his memory. When I brought her mourning, she would have none other than widows' weeds, and on my remonstrating, she turned round with a dignity and solemnity that made me marvel:

"Be silent, Aunt, I rule here! God and my own heart made me Arthur's wife—the world and a wicked law broke the outward bond, but the holiest tie remains. I am his widow now."

When we examined the papers of the departed, not even from that mournful task did Alice shrink. I sat by her, but she would not let me see any record of his dark and stormy life. Only once, when she opened a packet of letters, I saw her cheek blanch. As she read, her hands grew rigid, and her eyes glassy. I drew near, and she repulsed me not. The letters, outpourings of bursting love, were addressed to Arthur Sylvester; they bore the name which he had uttered in his ravings, and each ended with, "*Your wife, Isabel.*" Aghast, almost stupified, I gazed on the date of the last—it was the eve of Alice's wedding-day!

I had lived to bless the terrible stroke which had

saved my darling from a fate more terrible still. I fell on my knees beside her—I clasped my aged arms about her neck, and murmured,

"Alice, let us thank God for all."

"Amen!" was her answer. May I never while I live hear another tone like that in which she uttered the word!

With the letters was a lock of hair, and one line, "Isabel Sylvester, died —," the date a few months later. The sin of two broken hearts lay upon that man's soul. His madness was no marvel now.

Alice pointed out the line. "You see this!" she gasped—"now let all the past be as if it had never been."

With her own hands she laid all the papers upon the red embers, and the flame rose up,—it was the funeral pyre of that olden love. From Alice's lips the name of Arthur Sylvester was never heard more.

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In this world no sorrow is eternal. Life can never be utterly dark; to the pure, the earnest, the God-fearing, there is still a future, a future on earth, besides the glorious one beyond. Even in the lightning-blasted tree, there are always some boughs that will grow green again, and show that life is not utterly dead within it. And so it was with Alice. When that wild passionate love had been consumed in the furnace of affliction, so that not even its ashes remained; when the ideal image which she had so worshipped was shattered to pieces in her sight, and she knew it was only a dumb idol, not a life-breathing form; then her pure soul drew back into itself, and grew strong. She did not die, but lived; lived to be a yet nobler creature than she had ever been, and in the earnest charities and high aspirings of a pure and holy nature she found peace.

And Everard?

In my extreme old age, with one foot on the threshold of that dark gate which leads to the land of light, I have seen my dear, my noble Everard, happy at last. I have done what I never dreamed I should, I have lived to see a bridal. What though youth and youth's comeliness had long passed away from the two who bent before the altar, there is much of life yet before them, and years of love are of double length. Everard is happy, for the true heart and the tried has won at last—he has Alice for his wife. Who should rejoice so much as I, for has she not been my treasure, the light of my eyes? And he—his mother was my sister; and his father!—the time has been when to call Henry Brooke by the name of brother was agony. Hush, vain heart! the madness was all thine own. Rejoice thou, that through life unto old age thy ideal was never made less holy, the image of a pure and worthy love was unshattered still.

Reader! believe the word of one who has passed through the world's ordeal, has seen its hollowness, has endured its griefs: Know, that the only truths of life are Religion and Love.

SPECULATIONS AND EXPERIMENTS UPON THE ORIGIN OF THE DIAMOND.

It is familiarly known that the great object of early chemical inquiries was the discovery of a method of manufacturing gold at will. This object was never attempted to be concealed. The early experimentalists gloried in avowing that they were groping among the mystic processes of the laboratory for the way to wealth and longevity—for tradition associated these two. Spending "days that had been better spent," and nights that had been better employed, in this fruitless search, and always ending their painful toils in disappointment and poverty, at length the delusion ended, and it was found that chemistry was not given to man to be prostituted to his avarice. Speculations upon the nature and origin of the diamond turned the attention of chemists to another object of research. The gold mine, so rich in promises, so voracious of labour and money, was shut up and abandoned without ever having yielded a grain of the coveted metal; but a diamond mine was opened at its side, and numerous experiments have been undertaken on this equally fallacious ground: experiments which were buoyed up with almost alchemistic strength of hope, and the result of which, if it may not be predicated from that of the analogous inquiries, will be found toward the conclusion of our article.

These investigations, however, have gone on in secret, and the common ear has rarely heard that there have been—for aught we know to the contrary, are yet—diamond-seekers in the modern laboratory. "It is probable," writes an eminent continental chemist, "that since it was discovered that the diamond consists of pure carbon, there is hardly any chemist who has not performed more or less extensive experiments on the subject. That the results of such investigations have been published by few, is no proof that few experiments have been made, for human nature and vanity prefer silence to publicity where investigations have failed and hopes been disappointed." It was not only the incomparable splendour of this king of gems, and its being of such enormous value, that led chemists anxiously to experimentalize upon the origin of the diamond; but its isolation from every other substance in many other respects rendered the inquiry a peculiarly fascinating undertaking. The anomalous composition of the gem, the singular localities in which it is discovered, and its peculiarly striking physical characters, all seemed to set speculation in activity and at defiance.

The general physical characters of the diamond are so well known that we may be very brief in their description. Its specific gravity is about 3.50; the form of its crystals is most generally octohedral; even in the rough state, the most beautifully-regular mathematical solids in miniature are often found. In its natural state it is covered with a dullish crust, often of a muddy colour, on the removal of which the brilliant jewel beneath flashes forth in all its characteristic lustre. In the rough state an in-

experienced person could scarcely tell its nature, but he would immediately perceive that it greatly differed from ordinary pebbles. Its intense hardness has long been known. Pliny says, if laid on an anvil and struck with a hammer the anvil will inevitably split. A modern writer says, that if laid on a new anvil, and struck with a hammer, the diamond will often indent the steel. From this property it was long considered indestructible; and fable invested its powder with various medicinal attributes all equally unjust. Diamonds are not all the pure unsullied gems which glitter in our jewels; they appear in a variety of colours, some of which enhance, while others detract from their value. Sometimes it is tinged with blue, yellow, green, or a beautiful rose-colour, and frequently it is brown or dull yellow. Small lenses have been made in France, in which diamonds were used in the place of glass. In constructing them it was found that the diamonds appeared often penetrated by a number of fine lines which were supposed to be fine tubes in the substance of the gem; but Sir D. Brewster, carefully examining a number of specimens, found that the appearance in question was due to the fact of the gem being made up of an infinite number of layers in laminæ of different densities, which produce a peculiar effect upon light: in the small space of the thirtieth of an inch he counted many hundreds of these layers. He states that he has not observed this structure arise from any assemblage of fine laminæ of varying densities in any other mineral. It appears as if the gem had been formed by a deposition of layers submitted to different degrees of pressure: occasionally particles, apparently of unerystallized carbonaceous matter, are visible in the interior of the diamond.

It was long since suspected by Newton that the diamond was a combustible body, in consequence of the high degree of refractive power it possessed. It is known to chemists that a peculiar relation exists between the inflammability and refractive powers of different substances. Sulphur and phosphorus exceed the diamond in this respect; and these three bodies surpass all others, either solid or fluid, in their action upon light. Amber stands next to the diamond. The Florentine Academy effected its combustion by means of a great lens, which, singularly enough, many years after, Sir H. Davy employed to effect the same purpose, directing the rays upon a diamond placed in a jar of oxygen gas. It burns with great rapidity in oxygen, emitting an intense light and heat; the only product is carbonic acid. It is therefore evident that the diamond, this hard, brilliant, precious, and scarce jewel, is a little lump of crystallized carbon, belongs to the family soot, charcoal, coke, lamp-black, &c., and is even related to candle-snuff. A singular corroboration of this statement is the fact, that diamonds heated with soft iron in a covered crucible cause the latter to become converted into *steel*, just as carbon does under similar circumstances. The diamond is infusible at the most intense heat with which we are acquainted.

It was one step gained to our diamond seekers to have discovered the true composition of this precious crystal, and the most sanguine expectations of success were entertained soon after the publication of this discovery. Chemists were then led to another important part of the inquiry, and investigations were made into the nature and character of the places in which the diamond is found to occur naturally. The greatest difficulty attends this question. The diamond is seldom discovered in the situation in which it is probable it originated. It is generally associated with transported materials, such as rolled gravel. It is often found in river-banks, ravines, or in alluvial soil, or in beds of vegetable earth. While this is generally true, there are some puzzling exceptions to the rule. In Southern India Dr. Voysey has found that the matrix is sandstone breccia of the clay-slate formation; but Captain Franklin found the diamond in a rock of sandstone grit, which had probably at one period been the seat of great heat and pressure. Again, diamonds have long been obtained from Brazil, by blasting certain rocks, breaking them to pieces, and then washing them. Here, then, lies a real difficulty in the case. Could the precise nature of the matrix in which the gem generally occurs be ascertained, some rational grounds of conjecture would exist which might elucidate the manner of its formation. While such anomalies exist as diamonds in sandstone grit, or in rocks which are blasted to procure them, the question as to the natural situation of the diamond must be considered undecided, and theories based thereon as insecure.

As usual upon disputed points, speculation has been busy about the origin of the diamond, and a large number of theories, all more or less probable, have been propounded to set the matter at rest. We believe that these speculations may be classified under two heads:—1. Those which require the existence of a high temperature in its production; and, 2. those which conceive the gem to be of a vegetable origin. We are thus reminded of the Plutonic and Neptunian theorists of geology. To speak, first, of the igneous theories: Captain Franklin, considering the nature and probable previous condition of the rock in which he discovered imbedded diamonds, supposes a sort of dolomitic process to have been concerned in its formation. Under the influence of intense heat and enormous pressure it is conceivable that the particles of carbon were fused, and assumed at length the crystalline form by a long process of slow refrigeration; a circumstance well known to take place in other minerals. M. Parrot, who has laboriously investigated the perplexing subject, believes that the diamond arises from the operation of violent volcanic heat on small particles of carbon contained in the rock, or on a substance composed of a large proportion of carbon and a smaller quantity of hydrogen. By this theory, as he conceives, we are best able to account for the cracks and flaws so often noticed in the gem, and the frequent occurrence of included particles of black carbonaceous matter. M. Gobel,

who has also paid much attention to the subject, supposes it to have originated from the decomposing action of various substances upon carbonic acid gas at high temperatures. This theory has no rational foundation beyond the fact that such a decomposition does take place; but the result is ordinarily black carbonaceous matter. Again, M. Hausmann, finding upon the testimony of the oldest and most experienced diamond-seekers that fulgurites or lightning tubes are most numerous where diamonds principally abound, was led to the conclusion that diamonds were produced by the electric flash decomposing carbonic acid. This theory is even less probable than the last, it being impossible to believe that the instantaneous passage of the electric fluid could produce a crystal so formed as the diamond. The infusibility of charcoal has been a very general objection to the igneous theories. Professor Silliman, of New York, performed some experiments, some time since, in which he believed that he had actually succeeded in melting charcoal; the instrument by which it was said to be effected was the galvanic battery. The professor speaks with assurance of the real fusion of the positive pole, which was charcoal, in his apparatus. The fused portions exhibited a smooth, glassy, glistening surface, in cases where the purest charcoal was carefully employed. In a series of experiments undertaken upon the diamond with the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, he thought he detected marks of incipient fusion in the gem. Could this fact be settled, it would be a tolerably strong argument in favour of the igneous speculations, of which Captain Franklin's is the most conceivable. On the whole, however, we incline to the opposite opinion. We are justified in believing Professor Silliman's experiments very unsatisfactory.

Some years ago, Professor Jameson put forth some speculations upon the subject, which were read before the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh. He considered its formation to take place under either of the following conditions:—Either it was actually formed in the alluvial soil in which it is generally discovered, by the reduction of portions of the carbonaceous matter in the soil to an adamantine state, which afterwards condensed, according to the laws of affinity, into the granular or crystalline form; in other words, into the diamond. The other idea was, that it was a vegetable secretion. It is well known that the bamboo secretes a silicious substance, closely resembling opal, called Tabasheer, in solid masses of some size. Hornstone again occurs as the secretion of other trees. Why, then, may not the diamond be a similar secretion from the sap of plants? The circumstance of some trees forming wood of almost adamantine hardness, appeared in the professor's mind to strengthen the idea. Was it some distant gleaming of this hypothesis that led Arabian fabulists to their elegant allegories of jewel-bearing trees and groves? We fear, however, both are in the wrong. Not a trace of a diamond secretion has ever yet appeared to the eyes of the botanist; and when the enormous number of vegetable phenomena on record is remembered, it appears strange that indications of such a process, if it existed, should never have been detected.

Sir David Brewster's is, after all, the only theory well supported by facts, and corroborated by experiments. His original communication was made to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in the year 1820, and subsequently, enlarged and strengthened, it was read before the Geological Society, in 1833. He compares the diamond to amber; and as amber is found in a similar locality, and has also carbon for its base, it became of importance to show that their polarizing structure is the same. Sir David Brewster found small bubbles of air enclosed in fragments both of amber and of the diamond, the expansive force of which had communicated a polarizing structure to the parts immediately in contact with the bubbles. Such an effect could not arise from crystallization: in two hundred mineral substances of crystalline origin, Sir D. Brewster had never observed the slightest trace of such a structure. It can, therefore, only have arisen from the expansive force of included air, when the diamond or amber was in a soft state; for this structure, having the peculiar influence on light understood by the term "polarizing," can be produced artificially in glass and other transparent substances in the soft condition, by producing a similar pressure from within to that supposed to be exercised by the included bubbles. "That this soft or compressible condition could not have arisen from the action of heat, is manifest," as a general proposition, "from the nature and recent formation of the soil in which the diamond is found; that it could not exist in a mass formed by aqueous deposition is still more obvious; and hence we are led to the conclusion, rendered probable by other analogies, that the diamond originated, like amber, from the consolidation of, perhaps, vegetable matter, which gradually acquires a crystalline form by the influence of time and the slow action of corpuscular forces." No air bubbles of this kind occur in crystals of an igneous origin; and the argument derived from the analogous influence upon light of amber and the gem, together with the appearance of layers in the latter, as before mentioned, appears strongly to favour this view of the subject. If the occurrence of the substance in the crystalline form be objected to as improbable upon such a supposition, it may be answered, that in the mineral resin called Mellite we have an equally distinct crystalline form, though no doubt exists, both from its composition and the locality in which it is found, that it originates from the vegetable kingdom. Dr. Petzholdt, who is the most recent writer on this subject, corroborates Sir D. Brewster's hypothesis. He believes that, according to the present state of our knowledge, the diamond is the product of the newest geological period, and results from the slow decomposition of vegetable substances. He seems to consider it probable that the loose rolled matter in which it is commonly found is really the matrix in which it is produced, thus favouring the popular notion in the East Indies and Brazil, that diamonds really *grow* in the soil. That the gem was

once in a liquid condition, appears probable from its frequently containing included splinters of quartz, some of which even exhibit the vegetable cellular texture. Dr. Petzholdt says that the accumulations of soot on the wick of a badly-burning tallow candle frequently show a tendency to crystallize in the octohedral form of the diamond, when the combustion of the material is retarded; the resemblance of the facets of which is very similar to an envelope of a letter, and probably gave birth to the popular phrase on seeing such an appearance, that "*there is a letter in the candle.*" Such fragments are often considerably harder than ordinary soot.

Baron Liebig claims the credit of offering a simple explanation of the probable process which actually takes place in the formation of the diamond. "Science can point to no process capable of accounting for the origin and formation of diamonds, except the process of decay. If we suppose decay to proceed in a liquid containing carbon and hydrogen, then a compound with still more carbon must be formed; and if the compound thus formed were itself to undergo further decay, the final result must be the separation of carbon in a crystalline form." Oils, resinous matter, &c. are hydro-carbons. Are we then to take Sir Isaac Newton's prophecy as a literal truth, that "the diamond is an *unctuous* matter, coagulated?"

Lastly, of the diamond—rather of the would-be diamond—makers. M. Virlet, in a communication to M. Arago, confidently anticipates the time when chemists will, in their laboratories, produce all manner of precious stones, without even excepting the diamond. This felicitous time, however, has yet to arrive; for experiments have been wholly fruitless to produce anything of the kind. Some chemists have sought the diamond in the attempt to fuse carbon, but in vain. If we remember rightly, one experimenter fancied, or actually saw, delicate needle-like crystals in some of his searches after the gem, but he could not get beyond this; and it may be questioned whether the real composition of such minute crystals was that of the diamond. Others have attempted the search by decomposing highly carbonaceous matter; their only results having been the production of some black carbonaceous substance, which a diamond of the lowest degree would scorn to claim kin with. Electricity promises little or nothing to the chemist in such investigations, for both the fluids he would in all probability select for decomposition by its means, and the diamond itself, are non-conductors of the electric energy. It is manifest the natural process is one of extreme slowness, in respect of which the "threescore years and ten" of a chemist's life are, probably, but as a very little time. In these days, scientific prophecies are always hazardous, some however less so than others; as to diamond making, therefore, we may venture to predict, that, like every vain hope, it will have its day, and die.

We have often been struck with what appears a very ugly feature of both gold and diamond-makers—their covetousness. While some, with pure motives, engage in the investigations for the advancement of science and the arts, does not the majority make the pursuit in the hope that extravagant wealth will one day reward the search? Even this is a delusion. Granted, that the chemist drops upon the secret in the depths of his laboratory, and manufactures a store of diamonds; the value of the jewel is at an end. Some "bird of the air will tell the matter," that diamonds are no longer scarce, and in the same hour they cease to be precious. It seems as if it had pleased God to crush every hope of obtaining wealth in a manner by which one would be greatly benefited and the rest neglected; for it is notorious that none were so miserably poor as the pseudo gold-makers of past history, and the like fate awaits all who tread their steps, though with another object in view.

HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

High days and holidays, the merry days of England, are out of date. The more is the pity, for they were bright spots in the calendar of the industrious classes—seasons of recreation to look forward to through dark vistas of toil and care.

There is no stimulus to exertion more effectual than the promise of a little pleasure—no proverb more true than the homely adage,

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Relaxation is as necessary to the mind as aliment to the body, and assists in keeping both in a healthy tone. It is the want of simple and innocent pastimes in which all classes could occasionally unite, that has rent the links of society, and taught the poor to look with envy and hatred on their wealthy neighbours. The frightful increase of intemperance in our metropolis and great towns, which defies alike the influence of the law and the gospel, from what does it proceed? I answer, From the stagnation of the system, the "green and yellow melancholy" engendered by unremitting care.

The bow has lost its elasticity from being always bent, and the languid hand that holds it endeavours to raise the string to action by giving it the sharp fillip which completes the destruction of the instrument. The fiery dram—the intoxicating drug, with which the care-worn man, hopeless matron, or miserable child strives to quicken the torpid pulse of life at the expense of all its moral duties, only increases the evil by creating a maddening longing for a repetition of the fatal excitement. A dance round the maypole would have enlivened the circulation and cheered the spirits of those poor creatures, and cost them nothing, not even a regret.

The chronicles of Henry the Eighth's reign, indeed, bear record of the frightful tragedy which on one occasion stained the May-day festival with the blood of peaceful citizens, caused by an outbreak of the London 'prentices, whose jealousy against foreigners having

been excited, they rose, and, assisted by a mischievous mob, plundered the houses of the Spanish merchants, and massacred several persons who endeavoured to resist their violence; which outrages were avenged on the spot by the earl-marshal hanging a number of the young culprits on the sign-posts of their master's shops; and but for the powerful intercession of the three queens, Catharine of Arragon, Henry's consort, and his sisters, the dowagers of France and Scotland, upwards of two hundred more of these juvenile offenders would have been executed—so exasperated was the king at this daring breach of his peace. But for one "*Evil May-day*" there have been at least seventeen hundred joyous festivals on that sweet anniversary both in country and town.

King Henry himself—and it was one cause of his popularity with the Commons of England in the early years of his reign—always honoured the customs of the May with his observance. On the 1st of May, 1515, we find that he and good Queen Catherine, with the newly wedded widow of France, Mary Tudor and her jolly bridegroom, Brandon Duke of Suffolk, and a goodly train of nobles, knights, and gentle ladies, rode a-maying from Greenwich palace to Shooter's-hill; and all the "loving commonaltie" of London and Westminster rose up betimes to go a-maying too with their liege lord, and enjoyed the treat of seeing how the archers of the king's guard, dressed like Robin Hood and his outlaws, met their graces and invited them and their noble attendants to enter the good greenwood, and see how outlaws lived. Whereupon King Henry pleasantly performed his part in the popular drama by turning to the queen, and asking her "whether she and her ladies would venture into a thicket with so many outlaws;" and the royal Catherine set all the married women present a good example by replying right lovingly to her lord, "that where he went, she was content to go." Then the queen's grace and all her ladies lighted down from their palfreys, and the king leading her by the hand, they were conducted to a sylvan bower formed of hawthorn boughs, flowers, and moss, opening into a booth or arbour, where a breakfast of venison and other substantial dainties was laid out, of which the royal party partook. As they turned their steps towards Greenwich, they were met on the road by a flowery car, drawn by five horses, each ridden by a fair and gaily decorated damsel, personating the attributes of Spring.

The horses had their names lettered on their headgear, the damsels theirs on their dresses. In the car was the lady May, attended by Flora. The encounter took place at the foot of Shooter's-hill. As soon as the fair actresses caught sight of the royal cavalcade, they burst into sweet song, and preceded their graces, carolling hymns to the May, till they reached Greenwich palace.

As for the Londoners of low degree, "the smug apprentices and washed artizans," the motley rout of cobblers, tinkers, tailors, men, women, and children, who had risen before the sun had kissed the dew from the Kentish meads, and wended forth to meet and go a-maying with the king and queen and their gay court, and having seen the forest pageant, returned with glowing cheeks, light hearts, and hands full of wild-flower posies in time to bring up the rear of the milk-maids' procession,—were they not better primed for the duties of the day than the pale listless beings who creep shivering to the gin-shop for the fatal draught which sends liquid fire through every nerve and vein, and paralyzes the brain it influences?

That great sovereign queen Elizabeth, who understood so thoroughly the way to please her lieges of low degree, never failed to honour all little popular customs with her observance. Even in the last year of her reign, and the 69th of her age, she was up betimes, and went a-maying with all her court in the green glades of Lewisham.

May garlands and May games were rigorously interdicted and put down as sinful vanities by the puritan legislators of the Commonwealth, but were destined to see a gay revival in the May-day anniversary that succeeded the restoration of royalty, when the Londoners decorated so lofty and elaborate a May pole for the Strand, opposite the church of St. Clement Danes, that they could by no means contrive to set it up. While they were in great perplexity as to the means of accomplishing their object, it happened by lucky chance that his royal highness the Duke of York came along the Strand with a party of his sailors, and volunteered his assistance, and so effectively, that in the course of a few minutes, he and his shipmates succeeded in rearing aloft the giant shaft, and fixing it with cords after the manner of the mast of a man-of-war, to the infinite admiration of all beholders.

There is a very pretty and characteristic wood-cut engraving in the Table-book, of the milk-maidens' dance in London, 1698, taken from a contemporary drawing in a rare volume by a foreign traveller, who gives the following description of the now forgotten custom:—

"On the first of May and the five or six days following, all the young pretty peasant girls who are accustomed to carry about milk for sale in the city, dress themselves very orderly, and bear about on their heads a pyramid formed of their vases and measures, scoured so bright as to look like silver, filled with flowers; and so, accompanied by certain of their neighbours, and the music of a fiddle, they go dancing from door to door, surrounded by young people and children, who follow them in crowds, and every where they are made some little present."

The following old pithy ballad of The Mayer's Song is full of beauty:—

"THE MAYER'S SONG.

"Remember us poor mayers all,
And thus do we begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

"We have been rambling all this night,
And almost all this day,
And now, returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

"A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands,
It is but a sprout,
But it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

"The hedges and trees they are so green,
As green as any leek,
Our heavenly Father He watered them
With his heavenly dew so sweet.

"The heavenly gates are open wide,
Our paths are beaten plain,
And if a man be not too far gone,
He may return again.

"The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower,
We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in an hour.

"The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day,
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May."

But alack! we have neither May-poles nor sweet May garlands in this dull century. The poor little sweeps are the only fraternity who now honour the May with a floral pageant, and we should be sorry to see those sooty "Jacks in the Green" deprived of their holiday; but although their sable hue renders them appropriate Morris *ergo Moorish* dancers, and it would make Heraclitus laugh to see their merry grins and antics, they are but sorry successors to the bright May queens and fair Maid Marians of the olden times, nor do they venture to personify bold Robin Hood, Will Scarlett, or even Friar Tuck. These quaint street dramas mingled pantomimes, ballets, and masks, that were enacted by an unlettered but shrewd-witted corps that improvised as they went along. How they delighted the good commons of England! and the gentles too, if the playful strokes of satire in which they abounded did not hit the great ones too hard.

The May games came, it is true, but once a-year, like Christmas, with her sweet carols, holy recollections, festive observances, and blessed charities; but then there was the pleasant anticipation to enliven the months of toil which must be plodded through, the work-day realities of life that intervened, between the people's festivals. I once saw written up behind the shutter of the play-room in a ladies' boarding-school: "There are only 8511 hours to the holidays." What an agreeable hour had been wiled away in making this calculation by the little maiden whose hand had inscribed the childish record!

The great body of the people are but children of larger growth, and are as much in need of pastimes, nay, more so, for they require wholesome exhilaration to enable them to bear up against the wear and tear of toil, and the stern realities of life. Deprived of innocent amusements, they droop, they become listless, morose, dangerous, they cease to love their country. There are persons who maintain that the pleasures of religion, and a knowledge of their duties, are sufficient, or ought to be sufficient, to enable the working classes to endure the hardships of their lot with patience, if not with cheerfulness; but this is to infer that the majority of those who are doomed to a life of toil and suffering have attained to a perfection of Christian heroism not often practised by those who preach its necessity. Solomon tells us, "There is a time to work, and a time to play." Why should those who work be denied their share of pastime?

The wisdom of our ancestors provided seasons of rest and recreation for those who rowed the vessel, as well as those who steered. We are not going to advocate the commemoration of the saints and martyrs of our Church, which led to the grave errors of invocations, and other abuses of an unscriptural character in the Church of Rome; but we would fain see the labouring classes enjoying an occasional respite from care, in any harmless shape.

What a slave driver is Mammon! Arrayed in the stern livery of utilitarianism, his sordid votaries trample down all the gentle charities, the poetry of life.

Fairs and wakes have, it is to be feared, degenerated into scenes of riot and intemperance, gambling, and every species of licence. Being no longer required as marts for cloth, linen, and other domestic manufactures, they have become excuses for the resort of idle and profligate persons who cannot assemble together without injurious consequences to others; but no festive or recreative meeting ought to be allowed to become disorderly, and much of the evils resulting from fairs would cease if they were only permitted to last one day, and obliged to disperse before nine in the evening.

Mary Tudor, the sister of Henry VIII., and queen-dowager of France, after her second marriage with the man of her heart, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, resided chiefly in that county, where she appears to have taken a lively interest in the happiness of the people, doing all she could to promote cheerful amusements among them. She always came in person to open Bury fair, and honoured the popular pageants there with her presence. In consequence of this practice on the part of her majesty, it long continued the fashion with the aristocracy to attend Bury fair, which restrained disorders, and gave general pleasure to all classes.

The high days and holidays of the people which involve some national remembrance, or picturesque observances, are far more wholesome and agreeable to the community than fairs. The historical commemorations of England are few in number, and fast passing to oblivion. The remembrance of our ancient glories kept alive that patriotic spirit which is an essential part of chivalry, "the cheap defence of nations." Queen Elizabeth, the most popular of all sovereigns, found it to her interest to appeal to those proud recollections in seasons of national peril like the crisis of the Armada, and well was the royal aim seconded by the poets of her era.

Shakspeare, of course, describes the feeling with which such anniversaries were regarded at the period, when he makes Henry the Fifth encourage his peers at Agincourt by predicting a perennial commemoration

of the triumph which he anticipates over the French hosts, in these animating words :—

"This story shall the goodman teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered."

Who thinks of Agincourt now, or regards St. Crispin's day more than any other day? The very shoemakers have forgotten their patron, and the proud victory with which his name was connected. The fact is, that the gloomy temper of the times has destroyed the nationality of the people. Even the glorious 18th of June, the day of Waterloo, is only remembered by the veterans and a few military aspirants.

The day of Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne of England, Nov. 17th, formed a national *fête*, not only as long as she continued to sway the sceptre of this realm, but for nearly a hundred years after her death. The procession of the Lady Godiva at Coventry survived through many centuries, and king Bladud occasionally makes his appearance at Bath even in the present age. The 5th of November, "Gunpowder Treason and Plot," or Guy Faux's day, as the anniversary of the happy preservation of bonnie King Jamie, his queen, and royal sons Henry and Charles, with the three estates of England, from the awful conspiration of the Jesuits and their allies, was long commemorated from political motives, and zealously enjoyed by the populace. No wonder, when it involved the excitement of processions, collections, bonfires, the picquant *auto da fé* of burning a Guy and other dangerous personages in effigy, with the concluding saturnalia of flinging squibs and crackers down obnoxious areas, and into the hoods of old women.

Of all our national commemorations, that of the restoration of monarchy on the 29th of May, held the strongest hold on the affections of the people; and the firmness with which they continued to observe that anniversary for a century after the expulsion of the royal line of Stuart, affords a remarkable proof of the constitutional attachment of this country to the cause of legitimacy. As long as that feeling lasted, the grave of William Pendrel, in St. Giles's churchyard, was duly decked with oaken garlands by nameless loyalists of low degree, as often as the 29th of May came round; and men, women, and children wore oak leaves and acorns in memory of the fact,

"How Pendrel the miller, at risk of his blood,
Hid the king of the isle in the king of the wood."

Although our Church has sanctioned the commemoration of this anniversary with a peculiar service of thanksgiving, which is not yet expunged from the Book of Common Prayer, the popular custom of wearing oak leaves in token of gratulation for the preservation of the sovereign was construed into an affront to the new dynasty when George the First was called to the throne of Great Britain, and soldiers were employed to tear the badges of affection to the exiled family from those who presumed to sport them. Very severe corporal punishments were inflicted on the soldiers themselves for wearing oak leaves, in the years 1715, 1716, and 1717, and fine and imprisonment on private individuals who were guilty of this offence, or of singing, humming, or whistling,

"That loyal song, THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY."

The combativeness of human nature, and more especially the independence of the English character, was not to be vanquished by such paltry manifestations of oppression. The oak-leaves were worn, and the anniversary honoured, in defiance of all opposition on the part of the ruling powers, through the reigns of the first two monarchs of the Hanoverian line. George the Third, a wiser and better man than his predecessors of that house, appreciated the sentiment of loyalty too highly not to encourage a popular commemoration of the restoration of monarchy. The 29th of May was always a high day and a holiday during his reign, and that of his son, George the Fourth, whose generous smypathy for the house of Stuart can never be forgotten.

It is only a few years ago that a merry party of boys, who were making a votive procession through the village of Wangford, with oaken boughs in their hands and oak-leaves in their caps, in honour of the day—"Oak-apple-day" as they called it,—observing that neither my sisters nor myself wore the loyal badge, exclaimed significantly, "We did not think them ladies had been Low Church!" This implied a pointed reproach for our forgetfulness in not having honoured that loyal anniversary by wearing oak leaves.

The 10th of June is still called "White-rose-day," but the custom is obsolete, and the cause forgotten. It was only the anniversary of a party, the Jacobites.

The birthday of our Sovereign Lady, and the anniversary of her accession to the throne, ought to be commemorated by national thanksgivings, and prayers for her prosperity, and the good of her people, and the increase of true religion, succeeded by *fêtes* and pastimes, in which all classes might unite, either as participators or spectators, as in the days of Elizabeth, and the good old times. This was a politic as well as a benevolent regulation; it inspired loyal feelings towards the monarch, by giving men of low degree a personal interest in the weal of their hereditary ruler. Why should it not be renewed in our own days? Why should not the gentry and rich tradespeople, and every one who can spare a tester, subscribe to give annual *fêtes* to their humble neighbours on those anniversaries? The wealthy would never be the poorer for the sums thus devoted, and even those with whom it might involve a slight degree of self-sacrifice, would be all the happier for having obeyed the precepts of their heavenly Teacher, by feasting the poor and needy, even those who could not recompense them again.

What a blessed world would this world be, if all would obey the Divine injunction of doing unto others as they would be done unto!

FACTS IN THE EAST. ILLUSTRATIVE OF SACRED HISTORY.—No. IX.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

In the nineteenth chapter of the first Book of Kings, and at the fifth verse, we read of the prophet Elijah, who, having been threatened by Jezebel, fled to Beersheba, "and as he lay and slept under a juniper tree, behold, then an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat." A tree in the East is not only selected for travellers to rest under, but men enjoying the reputation of sanctity, both as Hindoos and Mohammedans, very commonly establish themselves in such places; and it is very usual, on passing a solitary tree in a desert place, to observe under its shadow a religious devotee, with his little sleeping-mat, his water vessel of porous clay, and his fragments of cakes baked upon the hearth, while, notwithstanding the noxious reptiles that commonly abound, these ascetics remain unhurt. I remember, at Gora Bundah, not far from Bombay, to have strolled out at dawn, one morning during the rains, when the country was covered with rank verdure, reeking with unwholesome exhalations, and teeming with animal life. A few paces from the road stood a *Ficus religiosa* tree, under which was a small Moslem tomb, crumbling to decay, and imbedded in a tangled mesh of wild indigo and convolvulus plants, dripping, at this hour, with the heavy dews of night. As I admired the picturesque aspect of the spot, I fancied something moved beneath the tree, and soon perceived a fakir, with his feet covered, and his head resting on a stone, while he slept at the roots of the sacred tree. A little bundle of grain stood near, and an earthern lotah, holding water. Around ran numerous streams of water, choked with weeds, and tenanted by families of bull-frogs, while snakes of many kinds glided among the low brushwood. On returning from my walk, the ascetic was "gathering up sticks," as we read of the widow of Zarephath, in the seventeenth chapter of the same Book of Kings, at the tenth verse, for the same purpose as she did, namely, to make cakes of meal and oil, for his morning food. I then asked the man of his condition, and he told me he had been under this same tree for more than six years; that no animal dared molest him, but, on the contrary, all ministered to his wants, being the servants of the gods to whom his life was devoted.

At the ninth verse of the nineteenth chapter, we read, "that he came thither unto a cave, and lodged there." Lodging in caves in the East seems to have been a habit of all times and all religions. The hills of the Thebaid are studded with caves, in which dwelt the Gnostics and early Christians. The learned men among the Buddhists in India taught religious doctrine, and systems of ethics, in caves attached to the temples, and now known as giharas, of which, in the hills around Jooneer, in western India, are very many specimens that I visited with great interest. On the sacred mount of Girnar, the Jain ascetics all live in caves; some of natural formation in the granite rock, others excavated, having one small chamber, and a stone bench. Ramjee, an ascetic much venerated, whom I saw there, had dwelt twenty years in a cave near the first table-land of Girnar. His thick hair was matted, a turban of rope encircled it, and his forehead and arms were printed with the Trisool of Siva by the priests of Dwaka; a habit that was evidently common among the pagans of old time, as we see in the nineteenth chapter of Leviticus and the twenty-eighth verse, in the command given to the children of Israel: "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor point any marks upon you: I am the Lord."

This man lived entirely on roots and water, and at sunset and sunrise, from the entrance of his cave, blew a shunk, or trumpet of ram's horn, an instrument used by the Levites, as we read at the fifth verse of the sixth chapter of Joshua, "And it shall come to pass, that when they make a long blast with the ram's horn." Rams'-horns were also blown before the Ark of the Covenant. I have observed on the long matted hair of Ramjee the ascetic, and may remark, that men mixing in society in the East, whether priests or laymen, shave their heads; but when a man becomes a devotee, dwelling in forests or caves, as a *sanyassi*, or holy man, he suffers his hair to grow; and in the sixth chapter of Numbers, and at the fifth verse, we read of a Nazarite, who vowed the vow of separation: "There shall no razor come upon his head: until the days be fulfilled, in the which he separateth himself unto the Lord, he shall be holy; and shall let the locks of the hair of his head grow." We see that the head was thus hallowed; and if defiled by any outward act, shaving the head became necessary, as we read in the ninth verse of the same chapter.

In the twentieth chapter of the Book of Kings, and at the thirty-second verse, we read, "So they girded sackcloth on their loins, and put ropes on their heads." The fakirs and ascetics of India commonly wear ropes on their heads, plaited in with their long coarse hair, as a turban. With them it is worn as expressive of humility,—that description of humility which vaunteth itself, and is, perhaps, the worst form that pride can take. I remember, at Ghora Bunda, before mentioned, to have seen and marked a Jogee worshipper, at a Sivaite temple, wearing thus a turban of rope, and sackcloth girded on his loins. Among the cords that encircled his shaggy hair were stuck a few peacocks' feathers, and a heavy bell depended from the sackcloth that girded his loins. The sackcloth and the rope were the outward signs of humility, but the pride of his profession, the assumption of superiority over his fellow-men, as common to a fakir as a cardinal, was shown in his erect figure, his quick and firm step, his eyes bent on the ground, and that slight expression of defiance which marked his handsome countenance, as he moved onwards without raising his eyes either to the temple or the stranger. The man might have been hungry, but he was too proud to own it; weary, yet he made no sign. Suffering, physical or mental, is supposed to have no existence for one devoted to the service of the gods, and the Jogee is no self-betrayer. In the

homage of his fellow-men the ascetic finds full recompence for the misery he absolutely endures in having his loins girded with sackcloth, and his hair bound with ropes, for his long solitary journeys, and his often constrained fasts. He *may* have a stronger motive, and 'tis equally difficult to fathom motives, as it is unjust to offer judgment on the acts that seem to spring from them; but the sackcloth and the rope are in but indifferent keeping with the general tone of the wearer's aspect and behaviour.

At the thirty-eighth verse of the same chapter we read, "So the prophet departed, and waited for the king by the way, and disguised himself with ashes on his face." The Jogees of India always smear their faces with white wood-ashes, which, combined with the red and blue symbols of Vishnu or Siva marked on their foreheads, gives them a peculiarly hideous aspect. In the case described, however, we find the prophet adopted as a *disguise* this wearing of ashes on his face. I recollect, at Shikarpoor, on one occasion, that it was considered necessary to gain some information, which could only be done by a spy perfectly acquainted with the Sindhi tongue. A faithful creature, who had long acted as a *cossid*, or messenger, undertook the service, and proposed, for this purpose, to pass the night in the dhurmsaulah of Larkhana, where the suspected persons would rest. As a cossid, our servant was personally known all over Sindh and Beluchistan; but when the man appeared, to take his final instructions, the inconsequence of this fact was very satisfactory, the old cossid being enveloped in a mantle of orange-tawny cloth, Tulsi beads encircling his neck, and having "disguised himself with ashes on his face," to complete the masquerade.

The twenty-first chapter of Kings, relating the details by which Ahab possessed himself of the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite, contains many points of coincidence with the present character of the East. First, the desire of the king to make of it a garden of herbs: herbs now, as then, being of much importance to an Asiatic, serving in a considerable degree as food, as well as in preparations for the goracco used in hookahs, and for the bath, as well as their being eaten in varieties to preserve the teeth. —When Ahab was refused, the king "laid him down upon his bed." The bed thus alluded to was probably the charpoi, in common use among all ranks in India; a frame having four legs to it, about a foot from the ground, strapped with tapes or ropes of cocoa-nut fibre, according to the wealth of the owner. These beds are often placed under trees, in a garden, near a fountain, or under the verandah of a house, and form a lounge during the heat of the day. I saw a bed that had been made for Meer Nusseer Khan, of Hyderabad, in lower Sindh, of this description, which had cost four hundred pounds. The frame was of sandal wood, and the legs curiously inlaid with silver and talc, ornamented with rough-cut emeralds. One man easily carried it under his arm, though its length was five feet nine, and its breadth two feet and a half, the usual size of a native bed.—At the eighth verse we read, that Jezebel "wrote letters in Ahab's name, and sealed them with his seal." A letter in the East has no authority without the seal of the writer. This stands as the signature. The letter itself is written by the moonshee, or amanuensis, (in this case of Ahab, his wife took upon her the duty,) and having read the missive to the prince or chief who has directed it to be written, the moonshee requires the signet, which the dictator of the letter draws from his finger. The surface of the seal, whether it be a gem or a plate of engraved silver, is then smeared with Indian ink mixed with water, the paper is wetted, and the impression made. On this seal does all the authority of the missive depend. We read, also, that Jezebel directed that false witnesses should be procured, "sons of Belial.' I recollect, in Sindh, seventeen men who perjured themselves for two shillings each on one trial; and the practice of perjury is so well known in the supreme court of Bombay, as forming a characteristic in native habits, that the effect of a host of witnesses has very little influence in the decision on a criminal case.

In the twenty-fourth verse, we read the curse that followed the arts of Jezebel and Ahab: "Him that dieth of Ahab in the city, the dogs shall eat; and him that dieth in the field shall the fowls of the air eat." All cities of the East, whether in Turkey, Egypt, Syria, or India, are to the present day infested with dogs, who act as scavengers to the cities, in like manner as do the vulture and the crow to the open country. These beasts are fierce, gaunt animals, faithful as household guards, but, when influenced by anger or hunger, savage beyond description, and in no way to be driven from their prey. Of a character such as these were doubtless those dogs of Jezreel which fulfilled the prophetic denunciation against Jezebel; so that, when the servants of Jehu would have buried her, because she was a king's daughter, they found no more of her, as we read in the Second Book of Kings, at the ninth chapter, and the thirty-fifth verse, "than the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands."

In the seventeenth chapter of the Second Book of Kings, and at the tenth verse, we read of the sins of the children of Israel: "And they set them up images and groves in every high hill, and under every green tree." As the idolaters of those times held sacred groves and hills, to set up there the symbols of their vain worship, so is it with the pagans of the East in our day, who see in the gods of the Hindoo mythology, as did the worshippers of Baal, powers of protection, which the heavy eye and dulled ear cannot discern in the purer faith practised and taught around them. I have had occasion to speak frequently of the character given by the Buddhistical religionists of ancient days to the three sacred mounts in Western India—Girnar, Aboo, and Paiitana—circled with their rock edicts, and crowned with their marble temples, of exquisitely beautiful architectural design and ornament, and containing their many "gods of vanities." But in particular illustration of the verse in question,

I remember a visit I made, some years since, to a very remarkable spot in the province of Cutch. It is well known that the Rajpoots, degenerate as they may now be, formed, in olden times, the chivalry of India; and as their sense of honour was marked by opinions peculiarly their own, so had they symbols of worship unlike those of the people around them. In Cutch may yet be seen cities possessed only by the owl and the bittern, the fox, the snake, and the jackal, once the princely residences of the Rajpoot chieftains of the land; and the bards still sing to their wire-struck gourds, of the curse by which the offended dervish, or the revengeful saint, scattered the stones of their palaces, and shook the temples to their centres. It was during a sojourn among these interesting relics of the past, that I happened on one occasion to turn along an unfrequented jungle path, attracted by the remarkable form of the two cone-like hills, perfectly isolated in position, and appearing as if the apex of each had been shorn from it by a giant's sword. On arriving at the base of one, I found a narrow flight of broken steps leading to the summit; and having with much difficulty ascended them, I found the table land surrounded by a small bench of stone, and on this bench innumerable figures in wood and stone, of all sizes, representing a mounted warrior, with sword, shield, and helmet. On returning to my tents, I sent for a bard, and inquired the meaning of these images on the "high hill," and the man told me they were idols of "Juck," a deified hero of the Rajpoots, whose seven sons having been outraged by Mins Poom, he seated himself on a deer skin on this hill, which immediately began to crumble under his sanctity, until from thence he had cursed the city of Poomkagud, then under our eyes.

But the children of Israel, in imitation of the worshippers of Baal, not only "set up images and groves in every high hill," but "under every green tree." I happened, while at Toonere, in the northern Conkan, to have occasion to visit a portion of the district, never perhaps before traversed by a European; and when nearly within sight of my halting-place, I found my horse suddenly so alarmed, that it was with much difficulty I could keep him on the path. This was the result of its leading through a "grove," formed of Banian trees, whose tendrils having struck into the ground, in the manner peculiar to this remarkable tree, a pillared avenue was formed of considerable length, impervious to the glare of day. The tough tendrils of these trees here and there depended, in form resembling the huge rattlesnake of Ceylon, rather than vegetable fibre, and might easily have been mistaken for such, winding along the ground in tortuous and fantastic shapes. Under the heavier foliage of each parent tree were graven images of the hideous Devi, or the hull of Siva. These were smeared with red pigment formed of cinnabar and oil, were wreathed with flowers, and lighted by little oil wicks in earthen saucers, beside which, on the flat stone that served for altar, lay grains of rice, with here and there an iron vessel filled with incense. Such was the sacred grove; and connecting it with my knowledge of the ancient rites of Kali (a form of Devi), and of the human sacrifices made to propitiate her in times of disease and famine, I could not but think that very similar to this grove of the Conkan were those in Samaria, when the children of Israel "left all the commandments of the Lord their God," and caused their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire, "and made a grove, and worshipped all the host of heaven, and served Baal," as we read they did, in the sixteenth verse of the seventeenth chapter of the Second Book of Kings.

In the eighteenth chapter of the same book, and at the fourth verse, we read, that King Hezekiah "removed the high places, and brake the images, and cut down the groves, and brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made: for unto those days, the children of Israel did burn incense to it: and he called it Nehushtan." In the province of Cutch the Cobra capella is an object of worship, and on the wall of the hill-fort of its principal city is a temple dedicated to its worship, known as the "Snake Tower." Brahmins are in attendance, and a Cobra which I saw there is worshipped and considered as a god. This reptile is fed with milk, and annually a festival is held in its honour, which is called the Naga Pachami, or snake-worship, and which the ruling prince with all his chiefs and courtiers attends. It was my fortune to be present at one of these festivals. On the brow of the hill, immediately below the temple, an altar was erected, surrounded by a trough surmounted by the image of a snake, and garlanded with flowers. From this altar to the musnud or throne of cushions, pailed for the accommodation of Rao Daisul and his father Prince Bharmuljee, was stretched a richly decorated awning, and about it were ranged dancing girls and musicians. The crowd was immense; at length, preceded by his elephants, the prince appeared in the full costume of a Rajpoot warrior, mounted on a handsome Kattiwa horse, and followed by a glittering cortege. Having dismounted, he bowed before the altar, and took his seat on the musnud. The most discordant strains, produced by trumpets of rams'-horns and tom-toms, rent the air, and the high priest of the snake-temple repeated prayers and invocations to the object of the worship. These concluded, a kid of the goats was brought to the foot of the altar, its head bound with flowers. Here it was slain, and the priest dipping a bunch of tulsi (sweet basil) in the blood that flowed in the trough, dashed it both on the altar and towards the people who stood around. The head of the goat was then placed on the altar, and the Brahmin became as one affecting to be influenced by supernatural energy. He danced before the altar, shrieked in tones most horrible, rolled on the ground, writhed and gnashed his teeth as if in the most intense physical agony, and as these demonstrations became weaker, he started forward, snatched a handful of cinnabar from the altar, softened it with the blood of the sacrifice, and springing forward, affixed it as a tika on the centre of the forehead of the Rao.

The ceremonies were concluded by large gifts to the temple, and the prince returned to the palace, where fireworks were displayed in honour of the festival.

Such was the worship and sacrifice offered to the "Serpent" in the province of Cutch; and whatever other ceremonies might have been observed in the time of king Hezekiah, we see that "the children of Israel did burn incense" to the serpent he called "Nehushtan," the brazen serpent of Moses.

At the eleventh verse of the twenty-third chapter of the Second Book of Kings, we read, "And he took away the horses that the children of Israel had given the Sun."

Evidence exists in India, that the worship of the sun and moon was the earliest known there. In the Surashtra peninsula of western India, on the coast of Kattiawar, this is particularly the case. The old temple of Somnath was originally dedicated to the moon; and in a very ancient cave at Verawul Puttun, a town very near it, situated on the river Rin-Nakshi, I saw an image, doubtless intended to personify the moon; its form being a huge circle of stone, supported on two rude pillars. The cave was half filled with water, but its character showed it to be coeval with the inscribed rock of Girnar. Not far from this spot is also a temple of great antiquity, where is an image, a drawing of which I believe was published by the late Sir Alexander Burnes. The stone was carved in rude imitation of a human face, with rays proceeding from it, and, as I have described of the image in the cave at Puttun, it was supported by two pillars; we see, therefore, that the ancient idolaters of India worshipped the sun, as well as those kings of Judah, whose gifts Josiah "took away."

In the thirtieth verse of the same chapter, we read of Pharaoh-Necho's death, by the hand of Josiah: "And his servants carried him in a chariot, dead, from Megiddo, and brought him to Jerusalem, and buried him in his own sepulchre." Great men in the East have always had the habit of building their own sepulchres; the pacha of Egypt is doing so at present, with Syene alabaster, at an enormous expense. The Mohammedans, like the Egyptians, consider the body as an inn, but the tomb as an everlasting habitation. They believe, the disembodied spirit is pleased with the splendour that surrounds the decaying body, and frequently visits the spot, with fond mysterious yearnings. On many days, set apart for the purpose, the relatives of deceased persons repair to their sepulchres, and talk together of their virtues, smoke pipes, and repeat prayers on the flat roofs of the buildings; then dine, and perform ablutions together in the beautiful gardens in which these tombs usually stand. In the centre of the lower apartment, a raised slab shows the resting-place of the owner; and this is spread with a large square of satin embroidered with gold, and on it rests the Koran, which formed the daily study of the deceased: at the head of the slab is frequently a pillar, on which rests his turban, or, in some cases, the resemblance of one is sculptured on the stone. In Sindh, where the tombs of the old Talpur princes are very numerous and handsome, the surfaces are covered with light blue tiles, of varied and very beautiful design, the doorways having been on either side emblazoned with verses of the Koran in gold, and the interiors exquisitely wrought in fine stone traceries, introducing the bell and the pomegranate, a pattern used, as we read in the thirty-ninth of Exodus, as the ornament of the robe of the ephod of the high-priest of Israel.

The sepulchre erected by Aurungzebe, during her life, for his favourite sister, Aurungabad, is one of the most magnificent buildings in the East, being wholly of white marble, with chambers, cupolas, minarets, and cedgars of the most exquisite workmanship; the traceries of the lofty windows resembling fine lace-work rather than sculptured marble. The tomb stands in a beautiful garden, at the end of an avenue of fountains, and is surrounded with the rich and varied foliage of the orange, lime, and tamarind.

At Ahmedabad, in Guzerat, I visited numerous sepulchres far more splendid than any palaces in the land, and most bearing inscriptions stating them to have been erected by the princes whose mortal remains were here encased; and it will be readily supposed, that with the existence of such a custom in the East, as the erection of sepulchres by those who desired to be deposited therein, the servants of any prince would, if their master fell under the sword of an enemy, hasten to convey his body to "his own sepulchre," as did those of the king of Egypt when he fell by the waters of Euphrates.

At the twenty-fifth chapter of the same Book, and the seventh verse, we read that the Chaldeans "slew the sons of Zedekiah before his eyes, and put out the eyes of Zedekiah;" and in the seventh verse of the thirty-ninth chapter of Jeremiah it seems to have been done, not so much by the army as by the king of Babylon; for it is said, "Moreover, he put out Zedekiah's eyes." Barbarous as this seems, the practice is still common in the East. Shah Soojah, of Caubool, put out the eyes of his brother, Shah Zeman; and in speaking of it I never heard the people of Beloochistan allude to it as a barbarous cruelty, but merely as a just punishment for the political intrigues of the prince.

In the twenty-fifth chapter of the Second Book of Kings, and at the fifteenth verse, we read of the carrying away of the treasures of Jerusalem: "And the firepans and the bowls, and such things as were of gold, in gold, and of silver, in silver, the captain of the guard took away." I recollect being very much impressed by the furniture of a very remarkable temple supported by the banian, or merchant population of Cutch. The doors were overlaid with beaten gold, unburnished. The cornices were of sandal wood, richly carved with wreaths and depending flowers. Over the door of the adytum depended a veil or curtain of scarlet, blue and white woven cloth, with a heavy border and fringe; and the bowl of incense, with its chain, the candlesticks for oil, the tongs, the plate for mixing cinnabar, the spoon, and all the altar furniture, were of silver, but unpolished, as the gold and silver work of the native artisans of India always

is when working in their own style. In Exodus we find also, that "beaten work of pure gold" was commanded; and the very absence of alloy in the gold and silver of the East, renders burnishing difficult. There is no reason to believe the work of the tabernacle was different to the beaten gold now used in the temples of India to overlay their fine woods of sandal and camphor; for although recent translations of hieroglyphical inscriptions from the tombs of Egypt prove the goldsmiths of Pharaoh to have been acquainted with the art of burnishing gold thirty years before the departure of the Israelite captives, still we are told, in the twenty-fifth chapter of Exodus, that Moses was inspired with knowledge for the building of the tabernacle, as in the ninth verse, "according to all that I show thee." And again, in the thirty-first chapter of the same book, and at the second verse, we read that Bezaleel was taught of God; and in the fourth verse we see he was especially so taught, "to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass;" which leaves us no right to suppose that the brick-making captives learned the arts of King Pharaoh's goldsmiths, or that the gold vessels of the tabernacle were otherwise than made of pure beaten gold, such as the people of India have now the art of producing, and of the same kind, probably, as that furniture of the temple of Jerusalem which "the captain of the guard took away."

The reader interested in the descriptions given of the holy places of Israel may feel some curiosity about the interior character of the Brahminical temples of old date, as seen at present in India; and it may be remarked, that although ignorance and gross darkness prevent the receivers of the puranas from recognising aught but visible gods in their hideous idols, yet it was not always so; and one of the most intelligent men I ever met with, a high caste Nagir Brahmin, the Dewan or Minister of his highness the Nuwab of Junaghir, assured me, that every idol in the temples was but the attempted personification of one of the attributes of the Deity: as Bhowani was of his beneficence; Siva, of his power; Vishnu, of his mercy; and that all the decorations of the Hindoo temples were entirely symbolic, and as such recognised by those who composed and understood the Shastres and Vedas in the early ages of Brahminical learning; now gazed on, however, with stupid indifference by ignorant and corrupted worshippers. Runchorjee also told me, that human sacrifices, suttee, and infanticide, had no authority in the old religious writings of the Hindoos: these were all grafts, he assured me, made by a corrupt priesthood for the purpose of governing a timid and credulous people. "We see," said Runchorjee, looking around him on the magnificent scenery of the Girnar, "these granite mountains, these dense forests, and the sparkling rivers; we know that God made these, and the blocks in our temples only express his means." These were the tenets of a Brahmin of the highest caste in India; a caste so pure, that in the whole land five families only now remain. This man, as a Nagir, has tasted only unparched grain and water during his whole life, and his ancestors were men deeply learned in Sancreet lore, the expounders of the Vedas, and the repositories of all the learning and philosophy for which the priestly class of ancient India were once so famous. I have mentioned all these points, because prejudice is never so unsightly as when it takes forms of condemnation against any portion of the great human family; and, as affects Hindooism, the farther we travel back among its records, the more shall we see gleamings of light, as if reflected on it by something purer, brighter than itself. It is difficult to tell from what impressions on the Hindoo mind the Vedas were originally worked into form, whether from gleams of light from Syria, or otherwise; but, as all coincidences between the present times and those of ancient days are interesting, while I do not presume to connect the links, or trace them to the beginning of the chain, yet I think the interior of a Hindoo temple must be of interest to every reader of the Book of Exodus.

The temple of Budrasir, then, on the coast of Cutch, is too old for even tradition to give any history of its origin, although it has been repaired and kept in order by the banian or trading population of the province. The building is square, with elliptical domes, each crowned with a pine-shaped kullus, and is surrounded by an open verandah of very elaborately and richly carved stone-work, representing musicians playing on cymbals and drums, with dancing girls and images of the gods. The door of the temple is low, and opens on a square court, the pillars of which are richly carved, and around it are small chambers, in the wall, for the priests. At the end of this court is the adytum, with a veil of blue, red, and white embroidered cloth over the door; and within this the altar with its idol, at the foot of which is generally seen the brazen dish, on which, with a roller, the cinnabar is ground with oil of seesamun for anointing the idol. There is also a bowl that holds the oil, a tall brazen candlestick, having a floating oil-wick, with snuffers chained to it, and a censer containing a ban or incense. A bell hangs over the door of the adytum, and the door itself is overlaid with beaten gold. The pillars and cornices are decorated with wreaths and pendants, representing pomegranates, dates, flowers, tassels, and bells. In front of Hindoo temples is almost universally seen a tank, in which the Brahmins bathe, answering to them the purpose of the laver to the Levites.

None but the Brahmin whose office it is to wash and anoint the idol can enter the adytum, and this he does in silence, bowing himself from time to time before the altar. Such is the temple of Budrasir, and such the monuments of idolatry, which (as the Israelites were commanded utterly to "destroy all the places wherein the nations which ye shall possess served their gods," as we read in the second verse of the twelfth chapter of Deuteronomy) we may hope to see replaced by the sacred edifices in honour of the purer faith of those Gentiles to whom the promises were extended, when Israel turned to the abominations of the nations among whom these people tarried.

THE MIDSHIPMAN.

Q.

A SAIL! 'tis the foe! doth the sailor boy start—
The flush on his cheek, and the throb at his heart?
And deem ye, at sight and sensation so new,
One thought of that stripling prov'd weak or untrue?
Oh no! but a desolate mother is there,
A sister hath place in the sailor-boy's prayer.
'Tis said! and resolve is alight in his eye,
For England his duty to do, or to die.
He chides the long hour that the Tartar must run,
Ere she rake that proud craft with the death-dealing gun,
Ere he leap to that deck 'mid the cannons' fierce blast,
And nail the good cross of St. George to the mast.

My England, the olive hath twin'd o'er thy bay:
Yet heed lest the spirit that won them, decay:
And ne'er be ingratitude found upon thee,
To thy lion-heart champions, the lords of the sea!
Still love thy stout veterans who battled and bled
Where Nelson expir'd and where Collingwood led;
And love the bold boys that await but thy call,
Like them in the quarrel to fight or to fall.
While loyally serving thy Church and thy Queen,
Forget not in peace what thy perils have been,
The swords and the hearts that have guarded thee free!
Hurrah for our heroes by land and by sea!

HARRY SUMNER'S REVENGE.[1]

BY POLYDORE.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Meanwhile, the heart within the heart, the seat
Where peace and happy consciousness should dwell,
On *its own axis* restlessly revolves,
Yet *nowhere finds the cheering light of truth.*"
The Excursion.

"There is in the voice of conscience nothing less than a Divine revelation within man. This is the *first* awakening call to the other louder and fuller proclamations of *revealed truth.*"
Schlegel's Phil. of Life. Lect. iii.

"Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, *Who knows what follows?*"
Troil. and Cres. Act. ii. Sc. 2.

IT will have been remarked in the course of this history, that the inner being of Harry Sumner is in a state of pure nature: glistening like fine gold through a thick crust of custom and conventionalities. He is an extremely enlightened person, according to the popular acceptation of that term. That is, he is living in the nineteenth century; and, being abundantly endowed with those intellectual gifts which the said century—the pet of the schoolmaster—thinks so much of, as well as those material advantages to which it assigns the next place of importance, he is no mean proficient in those mental acquirements which embody its utmost conceptions of knowledge, learning, *truth*. But his spirit is yearning heavenward; the instinct of immortality is expanding daily; and neither his powerful reason,[1] nor his vigorous and well-stored fancy,[1] is able to satisfy the importunate demands of his understanding,[1] or direct his perplexed will.[1] The more his spiritual consciousness developed, the keener became the sense of his deficiency in the matter of discipline and truth. The falseness of the standard by which the custom of an *enlightened* generation sought to guide his conscience, he detected very readily. He perceived that it was a selfish code, made up of laws inconsistent with themselves, never aiming at any one point of abstract right, but at a low, ever changing standard of self-interest, or, at best, expediency. He saw that it was a systematized sham. But he was not prepared with a substitute. Still, the system came to a spirit yearning for guidance, recommended by the voice of very general consent; and that was some authority, at least. So that, until he had found some one fixed standard of action, some competent authority to which his will might on all occasions appeal, he did not feel himself at liberty to break from it.

But where so few feel even the want which thou art conscious of, in what direction canst thou look for such a guide, Harry Sumner? Whence shall it come to thee? How shall it be brought to thee? It doth not appear to be as yet at hand. But thou art moving under that Eye of Love, without whose knowledge not one sparrow falls to the ground; and thy guardian angel shall take a visible shape rather than thou shalt go finally astray for want of knowledge. But thou must first experience a still deeper sense of want, and learn a bitter lesson of the worse than uselessness of the best gifts of unaided nature.

Ever since the fearful catastrophe that befel his friend Lamb before his very eyes, the cloud that hid from him for awhile the visible, and all material enjoyment, led him to project a strong spiritual glance towards the infinite future: and the solemn stillness was softly stirred with music of mysterious voices, all unheard amidst the tumult of sensuous contentment. It is true, he has been rapidly recalled to a realisation of the present, by the passion newly awakened in his heart for his friend's sister; and intense must be the future effect upon his destiny, for weal or woe. But the Divine voice once listened to, will not easily be hushed within him. His spiritual yearnings will importune him *until they are answered*, unless he drown them in guilty indulgence, or weary them out by sloth.

In such a state it is not difficult to foresee the effect of the thought of such an action as that to which he was now committed. The spiritual consciousness that had just been awakened within him is already, like the unseen angel in the prophet's path, opposing the further progress of his reluctant will. His whole being had been stirred from its inmost depths; it is now exasperated into violent commotion. A strong current of moral consciousness had on a sudden set against the stream of custom to which he had been

(1) Continued from page 91.

(1) F. Schlegel's analysis is here adopted: save that the writer has ventured to attach "Memory" to the department of Fancy, rather than to that of Reason.

content to commit himself, and his distracted will found itself rudderless in a whirlpool of conflicting emotions. Many feelings and considerations, confused and transitory, had prompted the impulse to call at Mr. Lamb's. Amongst these was, perhaps, an instinctive feeling of the possible nearness of the fate that had but lately taken his friend, Arthur Lamb. And he was, besides, influenced by a vague hope of haply meeting there the clergyman of whom he had formed so exalted an estimate from what he had heard from Mrs. and Miss Lamb. Disappointed in a hope built upon so extremely airy a foundation, Harry Sumner once more found himself alone in the street, moving in the direction of his sister's residence. A strange disinclination to proceed thither induced him to alter his course. Unable to endure the burden of thought, he sought his club; and there, between newspapers and conversation, contrived to come to the end of an hour. He was just descending the steps of the building, and was musing in what direction he should next bend his way, when his sister's carriage, which was conveying her and Mrs. Sumner to Clifton House, drove in sight. He signalled to the coachman to draw up. Almost before the horses were well reined to a stationary posture, the footman was at the door, handle in hand. No sooner had he swung it open at Sumner's approach, than Mrs. Sumner extended her affectionate hand to her son, saying as she did so, with a coaxing accent,

"Harry, my dear, what are you doing with yourself? I have scarcely seen anything of you since you came from college!"

Sumner pressed his mother's hand with even a more fervent warmth than was his wont; and bending his head, slightly touched it with his lips. The ready tears started into the mother's eyes at this movement of her son, and sealed for the moment her lips.

"Lucy, dear!" said Sumner, addressing his sister, "I have altered my mind. I think I should like to go with you to Mrs. Celery's party this evening!"

"Oh, you good boy!" exclaimed Lucy; regarding her brother, however, with a momentary expression of surprise. For she knew that Lady Agnes would not be at Mrs. Celery's, nor was it unknown to her that parties at which that lady was not were rather distasteful than otherwise to her brother; and that he was in the habit, with the peculiar selfishness that characterizes the state of heart to which he was a very complete victim, of absenting himself from them if he could contrive any tolerable excuse for his absence. Now, as there was no lack of excuses good enough for such a purpose, Mrs. Perigord was not a little puzzled at the announcement on the part of her brother.

"That is good news for me, Harry!" said Mrs. Sumner. "I was going to accompany Lucy; but I am sure it would have been too much for me, after the morning's fatigue."

"And you did not intend to tell me that, mother?" exclaimed Sumner, half inquiringly. "Do you not believe, then, that such a motive for going would be quite enough of itself to make any party delightful to me?" Then turning to the footman, "To Clifton House" he said; experiencing a thrill of pleasure in merely speaking the name of the house.

"Clifton House!" echoed the footman. And as the carriage drove off, Mrs. Sumner kissed her hand to her son, and gazed at him so long as he remained in sight with all a mother's doting fondness.

Harry Sumner's manner and deportment that evening were a puzzle to his sister. He danced incessantly, contrary to his usual custom; conversed throughout the evening with such untiring animation, that smiles followed him wherever he betook himself; and the general inquiry amongst those to whom he was unknown was, 'Who is that charming agreeable man?'

Who of the gay throng but would have recoiled with wonder, could the torturing anxieties of that overcharged heart have been laid bare to them! Little recked the most thoughtful of the crowd the manner in which that terrible night was spent by him who seemed to be the very soul of animation and merriment. He himself appeared to possess an instinctive foreboding of the sort of morning hours he was about to spend. His sister was as much puzzled at his evident reluctance to leave, as by the flow of animal spirits which increased rather than flagged as the evening advanced. "Surely, he must have offered and been accepted!" she said within herself. No sooner had he seated himself in the carriage by her side to return, than the unnatural excitment, that had performed its part so well up to this moment, suddenly subsided; and it required the most resolute efforts of his will to keep him from betraying to her its unreality. The most intolerable of his feelings was one he could not at all explain. It was an insurmountable consciousness of *guilt*. He felt as though every fresh thing he did were something he ought not to do. In the gaiety he assumed that he might avoid causing anxiety to his sister, there was hypocrisy. Both towards her and his mother he was practising concealment—however seemingly unavoidable. The following morning's engagement, although impossible, as far as he could then see, to be avoided, was as sensibly against the voice of his conscience as against the laws of the country. And when, after wishing his sister good night, he retired to his own apartment and threw himself upon the sofa, it was in a state of mind not very far from the despairing recklessness of fatalism.

"What is this?" he said, starting up from his recumbent position, after half an hour's such complete suspension and abstraction of mental power as resembled a waking trance rather than any effort of comtemplation. "This is not fear! I can face death! though not without emotion—God forbid! The tyranny of society forces me to this dire alternative! Yes, I can face death, when called upon to do so, with all its consequences. But that dear mother's misery—and Lucy's—that is a thought I cannot face! And all for a moment's disagreement, so trifling that—— I'll

find out Browne this instant, and apologize." In an instant he had gently opened the door of the apartment, and had actually descended the first step of the flight of stairs. There he suddenly halted. After a pause of a few seconds, he retraced his steps, re-entered his chamber, and closing the door somewhat violently, strode to and fro in his apartment, exclaiming half aloud at the same time, "So trifling! trifling! What! 'pert and'—what was the other word? Trifling! He's a coarse fellow, after all. No great harm if I did wing him! No—that I am quite resolved about—no consideration on earth should induce me to do that—not if he called me a coward and a liar on the spot."

One—two! One—two!

"Half-past two o'clock!" he exclaimed, as the four solemn strokes fell amid dead of night upon his ear. "Only an hour left! I must write to my mother and Lucy, in case of the worst. But first, to make my peace with God!" So saying he fell upon his knees by the side of his bed, and, burying his face in his hands, attempted prayer. Vain—most vain efforts! The accents of prayer would not come to his lips—neither would his mind remain two seconds consecutively collected in the Divine presence. Instead of the solemn act he contemplated, he had composed several letters to his mother and sister: when he rose from his knees, sick at heart, and uncheered in spirits. He then traversed the room backwards and forwards in the same fitful and excited manner as before, vainly attempting to arrange in his mind the contents of the two distressing letters. The more he walked, however, the farther he appeared to be from his subject; and so, as the morning light began to glimmer, he was fain to seat himself at his escritoire and write something at all events. It wanted only half an hour of four o'clock when he sealed and directed the following letters.

"If this letter be ever opened by you, dearest mother, it will be under circumstances of woe and misery brought upon you by your son, unhappy in that alone. Heaven knows, I would have walked barefooted round the world rather than have caused you and Lucy such a pang. But what could I do? I am not the challenger; and I offered, through my friend, to do anything I might IN HONOUR! rather than be committed to an event which may be so disastrous in its consequences to those I so dearly love. Reproach me not, my mother. Could you have endured to hear your son branded as a coward? I am now speaking to you from the world of spirits. If memory be permitted me there, never, never shall my disembodied consciousness part from the dear image of my mother. Her acts, her words, her loving heart, her goodness, all, all shall be treasured up in recollection; and methinks the precious remembrance must brighten the saddest and most lone spiritual being. Farewell, dearest mother—again and again, farewell! Dare I hope to be admitted to where one so good must pass to after life, I would say, we shall meet again in a place where all doubt will be cleared up, and the poor groping human mind will repose in truth.

"One word more!—my last. Upon the honour of a gentleman, and the solemn assertion of one who, ere four hours have passed away, may be in another world—*I did not copy a sentence, word, nor letter, from poor Lamb, nor from any book, paper, or person, at the Oxford examination. For every word spoken or written, I was indebted to no one but myself.* A feeling which no one would more thoroughly appreciate than yourself, if it were made known to you, prevents me from giving you, even now, any further explanation.

"Again, adieu, my mother. I could fill a book to you, but *expression* as well as time fails me. Adieu.

"Dearest Mother, your affectionate Son,

"(Oh, how tame is this expression to what I feel!)

"HARRY SUMNER."

"How poor a vehicle, after all, is language!" he exclaimed, as he read and re-read this short farewell to his adored parent. "I suppose I might heap figure upon figure, and pour forth interjections and apostrophes by the yard, as the woes of fiction are wont to do. Mighty utterance of human thought! Thou art an able drudge, but how feeble an office dost thou render to the bursting heart! And now, my sister, the same tame last words must be said to thee." Then, rising from his seat, he traversed hurriedly the room, ere he wrote as follows:—

"MY OWN DEAREST SISTER.—God knows what I feel at parting from you! But how unspeakably is the wretched separation embittered by the thought of the suffering I must be the unwilling cause of to you and our most dear mother! Poor Browne, or his second, (I suspect the latter) *insisted* on a meeting—certainly without any sufficient cause. I must go, or be branded as a coward, and become an outcast amongst gentlemen. At least the guilt of others' blood I shall be free from. If I fall, this letter will be placed in your hands. If!—that miserable if! Not that I fear death. And yet, why should I not? He must be utterly insensible, who can have approached the very verge of time, and beheld at his feet—above—around—everywhere, save the one little point of earth on which he stands—the infinite, illimitable, abysmal, future—*unawed.* Yes, I am filled—and I blush not to confess it, my Lucy—with unspeakable awe and profoundest fear. To pass from what is to me, alas! 'the only known,' to the endless unknown! I have met this hazard, because I cannot with honour refuse to do so. I have tried every expedient honour permitted, to avoid it, but in vain. To fire at my antagonist, however, I am not compelled; neither will I. Many friendships very dear to me, I leave behind me; but my heart breaks when I think of three ties of unutterable love, thus cruelly torn in sunder. Two of these I need not tell you of; I must leave it to your own affectionate heart, dear Lucy, to understand their depth and intensity—words are wholly inadequate to express them. But there is another, of *another nature*, whose object

too you know well, although I have never plainly stated as much to you. Of a love *so* entirely different in its kind, I may say with perfect freedom, that it is one of a passionate fervour, and all-engrossing and thrilling intenseness. I had just begun to hope that my feelings might be returned. I had just acquired a fresh interest in the activities of life; and had resolved to set to work immediately in right earnest, to achieve a position which I might *with pride* invite a lady of lofty birth and loftier soul to share with me. 'Tis past! Make what use of this confidence you please, my darling sister. If the knowledge of the feelings my heart carried with it out of this world be likely to cause her a moment's regret, never name the subject to her. It was, however, impossible but that she must have noticed my attachment; and if you think it desirable, I should like her to know how true to life's last breath was his love, whose only life from the first moment I saw her has been in her presence. I have given directions about my will to Messrs. Hard and Sallow. Will you kindly see that £300 be invested for poor old Millisant and his daughter?

"May God bless you, my dearest sister, with a long life of happiness! I know you will comfort and cheer our poor mother under her sorrow. And let it be a consolation to you both, to hope that I am where the *'weary are at rest!'* A thousand farewell kisses from

"Your doting Brother,

"HARRY SUMNER."

One—two! One—two! Not another moment of delay! *Now* he felt as though, of all possible invitations, that to the party he had left about two hours ago was the very last he would wish to have availed himself of. What would he not now give for a few more hours to occupy in his present occupation! Now he felt that he had but just commenced what he would have written; and that, if he had but the time, he could fully unbosom himself. The two letters are enveloped, sealed, and enclosed in a cover directed to Mr. D'Aaroni, with the addition of the following direction as to their disposal:—"In a *fatal* event, the enclosed to be given *immediately* as directed." Noiselessly he opens the door of the apartment; and in travelling guise treads with still and stealthy steps the passage floor. What sensation is this that makes his brow flush and his pulse quicken? Stealing out like a thief, or a murderer, at this guilty hour! It is all in keeping. Oh, loving Conscience! ever watching with sleepless anxiousness over the Divine image. Guardian angel of the immortal spirit! never forsaking thy wayward care; thy timid love never missing an opportunity to contrast the beautiful truth of which thou art so fair a vision, with mock duty and empiric virtue. "Common tongue and language of human nature, and of an *untaught* and *innate* fear of God!" When all around is most forbidding, and destruction seems imminent, then is thy whispering melody heard thrilling to the deepest centre of man's inner being; alluring back his will to the peaceful paths from which he has strayed, or inviting it to ways it had not hitherto known! Like a true lover that thou art, thou heedest not slight or neglect. Happy he who, won by thy spiritual beauty and constant love, commits himself to thy guidance, and reachest whither thou dost lead!—As Harry Sumner trod stealthily along the gallery at that still morning hour, and was now passing the room in which lay his mother, all unconscious of her son's present destination, he looked askance at the door, fearful of beholding it open, and her beloved form confronting him as he passed. Suddenly his steps are arrested. Why does he listen thus intently? Why that look of agony? Hush! It cannot be! That well known voice! What is it that he hears? His own name!

"My Harry! my son! my Harry! Defend him, O God! O Christ, protect him! Pray! Love thee!" Fainter and fainter are the last few words—and then there is a sound only just loud enough to be audible to his straining organ, as of one embracing him of whom she dreamed. All is still again. A sound reaches him as of one moving restlessly on the bed—and again all is still: not a sound save the ticking of the clocks; and occasionally a heavy sigh of some slumberer in an adjoining room.

Yes! his mother, whose grey hairs he is running an imminent risk of bringing with deepest anguish to the grave, is praying for him, even whilst she sleeps. It wanted but this terrible exasperation of his inward suffering to deprive him of all proper consciousness. Onward he proceeds—mechanically; descends the staircase as noiselessly as if all his thoughts were concentrated on that one object. The door had been left unfastened, by his directions; recalled to a recollection of this by a few ineffectual efforts to turn back the massive key, he gently opens the door, as gently closes it, and the still freshness of the twilight morning cools his throbbing temples and burning cheeks. A hack cab is loitering by. He hails it, and must have given the exact direction to the driver; for in a period of time imperceptible to the wretched passenger, he was deposited at the Vauxhall station, where he found Mr. D'Aaroni waiting for him. He had scarcely received, in consideration of a first-class fare, a little square bit of pasteboard, from a highly dressed youth, whose red hair was reeking with ambrosial grease, and who lifted up his flaming eye-lashes at every fresh part of the process his duty imposed upon him, and surveyed him with a look which said as plainly as looks can speak, "I'd give something to know who you may be," when a tinkling bell summoned the passengers to their seats in their respective carriages.

"Sumner! my dear fellow, that's not the way! Here!" exclaimed Mr. D'Aaroni, upon perceiving his principal in the act of attempting an entrance into a private carriage on a truck attached to the train, to the dismay of a gentleman and lady, who evidently considered themselves the proprietors of the vehicle.

"Your pardon! I mistook the carriage," said

Sumner, in some confusion, as he hurriedly withdrew, and, following his friend, entered a first-class carriage in which they found but one fellow-traveller: an empty one was not to be found.

Strange to say, there was something in the sounds that met his ear, and the objects that caught his eye, that exactly suited his state of mind. It was almost exhilarating. The web of half-subterranean passages, the inhospitable keenness of the morning air as it eddied through them; the huge wood and iron fragments in scattered masses; colossal trains of trucks for heavy goods, idling amidst brick pillars as strong and hideous as themselves; the panting and heaving engines, like land-leviathans cased in iron; the roaring furnaces, dripping of water, and clang of metal; the hurrying to and fro of human forms; the last rattle of a hoarse shrill bell; and then that unearthly scream, which unerringly announces that the iron whirlwind is loose on its career; all—we stay not to inquire wherefore—were congenial sounds and sights to Sumner, and so effectually recalled him for a few moments to himself, that he was able to exchange one or two common-place observations with Mr. D'Aaroni, as they emerged from beneath the iron ceiling, and the shrubs, and hedges, and rails began to be blended into one by their lightning rapidity of movement. He soon found himself, however, unequal to maintaining a conversation, and drawing his travelling-cap over his closed eyes, he leaned back in the corner of the carriage as if to sleep. Not a movement, scarce a look of that expressive countenance, was lost upon D'Aaroni. Narrowly he watched his friend: the compressed lips—the dilated nostril—the changing hue upon his cheeks, now flushed with a streak of burning red, now deadly pale; the very languid drooping of his hand and fingers, betrayed the agony within. He gazed and mused with interest, and wondered at his folly. One thing was quite evident, Sumner did not wish to be disturbed; so, for lack of a better occupation, Mr. D'Aaroni averted his gaze from his friend to their fellow-passenger. He was a young man, apparently about thirty years of age, clad somewhat carelessly in an unmistakeable clerical costume. His face was not wholly strange to Mr. D'Aaroni. He had seen it before, he could not remember where or when. But from some allusions that fell from him as they conversed together, joined with what he remembered, he thought it must be the Rev. Mr. Smith, one of the curates of ——. Saving an expression of remarkable gentleness and benevolence,—perhaps, too, of asceticism,—there was nothing to provoke much observation. But when he began to address Mr. D'Aaroni, in reply to that gentleman, there was a sweetness and dignity in his manner, which greatly struck and interested his companion, and induced him to continue rather a lengthened conversation.

"You were just in time, I observed," he said at one period of their conversation.

"One is certain to be when one would rather not," replied Mr. D'Aaroni, glancing at his friend, who remained motionless, as though in deep sleep, in the corner of the carriage.

"I was not much in advance of you," said the stranger: "indeed," he continued, smiling, "I owe my dignity of a first-class carriage to my unpunctuality. You have, I suppose, seen the account of a fatal duel in the Bois de Boulogne, between a physical-force Parisian, and a moral-force theoretician. Both killed! It is, indeed, fearful!" added the speaker in a tone of deep feeling.

"I have heard of it," replied Mr. D'Aaroni, "and should have been more concerned about it if they had not been two Parisians; and not less if they had been two monkeys."

"They have souls!" observed his fellow-passenger; adding, in a tone of severity, "Which are indigenous to no plot of earth."

An ominous silence succeeded this observation.

Mr. D'Aaroni's keen sense of hearing detected a quicker breathing in the corner of the vehicle.

"And their wives, and children, or parents, or brothers or sisters! Yes; when one thinks of the bitter agony their pride has occasioned those innocent victims of that most selfish and cowardly of all society's virtues, it does seem difficult to regret their fate."

Mr. D'Aaroni moved uneasily in his seat, he glanced at his friend: alas! it was but too evident how each word so involuntarily applicable was telling there. Sumner was leaning motionless against the corner of the carriage, his eyes closed, as if asleep; but the blood was almost starting from the lip compressed between his teeth. One hand grasped almost convulsively the padded arm support that separated him from the speaker. The other hand depending from the elbow-ledge between the window and the back of the carriage, was so rigidly clenched, that the swollen veins streaked the back of his hand and wrist with blue raised lines of unnatural height and breath.

"It is possible I may be offending a favourite prejudice, sir," continued the speaker; "If so, I sincerely ask to be pardoned. It is a subject on which I feel warmly."

"Not at all. I am no admirer of the 'trial by battel,'" said Mr. D'Aaroni in reply. "There is, however, something to be said in its behalf; and constituted as is that artificial thing called society, cases do happen in which I do not very well see how it is to be avoided."

"And I, on the contrary,—may I be permitted to speak out without fearing an imputation of rudeness or presumption?" inquired the speaker of Mr. D'Aaroni, with a most winning and genuine gentleness.

"Pray do so," replied that gentleman, who, however, was most fervently wishing the topic changed; and yet scarcely knew how to discontinue it immediately after so delicate an appeal. Thus encouraged, his fellow-passenger continued,

"And I cannot imagine a *Christian* experiencing any such dilemma, unless, indeed, *Christianity* be a phantom and a mockery—a beautiful dream which eludes the grasp when it would seem to be most needed, namely, in the practical duties of life and of social

intercourse. And even apart from the sublime ethics of Christianity, (apart from which, however, no Christian ought to tolerate its consideration,) how little is to be said for it! Courage! to stand face to face with a fellow-man, in fulfilment of a purpose of deadly savageness, rather than meet the consequences of a violated custom which you despise whilst you obey it! Honour! to refuse to apologize if you have wounded another's feelings—if you have been insulted, to place the happiness of those you love the dearest at the mercy of your injurer, rather than take the revenge of neglect or forgiveness!"

"You evidently speak with feeling on the subject," replied Mr. D'Aaroni. "I must agree that on the whole the practice admits of no justification. Yet, believe me, sir, particular cases may be excepted from this general condemnation. Occasions now and then arise in which if a man were positively to refuse the alternative we are talking about, his society would be avoided by all the curs of fashion, and he would have the whole pack baying at his heels, until he was fairly worried into fighting or his grave."

"Will you allow me to ask you," inquired the gentleman addressed, "would *you* ever think the less of a man's courage who positively and altogether refused upon any pretext to be engaged in a duel, because he believed it to be a crime?"

"I should not, unless he appeared to take advantage of the immunity thus afforded him, to be quarrelsome and insulting," replied Mr. D'Aaroni.

"And in that case," answered his companion, "his cowardice would not be evidenced in his refusal to commit murder, or expose his own life voluntarily to assassination, but in the manifest fear which his increased liberty of speech would in such a case show to have been removed from him. No, no; neither you nor any other *gentleman* would ever think the less of an individual's honour or courage——"

"Here we are!" exclaimed Mr. D'Aaroni, as the huge machine in which they travelled grated up to the platform, "I wish you good morning, sir. I expect and hope the custom is doomed. But until then I fear we must look to it occasionally to restrain the ribaldry of some, and to preserve that high feeling of delicate truth and honour which is so distinguishing a characteristic of the English gentry."

A biped in green clothes and white buttons now turned back the lock of the carriage door, uttering as he did so the word "Basingstoke" very loudly, but in accents so ingeniously inarticulate that it sounded quite as much like any one of the whole dictionary of names of places.

"It is so. He's right! 'Tis murder—cowardly murder! Have I not courage enough to guard your peace and happiness, sweet mother, dearest Lucy?" muttered Harry Sumner to himself, as he sprang from the vehicle, in a state of violent excitement; not even seeing a fat official, who vainly demanded his ticket, in tones the most peremptory; but who, soon arriving at the conviction that the poor gentleman was out of his mind, was content to see him make straight away without offering any impediment to his so doing. When he had proceeded so far as to feel himself out of hearing and alone, "Am I coward enough, coward enough," he reiterated, setting his teeth, "to sacrifice those loving creatures? It shall not be!"

"This will never do!" thought Mr. D'Aaroni, making the best of his way, without hurry, however, to Sumner.

"My dear fellow!" he said, laying his hand on his arm; "pardon me; any intrusion into such feelings seems impertinent: I suppose you cannot help experiencing them; but you *must* not *show* them, indeed you must not. You know as well as I do what will be said."

Only the concluding sentence of this remonstrance was heard by him to whom it was addressed. "Deep, deep damnation to 'what will be said!'" he replied, in a solemn and measured tone of imprecation.

"Sumner, Sumner!" entreated his second, "by whatever there is of beauty and truth in *gallantry and chivalry*——"

"D'Aaroni," he interrupted, lowering his tone to one of calm determination, "no consideration you can name shall induce me to be the tool of this friend of Mr. Browne's."

"What can you mean?" inquired Mr. D'Aaroni, who was thrown into some little consternation.

"I mean that I will not fight, that is what I mean, and nothing else," replied Sumner, sharply.

His friend began to be alarmed. "No, you're too deeply moved to be joking; to be *thinking*, indeed. You must disembarrass yourself of *feelings* just for the present, my dear fellow, at whatever cost. Reflect. You are too near the *gunpowder* to retreat *now*. A man with half as quick a sense of honour as yourself would rather be picked off in an affair of this sort, than live to be avoided as a coward."

"I am ready to make any apology to Mr. Browne he may require," Sumner replied; but his tone and manner betrayed evident symptoms of irresolution. "Anything more is out of the question."

"My dear Sumner, it is impossible you can mean to abide by that," said Mr. D'Aaroni. "It is too late. If you had given me as wide a latitude at first, I would not have permitted a meeting; but it is too late now. I must say that if I were to hear of a man's shrinking away from the mouth of a presented weapon, I should find great difficulty in acquitting him in my own mind of an odious suspicion! However, if you wish me, I will inform Colonel Flint that you are ready to come to *any* terms; that there is no apology or retractation he may demand——"

"Hold!" interrupted Sumner, with a voice trembling with passion. "I need not have come thus far to do that. Remonstrance is too late now. The die is cast; so let us have no more unworthy propositions."

"It was your own!" replied Mr. D'Aaroni.

"You——" Sumner began, in a voice that startled the postilion, and caused him to half turn his head, and take a sight over his shoulder, but fortunately

still retained just enough self-command to check himself in time, and leave the sentence as it first rushed to his lips unfinished. "You—you—you—" he continued, hesitating, in a somewhat calmer tone of voice, "You misunderstood me. I tell you, now, *I* will listen to no terms. The affair must proceed."

Mr. D'Aaroni curled his lip and was silent. He knew that the resolution, even if it were anything more than an incoherent interjection of over-excited feelings, was a harmless one; for no terms whatever would be offered. After a few minutes' pause, he requested Sumner to give him exact instructions.

"It is a senseless affair on the part of Browne," he said. "I should rejoice if a solution could be found somewhat less barbarous than the one projected. I will not positively advise you to shrink from any concessions—but—but—it is so very late. It is such a particularly unfortunate moment to make very great concessions."

Mr. D'Aaroni, although a person of very rare intellectual gifts, was not endowed with deep feelings of a particular order. A vivid imagination, such as he possessed, is inseparable from deep feelings; but they were all projected in the direction of, and absolutely engrossed in, a subtle Egoism; which, in the absence of faith, was the philosophical direction his reason had taken. So that, although he would have indulged a love dream with all the romantic tenderness and raging passionateness proportioned to the thrilling but selfish pleasure which such a feeling is able to bestow, he was nevertheless a stranger to the refined and self-forgetting emotion of friendship. The passionate lover was a cold friend. Even he, however, was touched by the simple affectionateness of Sumner's reply.

"But for you, my dear D'Aaroni," he said, "I should have committed myself. There are times when a man is not master of himself. I am no coward, I feel I am not; but when I think of my mother and my sister, in a certain event, I own I am unmanned."

Mr. D'Aaroni's carriage, which had been detached from the truck and got in readiness during the progress of this short dialogue, now drew up.

"So be it!" said Sumner gaily, as he took his seat in the vehicle. As soon as they were seated, he drew from his pocket the enclosed letters, and handed them to Mr. D'Aaroni; adding, "Take charge of these, my dear fellow, the envelope will tell you what to do with them: and now, the faster your young urchin there, on that bay horse, takes us along, the better shall I be pleased. Heigho! Browne and I are a couple of fools!"

Mr. D'Aaroni, in order to divert his companion's thoughts, gently introduced a conversation on topics which he knew would be likely to interest him, and especially such as were connected with appointments and arrangements for the after part of the present day and week. And so easily is the human mind diverted from even the most appalling present by the mere mention of a future that interests it—so sanguine—so incredulous of an *irremediable* moment, that he was easily involved in deep interest about subjects he might never realise, and was in eager conversation about a future that might never be his, when he was recalled to graver realities, by their arrival at the *appointed meadow*.

Chapter XVII.

"'Tis done!—'tis done! That fatal blow
Has stretched him on the bloody plain."
Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto V.

How gently, yet how brightly, smiled the quiet soul of nature through her fair earthly form, as another day's waking impulse of life began to quicken in her veins! A haze of light, breaking above yonder hills, and extending far into the blue abyss, announced that the dozing hemisphere again approached the presence of that glorious luminary, whose dazzling robe began even now to glitter on the horizon. Not a blade of grass, nor leaf, nor bud, but stretched itself towards the sensible source of life, and bathed the hem of his garment with loving tear-drops which glistened like diamonds without number on the swelling bosom of the earth. The belt of trees that environed at irregular intervals Delcombe Hollow, rang with the song of birds; whilst from above, in regions withdrawn almost from the sight, pealed forth strains of ecstatic gladness from quires of many voices, as of soaring ministrants privileged to approach nearer than others to the altar of love. All sounds that disturb the night had sunk into silence at the morning dawn. It was a season and an hour of all others, when soul answers to soul through all the realms of nature, awakening sympathizing echoes from the very spirit of man, with love and hope.

But Delcombe Hollow was disturbed with sounds that morning, and witnessed a scene, ill indeed harmonizing with the bright and loving hopefulness of the hour. There, in that sequestered meadow, the dainty monster, cold-blooded Murder, was with grave ceremony jeering at its victims, tricked out in robes of fashion. There heaven-born Honour was doing suicidal homage to its satanic imitation. There brutal Insensibility was palming off its awkward counterfeit for the martyr courage that inspires the heroism of love. A suppressed conversation seems to deepen the prevailing silence, as though nature were startled into listening to the unwonted sounds. Quick and hurried breathings are distinctly audible through the assumed indifference of the combatants. The key is heard as it glides into the lock and fits into the wards, the hollow sound of the diminutive bolt, as it is turned back from the triple hasp, echoes through the padded case; the very throwing back of the lid, and removal of the weapons, is audible in the morning stillness. Pass we the murderous preparations, for very shame. How sunk the reasonable soul! How quenched the loving spirit! The combatants are placed. A dull, malignant click, and then another, sounds through the "Hollow," and retires in sullen echoes within the woods.

Mr. D'Aaroni is anxious and thoughtful, as he

retires a few paces, having handed Sumner his weapon. The face of Colonel Flint is beaming with animation,

"Steady!" he whispers, as he places the weapon in his *friend's* hand, "hair-triggers, both!" and retires, all but rubbing his hands with excitement and exultation.

The face of one of the combatants is deeply flushed, his hair and dress are disordered; there is a wildness in the expression of his eyes, and a physical nervousness so manifest, that the pistol could be perceived to vibrate in his hand. He bore unmistakcable marks of a night's excess. The other was intensely calm, but deadly pale.

The signal is given!

The hills and wood give back the loud echoes of that death-winged sound—harmless in this instance—almost instantly followed by another. A jet of smoke wreathes slowly upwards from the mouth of Sumner's weapon, and for a few seconds veils every object beyond it from his eyes. He hurls aside his weapon, and is hurrying to solicit a reconciliation. Why that sudden halt? What is it that meets that scared and agonized look? Is it a reality? Or is all a dream? His antagonist fallen—bleeding! It is some minutes before he can realise what he beholds. Even where he stood he remained transfixed, every muscle and fibre of every member of his body strained to an unnatural tension. Before his dim sight strains the vision of three persons assisting the wounded man—scissors ploughing their way up his coat sleeves—the coat removed—the chest and arms laid bare—the display of surgical instruments—the white bandages trailing upon the earth—pulse feeling—listening at the heart—and, standing out in clear relief to the dim confusion of the rest, the death-like pallor and closed eyes of his old college acquaintance. Slowly, but unerringly, grew the realisation of the harrowing fact. He has slain his friend! What! did he not fire into the air? Then again the spectacle on which his gaze is riveted swims before him, and mingles confusedly. Like sleep or death, the short respite reinvigorates his failing mind, and at length the catastrophe is apprehended in all its terrible reality.

On a sudden every drop of blood in his veins seemed to mount into his face and forehead, the very hair moved upon his head, as he dashed his arms aloft, and cried out, in such accents as words are not able to depict,

"Some—some—coward spirit from the everlasting flames has done that deed! 'Tis me! 'Tis me! Cain is let loose!" Then as suddenly relapsing to a state of touching calmness, he approached the wounded man, cast himself, unconscious of the feeble remonstrance of the doctor, on the grass by his side, grasped his hand, damp as with the dew of death, and pressed it with emotion almost frantic to his lips.

"Oh, my friend!" he cried, "can you hear me? Would that you could but know I have not done this! By holy heaven,—by the honour of a gentleman,—by all that men or angels hold most sacred, I swear that *I* did it not; if will—consent—intention—have ought to do with a deed. Could you but speak—were it one word only—one look only—to look forgiveness——"

The wounded man returned his distracted friend's passionate grasp with an evident though faint pressure of his hand, and half raised his feeble eyelids; and the shadow of a smile came and went like summer lightning over his countenance, which was instantly sealed up again in stillness.

"My dear sir!" remonstrated the doctor in a suppressed and sympathizing whisper in Sumner's ear, "you are lessening any chance there may be of saving him."

At this warning he gently released his hold of the sufferer's hand, and rising from his recumbent posture, the first sight that met his eyes was Colonel Flint, (who had removed to some little distance when his services were no longer required by the surgeon,) quietly cleaning the arms and depositing them in their case. Then again the burning headlong pulse rushed to his extremities. His heart bounded within him as though at each beat it would come forth. Moving with a few gently treading but rapid steps towards the busy colonel, he grasped the collar of his coat with the gripe of a vice, and dragged him as if he had been a feather, until they were out of all possible hearing of the sufferer. Then hurling him upon his legs face to face with himself whilst he retained a hold which threatened strangulation to the astounded second, "You, sir!—you!—you it is!" he reiterated fiercely; "you have been the cause of this; you who prevented that—you, sir, I say."

"Haw!—haw! devilish extraordinary! This is very unpleasant; I dont know what you mean, sir! Release me, sir," gurgled the Colonel in half-choked and broken sentences. "Release you!" echoed Sumner wildly, "I say it is you—you have made me a murderer. Poor—poor Browne! I tell you, sir, he is murdered! And it is you—you—you." At each iteration of that pronoun, the phlegmatic warrior experienced a shock to his physical frame of so strong a nature that the only articulation he could manage was "Hem!—Haw!—Haw!" which appeared to be shaken out of his lips at every "you" Sumner so fiercely ejaculated ere he flung him from him.

This stirring episode had not escaped Mr. D'Aaroni, who now came up to his friend, and earnestly besought him to lose not a moment, but to get into his carriage and proceed at the utmost speed of the horses to Southampton, and thence make the best of his way instantly to Havre. "A steam boat will touch there for passengers about the time you arrive, or not very long after. Go straight to Vienna, my dear fellow," he said, "I will let you know the result. Indeed you must not delay; the carriage is waiting, you must start instantly."

"How is poor Browne?—Nay, I must know—How is he?" inquired Sumner.

"He is better than the doctor could possibly have expected," replied Mr. D'Aaroni, anxious to get him

off by any means, "but the least excitement might cause his death on the spot."

"I cannot leave him! I will not!" he replied.

"Now, my dear fellow," said Mr. D'Aaroni, "please not to play the infant; affairs are too serious for that. If you forget yourself, you must remember those who have been acting for you. Can you save a life, or be of the slightest service by remaining? You will do the utmost harm. If any thing goes wrong, you will see me at Vienna after you. So come along, no time to be lost!"

"But my mother and sister! Oh! do not ask me to fly!" he added, beseechingly.

"Sumner! how your sense is deserting you! Would they rather you should be safe on the continent, or in the clutches of the law, for——?"

"Nay, cease; do not speak the word. Do with me what you please;" and so saying, he suffered himself to be led to Mr. D'Aaroni's carriage.

At the carriage steps he made another effort to delay his departure; but he was far too dimly conscious of the exact nature of his own actions at the moment, to make any other than a feeble resistance to the entreaties which were urged upon him, both by the doctor and Mr. D'Aaroni. He was almost lifted into the carriage. "Browne cannot live a day, so to return will be certain misery to yourself, your mother and sister, and every one belonging to you. Go straight to Vienna; I shall follow you to-morrow, if not to-night," said Mr. D'Aaroni to Sumner, who replied with a stare of vacant wildness. "To Vienna, mind. I will let Mrs. Sumner and Mrs. Perigord know where you are; for their sake get there in safety;" then turning the handle of the door, "Off," he exclaimed to the boy, "to Southampton."

The boy gave the horses their heads, and the fugitive was soon out of sight of the anxious party at the "Hollow." Not one whit more self-possessed was Sumner, not one whit more collected or coherent were his thoughts, when he arrived at Southampton than when he started. Events of such excruciating painfulness—and even yet more keenly so to one of his temperament—had succeeded so closely to the occurrences at Oxford; so suddenly, and out of all calculation of human possibility, that his reason and memory were, for a while, partially disordered. He moved about the town in a state of absolute bewilderment. He had no distinct knowledge of alighting from the carriage, or of its departure, or where in the town it had deposited him; or how he reached the steamer, on board of which he now found himself. It is true he had entered mechanically from the carriage a steam-packet office, had asked the clerk for a Havre steamer, had paid his fare—not, however, before he had first tendered half-a-crown, having some confused notion of discharging a cab—had been eyed derisively, and even openly laughed at by the porters and bystanders—had got into a boat, in which the timidity of his fellow-passengers, who had no doubt of his lunacy, left him a whole thwart to himself—had mounted the companion-ladder, and thrown himself upon a bench of the vessel which was now cutting its path in the teeth of the wind and tide, through the abyss of waters. But every action and movement had been as of one in a dream. Mental suffering, surpassing the power of human endurance, had concentred every ray of consciousness in one intense focus, wherein his whole higher nature was involved, to the exclusion of all else, sensible or ideal. An instinct of his lower nature alone appeared to have survived, and to have guided him as faithfully as it does the generation of animals, whose guardian angel it is in the absence of reason, and whose existence it informs and protects as effectually—not unseldom more so—as the lordly prerogative of the greatest work of God.

Not a tiny ripple stirred the placid bosom of the vast expanse of ocean, which, calm and blue, lay like a grosser firmament, mirroring the one above. The hazy line where, far as sight could reach, sea and sky appeared to meet after a long course of mutual yearning and almost imperceptible approach, looked, even to human observation, more like a visible token of the Infinite, than a positive end and limit; just as the embrace of true love is but the sensible token of the undying Spirit, the word of the Idea. Harry Sumner, gazing fixedly upon the unfathomable mass which he seemed to be ever leaving rapidly behind, as he glided onwards, felt, so far as he was conscious of any sensations, as though the sensible and visible, of which he had dim recollections, had passed from him like a dream, and he were now journeying through trackless space towards Infinitude. More and more did all sense of an external existence rapidly recede from him. Wider and wider expanded rapidly the shoreless Infinite. Then a sensation, as of a plunge, he knew not whither!

He has fallen from the bench upon the deck of the vessel, in a state of insensibility. Immediate assistance is at hand. Every attention is paid. The vessel has made many a league, carving its noiseless way through the silent blue abyss—there are no symptoms of returning animation.

GIPSIES.

We have heard of the "Gipsy warning," the "Gipsy blessing," the "Gipsy prophecy," the "Gipsy wife," the "Gipsy bride," and the "Gipsy queen."

All these titles are familiar to us in modern songs, novels, and romances. The "Gipsy blessing" is, I *think*, one of Lover's characteristic songs, and a very pretty one it is; the "Gipsy prophecy," and the "Gipsy bride," belong to the "Anne of Swansea" tribe of romances;—always and for aye remembering and excepting the immortal Guy Mannering, which originally had, we believe, a second title commemorative of the "Gipsy wife" who figures so remarkably throughout the narrative. Since that time, one of the most prolific of modern novelists, Mr. James, has devoted nine hundred pages to the career of a gipsy; and be it the subject, or be it what it may,

this work is certainly one of the most varied, romantic, and interesting of his achievements. The gipsy is a man; our imagination connects the name more usually with the gentler sex. Many of the actions of Meg Merrilies are man-like—yet we should have thought little of them in a man:—moreover, there is a tenderness, an absolute pathos woven into the narrative, to which it owes its brightest charm: the woman's nature working in the almost brutalized female gives scope for many of the finest touches of this master hand.

There is a sort of romance of feeling connected with a female gipsy, which we cannot attribute to a man, no, not even to the immortal Bamfylde Moore Carew, whose annals were the glory of our school days. Men are so absolute in their demonstrations; they must be fighting, or carousing, or sleeping—the first bloody, the second vulgar, the last stupid. We know that women will indulge in war, but then it is a war of words—feminine. We are very far from supposing that women, gipsy women, live without eating and drinking; but they are content to take their food somehow—anyhow, and not to make its details one of the most important occupations of their lives—as all men, gipsy or otherwise, are much addicted to doing. And as to sleeping! if what we hear of dilapidated hen-roosts and despoiled orchards be true, verily, the gipsy wives do not sleep much—by night, at least.

Gipsies are certainly a romantic race—or rather, to speak more correctly, our own feelings of romance are excited by their characteristics and wanderings. They are, to speak it reverently, somewhat like the Jews, wandering in every land, yet of no nation, of no clime, of no place that they can call their own. That they came originally from the East seems to be proved indubitably; it has even been surmised that they are the remnant of the lost tribes. Cherished they are nowhere, scorned everywhere; they have been pursued by legislative enactments of the utmost severity, yet persecution cannot subdue them,—in every country they are still found. Like the Jews, they carry in their features the testimony of their race, and like them they wander over the earth without settled habitation or home; but unlike them in other particulars. The remnant of the chosen people of God, though depressed, degraded, and stigmatized, still by their habits of accumulation become of consequence to states and kingdoms—of *how much* consequence, this generation will not live to see: moreover, though the term Jew has hardly been an epithet of more reproach and degradation than that of Gipsy, the Jews keep themselves within the integrity of their class; the gipsy ranks, on the contrary, have ever been swelled by the idle and dissolute of the communities near which they have sojourned.

But the true gipsy, the real nomadic gipsy, whether traversing the snowy mountains of the north or the burning sierras of the south, yet carries with him distinctive traces of his origin. The flashing dark eye, the long eyelash resting on the sallow cheek, the thin curled lip, the brilliant teeth, the sinewy limbs, not large, rather otherwise, but so totally unencumbered with flesh, giving the idea of suppleness, and a power of sinuosity of motion almost as stealthy as that of a snake—these are infallible, and, usually speaking, unfailing tokens of the pure gipsy. We have seen them frequently; and, as far as England is concerned, in Northumberland or in Kent the characteristics are identical.

There is something exceedingly beguiling in the romance of a gipsy encampment:—the "lea of the hedge, and the town of the hill," on a summer's night, with the stars of heaven for canopy, and the grass of the earth for couch:—on a winter's evening, the more tangible comfort of a tarpaulin on poles, and an old rug beneath, with a cheery bonfire at the entrance of the rude hut; unless it be one of the higher class tribes, who boast of a travelling caravan or two, within which all who are soft enough to care about the weather may be sheltered from its inclemency.

To all of them the *pot au feu* is an indispensable appendage—it always makes a pretty picture—the cauldron suspended from the apex of the three sticks over the flame: it is prettier still in reality. We have seen it many a time; and if we may trust the evidence of our nasal organs, the famous soup with which Meg Merrilies regaled Dominie Sampson is still in fashion among the sisterhood. Only fancy—we address not you, ye pampered sons of luxury, but ye, battered outcasts of fortune, who toil incessantly and fare hardly—only fancy, seething in the same kettle, hares, rabbits, chickens, pheasants, and most likely a good haunch of mutton, diverted by these midnight marauders from its original destination, the Squire's table. Does not the very idea make your mouths water, ye who are constrained to stale cold meat and boiled rice?

There are two professions which seem from time immemorial to have been appropriated by the gipsy tribe; that is, tinkering and telling fortunes.

The latter is decidedly the more liberal profession of the two, and, which is not always the case with "liberal professions," not much more dishonest than the other. Tinkering is something like rat-catching. We believe it is invariably the rule of the most celebrated and accomplished rat-catchers, to make an astounding display of patriarchal "varmint," whose thread of life has been untimely cut by their talented exertions, but never, by any chance, is a *young* one displayed: they are left for a future occasion. So with the gipsy tinker: the large hole in your kettle, the unmistakeable leak in your saucepan, are undeniably repaired; but it will generally happen that about the second time of using, a damage in a hitherto unsuspected part will give you convincing evidence of the frailty of all sublunary things—not excepting the honesty of tinkers. Still, we are told that it is wise to assume a virtue, if you have it not; and on this principle we surmise that the gipsy may act in his vocation.

The profession usually, though not universally, assigned to—the *fair* portion we must not say—but

to the female portion of the gipsy tribe is, if more mendacious, certainly more liberal. They consult the stars, and they read futurity. Strange to say, we cannot—laugh and sneer how we may—we cannot at all times free ourselves from some inward misgivings as to their vaticinations. Of coûrse, we do not mean those of the gipsy of the half-breed, or the mere wandering vagrant who cheats nursemaids of their sixpences and silly young ladies of their half-crowns. But there are on record fulfilled prophecies of some of these sybils, which it seems impossible to have effected by connivance, and which, therefore, it is impossible to account for. Nay, such a circumstance occurred but a few years ago, and almost at our own threshold. A gay party, happening to be in the near neighbourhood of a gipsy wife of great repute, in a merry mood adjourned to her tent to have their fortunes told. One after another displayed a fair palm to her, and had the lines of destiny explained. The last was a gay and blooming girl, scarcely twenty years of age. She held out her hand: the gipsy glanced at it, hastily turned away, said she was tired and would tell no more that day. The young lady remonstrated; when the woman said that she and the rest of her gang were going on one of their usual circuits, but would return there in a month, and then, if the young lady pleased to wait on her, she would tell her fortune. Obliged to be satisfied, the party retired; but one quick-sighted observer slipped away, and returned to the woman.

"What is the reason," she asked, "that you will not tell Miss F——'s fortune for a month?"

The sybil would fain have evaded reply, but the lady was firm. At length, but with the greatest reluctance, she said,—

"Because, ma'am, ere a moon has run its course, the young lady will be dead and buried."

And it was so. The story was told to us by one of the party.

Still, for one such sybilline oracle, there are probably ten thousand most mendacious fabrications.

We are accustomed to consider gipsy attire as very romantic; and so, seen on the boards of a theatre, it certainly is. The youth of the tribe look very much like other pauper children, showing abundance of naked arms and legs, and no superabundance of body-clothing. But their nomadic habits and constant exposure to weather render them comparatively independent of those protecting garments, which the poorest parent will usually strive to obtain for warmth, sake for her children. The slouched hats and long coats of the men are the reverse of becoming; they give one a very vagabondish idea. The gayest article of gipsy attire (we allude to the dress alone, and not to the jewellery, which in some tribes in foreign countries is profusely displayed,) is the scarlet cloak, which we always picture bright and clean, and thus at the first step outrage probability. The bonny red cloak of Little Red Riding Hood—the very *beau ideal* of a red cloak in all ages, but which yet, unfortunately, proved no barrier against the long, white, bright, sharp teeth of the wolfish "granny,"—we hardly picture this brighter, or cleaner, or neater, than, in thoughtless and romantic fancies, or on the stage, we portray that of the gipsy, exposed to all weathers, to all seasons, to all uses. There is no point in Miss Cushman's Meg Merrilies which evinces more decidedly that accomplished lady's good sense, than the style, true to nature as well as to the romance, of her attire as the gipsy wife. The contrast between her dim looking rags and tatters, and the bright, neat, *point-device* costume of the rest of the wandering gang, was almost ludicrous.

The gipsy bonnet, too,—by fame,—such as all gipsies in *paintings* are represented with, is the most inconvenient thing in the world.[1] The gipsies we have seen have usually adopted the far more comfortable and not unbecoming fashion of a handkerchief tied round the head. It may be that a mother of the tribe, a real prophetic sybil, may occasionally form it into a turban shape, or a young "dark-eyed one" may accidently display a little coquetry in the folds. Towards the close of the last century, or early in this, the gipsy hat, fastened with a coloured handkerchief crossed over the crown and tied under the chin, was *the* thing for ladies of highest fashion.

The gipsy of the pure unadulterated breed is as chary of the matrimonial connexion his son or daughter may form as any Howard or Percy in the empire can be;—nay, it is quite possible that he might not tolerate the idea of intermarriage with either of those houses. They stand much on the dignity of their tribe, and do not like to marry out of it. Of course, we are speaking of the pure sybilline race. Doubtless there have always been exceptions, in this degenerate age; perhaps, multitudinous ones. "A case in point" we might have given our readers, had not the lady proved hard-hearted. But this case of "true love," though it failed of a happy result, was one not of every-day occurrence. We can vouch for its truth, for it was related to us by the father of the lady, and in the presence of the obdurate fair one herself.

A professional gentleman of extensive practice was travelling with his daughter in a wild Border country, and at a certain point dismissed the chaise in order to walk a few miles over a romantic tract. Here they fell in with a gang of gipsies; and it was the fortune of the young lady to subdue the heart of a hopeful son of the tribe. It was a decided case of love at first sight, and the lady was well calculated to inspire it, for she was sylph-like in figure, had a profusion of dark silky hair, large black eyes whose deeply fringed lids reposed on a blooming cheek, a sweetly smiling mouth, magnificent teeth, and manners of most winning kindliness. The young man was decidedly "done for," and did not hesitate in demonstrating his affection. It may be that both father and daughter wished themselves elsewhere, but conciliation on their part

(1) Except perhaps when required to poise a weight. The market women of Bristol and of Wales all wear black beaver hats of gipsy shape and thickly looped round the crown with long festoons of ribbon.

was highest prudence, and the party sped onward harmoniously.

At length an elderly gipsy touched the gentleman's arm and drew him aside.

"You see," he said, "you see that my son is taken with that blackeyed lass of yours, and I like the looks of her myself. Now, what say you? I have got fifty golden guineas for my lad—give your lass the same, and let them make a match of it."

The offer was declined, much, as it seemed, to the disappointment of the old man, who was, however, too proud to press it.

A very short time afterwards, certainly not more than two or three years, this young lady, who had resisted the inducements of the flashing black eyes, coral lips, white teeth, and fifty golden guineas of the gipsy youth, was walking in the train of our young Queen at her coronation—a Peeress of the Realm.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

One of the works recently published by the Percy Society,[1] a collection of popular songs of the fifteenth century, furnishes us with some curious materials from which to gather an idea of the modes of thinking, manners and customs of that period. The manuscript after which the volume is printed, is considered by the editor to have belonged to one of the minstrels who then travelled about the country to fairs and merry-makings, and to have been written during part of the reigns of Henry VI. and VII. As a specimen of the popular poetry of the day, it is particularly interesting, and is eminently characteristic of a period marked by superstition, joviality, and pugnacity. It is singular to find so large a portion of the collection to consist of religious carols to be sung on saints' days and festival days of the Church. Some of the songs convey keen satire against the fair sex, churchmen, and lawyers: with all its chivalry, the feudal age did but little to elevate the female character. Others let us into some of the secrets of private life; one contains a warning against trusting to executors, and is prefaced with a motto,

> "Have in mynd, in mynd, in mynd,
> Secaters be oft onckynd,"

and recommends the reader or hearer to be his own friend, or be ruined "body and sowle and al togeder." The occurrence of several songs to the same purport leaves no very favourable impression of the honesty of the age; in another the minstrel pretends to hear a bird sing the cautionary words, "asay thy frend for thou hast ned," as he was riding through a forest "with mekyll dred," and afterwards says,

> "Every man in hys degre
> Cane say, yf he avysayd be,
> Ther was more trust in sum thre
> Than ys now in many on.
>
> This warld ys now all changed new,
> So many mene bene found ontrew,
> That in trewth lyven but few
> Feythfull to tryst upon.
> * * * *
> "So many men have been begylyd,
> The fader ma not tryst his owne chyld.
> I am aferd trost is exylyd;
> For few be trew to tryst upon.
> Yf thou do for a comonte, (*county*)
> All that now lyyth in the,
> Skarsly shalt thou thankyd be;
> For few be trew to tryst upon."

It is remarkable that mankind have always looked back on the past as more worthy than the present; they have discovered virtues in remote ages, which they were blind to in their own generation. The disposition to draw unfavourable comparisons may be found in the literature of every country, and it appears to be no less active now than it was when the merry minstrel penned the rhymes from which we are quoting. Our next specimen says:—

> "This warld ys varyabyll,
> Nothyng therin ys stable,
> Asay now ho so wyll.
> Syn it is so mutable,
> How shuld we be stable,
> It may not be thorow skyll."

And soon after we find the bard lamenting the world's shortcomings, and praying for its amendment, for

> "Envy is thyk, and love thyne;
> And specyally among our kyne;
> Fore love is without the dore, and envy within;
> And so kyndnesse away gane fle.
> Fortewn is a mervelous chaunce;
> And envy causeth gret distaunce;
> Both in Englond and in Fraunce
> Exilyd is benyngnyte."

Whoever were the author of the lines last cited, he had some clear notion as to the causes of dislike and enmity between individuals and nations. It is the more remarkable, as at that time it was held to be the bounden duty of every true-born Englishman to vilify the French to the extent of his ability. In another place we find him entreating his neighbours to be considerate of each other's rights and reputation, and adds,

> "If thou se I do gretly amys,
> And no man wott butt thou of this,
> Mak it not so yl as it is;
> Amend me and peyer me nought;"

a piece of advice which might be well honoured in the observance at the present day, as well as the hint which follows:—

> "What wo or tene the betyd,
> God can help on every syd,
> Buxsumlych thou must abyd,
> And thancke God that al hath sent."

The fact that such sentiments formed part of the popular songs of the time, is evidence that, with all its rudeness, the age was not deficient in some of the purer human sympathies.

The religious carols are not so well adapted for quotation as the foregoing examples; many of them are most extraordinary compositions, exhibiting among

(1) "Songs and Carols, now first printed from a Manuscript of the Fifteenth Century." Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq. F.S.A. London: Published by the Percy Society, 1847.

a few touches of genuine poetry an overwhelming amount of credulity and superstition. "Gabriell, that angell bryght," seems to have been a favourite personage with the composers; his name occurs more frequently than any other. A song on the Annunciation is prefaced:—

"Tyrle, tyrle, so merylye the shepperdes began to blow."

And another:—

"All that love in Cristen lay,
Worshup every Cristmes day."

And on the Nativity:—

"Aye, aye, this is the day,
That we shal worshep ever and aye."

Then we have a ditty which describes "a good medycyn for sor eyen."

"For a man that is almost blynd,
Let him go barhed all day ageyn the wynd,
Till the sonne be sette;
And than wrap hym in a cloke,
And put him in a hows full of smoke,
And loke that every hol be well shett.
And whan hys eyen begyne to rope,
Fill hem full of brymstone and sope,
And hyll hym well and warme,
And yf he se not by the next mone,
As well at mydnyght as at none,
I schal lese my right arme."

Here the writer knew well enough that he ran no risk of having to pay the forfeit of his dexter limb: after such treatment as that prescribed, there can be no doubt but that "eyen" would see quite as well at midnight as at noonday; the wonder would be were it otherwise. But these were days for fun and satire. Other instances are not lacking; in one the minstrel impresses on his auditor that, let him be yeoman, gentleman, squire, or knight, he can never hope to rise unless he has "alwey the peny redy to tak to." Another recommends people to be shy of gossip and blabbing; his burden is

"I hold hym wyse and wel i-taught,
Can bear an horn, and blow it naught."

He goes on to show the importance of blowing, what great purposes are ofttimes answered by it, the imminent peril of rash blasts, and concludes,

"And when thou syttyst at the ale,
And cryyst lyk an nyghttyngale,
Be war to whom thou tellist thi tale."

The rest is a bit of detraction, which seems to have been quite as unamiable and unscrupulous a quality then as it is now:—

"Gyf a man go in clothes gay,
Or elles in gud aray,
Wekyd tongges yet wyl say,
Wer cam the by therto.
Gyf a man go in cloys ill,
And have not the world at wyl,
Wekyd tongges thei wyll hym spyll,
And seyd he ys a stake, lat him goo."

Sometimes the satirist has as much to say on one side as on the other: in one piece he complains that, work and toil as hard as he will, until he "swynk and swat," his wife spends every penny he earns in ale, and "clouts him about the hod," to boot. But by-and-by he sings,—

"Many a man blame his wif, parde,
Yet he is more to blame than she;
Trow ye that any such there be,
In villa!

He seldom, however, omits saying something severe about women, and informs us that—

"In all this warld is a meryar life,
Than is a yong man withoutyn a wyfe;
For he may lyven withoughten stryfe,
In every place wher so he go;"

and, enlarging on his subject, declares humorously, that—

"Whan spawrus byld chyrchys on a hyth;
And wrenys cary sekkes onto the myll;
And curlews cary tymber howsys to dyth;
And fomaus ber butter to market to sell;
And wodkokes wer wodknyfys cranis to kyll;
And gren fynchys to goslyngs do obedyens;
Than put women in trust and confydens."

The drinking songs are perhaps the most characteristic of the period; they exhibit a laxity in morals which unhappily has left too many traces of its injurious effects. Our first specimen might, however, have been composed by a teetotaller:—

"Doll thi ale, doll, doll thi ale, dole,
Ale mak many a man to have a doty poll.

"Ale mak many a mane to draw hys knyfe;
Ale mak many a mane to mak gret stryfe;
And ale mak many a mane to bet hys wyf;
With dole.

"Ale mak many a mane to stombyll at the blokkes;
Ale mak many a mane to mak his hed have knokkes;
And ale mak many a mane to syt in the stokkes;
With dol."

The next is altogether bacchanalian in character, and was doubtless a favourite among the "sturdy knaves" always to be found in taverns. It begins—

"Bryng us in good ale, and bryng us in good ale:
For our blyssyd lady sak, bryng us in good ale.
Brynge us in no browne bred, for that is mad of brane;
Nor bryng us in no whyt bred, fore therin is no game,
But bryng us in good ale.
Bryng us in no befe, for ther is many bonys;
But bryng us in good ale, for that goth downe at onys;
And bryng us in good ale.
* * * *
Bryng us in no mutton, for that is often lene;
Nor bryng us in no trypes, for thei be seldom clene;
But bryng us in good ale.
* * * *
Bryng us in no butter, for therin ar many herys;
Nor bryng us in no pygges flesch, for that wyl mak us borys;
But bryng us in good ale.
* * * *
Bryng us in no capons flesch, for that is ofte der;
Nor bryng us in no dokes flesch, for thei slobber in the mer;
But bryng us in good ale."

This song has doubtless been sung in tavern and hall until the roof-tree rang again; but we find that wine receives its due, or undue, share of laudation, in connexion with an example of drinking habits among the

female sex, which, by implication, was a recognised privilege. The song opens with the query,

"How, gossip myn, gossipe myn,
When wyll ye go to the wyn?"

The minstrel then informs the listeners—

"I wyl you tell a full good sport,
How gossips gather them on a sort,
Theyre syk bodes for to comfort,
When thei mett in a lane or stret;"

and goes on to say, that he dare not tell all he knows, but will divulge all that he may: how two women meet and one asks the other where the best wine is to be found. The answer is,—

"I know a drawght off mery-go-downe,
The best it is in all thys towne;
But yet wold I not, for my gowne,
My husbond it wyst, ye may me trust."

Desirous, however, of forming a numerous party, she continues,

"Call forth your gossips by-and-by,
Elynore, Jone, and Margery,
Margaret, Alis, and Cecely;
Fore thei will come both all and sume."

Each one is to bring something towards a feast at the same time, and the enumeration of the articles acquaints us with the sort of food then eaten by the labouring classes; there are "gosse, pygge, capon's wyng, pastes off pigeons," and the singer takes care to add that the fair company think nothing of a gallon of wine. The gossip, however, instructs her friends to make their way to the tavern "wisely, tweyn and tweyn," two at a time, so as not to attract notice, for should her husband see her she will get a "strype or two." They soon meet, and

"Now be we in tavern sett,
A drawght off the best let hyme fett,
To bryng our husbondes out off dett."

The contributions of "flesch and fysh" are then brought out, and the company address themselves to their merrymaking. One asks,

"How sey yow, gossip, is this wyne good?
That it is, quod Elenore, by the rood;
It cherisheth the hart, and comfort the blood;
Such jonckettes among shal mak us lyv long."

The tapster then receives orders to "fill a pot of muscadell," as "swete wynes" keep the body in health. One of the party, who is thinking of home, is rallied, and bid not to look sad. She, however, dreads her "husbond so fell," which calls forth loud denunciations of husbands that beat their wives; and,

"Margaret mek seid, So mot I thryffe,
I know no man that is alyffe,
That give me ii strokes, but he shal have fyffe;
I ame not aferd, though I have no berd."

Presently one "casts down her schott" and goes away; the sum is declared to be insufficient, and it is agreed that the evader shall no more enter the company. The reckoning is then called for; the amount which each has to pay is but "iii pence." "Parde," exclaim the fair tipplers——

"This is but a small expense,
Fore such a sort, and all but sport;"

and they slink home as covertly as they came out, as one observes, "to get a wynk," lest it be discovered where they have been. The minstrel then concludes,

"Thys is the thought that gossips tak,
Ons in the weke mery will thei mak,
And all small drynk they will forsak;
But wyne off the best shall han no rest.

"Who say yow, women, is it not soo?
Yes, surely, and that ye wyll know;
And therfore lat us drynk all a row,
And off owr syngyng mak a good endyng."

These glimpses of social life in the fifteenth century are the more interesting from the opportunity they afford us of instituting a comparison with popular manners in the present day. In towns where resources for recreation are abundant, the contrast would naturally be great, but there are many remote places in the country where customs not very different from those exhibited in the foregoing citations may yet be found. Notwithstanding all that has been done in the way of education, there is a large class down to which knowledge has never penetrated: among these the moralist and antiquary may still meet with individuals in whom bygone habits seem to be perpetuated.

AN ADVENTURE AT DAMASCUS.

BY W. H. BARTLETT.

Damascus is perhaps the oldest city in the world—"one of those natural halting places of humanity in the earliest times, one of those cities written by the finger of God upon the earth," as it is well called by Lamartine—not arbitrarily laid down upon the map, but invincibly indicated by the configuration of the site. It is mentioned as already existing in the time of Abraham, and there it is to this day, as populous, extensive, and flourishing as ever. The countless revolutions which have altered the condition of the world—which have obliterated Babylon and Nineveh, and Thebes and Memphis, seem to have swept over Damascus but as the passing storm over the ocean. Strange to say, there is not a single fragment of antiquity to be found—not a column or a carved stone; but through its crowded bazaars pour the same living streams that met and mingled there in the earliest times: *races* of men, and not the *ruins* of their handiwork, here interest our curiosity—people whose pedigree, could it be traced, would make the proudest boast of our European aristocracy seem like the pretensions of the *parvenu* of yesterday!

Few things are more exciting than the approach to such a city; and as I toiled up a steep mountain side in July, panting and exhausted with the oppressive heat, I was eager for the moment which should disclose it to my view. The mountain I was crossing was as white and arid as though it had been calcined, and its reflected heat and glare were terrible—it was like passing through some of the wildest parts of the desert. But a sudden opening in the mountain disclosed a scene of the most magical contrast; an immense plain lay outstretched to the farthest reach of vision—a sea of the darkest, densest verdure; in all this vast expanse was but a single opening—a stretch of velvet turf through which

the glittering stream of the Barrada wandered till lost among the tufted gardens. At this sight, which drew from Mahomet his well known exclamation "that Damascus was the earthly paradise," I at once perceived the reasons of the indefeasible permanence of this city —its glorious position, its eternal verdure, as well as its commercial celebrity, render it a gathering point for all the Syrian tribes—within three days' journey of the Mediterranean, and on the verge of the great desert which extends for forty days' journey towards Bagdad. The town itself stretched out some miles apparently in extent, in a long line of silver spiral minarets, cutting into the dark groves which absolutely buried it: not a wreath of smoke—not a stain in the azure heavens—not a sound to be heard—wonderful and silent as some strange city which we visit in our dreams!

It was necessary to be wide awake, however, and full of precaution in entering Damascus; whose inhabitants have always enjoyed the distinction, so honourable to the more orthodox Moslem, of being, after those of Mecca, the most special haters of the Giaour; and this pious and proper aversion has been increased and kept alive by the annual passage of the great Mecca caravan. Every body knows the Turkish proverb—"If thy neighbour has been once to Mecca, have a care of him; if twice, deal not with him; but if three times, avoid him as thou wouldest the plague of Allah!" The native Christian inhabitants were always under the harrow, and but one single and obscure European agent had ever been able, hitherto, to naturalize himself. The visits of travellers were made in the most rigorous oriental garb, but always attended with risk. Frankland, though he travestied himself in robe and turban, could not disguise his dog, a wiry little terrier, which was assaulted by the Damascene curs, and, but that his master seized and rolled him up in his garments, and rode off with him to the Latin convent, followed by a host of howling enemies, would have led to his detection and insult. Even so late as the time of Lamartine, "the Frank Emir," with his imposing cortége, the same precautions were needful; and thus it may be supposed that it was not without some twinging apprehensions that I prepared to make my solitary entry in the obnoxious European costume.

My visit however "had fallen" upon good and not on "evil times," upon an era of change indeed remarkable and momentous, not only for its immediate but its far stretching consequences, and as being in all probability the first insertion into the old Mussulman fabric of the wedge of European civilization. The Turkish power was broken; the Egyptian flag waved upon the walls of Damascus, planted there, too, far less by the brute valour of the troops of Mehemet Ali, than by the tactics of those French generals (an ominous circumstance, and, at the present crisis in Egypt, well deserving the closest attention of our statesmen,) who had originally formed and who in reality commanded them.

When the rapid victories of Ibrahim Pacha had made him master of Syria, and given him the sudden possession of Damascus, and when he came to establish there his impartial system of administration, by which the Christians could no more, (as by immemorial usage had been their lot,) be trampled upon by the haughty Mussulmen, it was deemed a fit season to establish, if possible, an English consulate in so important a station; and, after much opposition, Mr. Farren at length entered with every mark of honour from the local authorities. Still, the state of Syria was ever uncertain and convulsed; a reverse of the Pacha's success would bring back into fierce reaction all the Mussulman intolerance; and sudden reprisals on the Christians were apprehended, in whose fate Europeans would naturally be involved. They were in a constant state of jeopardy; the consul indeed had a town house, but lived in the suburb of Salaheyih, whence in case of outbreak he might easily make good his escape to the mountains.

At this suburban dwelling of the consuls I drew up, both as a matter of precaution, and also to inquire for the residence of an English merchant to whom I had a letter of introduction. This Mr. Farren informed me was close to his house, and as its proprietor was much engaged in the city during the day, he insisted on extending to me his own hospitality, in a manner which I shall ever gratefully remember.

On the morrow, the consul proposed a ride into the city —he was dressed in European garb, which he considered it now the proper policy to adopt, and was attended by his usual cortége. When we entered the city, and began to mingle in the picturesque throng, robed and turbaned in the most splendid and graceful variety, I did not wonder at the disgust of the Mussulmen, for I felt ashamed of the vile and undignified garb in which we were exhibiting ourselves, with our narrow rimmed hats and tight trowsers, which latter are "shocking, positively shocking," to the Turks, involving in their eyes a flagrant want of decency as well as taste. As our horses clattered through the narrow streets, the crowd sullenly made way for us, and curses, not loud, but deep, were no doubt muttered in the choicest Arabic. Many a pale, sallow, filthy dervish looked daggers as we passed him. The display of varied physiognomy and costume is far beyond anything in Constantinople or Cairo; the Druses and the Maronites from Mount Lebanon, the Syrian, Arabian, Turkish, Armenian, and Jewish inhabitants of the city itself and of the neighbouring provinces, strangers from the furthest bounds of the Turkish Empire, Persians, and Bedouins from the Great Desert, with Negro slaves, pour through the narrow bazaars, as crowded as our own great thoroughfares, and far more obstructed by the files of laden asses and camels, and horsemen, to which were now added whole swarms of Egyptian soldiers, whose hated presence alone prevented a formidable and bloody outbreak of the rabble.

While such was the sullen fanaticism of the populace, only restrained by the arms of the Pacha, another spirit was gaining ground among certain of the higher classes. The notorious indifference of the Pacha himself to the Moslem institutes, and the liberalism of his European officers, which had infected also the native ones, began to influence certain of the Mussulman aristocracy; and, as extremes commonly meet, while the populace were ready to tear to pieces the Giaours who dared to walk their streets in the odious hat and European dress, some of the higher illuminati took a secret pleasure in shewing their emancipation from the prejudices of their forefathers. Of this class, principally, were the visitors to the consul's house. I was on one occasion engaged in drawing the costume of a native female servant, when a man of some distinction entered, a Moollah of high descent, claiming as his ancestor no less a personage than the father of Ayesha, the favourite wife of the Prophet himself. His demeanour was

exceedingly grave and dignified, and, as I afterwards remarked, he was saluted in the streets with singular respect. His amusement was extremely great as he saw the girl's figure rapidly transferred to paper; he smiled from time to time, as if occupied with some pleasant idea, of which at length he delivered himself, to our infinite surprise, expressing his wish that I should come to his house in company with the consul, and take a drawing of his favourite wife. It may be supposed that so singular an invitation, one so opposed to every Mussulman prejudice, and even established custom, much amused us, and we repaired at the appointed hour to the old Moollah's abode. Externally, unlike the houses of Cairo, it presented nothing but a long dark wall upon the side of a narrow dusty lane—within, however, everything bore testimony to the wealth and luxury of its owner. The saloon into which we were ushered was spacious and splendid, marble-paved, with a bubbling fountain in the midst, and a roof supported on wooden beams highly enriched and gilt in the Arabesque fashion. A large door, across which was slung a heavy leathern curtain which could be unclosed and shut at pleasure, similar to those adopted in Catholic churches in Italy, opened on the court, from which another communicated with the mysterious apartments of the Harem. We seated ourselves on the divan,—our host shortly entered, smiling at his own thoughts as before—he doffed his turban and pelisse, retaining only his red cap and silk jacket; he rubbed his hands continually, his eyes twinkled, and he seemed to abandon himself entirely to the merry humour of the moment. A few words had hardly passed before the curtain was gently pushed aside, and the lady, like a timid fawn, peeped in, then, closing the curtain, advanced a few steps into the room, watching her husband's eye; he, without rising, half laughing, yet half commanding, beckoned her to a seat on the divan, while we, with our hands on our bosoms in the oriental fashion, bent respectfully as she came forward and placed herself between the old Moollah and Mr. Farren, who, speaking Arabic well, was enabled to commence a conversation, in which, after slight hesitation at this first introduction to mixed society, the lady appeared to bear her part with much ease and vivacity. This delighted her husband, who could hardly help expressing his satisfaction by laughing outright, so proud was he of the talents of his wife, and so tickled with the novelty of the whole affair. While this was going forward, I observed that the curtain of the door was drawn aside by a white hand, but so gently as not at first to attract the attention of the Moollah, (who sat with his back towards it,) and a very lovely face, with all the excitement of trembling curiosity in its laughing black eyes, peered into the apartment, then another, and another, till some half dozen were looking over one another's shoulders, furtively glancing at the Giaours, in the most earnest silence, and peeping edgeway at the old fellow, to see if they were noticed; but he either was or affected to be unconscious of their presence, while the consul and myself maintained the severest gravity of aspect. Emboldened by this impunity, and provoked by the ludicrous seriousness of our visages, they began to criticise the Giaours freely, tittering, whispering, and comparing notes so loudly that the noise attracted the attention of the old man, who turned round his head, when the curtain instantly popped to, and all was silent; but ere long, these lively children of a larger growth, impelled by irresistible curiosity, returned again to their station—their remarks were now hardly restrained within a whisper, and they chattered and laughed with a total defiance of decorum. The favourite bit her lips, and looked every inch a Sultana at this intolerable presumption; and the old man at length gravely arose and drove them back into the harem, as some old pedagogue would a bevy of noisy romps. Delivered from this interruption, the lady, at a sign from her liege lord, proceeded to assume the *pose* required for the drawing. She had assumed for this occasion her richest adornments; her oval head-dress was of mingled flowers and pearls, her long closely fitting robe, open at the sleeves and half way down the figure, was of striped silk, a splendid shawl was wreathed gracefully around the loins, and a rich short jacket was thrown over the rest of her attire; her feet were thrust into embroidered slippers, but the elegance of her gait was impaired by her walking on a sort of large ornamented pattens some inches from the ground. It may be supposed I did not keep the lady standing longer than was absolutely necessary. When I had finished, with a smile of peculiar significance, our host directed her attention to a small carved cupboard, or cabinet, ornamented with pearl, from which she proceeded to draw forth—*mirabile dictu!*—a glass vessel containing that particular liquor forbidden to the faithful; and pouring it out in glasses, handed it to us all, then, at her husband's suggestion, helped herself, and, as we pledged one another, the exhilaration of our pious Mussulman entertainer seemed to know no bounds. At the loud clapping of hands, a female slave had entered with a large tray covered with the choicest delicacies of Arab cookery,—chopped meat rolled up in the leaves of vegetables, and other and more *recherché* dishes, of exquisite piquancy of flavour; this was placed before us on a small stool, together with spoons for our especial use. To complete our entertainment, we were favoured with a specimen of the talents of an Almeh, or singing woman, confounded by so many travellers with the Ghawazee, or dancing girls. In long low strains she began to chant a lugubrious romance, probably some tale of hapless love and woe; her monotonous cadences would have driven Hotspur mad, worse than

> "To hear a brazen can'stick turn'd,
> Or a dry wheel grate on an axletree;"

but as the story proceeded, the lady appeared rapt, the tears filled her eyes, and she exhibited every sign of the deepest emotion; so different are the modes by which the same universal feelings may be affected.

Shortly after, we took our leave. On my way home, I could not but remark to Mr. Farren, that the favourite wife of our host was by no means equal in point of beauty to some of her less privileged inmates of the Harem. He replied that he had also noticed this, and mentioned it to the old Moollah, who had frankly explained the reasons of his preference. She alone, he said, could devise amusements for him, converse with him, and lighten the monotony of his vacant hours.

During my stay at Damascus I met the old Moollah more than once in the bazaars, where he was always saluted with great respect; and not long after my return to England I received a letter from the consul, in which

he observed—"Two days ago I had the pleasure of seeing your Turkish friend, who is a lineal descendant from the first Caliph Abu Bekr, and it strangely occurred that I had as my guest for about three weeks a descendant of Ali, of the opposite branch of the blood of Mohammed, and one of the most sacred men in Persia, the Imaum of Meshid in Khorassan; two lineal descendants of the great opposite lines of the royal and prophetic blood of Mohammed meeting together at Damascus, the gate of Mecca, in the residence of a British officer! *Tempora mutantur!*

"The resistance of the people to the Egyptian Government," he goes on to remark, "has been overcome, hope and power are now prostrate, and Mehemet Ali is draining and debilitating the resources of the country. I fear that under his government, if it continue a few years longer, it will be sadly reduced. I trust, however, that all these events are but the great means of Providence for breaking up the system which has so long bowed and degraded the energies and morals of these countries, and for establishing the national, intellectual, and social character of the people on truer principles." Since this period, Syria, as is well known, has been wrested from the grasp of the Egyptian tyrant, only to be restored to the feeble and demoralizing sway of the Sultan; Mehemet Ali is about to descend into the tomb, and the fate of Egypt and Syria is likely to acquire a daily increasing and momentous interest.

A PRAYER FOR THE LAND.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.
AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

ALMIGHTY FATHER! hearken,—
Forgive, and help, and bless,
Nor let thine anger darken
The night of our distress;
As sin and shame and weakness
Are all we call our own,
We turn to Thee in meekness,
And trust on Thee alone.

O God, remember Zion,—
And pardon all her sin!
Thy mercy we rely on
To rein Thy vengeance in:
Though dark pollution staineth
The temple Thou hast built,
Thy faithfulness remaineth,—
And that shall cleanse the guilt!

To Thee, then, Friend Allseeing,
Great source of grace and love,
In whom we have our being,
In whom we live and move,—
Jerusalem, obeying
Thy tender word "Draw near,"
Would come securely, praying
In penitence and fear.

Thou knowest, Lord, the peril
Our ill deserts have wrought,
If earth for us is sterile
And all our labour nought!
Alas,—our righteous wages
Are, famine, plague, and sword,
Unless Thy wrath assuages
In mercy, gracious Lord!

For lo! we know Thy terrors
Throughout the world are rife,
Seditions, frenzies, errors,
Perplexities and strife!
Thy woes are on the nations,
And Thou dost scatter them,—
Yet, heed the supplications,
Of Thy Jerusalem.

Truth, Lord, we are unworthy,
Unwise, untrue, unjust,—
Our souls and minds are earthy,
And cleaving to the dust:
But pour thy graces o'er us,
And quicken us at heart,—
Make straight Thy way before us,
And let us not depart!

Turn us, that we may fear Thee,
And worship day by day,—
Draw us, that we draw near Thee,
To honour and obey;
Be with us in all trouble,
And, as our Saviour still,
Lord, recompense us double
With good for all our ill.

Though we deserve not pity
Yet, Lord, all bounty yield,—
All blessings in the city,
And blessings in the field,
On folded flocks and cattle,
On basket and on store,
In peace, and in the battle,
All blessings evermore!

All good for earth and heaven!—
For we are bold to plead
As through thy Son forgiven
And in Him sons indeed!
Yea, Father! as possessing,
In Thee our Father-God,
Give, give us every blessing
And take away Thy rod!

AUGUST 6, 1848.

Reviews.

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.[1]

THE generality of readers will find this work much to their taste; and if any one ask them *why* they like it, they will, in all probability, give that very reasonable, though, perhaps, not very logical reply, "Oh! because I do." In our critical capacity we cannot be indulged in the simple luxury of liking things on such grounds, or we could be well contented to give such an answer to all inquirers concerning "The Discipline of Life;" but we must show cause for the liking that is in us, and, if possible, make good our cause to the reader's mind.

"The Discipline of Life" consists of three tales, entitled "Isabel Denison," "A Country Neighbourhood," and "The Moat." The first two occupy about a volume and a quarter each; the last is somewhat shorter, and occupies the remaining half volume.

The authoress, Lady Emily Ponsonby, daughter of Lord Besborough, is evidently new to this

(1) "The Discipline of Life." 3 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn.

department of literature; she imitates no one; and she is not likely to have any imitators, because her style is unadorned, and utterly without salient points. We do not mean to say by this, that it has the high merit of that perfect proportion, refinement, and polish which form the essential grace of *simplicity* in prose composition; on the contrary, it is neither well proportioned, refined, nor polished, in a literary sense; it is just a quiet, ladylike sort of language, which never degenerates into the lisp of "a waiting gentlewoman," or the ranting of the literary mountebank. Such a style, making due allowance for occasional inaccuracy, is admirably adapted for narration; and with a little more care and practice this new writer may become one of our best story-tellers; which is a position not to be despised.

"But what are these three stories about?" asks the impatient reader. We borrow Meta Klopstock's *naïf* reply to Richardson, and say "Love, dear sir, love is all what *them* concerns."

"Umph!" mutters the disappointed reader, "I was in hopes we were going to have something new. I'm tired of love stories." Possibly! but you will like these, notwithstanding. In them *la grande passion* is not treated with a silly smirk, nor with a cold sneer; it is not painted *couleur de rose*, nor *rouge de l'enfer* (if we may be allowed to coin such an expression); it is treated with the seriousness due to a reality which has so extensive an influence on our human nature; it is represented as in truth it is, mixed light and shadow, a joyful sadness and a bitter sweet; above all, the writer has shown with an artist's skill how the purest earthly love is turned by Providence into a "Discipline of Life."

In the first story, "Isabel Denison," the heroine is neglected during infancy and childhood by her father, a man of family and fashion. Her mother dies soon after her birth, and she is brought up by her maternal grandmother and aunt in a quiet country village. Aunt Rachel is a gentlewoman; not very enlarged in mind, but sensible and very fond of her niece, who attains the age of eighteen before her father thinks proper to make inquiries concerning her. His duty as a father wars against his terror lest his daughter should turn out to be vulgar and altogether unpresentable in his own elevated circle. However, he sends his brother down to Ellerton to make the necessary observations; and when he finds that Isabel is "oltre le più belle bella" and as graceful and gracious a lady as any damsel drilled in a court, he gives vent to his fatherly affection, and tears her away from her happy home immediately. Isabel is not grieved at this change; she has had youthful longings for a fuller, richer, loftier life than that she has led at Ellerton, and her only real regret arises from parting with her lover, Herbert Grey, the curate. Herbert Grey is in every sense of the word a *superior* young man; well born, well-bred, handsome, intellectual, and purified by sorrow; the sorrow of a disappointed love. In time he is won by Isabel's beauty and noble disposition, and loves again, and she, esteeming and admiring him above all the few persons she has hitherto known, believes that she loves him, and they are engaged; and they would in all probability have been a very happy married couple, if Mr. Denison had not suddenly claimed his daughter, and sent for her that she might be introduced to the fashionable world as his heiress. Isabel is not dazzled by the new and brilliant society into which she is thrown; but she gradually loses her heart to an intimate friend of her father, Lord Clarence Broke; a young man whose character is not quite so lofty as that of Herbert Grey, but who is an excellent and very charming person, nevertheless. Lord Clarence's declaration of love opens Isabel's eyes, and she knows that she loves him and is faithless to Herbert. She dismisses Clarence and goes down to Ellerton, where the following scene takes place:—

"She closed the shutters of the little drawing-room, and sate down on the sofa to await him. As the clock struck twelve he was in the room; and, after a separation of nine months, they who had parted—free, indeed, and yet as plighted, promised lovers—met again.

"Isabel got up to receive him, as he advanced to take her hand; but she made no step forward—the hand he took on that burning summer day was cold as ice—it seemed to chill him to the heart. He dropped it, and sate down in silence at the table opposite to her. The silence continued: what words of common intercourse, what events of common life, could interest hearts occupied like these?

"But, though in silence, Herbert perused the pale and suffering countenance of her he loved so truly; and while the feelings he read there made his own heart beat with fear and anguish, his thought was only of her.

"He spoke at last. 'You have come back to Ellerton in sorrow, dearest Isabel. Will you not speak to me? You are unhappy—will you not let me comfort you?'

"The gentle, earnest tones of his voice thrilled through her soul, and she could not answer him—she could not break his heart.

"He saw her increasing agitation; and though every moment added to the turmoil in his own breast—though the voice of selfish fear called upon him louder and louder, still his thought, his anxiety, was for her. He got up, and sate on the sofa beside her.

"'What is it, dearest Isabel? Will you not speak to me?' He paused. 'Do not fear; I am prepared for everything you can tell me.'

"'Are you prepared, Herbert,' she said, looking suddenly up, 'are you prepared to know that I am false, false—that I have forgotten you—that I love another?'

"The confession was made; she had forced herself to meet the eyes of him she had forsaken; now, burying her face in her hands, she laid her head upon the table, while a sigh of mingled shame, anguish, and relief, burst as from the depths of her heart.

"There was a long silence. She was startled by the sound of the door closing. She looked up—Herbert was gone.

"Prepared as he had thought himself for this—for all things—though he had schooled himself to believe that it might, that it would be so, yet how large a portion of hope is there in what we call hopelessness! He could not now hear from her own lips that he was forgotten—he could not sit beside her, and feel that she was lost to him for ever, without an agony which threatened to overmaster him. But still it was of her he thought. She should not know what her faithlessness cost him—his uncontrollable anguish she should not see—in solitude it should have its sway, in solitude it should be conquered—and then he would return and comfort her.

"And truly it was well; for had she seen Herbert in the loneliness of his own room—Herbert, strong, self-possessed, and holy as he was—it must have broken her heart. Evil spirits, which long since he thought had left him never to return, came to him in that hour—spirits of burning jealousy, hatred, and revenge—repinings at his own hard fate, doomed as he seemed to love so passionately, and never to be loved!—dark, doubting, despairing thoughts of rebellion and distrust—the worst, the dreariest attendants of the hour of trial.

"In solitude these enemies were met, in solitude they were conquered. The storm and tempest of passion past, and hope and confidence came again, that all things, even this last most bitter cup, were ordered for his good.

"Almost immediately on leaving the cottage, he had sent a note to Miss Shepherd, to beg that Isabel might not be distressed about him. He would not conceal from her, he said, that it cost him a pang to resign her, which was best struggled with alone; but that in the evening he should be quite himself, and he hoped he might come to her again, and assist her if it was in his power.

"Isabel sate in the same place, in the bright twilight of that evening, awaiting Herbert's return. The hours had passed—how she knew not—she was too wretched even to think. And again he stood before her, and, as he took her hand, he smiled upon her. Though he tried, however, to the uttermost, he could not efface the marks which the struggles of the day had left upon his face, and she shuddered as she saw the deadly paleness of his cheek.

"'Oh, Herbert! why do you smile—why do you look so kindly at me? I should not be so miserable if you would but reproach me.'

"'I have nothing to reproach you with, dearest Isabel. You chose me in comparative solitude, when you had seen none but me; I knew it would be thus when you met with others more worthy of you. I would have made you happy—I must have made you happy, if——' he paused, for he feared to say anything that might wound her—'if I had been allowed to do so; but my best, my only wish is for your happiness. Selfish thoughts will intrude; but believe me, dearest Isabel, if you are happy, I shall be happy too.'

"'I cannot bear this,' said Isabel, rising hastily from the place where she sate, and walking to the window, 'You make me feel so utterly—utterly selfish.' As she stood there, thoughts of yielding—of sacrificing herself—passed quickly through her mind. What sorrow in the world could be greater than that which she felt in that moment! She threw open the window wider, and gazed on the rays of lingering sunshine still streaking the sky, while the evening air blew calmly and freshly upon her face; and, as she gazed, a sunshine on the sea, and a breeze from the ocean, came into her mind, and Clarence——Clarence——She walked back to the sofa. 'Oh, Herbert!' she said, as she sat down again, with an expression of hopeless sorrow, 'you do not know how miserable I am.'

"He had not moved—he almost started now.

"'If it is about me, Isabel, be miserable no more. If it is about another, will you not tell me all, dearest? I would assist you, or I would comfort you. Will you tell me who is so happy?' he asked in a voice which trembled in spite of himself.

"'No matter who. He is not happy; he is gone, far, far away.'

"'Gone!' and a flash of hope, sharp and agonizing as despair, so wild, so short its gleam, shot through his breast.

"'You did not think I had forsaken you and was going to marry another, Herbert? No; whatever I may be, not so false, not so heartless as that. No,' she continued, rising again, and standing before him; 'I do not acknowledge myself to be free—bound to you, Herbert, by every tie of honour and of gratitude; and yet, it is to you yourself that I come to confess my love for another, and to ask you to forgive and to release me. Hear me, Herbert, hear me!" she continued, 'I love him, even as I think you love me. I am in your hands; I will do whatever you command me.' As she spoke, as by an impulse she could not resist, with her arms crossed and her head sunk, she knelt at his feet.

"For a moment he did not attempt to answer her; he did not raise her from the ground; for a moment he pressed his hand to his throbbing brow, to still the tumult of his thoughts; for, in that hour of her faithlessness, and even with the confession of it upon her lips, he felt that she was dearer, far dearer than ever. Then, in the dead silence of the room, sweet and clear his answer came, and, as it rose above her head, it sounded to her ears as the voice of an angel.

"'I thank you, Isabel, I thank you for your confidence, your openness, your truth; the world can never be dark to me while such as you inhabit it. You are free, if indeed you wait my words to release you, and may God give you happiness! You have my forgiveness, dearest, though you need it not, for I have nothing to forgive; and while life endures,' he continued in a voice still clear, though it began to tremble, 'you shall have my prayers and my blessing. Take it,' he said, and, rising and gently laying his hand upon her bended head, he spoke the words of peace and blessing, which before now have stilled many a tried and broken heart."

Though, as Lord Clarence says, his right is greater than Herbert's, Isabel cannot consent to be happy while Herbert would be made wretched by her marriage; but she seems to forget that he could not be more unhappy if she married another, than he was made by the certainty that she loved another, and had never really loved him. Isabel leads a life of mingled duty and undeserved self-reproach for two or three years, during which time she has no intercourse with either of her lovers. At the end of that time Lord Clarence, finding that she is still unmarried, returns from India, determined to try his fortune with her once more. This time his arguments prevail. Herbert still loves her, but, with the generosity of true love, promotes her marriage with Clarence, and, with a sort of Quixotic self-mortification, he insists on performing the marriage ceremony himself. The reader is left to suppose that Herbert finds his own happiness in seeing that of Isabel and Clarence.

"A Country Neighbourhood" contains more leading characters than the previous story. Evelyn, a lovely, merry girl, is betrothed to a Colonel Maxwell, who has all good qualities but constancy and stability of mind. In Rome he falls in love with Evelyn's friend Clarice, a rare piece of perfection, with higher qualities than Evelyn can pretend to; he is faithless to the latter, and marries Clarice before he breaks the news to Evelyn. She is indignant, but her heart is not broken. Her sunny joyous nature is saddened by this sorrow; but she is made less selfish by its softening effect on her spirits, and more active for the benefit of others. After Maxwell's conduct to her, she is so humbled in her self-esteem, that she does not believe any one can love her; she is quite unconscious of what the discerning reader sees from the beginning, viz. that Mr. Harcourt, the grave widower

with the invalid little girl, who takes so much interest in her affair with Maxwell, and who watches over her almost like a father, is devotedly in love with her. The following little conversation with her cousin Harry, who was once in love with Clarice, as he fancied, gives Evelyn a little courage and hope for herself.

"It was again Christmas-day at Wilmington, and the usual visitors were assembled there. It was a soft, mild day—a pause after a storm—and, as the whole party walked home from church, the sun was shining with almost the warmth of summer. As they were entering the house, Henry Egerton pulled Evelyn back into the garden.

"'It is a shame to go in, Evelyn; come and walk with me.'

"She complied, and they walked along, but, unusually for Henry, in silence.

"Suddenly, he looked at her with a kind of smile. 'I wish you would be my wife, Evelyn?'

"She stared with wonder.

"'I mean what I say, Evelyn; I wish you would be my wife!' and he looked anxiously, earnestly, in her face.'

"'Are you gone quite mad, Henry?' exclaimed Evelyn, looking up in great astonishment.

"'Why should I be mad? Ah! I see how it is. Evelyn, you don't believe me, because I don't make speeches and rant about love; but I never shall do that again—I did it once. But, dear Evelyn, I really love you better than any body in the world—better than my mother—better, far better than Clarice, and I wish you would be my wife; we would be very happy.'

"'I am very sorry, Henry,' said Evelyn, 'indeed I am; but I really don't love you well enough.'

"'Oh yes, you do! You know me better than anybody, and you know that I have loved you all my life; and I know you, and I know that you are the best and nicest girl in the world, and this is a great deal better than nonsense about love. Dear Evelyn, it would make me so very happy.'

"For a moment, a strong temptation came over Evelyn to say, yes. She had so wished that somebody should love her and care for her, that she could scarcely resist the tone of tenderness in which he addressed her. But it was but a moment; her heart was so clear and simple, and its impulses so true, that she was rarely led astray. She knew that she did love Henry almost better than any one, but she felt that she could love much more; and felt, too, that her own restless heart required something far different from Henry to lean upon.

"He watched her debate anxiously; it was but a few moments, and then she spoke decidedly.

"'No, Henry, I must not say yes. I do love you better than almost any one, but I don't love you enough for *that*, and never can. I am very sorry, dear Henry, and I feel so very, very grateful to you for thinking of me; and it has made me quite happy to think that any one could really care for me.' And tears came into her eyes. 'But I could not marry you—I ought not.'

"'You don't mean to say, Evelyn, that you are going to live single for that fellow Maxwell's sake?'

"'Henry!' said Evelyn, indignantly, 'you do not suppose that I am so wicked as to think of him now! Oh! no,' she continued, with her simple manner, 'I hope I shall marry some day, because I should like very much to have somebody who would really care for me; but then, I must love and *respect* before I can marry.

"'And I suppose you mean to say that you don't respect me?'

"'No, Henry, not very much,' she said, with an affectionate smile.

"'Well, Evelyn, you may be right, and I don't love you the less for what you have said; for, indeed, I do love you, dear Evelyn. I like your truth and your openness; one may always depend upon you. But it can't be helped; we must try and be happy as we were before. Come along, there's the luncheon-bell; I suppose we had better go in.' And they walked amicably together into the dining-room. Henry sate down with his usual manner and appetite, and Evelyn—her cheek was brighter, and her eye sparkled more than it had done for many a day; a weight was lifted off her heart—it was possible, then, that she should be loved—loved well enough, even, to be chosen for a wife."

Juliet Harcourt, the gentle invalid child, is a touching sketch, and her devoted love for her father is very beautiful. She is about eleven or twelve years of age when, a short time before her death, she talks to Evelyn thus:—

"On the first day of Juliet's apparent improvement, Evelyn was seated by her bed-side, and watching her as she slept.

"Suddenly she opened her eyes, and fixed them for some moments on Evelyn's face.

"'Is any one in the room, Evelyn?' she asked; 'I thought I heard somebody.'

"'No, Juliet, we are quite alone. I wonder what it was that woke you? I did not hear any noise. I hope you will go to sleep again.'

"'I was not asleep, Evelyn; I was thinking.' With the same earnest gaze, and a strange expression in her face, she went on. 'Should you like to live quite alone and desolate, do you think?'

"'Why, Juliet, why do you ask? I sometimes think it will be so myself—sometimes dread it; but why should you think of it for me? Do you think it must be so?' and she bent over her.

"'Oh! no, Evelyn; I was not thinking of you; it would be strange if you were desolate. I was thinking of papa,' she continued, rather sadly.

"'But Mr. Harcourt is not alone—he has you, Juliet; he cannot be desolate or unhappy while he has you to think of. What do you mean?' she said, inquiringly.

"'Papa will not have me to think of much longer. You must not look grave at me, Evelyn; I promised I would not say so again; but that was when it was only fancy;—now I feel it; and I am not sorry, Evelyn, except for papa, when I think of him, and that he will be left quite alone;—then I am sorry to think that a very few weeks will ——"

"She paused, and Evelyn was silent. As her eyes fell on Juliet's face, when she saw the wan, transparent skin, and met the almost unearthly look of her dark eyes, for the first time it struck her that death might be there.

"'Evelyn,' continued the little girl, after a long silence, 'I have got something to say to you, but you must not be angry with me; and if you don't like what I say, I will promise never to speak of it again.'

"'My dear Juliet, I could not be angry with anything that you said,—especially now, when you are so ill!' she said, sadly. 'What can I do for you?'

"Juliet was silent a moment; then, fixing her eyes seriously on Evelyn's face, she said, 'Did you ever think, Evelyn, that papa loved you?'

"'Loved me!' said Evelyn, with a deep blush: 'How do you mean, Juliet?'

"'I think he does,' said the little girl; 'I have thought so—oh! for so many years—and I have hoped and hoped that you would *him*. Oh! why don't you love him, Evelyn?'

"'I do love him very, very much,' said Evelyn, earnestly; 'but you mean something more than this, Juliet;—I am sure you do.'

"'Yes, I mean—I wish that when he is left alone—I mean, that when I must die, Evelyn, I wish so very much that he should not be alone;—I should be so

glad!—it would make me quite happy if you were his wife; and I am sure that he would be happy too. Is there no hope?—Is it quite impossible?' And she looked, with an imploring glance, into Evelyn's face.

"Evelyn was silent, and sate with her eyes bent upon the ground, in deep thought. Was it pleasure or was it pain, this new idea, so strangely, so suddenly presented?—not altogether pain, so, at least, said the blush upon her cheek, and the faint smile that played around her lips.

"At last, she turned round. 'I am not angry, Juliet,' she said, with a smile; 'you see that, but you must not talk of this any more. Mr. Harcourt might not like it. I am sure, Juliet, he did not tell you to say this.'

"'Oh, no, never! and, though I have tried and tried, he never would tell me that he loved you; but I know it as well as if he had told me. Perhaps you will wonder,' she continued, how I should know about such a feeling; but, all my life, my pleasure has been to watch papa; and I have seen that he loved you, Evelyn, so clearly, that I sometimes thought you must see it too. Did it *never* strike you that he did?'

"'No, never, Juliet.'

"'Not even when—when you were going to be married, Evelyn?' she said, in a low, hesitating voice; 'I saw it then so plainly. I thought you must have seen it.'

"'No, never!' she repeated with a sigh.

"'I have often longed to ask you, Evelyn, but I was not sure if it was right; but now, when he must be alone, dear Evelyn, am I wrong to tell you?—It would make me so happy that you should be his wife!'

"'I will think about what you have been saying, Juliet,' said Evelyn, gently; 'but don't say anything more about it till I speak to you again. And now,' she continued, bending over her as she saw the flush of excitement on her cheek, 'you had better be quiet, and try to sleep.'

"Juliet smiled, and closed her eyes; and Evelyn sate down again by her in silence."

This tale also terminates with a sort of singularity in the marriage ceremony. The dying child has begged that she may see her father made Evelyn's husband with her own eyes, and to gratify her they are married in her room; and very soon after the ceremony the happy Juliet expires, certain that her father will find a comforter in the now chastened and thoughtful Evelyn.

"The Moat" contains a deeper moral, and one that is more generally applicable than at a first glance may be supposed. Two such sisters as Sara and Margaret Woodvile are often to be met with. The one happily constituted, so that she wins love and golden opinions from all sorts of persons; the other, as fair to look at, as good, perhaps as accomplished, but not so amiable; day by day the character of the latter is deteriorating through the effect of her inward struggles to repress envy at the sight of her sister's greater and, as it appears, not more deserved favour with others. The strong desire to be loved is daily ungratified, her temper becomes soured, she hates herself for her envy and jealousy of her sister, whom she sees striving by every little art to make the difference between them unperceived. It is easy to say that such people as Sara Woodvile are not loved because they do not deserve to be loved; but we are of the opinion of the present authoress, that in such characters often lie concealed the elements of the highest virtues; and we believe that the way in which Sara is made to struggle with temptation, and, through the power of love, is raised into pure and holy serenity and voluntary self-denial, is not more ingenious and beautiful as a stroke of art, than it is true to actual nature. Such things occur around us, in our immediate vicinity, and we know them not. The greatest tragedies, as Balzac asserts, are enacted in quiet monotonous households. The struggle goes on within the heart, and the catastrophe takes place there, and one dreams not of what the other endures. In some cases, the secret of one individual in a family is known to another, as in that of the two sisters in the tale before us, and a sort of rivalry in generosity and self-sacrifice springs up, unknown to each other, and utterly unsuspected by the rest of the household. The way in which Sara's envious spirit is gradually subdued, and her religious resignation to the loss of all hope, nay, all desire of winning Claude Hastings' love, is very affecting.

She had reason to hope that he, the only person for whom she felt love and admiration, and who understood her better nature, would have given his love to her; but no, this gift is also for the favoured Margaret; and, as if to try Sara to the utmost, Margaret loves Claude, and it is only by Sara's means that she can be freed from her tacit engagement to his friend, and Claude can be made to understand that he is the real object of her affection. Sara completes the victory over herself, and brings about the union of Claude Hastings and Margaret, and thus the tale closes.

The character of Claude's old maiden aunt is very well drawn, but in general the subordinate personages are not good. The spirit of Christian love and faith pervades these tales, but they are a shade too grave, perhaps, in their view of life and its discipline; still, they are far from being morose or maudlin; and we recommend them to our readers with a certainty that they will find as much pleasure as profit from their perusal. They are as beautiful and as interesting as the "Two Old Men's Tales," and contain sounder and more practical religious views. The sooner Lady Emily Ponsonby appears in the field again, the better it will be for people who love plain unvarnished tales, which touch the heart and strengthen the sense of duty.

THE TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL.[1]

SEVERAL novels have lately appeared before the public, purporting to be written by three brothers, Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. Of these works, Jane Eyre, by Currer Bell, is the best known, and deservedly the most popular. We say deservedly, for though it has great faults, it has still greater merits. Such is by no means the case with the work now before us; indeed, so revolting are many of the scenes, so coarse and disgusting the language put into the mouths of some of the characters, that the reviewer to whom we

(1) "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." By Acton Bell. Newby. 1848.

entrusted it returned it to us, saying it was unfit to be noticed in the pages of SHARPE; and we are so far of the same opinion, that our object in the present paper is to warn our readers, and more especially our lady-readers, against being induced to peruse it, either by the powerful interest of the story, or the talent with which it is written. Did we think less highly of it in these particulars, we should have left the book to its fate, and allowed it quietly to sink into the insignificance to which the good taste of the reading public speedily condemns works disfigured by the class of faults we have alluded to; but, like the fatal melody of the Syren's song, its very perfections render it more dangerous, and therefore more carefully to be avoided. Yet we consider the evils which render the work unfit for perusal (for we go that length in regard to it,) to arise from a perverted taste and an absence of mental refinement in the writer, together with a total ignorance of the usages of good society, rather than from any systematic design of opposing the cause of religion and morality. So far from any such intention being apparent, the moral of the tale is excellent, and the author we should imagine a religious character, though *he* (for, despite reports to the contrary, we *will* not believe any woman could have written such a work,) holds one doctrine, to which we shall more particularly allude hereafter, for which we fear he can find no sufficient authority in Scripture.

As we are unable to support our strictures by adducing extracts, (for we must not fall into a fault somewhat too common with reviewers, and, by polluting our pages with coarse quotations, commit the very sin we are inveighing against,) we will proceed to give a slight sketch of the story, and leave our readers to judge whether scenes such as we shall glance at, where each revolting detail is dwelt on with painful minuteness, each brutal or profane expression chronicled with hateful accuracy, can be fit subject matter for the pages of a work of fiction, a popular novel to be obtruded by every circulating library-keeper upon the notice of our sisters, wives, and daughters.

The tale is told in the first person, the autobiographer being Gilbert Markham, a young gentleman farmer, possessing certain broad acres in one of the northern counties, and a very good opinion of himself, which we are bound to confess his subsequent conduct in great measure justifies. This youth having been accustomed (on the strength of good looks and well stored barns,) to regard himself as irresistible, or thereabouts, is equally astonished and piqued by the cool indifference, not to say contempt, with which his attempts at doing the amiable are received by a young widow, (for such rumour proclaims her), who with her son, a child of four years old, has lately become the tenant of Wildfell Hall, a deserted manor-house in the vicinity. Determining to convince the fair widow of her mistake in overlooking his many perfections, he wins the child's heart by the present of a setter puppy, and, with the assistance of his little ally, breaks down the barrier of reserve behind which the mysterious lady had entrenched herself, and succeeds in gaining her friendship. This friendship on the gentleman's part soon ripens into a warmer sentiment, and the lady, though she strictly prohibits any approach towards love-making, is unable to hide the pleasure she takes in his society. Matters remain on this footing until a rumour derogatory to the fair fame of his inamorata reaches Gilbert Markham's ears, who, seeking an explanatory interview with the aspersed Helen, unfortunately for his peace of mind, discovers her admiring the moon, with her waist encircled by the arm of Mr. Lawrence, the youthful owner of Wildfell Hall. For this polite attention Mr. Lawrence (who of course turns out to be Helen's brother) is rewarded by a broken head, which the hot-tempered borderer bestows upon him, without giving him time for either explanation or defence. Having in some degree relieved his feelings by this judicious proceeding, he has just enough common sense left to afford Helen an opportunity of clearing herself, which she does by placing in his hands her private journal, the history of her life.

Up to this point, which embraces more than two-thirds of the first volume, there is little to find fault with, much to praise. The character of Gilbert is cleverly drawn, original, yet perfectly true to nature; that of Helen, interesting in the extreme; and the scenes between them, though occasionally too warmly coloured, life-like and engrossing, while the description of village society is sufficiently amusing to afford relief to the more serious business of the novel. With the commencement of the journal, however, the faults we have already alluded to begin to develope themselves.

Fascinated by dazzling qualities, and an unusually handsome exterior, Helen, a headstrong girl of eighteen, bestows her heart and hand on an unprincipled profligate, ignoring with the blind wilfulness of first love his evil propensities, or, where her good sense forbids her doing so entirely, trusting to her influence to eradicate them. The sequel is easily foreseen. Throwing off the slight restraint which his evanescent passion for Helen had placed him under, Mr. Huntingdon speedily resumes his dissipated habits; his absences from home become more and more protracted, the scenes on his return each time less endurable, till at length, losing all sense of decency and proper feeling, he fills his house with his profligate associates, and carries on a *liaison* with a married woman, beneath the roof which shelters his outraged wife. When we add, that the scenes which occur after the drinking bouts of these choice spirits are described with a disgustingly truthful minuteness, which shows the writer to be only too well acquainted with the revolting details of such evil revelry, we think we need scarcely produce further proof of the unreadableness of these volumes.

Let us turn from this hateful part of the subject to the character of Helen. The noble fortitude with which she endures the lot her self-willed rashness has brought upon her; the long suffering affection, inducing her to hope against hope, as she tries in vain to reclaim her worthless husband; the brutal insults to which she is exposed while pursuing her labour of love; the bit-

terness of soul with which she perceives all her efforts to be unavailing, and the conviction of the hopeless depravity of the man she loves is forced upon her; the way in which (that love being at length extinguished, and its place supplied by a mixed feeling of contempt and dislike,) she still remains with him from a sense of duty, are all beautifully delineated, and, despite of ourselves, compel our admiration.

The bright spot amidst all the clouds of unhappiness which have hitherto gathered round the devoted wife, has been her child; but Mr. Huntingdon at length contrives to poison even this source of comfort, and in so doing, adds the one drop which causes the cup to overflow. He and his boon companions determine to have the little Arthur brought into the dining-room every day after dinner, where he is taught to drink and swear *like a man;* "to see such things done with the roguish *naïveté* of that pretty little child, and to hear such things spoken by that small, infantine voice, being peculiarly piquant and irresistibly droll to them."

To save her child from such training as this, Helen determines on a step to which her own wrongs would never have driven her, namely, flight. With this intent, during her husband's absence she takes her brother into her confidence, obtains his consent to the measure, and the loan of the old manor-house of Wildfell Hall; but waits to put her plan into execution till Mr. Huntingdon's return: should he still continue his evil practices, her determination to escape with the child is fixed. All doubt on this point is set at rest by his arrival, and subsequent introduction of a mistress, under the convenient pretext of a governess for little Arthur. Accordingly Helen, her child, and a faithful old servant, leave Grass Dale under cover of darkness, meet the mail, and travel day and night till they reach the shelter of Wildfell Hall. Here the journal ends. The rest of the tale is soon told. Mr. Huntingdon receives a severe internal injury from a fall from his horse; Helen returns to nurse him; he partially recovers, but, despite her precautions, obtaining possession of a bottle of port wine he drinks it; inflammation takes place, mortification ensues, and he dies miserably in the arms of the wife whose existence he has embittered. Gilbert Markham waits patiently till the lapse of some two or three years shall have satisfied the most rabid sticklers for propriety, when his fidelity is rewarded by the hand of the fair Helen, (now a *bonâ fide* widow,) together with a large fortune very obligingly left her by an opulent uncle.

The death of the profligate Huntingdon, the gay, the courted, the man of *pleasure*—oh, what a bitter mockery the name appears at such a time!—is one of the most powerfully drawn scenes of the whole work.

The following extract from a letter of Helen's to her brother, gives a fair idea of the nervous, forcible style in which the book is written, while it affords only too true a picture of the awful lesson to be derived from the death-bed of the wicked.

The sufferer was fast approaching dissolution: dragged almost to the verge of that awful chasm he trembled to contemplate, from which no agony of prayers or tears could save him. Nothing could comfort him now. Hattersley's (a reformed boon companion) rough attempts at consolation were utterly in vain. The world was nothing to him; life and all its interests, its petty cares and transient pleasures, were a cruel mockery. To talk of the past was to torture him with vain remorse; to refer to the future was to increase his anguish; and yet, to be silent was to leave him a prey to his own regrets and apprehensions. Often he dwelt with shuddering minuteness on the fate of his perishing clay, the slow, piecemeal dissolution already invading his frame; the shroud, the coffin, the dark, lonely grave, and all the horrors of corruption.

"If I try," said his afflicted wife, "to divert him from these things, to raise his thoughts to higher themes, it is no better.'

"'Worse and worse!' he groans. 'If there really be life beyond the tomb, and judgment after death, how *can I* face it?'

"I cannot do him any good; he will neither be enlightened, nor roused, nor comforted by anything I say; and yet he clings to me with unrelenting pertinacity. With a kind of childish desperation, as if *I* could save him from the fate he dreads, he keeps me night and day beside him;—he is holding my left hand now, while I write; he has held it thus for hours; sometimes quietly, with his pale face upturned to mine; sometimes clutching my arm with violence, the big drops starting from his forehead at the thought of what he sees, or thinks he sees, before him. If I withdraw my hand for a moment it distresses him.

"'Stay with me, Helen;' he says, 'let me hold you so; it seems as if harm could not reach me while you are here. But death *will* come—it is coming now, fast, fast! and oh, if I *could* believe there was nothing after!'

"'Don't try to believe it, Arthur; there is joy and glory after, if you will but try to reach it.'

"'What, for *me?*' he said, with something like a laugh, 'are we not to be judged according to the deeds done in the body? Where's the use of a probationary existence, if a man may spend it as he pleases, just contrary to God's decrees, and then go to heaven with the best,—if the vilest sinner may win the reward of the holiest saint by merely saying, "I repent?"'

"'But if you *sincerely* repent.'

"'I *can't* repent; I only fear.'

"'You only regret the past for its consequences to yourself?'

"'Just so—except that I am sorry to have wronged you, Nell, because you're so good to me.'

"'Think of the goodness of God, and you cannot but be grieved to have offended Him.'

"'What *is* God? I cannot see him or hear him. God is only an idea.'

"'God is infinite wisdom, and power, and goodness, and love; but if this idea is too vast for your human faculties,—if your mind loses itself in its overwhelming infinitude, fix it on Him who condescended to take our nature upon Him, who was raised to heaven even in his glorified human body, in whom the fulness of the Godhead shines.'

"But he only shook his head and sighed; then, in another paroxysm of shuddering horror, he tightened his grasp on my hand and arm, and groaning and lamenting still, clung to me with that wild desperate earnestness so harrowing to my soul, because I know I cannot help him. I did my best to soothe and comfort him.

"'Death is so terrible,' he cried; 'I cannot bear it! *You* don't know, Helen, you can't imagine what it is, because you haven't it before you; and when I am buried, you'll return to your old ways, and be as happy as ever, and all the world will go on just as busy and merry as if I had never been, while I——' he burst into tears.

"'You needn't let *that* distress you,' I said, 'we shall all follow you soon enough.'

"'I wish to God I could take you with me now;' he exclaimed, 'you should plead for me.'

"'No man can deliver his brother, nor make agreement unto God for him,' I replied, 'it cost more to redeem their souls; it cost the blood of an incarnate God, perfect and sinless in himself, to redeem us from the bondage of the evil one; let *Him* plead for you.'

"But I seem to speak in vain. He does not now, as formerly, laugh these blessed truths to scorn; but still he cannot trust, or will not comprehend them. He cannot linger long; he suffers dreadfully, and so do those that wait upon him. But I will not harass you with further details. I have said enough, I think, to convince you that I did well to go to him."

The only thing which in the slightest degree affords Helen consolation under these harrowing circumstances, is her belief (which, from the way in which it is mentioned, we cannot but conclude to be that of the writer also,) in the doctrine of universal final salvation —the wicked are to pass through purifying penal fires, but all are to be saved at last. The dangerous tendency of such a belief must be apparent to any one who gives the subject a moment's consideration; and it becomes scarcely necessary, in order to convince our readers of the madness of trusting to such a forced distortion of the Divine attribute of mercy, to add that this doctrine is alike repugnant to Scripture, and in direct opposition to the teaching of the Anglican Church.

One word as to the authorship of this novel. At the first glance we should say, none but a man could have known so intimately each vile, dark fold of the civilized brute's corrupted nature; none but a man could make so daring an exhibition as this book presents to us. On the other hand, no man, we should imagine, would have written a work in which all the women, even the worst, are so far superior in every quality, moral and intellectual, to all the men; no man would have made his sex appear at once coarse, brutal, and contemptibly weak, at once disgusting and ridiculous. There are, besides, a thousand trifles which indicate a woman's mind, and several more important things which show a woman's peculiar virtues. Still there is a bold coarseness, a reckless freedom of language, and an apparent familiarity with the sayings and doings of the worst style of *fast* men, in their worst moments, which would induce us to believe it impossible that a woman could have written it. A possible solution of the enigma is, that it may be the production of an authoress assisted by her husband, or some other *male* friend: if this be not the case, we would rather decide on the whole, that it is a man's writing.

In taking leave of the work, we cannot but express our deep regret that a book in many respects eminently calculated to advance the cause of religion and right feeling, the moral of which is unimpeachable and most powerfully wrought out, should be rendered unfit for the perusal of the very class of persons to whom it would be most useful, (namely, imaginative girls likely to risk their happiness on the forlorn hope of marrying and reforming a captivating rake,) owing to the profane expressions, inconceivably coarse language, and revolting scenes and descriptions by which its pages are disfigured.

MIRABEAU; A LIFE HISTORY.[1]

THE present is a work the want of which has long been felt. We have, during many years, looked for a complete life of Mirabeau; and considering the many extraordinary vicissitudes which marked the career of that able politician, it is a circumstance to be wondered at, that the task was not entered upon before. The author of the present volumes will be thanked for the pains he has evidently been at, for the labour he has bestowed on his work, for the numberless interesting and curious details he has presented to the public. This Life History of Mirabeau has many claims upon our attention. The author is undoubtedly a man possessed of talent, ingenuity, and perseverance; gifted with much shrewdness, and an extraordinary command over language; but his work is defaced by many faults. It is written in a style too theatrical to please, too light and trivial to be quoted as an authority. The writer is too confident in his own power, so that he is often betrayed into the use of words, sentences, whole paragraphs, totally out of place—blemishes on an otherwise valuable production. He trifles with his subject. In perusing a book, professedly the life of a man whose political career was one of the most stormy on record, whose works have been handed down to us among the archives of genius, whose character forms at once the admiration and the odium of posterity,—in perusing such a work, we say, it is not pleasant to be distracted from the subject by affected chapter-heads and a ridiculous play upon words—to be compelled to smile at follies too meaningless to be regarded otherwise than with contempt; inflated displays of language, gaudy metaphors, and laboured tropes and figures. The present Life will go some way towards throwing light upon Mirabeau and his times; it will lay open before the public many curious and almost forgotten pages of the past; but a book written so much in the style of popular fiction, with so much clap-trap in its language, can never be invested with dignity and importance. It may, and we venture to assert will, be read extensively while it lives; but it is not *the* Life of Mirabeau that will go down to posterity.

But our readers will, doubtless, rather thank us for a brief sketch of Mirabeau's life, as it is told in the volumes before us, than for a critical notice of those volumes. From the few brief details we shall be compelled to confine ourselves to, it will easily be perceived what a fertile field for speculation is laid open before us, while reading the life of that extraordinary man, whose abilities caused him to be dreaded while he lived, but earned him an undying reputation after

(1) Mirabeau; a Life History. 2 vols. 8vo.; pp. 640. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1848.

death; whose mind was capable of expressing the most noble sentiments, while his disposition led him to commit actions of which his biographers are ashamed.

On the 9th of March, 1744, Gabriel Honoré de Réquetti, Count of Mirabeau, was born at Bignon: "He had, at the moment of his birth," says our author, "an immense head almost amounting to a deformity, a twisted foot, two molar teeth were cut, and his tongue was tied by the *frænum*. It is very remarkable that the greatest of modern orators should have been born tongue-tied."

As the child grew, its ugliness became more and more striking. At three years old the small-pox so disfigured its face with seams, pits, and furrows, that his father, in describing him to his uncle, made use of the expression, "Your nephew is as ugly as the very devil."

Perhaps his ill-favoured face formed one of the elder Mirabeau's reasons for disliking his son. Be this, however, as it may, certain it is that scarcely had the child emerged from the cradle when he became the subject of his father's odium and dislike. He was provided, however, with an excellent tutor, and his education was forwarded by every possible means. He did not progress steadily; he learned by fits and starts: now his dullness almost threw his master into despair, and now a brilliant quickness of perception banished every fear on his account. But with his years his father's dislike took a deeper root. There are many strange passions in the human heart, but there is not a picture from which the mind revolts with more horror, than that of a father pursuing his son with all the rigour of an unrelenting enemy, loading him with abuse and insult, depriving him of liberty, thwarting his projects, crushing his hopes,—treating him, in a word, with all the harsh, bitter cruelty that hatred can inspire.

So did Mirabeau the elder treat his son, who, bad man as he was, did not visit upon his parent the retaliation he might have expected; yet in spite of himself seems to have been moved by a feeling of dread, inspired by his father's conduct. His dedication of the *Monarchie Prussienne*[1] is an example of this. He says he dared not ask his father's permission lest he should refuse it.

Every little fault was treated as a crime and punished with severity, until at ten years old the child was brought to the door of death by a violent fever. Fear lest the succession should pass into other hands caused the father to relax a little in his severity, until the recovery of his son dispelled these alarms. When the boy was restored to health, every spark of love appeared to be extinguished in his father's mind. Family dissensions added to the flame. Injury on injury was inflicted and sustained, until young Mirabeau was driven forth from his father's house to join the army as a kind of *attaché*. Some time after he had a commission procured him. His imprudence led him into two misfortunes: he gambled and lost; he fell in love, and was successful in detaching a young girl's heart from his superior officer, who, to avenge himself, drew a most gross and offensive caricature of the sub-lieutenant, and circulated it through the regiment. This he could not brook. He left his duty and fled to Paris, where he placed himself under the protection of the Duc de ———, and complained of the ill-treatment he had been subjected to. As a punishment for deserting his regiment, he was compelled to submit to a short confinement.

When his period of tribulation had elapsed, there appeared for him some prospect of peace; but his bitter rival in the army, Colonel Lambert, found means more deeply to poison the heart of Mirabeau's father. This weak and wicked man needed but few solicitations. The colonel's influence, joined with that of Madame de Pailly, than whom no more detestable personage is mentioned in the book, at length so completely guided the conduct of Count Mirabeau, that, forgetting the ties of kindred and natural affection, he procured a *lettre de cachet*, by virtue of which his son was detained a prisoner at the Isle of Rhé.

But the native ability of his mind smoothed down this obstacle to his happiness. By the suavity of his manners, his kind language, his gentleness, he so completely won the hearts of all around him, that the governor of his prison-place wrote most earnest letters to the father of the unhappy young man, entreating him to withdraw his *lettre de cachet*. From motives of interest, which it is not difficult to comprehend, since the governor was a man of high repute, possessed of much influence, these solicitations had in time the desired effect, and Mirabeau, once more free, resumed his commission in the army, only in a different regiment. But his peace was short-lived: scarcely had he arrived at Rochelle than he had the misfortune to embroil himself in a quarrel with an officer. He wounded his aggressor severely. Some time after, the Marquis de Mirabeau, impelled by feelings of self-interest, (for he was in want of some one to aid him in an affair of business,) decided on sending for his son to Aiguepèrse, that he might enjoy the supreme felicity of beholding and admiring the parental physiognomy. We find him here employed, as is described in the following extract:—

"A dearth fell upon the land, and the peasants of Limousin were starving; and might have starved, perchance, had not a man like he been upon the spot. Even the marquis was forced to admire his son's energy, genius, and beneficent activity. He persuaded the Marquis to buy a supply of rice, and also to give employment to the unfortunate people; and, having received permission to do so, put his plans into action; he worked with the people, talked to them, cheered them, and partook of the same food. So that wherever Mirabeau appeared, faint hearts received fresh courage and the sorrowful grew glad. Not alone to mere acts of charity were his energies directed. The marquis had contemplated esta-

(1) *De la Monarchie Prussienne sous Frederic le Grand.* Par le Comte de Mirabeau, 1788.

"Mon Père,

"Je n'ai pas osé vous demander la permission de publier ce livre sous vos auspices, car si vous me l'eussiez refusée vous m'auriez fait une peine profonde."

blishing a court of arbitration, wherein all quarrels should be adjusted, free of charge; this he had given up as *impossible*; but the design coming across Mirabeau, he at once saw its feasibility, set himself energetically to the task, and established the court successfully in a little time, to the surprise of the marquis, who cried, half-wonderingly, half-jealously, 'He is the demon of the *impossible!*' meaning thereby, that in *his* dictionary that word was not inserted."

During the period of his residence at Aiguepèrse, Mirabeau's father and mother entered upon that great law-quarrel which lasted for fifteen years. A wealthy relative died, and left her enormous property between the wife and husband. The Marchioness of Mirabeau, who had long lived at bitterness with her consort, demanded separation of body and division of property. "Of body, with pleasure," replied the marquis, "but not of property, seeing it was for that I married you." In remarking on this, our author makes the following observation, which we shall not criticise: "It is not deemed customary, or even proper, for a child to castigate his parents; yet had our Mirabeau seen good to whip these same brawling parents of his, the crime had certainly not been unpardonable."

Mirabeau now went with his father to Paris, where he was recognised and received with favour by several distinguished personages. His talents had already begun to make themselves a road in the world, and the sunshine of parental favour at length burst upon him; but clouds were near, and they soon obscured the brightness of a few months. Madame de Pailly saw that he gained ground with his father, and resolved to push him off. An intricate and dangerous business matter caused the marquis much anxiety. Young Mirabeau was sent to settle it, or rather to attempt its settlement. He went, performed all, even more than was necessary.

During his absence his father's mind was tampered with; doubts and suspicions were artfully insinuated into his breast; his shortlived affection withered. Indifference followed, and was succeeded by dislike. Quarrels ensued, and Mirabeau once more abandoned his parent's house. But his absence this time was short. He returned, and was pressed by the marquis to marry the daughter of the Marquis of Marignane. After two or three attempts he won her heart; they were married, her dower being poverty, and his income scarcely adequate to the support of respectability.

Reckless expenditure and profuse extravagance soon plunged the newly-married couple into difficulties and embarrassments. Mirabeau's father would not assist him, but in the end resorted to the means of procuring another *lettre de cachet*, by virtue of which he compelled him to retire from his ancestral residence, and take up his quarters at Manosque, an insignificant town in its vicinity. Another misfortune followed: the Baron of Villeneuve Moans grossly insulted his younger sister in a public promenade. Mirabeau collared the offending nobleman, and, reckless of the consequences, severely horsewhipped him. The act was seen, reported in high quarters, and on the 20th of June, 1744, he was seized by the myrmidons of the law, and carried in strict custody to the castle of If.

The commandant of this place, M. Dallégre, was naturally of a harsh, unamiable disposition, and had, moreover, received instructions to treat his prisoner with the utmost severity. But Mirabeau, after a few weeks of suffering, won upon the hard man's heart so that he was allowed several indulgences. His brother and sister softened his misery by their condolences. We find him, despite his proud and stormy heart, writing a letter full of the gentlest sentiments.

Several petitions were addressed to his father: one written by the commandant himself, praying for the release of the unhappy prisoner, but without effect. The marquis, in whose breast there was now left no room for the warm impulses of affection, only replied to this appeal by removing his son from If to Joux, and reducing his allowance from two hundred and fifty to fifty pounds per annum. Here in his prison, perched on a snow-clothed pinnacle, he for some time abandoned his soul to despair; but when the Count of Saint Mauris prevailed on him, by granting a kind of half-liberty, to chronicle his proceedings at Pontarlier on the occasion of Louis XVI.'s coronation, he again entered into the world, and among others sought the society of the Marquis of Monnier.

Here is our author's description of the first interview between Mirabeau and Sophie, the beautiful young wife of the aged Marquis de Monnier:—

"One can well imagine the first interview. When the tall, thick-set, athletic man, with his shabby garments (he was poor and in debt), and with his immense head and ugly features, deep-pitted and scarred with small-pox defacings, doubtless the marquis would look at him with suspicion through his spectacles, and the fair young Sophie withdraw from him with anything rather than with love. But when the lips opened, and the mouth poured forth the riches of the brain, and, in deep, low, musical bass notes, the tale of his persecutions, of his faults, of his strange life, of his strange wild ideas, and strange high heaven-scaling aspirations,—why, then, with the old man suspicious peerings would open into an admiring gaze; then to the maiden a golden aureole would sport lambently around him, and the huge rough-scanned visage (like rude mountain scenery, which, when the sun is overcast, frowns unlovely, but when the light outfloods upon it, revealing the numerous lights and shades, seems fair and verdant) grow strangely beautiful—genius-illumined.

"To the eloquent prisoner—to the unmarried married one, it was soon evident that love was born between them."

Throughout the chapter in which our author describes the progress of that attachment which grew up between the prisoner of Joux and the frail Sophie, it is evident that he regards the crime in no very bad light. Artful excuses are insinuated into language filled with glowing epithets and highly-wrought metaphorical expressions. M. de Monnier, however, does not appear to have been disturbed by any suspicion of the fact that the soft-mannered Mirabeau was playing him false—was supplanting him in his wife's

affection. But supplanting is not the word which should have been used: no love ever existed between this pair.

Nevertheless, the prisoner on parole worked not so secretly as to elude the vigilance of M. de St. Mauris. This man had a strong motive for injuring Mirabeau. That motive was revenge, revenge rendered more bitter, in that it was the offspring of wounded pride. He himself, old and weak as he was, had endeavoured to lead astray young Sophie, and had been repulsed with scorn and indignation. To gratify his hatred, he only waited for some fair opportunity: this soon presented itself.

"A bale for Mirabeau from Neufchatel was intercepted, and, on being opened, was found to contain certain copies of the "Essay of Despotism," which had been published at that town. At the same time a promissory note of Mirabeau's came to light, the issuing of which, he being under a *lettre de cachet*, was illegal. Making these his pretexts, St. Mauris wrote a very furious letter to the Marquis of Mirabeau, and shortly after, receiving instructions from him to secure Mirabeau in a cell, *not unwholesome, but well barred and bolted*, he issued an order to the prisoner to leave Pontarlier and return to the castle."

But Mirabeau had tasted liberty, and enjoyed its sweetness too much to suffer himself easily to be made a prisoner again. He paid no attention to the commandant's peremptory order, but fled into Switzerland, where, however, he sojourned but for two days, and then returning secretly, concealed himself at Pontarlier, where he enjoyed the pleasure of stolen interviews with Sophie. She now fell under her husband's suspicious eye: insult and persecution soon drove her from his house. She sought refuge with her parents at Dijon, expecting there to meet at least with kindness. But instead of this, a guarded chamber was her lot. Mirabeau contrived to elude his pursuers, and at length, by dint of perseverance and energy, escaped to Verrieres, where, with his assistance, Sophie, who had been sent from Dijon, also broke her prison. They remained three weeks at this place, watched their opportunity, and fled. The 7th of October saw them at Amsterdam. From his lodgings at a tailor's house in that town emanated many of Mirabeau's early works. He published a pamphlet, entitled, "Advice to the Hessians, sold by their prince to England." Following this, came a history of travels, and a paper on music. To these succeeded the translation of one volume of a history of England by Mrs. Macaulay, and a considerable portion of the Life of Philip II. (of Spain,) by Watson. Here, according to his own account, he lived happily.

But this state of peace was of but brief duration. In France, his enemies were not at rest; intrigue followed intrigue, until a long series of machinations ended in his being arrested and lodged in Vincennes. Sophie, too, was forcibly conducted to Paris, and there placed in a sort of house of correction.

Here is a picture of Mirabeau's condition during the early portion of his last imprisonment.

"He was debarred from all writing or speech; one hour a-day only being allowed for ambulatory exercise in the corridor; the very turnkey enjoined to speak no more than was absolutely necessary; his food stinted and coarse; allowed to remain three weeks without changing raiment or seeing a barber; added to all which, having, during that period, a fever, and spitting blood: surely his situation was not delectable."

Sophie's condition was not much better.

"Her room was small, and had four inhabitants; she had to write in bed, with her curtains drawn, upon what paper she had contrived to smuggle in with her, with ink manufactured from nails put in vinegar. Mirabeau also had contrived to secure a few scraps, upon which he poured forth his burning tears, writing with tobacco-water; but rashly expending this little stock, and having no book to employ his mind, no friend to reveal his overflowing sorrow unto, a delirium took possession of his soul, and he foamed and chafed like a strong mountain-eagle beating against his prison-bars in the mad impotency of despair."

But Mirabeau, poor wretched prisoner as he was, knew the way to his jailors' hearts. Permission was accorded to him to correspond with whom he chose, under the discretionary perusal of an officer in the secret department. At first, he did nothing but write to Sophie, who answered his letters unceasingly. He then turned his energies in part towards the obtaining of liberty, but for a long period without success. His correspondence multiplied; every relative was addressed; the ministry began to grow ashamed of suffering the Marquis of Mirabeau thus to persecute his son. Besides this, appeals from all quarters were made for him, and finally, on the 13th of December, 1780, he bade adieu for ever to his prison-life. His brother-in-law's generosity started him once more in the world. Various circumstances now combined to bring about a reconciliation with the marquis, with whom, on the 20th of the May following, he enjoyed an interview of peacemaking and forgiveness. A rupture with Sophie who was some time after released from prison, followed. The unhappy woman retired for a short period to a convent, then reappeared in society at Pontarlier. Here she formed an attachment with another man. He fell a victim to consumption, literally dying in her arms. A miserable death now put an end to her sorrows and her crimes.

Mirabeau's misfortunes were far from ended. His father once more disavowed him, and deprived of all resources, poverty-stricken, and deep in debt, he fled to Switzerland. His wife he had long since lost sight of, and he now resolved to seek for her again; he discovered her retreat, wrote several conciliatory letters, which were responded to with cold politeness His wife, had she even been possessed by the desire, could not obtain an interview with him, being surrounded by those who jealously watched lest she should grant one. The only remaining alternative, therefore, was a law-suit, in which Mirabeau was successful in obtaining a judgment, that his wife should return to him, or immediately withdraw to a convent.

By means of artful machinations, the Marignanes still opposed a successful resistance to this decree. Again Mirabeau sought the aid of a law court. It was

on this occasion that he uttered those three magnificent pleadings, at the brilliancy of which all France was struck with admiration. The oratorical excellence of his speeches, however, prevailed not. This time the decree was pronounced against him; it was decided that an entire separation of body and goods should take place between the husband and wife. The former then proceeded on his stormy course; the latter entered again into the whirl of society, and finally, after a life checquered by many equivocal actions, died, some time after her husband.

Mirabeau now contrived to incur the resentment of individuals high in authority. France was no longer a safe abode for him: he quitted it and fled to London, where he took up his residence at the house of one Mrs. Bailly, in Hatton Garden, Holborn. Sir Samuel Romilly, Lord Peterborough, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, were his chief companions; and with them he spent the greater portion of those hours not devoted to literary pursuits. For eight months he continued in poverty, until, finding it impracticable to support himself by writing French works for English readers, he resolved to face the danger and return to Paris. A woman, Madame de Nehra, who had lived with him for some time, went to France to see which way the wind blew. Mirabeau was in better repute there; this determined him on returning to his own country at once. But he was never destined to live at peace. A continental tour was soon rendered necessary, after which we again find him swept onward by the torrent of politics, which at that period foamed so tumultuously through France. His works on finance threw him into hot water at Paris, insomuch that he soon found himself compelled to fly, and hide at Liege. Again were these difficulties smoothed down for him, and again we meet him in the French metropolis. Politics and literature by turns engrossed his attention; his works multiplied, his fame spread, until somewhere about the year 1787 or 1788, he published his Monarchie Prussienne, on which a large portion of his posthumous fame may be said to rest. Still, though France admired and gloried in Mirabeau, want was ever at his door. Struggling with poverty, combating with enemies,—men who, standing on a lofty eminence, endeavoured to roll destruction upon the individual who, they knew, once among them, would cast their poor light into the shadow by his own brilliant abilities,—Mirabeau triumphed at last. In the face of a powerful opposition carried on with all the partiality that unprincipled jealousy could dictate, he was, on the 9th of April 1789, elected a member of the States-general of France, and deputy of Aix.

When the States-general opened, it was at once perceived how Mirabeau would shine. He immediately assumed a commanding position.

"On the 11th occurred one of those great triumphs of extemporaneous eloquence so peculiarly confined to Mirabeau. Duroverai, banished from Geneva by the aristocrats, had made Mirabeau his ladder of fortune in Paris, and all too frequently compromised his patron by his republican and factious sentiments. On the occasion stated above, this gentleman had accompanied Mirabeau to the Assembly, and having occasion to pass a note to Mirabeau, a deputy arose and announced to the Assembly that a foreign spy, in the pay of the English government, was taking notes. An immense uproar followed this; confused cries of 'Name the deputy!' 'Point him out!' arose simultaneously; but Mirabeau, uplifting his giant frame and resounding voice, roared them into silence, and they ended by applauding in such hearty concert as the Salle de Menus had never before heard."

Powerful orations now succeeded each other in rapid succession. The name of Mirabeau became associated with the idea of eloquence. When any subject of great importance agitated the country, his voice was listened to as that of an oracle, though his ability was not equal to the divesting men's actions of selfish motives and mercenary views. Nevertheless, his orations had their effect. They helped to sway the destiny of France, that ever misruled country, just then entering upon a period than which one more stormy was never yet chronicled in the world's history. While public affairs thus occupied the mind of Mirabeau the son, Mirabeau the father was hastening to his grave. He heard with pride the sound of his son's fame noised abroad. The account of the old marquis's death affords us an opportunity for extracting a fair specimen of our author's style.

"'Twas a serene and tranquil summer's even, and the birds sung dear God's melodies around his rural mansion at Argenteuil. The old man sat in the now fading sunshine at an open window; his lovely grandchild, the Marchioness of Arragon, the eldest child of his beloved daughter Madame du Saillant, was reading to him. She made an error in her speech, and he corrected her. Apologizing for her carelessness, she was about to continue, when she observed he did not breathe; she took him in her arms and he did not move; her cries attracted others, and when they arrived they found that the old marquis sat there, smiling, with a slight colour on his cheeks—and DEAD! He was seventy-four."

Mirabeau, when he heard of his father's death, seemed to have forgotten his old resentments. He buried them in the grave where the old man was laid, then returned to Paris again, where he shortly afterwards distinguished himself by one of those magnificent displays of eloquence, at which the whole of France shouted applause. The name of Count Mirabeau had been made famous, and he would not assume the more noble title of marquis. From this period he appears to have ridden, as it were, over a sea of triumphs. No sooner had the echoes of one thunder of applause died away upon his ears, than they were saluted by another yet more inspiring.

We cannot pretend, in the brief space here allowed us, to follow Mirabeau through even the most striking scenes of his great political career. With little or no cessation he continued astonishing the whole civilized world by the brilliance of his harangues. At length, however, the strength of his constitution began to give way. Evident signs of approaching weakness made themselves manifest in his frame. Several severe attacks of illness followed each other in rapid succession, so that in the middle of March 1791

he appears to have been impressed by the inward conviction that his dissolution was not far distant.

"In the middle of March a vast acceleration was given to his end by an imprudent deviation from his accustomed moderation. He gave a midnight supper and banquet to a large and gay assembly, and exhausted himself by so doing. From that event dates his dissolution, and he himself felt it; not now that he should soon die, but that he was actually dying. On leaving his sister one of those days, in bidding adieu to her and her lovely daughters, he said, as he embraced the third, a budding beauty, 'It is Death that embraces Spring!'"

April 2d, 1791, saw the death of that wonderful man, whose mighty abilities, while they shook a whole country, carried him through the whirlwind he himself had contributed to raise. The death of a good man would have caused more tears to be shed in France; but the death of Mirabeau, destitute of principle as he was, swayed by his passions, alternately the slave of a selfish heart, and the steadfast server of his country—the death of this man, we say, was felt throughout the land as a great blow given to the national power. It diminished the nation's confidence. France was pervaded by the feeling that a daring spirit had gone, a spirit which never flinched before threatened vengeance, nor could be quieted by the gifts of corruption.

We shall not now enter into the question, "Was Mirabeau poisoned?" It would afford us, in common with the rest of the world, great satisfaction to see this dubious point cleared up. Certainly the grounds of suspicion are strong. But Mirabeau having died, it mattered little to France how he died, and it was only left for the nation to bury the dead with all the pomp and circumstance which respect and gratitude could devise.

In our brief article we have necessarily given but an imperfect sketch of Mirabeau's life. As we mentioned before, it would have been folly to attempt to follow him through his political career, which would have required much more space than we could possibly devote to it. However, our task is finished, and we have only to thank our author for the interesting work he has presented to the world, while we express our regret at the weakness which has defaced the volumes with gaudy bombast, with inflated, pompous displays of absurdity, when the sober but powerful and vivid language of a biographer was alone suited to the subject.

THE EËRIE LAIRD.[1]

The title of this book, as given above, will not lead the reader to any thing like a correct idea of its contents. It does not deal much with the supernatural, and very little with the fictitious; though there is a rough sort of machinery by which the great historical events narrated are brought round the person of the hero, a certain Malcolm Dalbracken, who is sent out from Scotland to make his fortune in Hindoostan, in the time of Oliver Cromwell. The adventures of the hero before he leaves England, during his sojourn in India, and after his return home, are full of interest, from their truth to nature; but these are not the chief points of attraction in the book. Its real subject is a detailed account of the civil wars in the Mogul empire, during the latter years of Shah Jehan. It narrates the contest of his four sons, Dara, Suja, Aurungzebe, and Morad, for the crown; and shows clearly the line of policy, or, more properly speaking, knavery, by which Aurungzebe excited his brothers against each other, ruined each separately, and finally seized on the sceptre himself, which he swayed so long and powerfully. We must remember that, in many points of civilization, the Mogul empire at this period was far in advance of any European country. Its princes and nobles, though we are apt to picture them with Saracens' heads of the tavern kind, or mere state automata "glittering with barbaric gold and pearl," were in reality, for the most part, men of superior cultivation to the princes and nobles of Christendom, as far as regards the actualities of life. Aurungzebe, the successful Mohammedan hypocrite, has been likened to Oliver Cromwell; but we think the comparison has never been made by any one who takes Carlyle's view of the great Puritan leader.

The author of the book before us evinces an intimate acquaintance with the inhabitants, and the history past and present of British India. He has sound sense, takes impartial views of men and things, and occasionally indulges in a sort of queer covert humour at the expense of the existing state of affairs in India and in his observations upon the political and warlike movements of the seventeenth century, he has very often more than half an eye to recent occurences of an analogous or identical nature. We offer our readers the following extracts from his remarks upon Shah Jehan and his family; they are truthful, we believe, as to fact:—

"The Emperor Shah Jehan was now quite incapable of transacting serious business, though he insisted on going all through the forms of it daily. The occupation in which he took pleasure, and for which alone he was fit, consisted in sitting in state to witness the sham fights of men and beasts. These were wrestlers by profession, elephants, buffaloes, deer, rams, and cats. All the performers seemed to have a very sensible general rule, with rare exceptions, not to hurt each other. The martial youth of Delhi also exhibited their prowess before him on saddles of mutton, and the chines of other animals, with swords. He who could at one blow divide the loins and backbone of a sheep, was recognised by the imperial veteran as an inchoate hero, that would by-and-by cut live men in two with equal facility. The absurdities of buffoons, and the wriggling of dancing women, killed time more privately. His majesty's more rational entertainment was, in seeing his studs of beautiful horses and elephants mustered every day. The elephants, as they passed in review, were taught to kneel before the presence, lift up their flexible trunks to the forehead, and shrill (*roar*, we presume) in their peculiar way, to imitate a salam of obeisance."

(1) The Eërie Laird. 1 vol. 12mo. Newby, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square.

"Dara, the eldest son, surnamed the Magnificent, was a noble being with many faults. Contemporary poets justly ascribe to his outward appearance and general deportment, "all that man envies and woman loves:" but along with these he had the counterbalancing qualities of a haughty, vehement, and uncompromising temper. Having an early ambition of excellence, he availed himself of the aid of eminent teachers to master the literature of the East, and could write admirable Persian prose and verse when a mere boy. Impatient of studies which he had less inclination to, this prince had scarcely more acquaintance with the sciences than sufficed to let him understand the value and applicability of them in public affairs. To poetry, the favourite of his heart, Dara always reverted, in leisure and trouble, throughout his eventful life. Born with all things at his feet, which power, treasure, and men's veneration for the hereditary great, allowed him to command, the *Walli Ahed* (heir apparent) of the Mogul empire began his career from a height above the highest aim of vulgar ambition. Hence his freedom from jealousy, low intrigue, and littleness of mind—the modern olympic dust which covers and stains humbler competitors for humbler dominion. Hence, also, the unbending resolution with which he wielded regal authority to enforce the dictates of intuitive truth, philosophy, and sentiment, in defiance of a flagitious aristocracy and priesthood. Dara, dwelling internally on what ought to be, could not endure that which he saw around him. Nobles, properly the pillars of state and guardians of the toiling multitude, were the rapacious oppressors of his father's subjects. Priests, appointed to enlighten all classes, and guide them through virtuous ways to hopes of immortality, exulted in propagating error, persecuting knowledge, and exciting Mohammedans to slay and pillage Hindoos. In vain did he make severe examples of chiefs who extorted money, and punished disobedience with the torture of the cora or Indian knout. To no purpose did he turn reverend firebrands from their livings, for teaching the ruling sect hatred against the great body of the people. On the other hand, to reconcile the wise and good of both creeds, the crown prince wrote a book with a view to reconcile the rational parts of the Mahommedan and Hindoo religions, hoping to combine the professors of both in keeping down intolerance. These efforts and performances won the intellect and worth of the country, but outraged the more powerful sacerdotal and military interests. Dara, uniformly upheld by his father as his successor, protected him in his declining years, when younger sons were ready to wrench the sceptre from his palsied hand, or, in eastern idiom, to uncanopy the decrepit monarch's head."

"Aurungzebe, the third son, when a boy, had most of the lineaments and propensities of his brothers. The change which he subsequently underwent was artificial, and effected expressly to place him in contrast with them. The holy man referred to (his mother Nour Mahal's peer or chaplain) might with justice be reckoned the father of his greatness. This saint, finding the royal youth conscious of being the least favoured of his family in person and mind, (with exception of the youngest,) made him aware that the unpopularity into which the house of Timur had fallen for nearly a century past, arose from Akbar, the grandfather, and Jehangeer, the father, of Shah Jehan; having lived in avowed scepticism, permitting no spoliation of idolaters, nor showing the least partiality to the true faith. The reigning emperor, munificent in temporal things, had not retrieved the errors of his predecessors by due benefactions to the established and only allowable religion. Never was seed sown in a more genial soil, nor directive impulse given that met with less disturbing force. Aurungzebe, to make himself as unlike as possible to his heretical relatives—who shone in pleasure, pomp and luxury—mortifying his inborn desires, assumed the austerity, coarse apparel, and sanctimonious looks of a religious mendicant; went publicly to pray at the mosque five times a-day; gave a fifth of his royal stipend to the poor; in short, conformed rigidly to the injunctions of the prophet, until he became, with certain reservations, all that at first he only affected to be. This personage was, at the same time, an accomplished scholar, had wit, and, in spite of his lugubrious aspect, liked jokes and puns, which he could not always suppress in grave political despatches. Neglecting none of the ordinary means of gaining advancement, Aurungzebe retained the affection of his father, until, on coming of age, he was installed in the important satrapy of the Deccan. From this epoch he became the centre to which all the zeal and bigotry of the dominant sect began to gravitate. Henceforth, insincere and unprincipled, wearing an impenetrable mask, and letting nothing done by him appear above-ground, he worked his way to dominion by sap and mine."

"Jehanara, pronounced, in her day, the loveliest daughter of the seven climates, was the feminine representative of the excellences and foibles of her family. From taste, feeling, and opinion, she upheld the right of her eldest brother, and in fact made common cause with him. Nearly as thoroughly taught as he, she wrote verses, nay, political despatches of the first order with her own hand, discarding penmen, the frequent betrayers of secrets in the Oriental world. Like Dara, who was mentally a Persian, she adopted the customs of Shiraz, and, surrounded by ingenious foreigners, decorated her apartments and fitted out her equipages in an eclectic style, which was universally reckoned beautiful, though condemned as exotic. After the death of his wife, the emperor her father, whose understanding began to decay, made Jehanara, in absence of the heir apparent, his chief councillor and indeed minister. This princess, therefore, discharged the high duties of what I may call a stateswoman, in the name of her father, under the vicegerency of his eldest son."

The book is got up in a very cheap form, and there is a great deal both of real solid information and of positive literary talent for the money; but never was a good book rendered more unattractive in appearance. It is closely printed in very small type, or rather types; for there are no less than three used. The opening of the book looks to the reader very uninviting, the type is so small; after reading a chapter or two the letters become smaller; and farther on he arrives at the smallest, which, but for interest in the book itself, one would turn away from as utterly intolerable to well constituted eyes. In fact, the author of the "Eerie Laird" may consider it no mere compliment, but the truest and the greatest praise, to be told that such and such a one has read his book. He need not ask how it is liked. The person who has read through this somewhat portly little volume of painful print, must have found the author and his subject, *per se*, uncommonly agreeable. We say this to induce those who may throw aside the book at a first glance as impracticable, to take it up again and become patient, that they may be rewarded.

Malcolm Dalbracken, the hero, has nothing very *eerie* about him, to our apprehension. After all his foreign adventures he returns to his native land to redeem the estate of his ancestors, upon which he lives in gloomy solitude, surrounded by relics of his eastern life. These, which were strange enough in

the eyes of the simple rustics in the neighbourhood, who heard of or saw them sometimes by chance—these, together with the reports of his wild and wonderful life in foreign parts, where live the

"Anthropophagi,
And men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders;"

and his rigid seclusion and careful avoidance of contact with the world, gained him the name of the "Eërie Laird." Most of our readers may know the meaning of this word, but they will probably excuse us if we endeavour to explain it for the benefit of those who may not. In Scotland and the north of England the word is in common use, and signifies something more than human, something elfish, fairy-like, or weird, in the person to whom the word is applied. Also, if one says of anything, "It makes me feel eërie," he means that the object spoken of excites a feeling of superstituous dread, or awe, or discomfort, as at the action upon the senses of something supernatural. We are not prepared to state positively that no such person as this Malcolm Dalbracken ever existed; and it is certainly quite possible that he may have pushed his fortunes among the descendants of Shah Jehan, and have been made viceroy of Malwà; many adventurous Europeans attained to fortune and honours in the East in those days; but we are inclined to believe that the local habitation, the name, and the sayings and doings of Malcolm Dalbracken, are but a "cunningly devised fable" of the ingenious author; and that to this clever oriental historic painter the world is indebted for all that concerns the "Eërie Laird." We would advise a speedy reprint in an attractive form of this useful and interesting work.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing-Desk.

The First of September! Reader, does your heart leap within you at the sound, as at a trumpet call? Do your cheeks flush, your eyes sparkle, your breath come short and quick, and your legs move involuntarily, as if they longed to be at it? If not, take my word for it, you are no true sportsman. Is it possible that you went to bed last night without ascertaining the exact state of Sancho's appetite at supper?—poor Sancho, who is to work so hard all day without having a bit of breakfast, lest it should interfere with his nose. (What an inconvenient sort of nose to be the owner of!) Can any thing, short of handcuffs and a strait waistcoat, keep you in bed after five o'clock? If so, take my advice, lock up that tempting double-barrel: albeit Joe Manton, "de rale old Joe" himself, never set eyes on a better, you'll only oil your fingers to no purpose;—off with the leather gaiters: you'll go and get your feet wet on the strength of them, depend upon it—catch a cold in your head, and render yourself a greater nuisance—psha! I mean, you'll find it a greater nuisance—than you're aware of—dripping and sneezing like an angry tea-kettle, and all that kind of wretchedness, not to mention the wear and tear of pocket handkerchiefs, and the consumption of water gruel. No; be advised, discard your shooting jacket—those great pockets would only annoy you, by presenting an *hiatus valde lucrymabilis* at the end of the day;—indue a dressing-gown and slippers, ring for coffee and the cat; and, as you *were* unwise enough to get up at seven o'clock, sit down, write an article against the game laws for some slow morning paper, and sign it "Philo-Perdicis," if you affect the classical, or "Anti-Popgun," if you prefer doing the jocose. But, I feel certain, the majority of our masculine readers *did* assure themselves of their pointer's well-being over night, and *were* up with and ready for the lark; for which small dicky bird (whether vocalising at "heaven's gate," or roasted with bread crumbs) we have a profound respect, though we are aware the Swan of Avon designates it a "bumpkin fowl;"—but that may have been jealousy, because the lark was about the only created thing that could look down on Shakspeare.—This by the way, however. Well, it is a quarter past five; you have eaten a good but not a heavy breakfast, examined your pockets for the tenth time, (we've been counting, for the curiosity of the thing) to see that nothing essential is left behind—caps, wadding, powder, shot, all the materials for slaughter, not forgetting the pocket pistol, charged with nothing more deadly than *eau de vie*, (Is that a bull, or a pun?) all are there; so now for the ineffable double-barrel. Bless its brown muzzle, how killing it looks! Yes, of course, bring it up to your shoulder and take a sight at that impudent cock-sparrow sitting on the rose-tree, like

"Jove in his chair
Of the skies Lord Mayor,"

congratulating himself (the sparrow, not Jove) that he is not a partridge.——"Hallo! Jem," (the boy about the place is always called Jem, the name goes with the situation, we imagine, after the manner of the Pharaohs, Ptolemies, &c.) "bring round Sancho and the retriever." "Ye'es, sirr." And while he's gone, suppose you load: but first shake a little powder into each barrel, and squib; there's no good in losing the first shot because the "ineffable" happens to be damp this misty morning. Crack! crack! and off goes the sparrow in mortal terror, almost doubting whether he has not made a mistake in his ornithology, and mayn't be a partridge after all. As he disappears, Jem, an amalgamation of rude health and intense stupidity, relieved by occasional flashes of knowingness,—causing one to exclaim, in the words placed in the mouth of Balaam by the writer of some fifteenth-century "Mystery of Paris," "*Mon âne parle, et même il parle bien*,"—Jem, rising fifteen, and attired in the ghost of a game-keeper's suit, evidently borrowed for the occasion from a scarecrow, comes in sight, leading, or more properly led by, a splendid retriever,—what a noble dog!—while Sancho of the sensitive nostril, not perceiving you and the double-barrel,

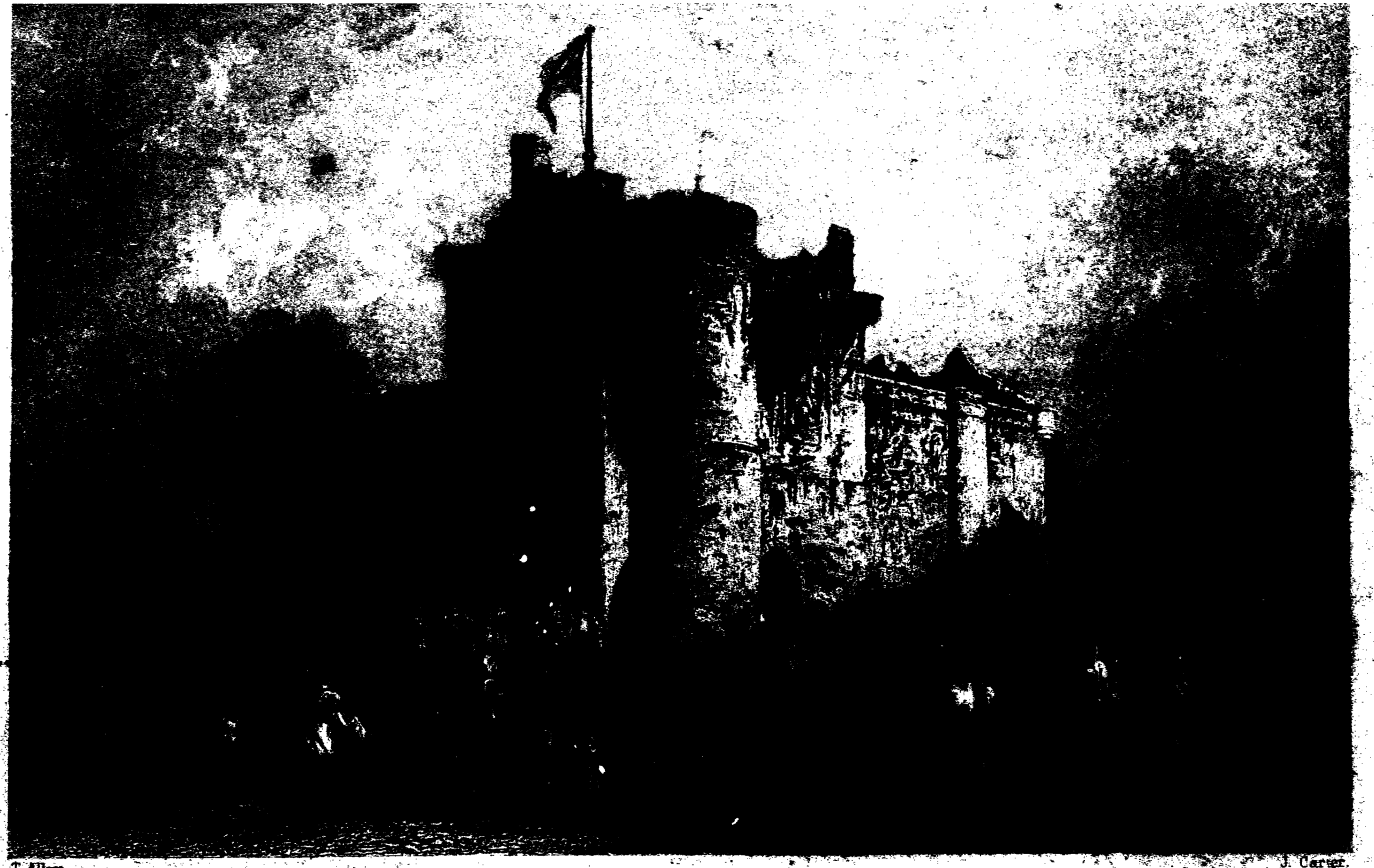
dear reader, strive against his collar, intent on going off at a direct angle in pursuit of something, which, with his intelligent head high raised in air, he scents, or fancies he scents; thereby distracting Jem with a divided duty, and rendering the figure of that much enduring lad an exact fac-simile of the Austrian Eagle, having its second head. And now, with 800 acres to shoot over, containing famous stubbles, standing beans, turnips, and a brilliant little tit-bit of late clover, where the birds always lie as thick as oysters in a barrel, if you're not "good" for sixteen brace at the very least, it's a pity; and most happy should we be to go through the day with you—chronicle each clever shot—vouch for the incredible number of minutes Sancho stood, with his tail as stiff as a ramrod, his fore-foot slightly elevated, and his precious nose poked out as if he were trying (good dog!) to look like a stuffed crocodile—and bring you comfortably home to dinner at a quarter to eight, with a very decided pain in your back, the appetite of a famished tiger,—thoroughly used up, but *perfectly* happy. Much would it rejoice us to do all this, were we not an editor, and obliged to attend to business.

Amongst the new books which have come under our notice, we may mention the eighteenth volume of the Parlour Library, containing "Olivia, a Tale for an Hour of Idleness." The lady who makes her debut in this work, (for a lady we happen to know it is,) assures us in her preface, that she trusts "nothing she has written will ever do any harm, even if it should fail to do good;" in this we agree with her, though we incline to go further, and believe the reverse of the proposition to be equally true. Such very innocent writing as characterizes the pages of Olivia, will scarcely exert much influence, for good or evil. Still, although the tale savours strongly of the Rosa Matilda school, it has its merits. The most serious fault we find with it is on the score of want of originality. "Olivia" is affectionately dedicated to Mrs. Marsh; and a more fit person for the purpose it would have been impossible to select, for, had Emilia Wyndham never been written, we much doubt whether Olivia would have seen the light. Lest we be thought unfairly severe, we beg to call the reader's attention to the following somewhat suggestive coincidences:—

Emilia early in the tale loses a well-loved mother; Olivia's idolized parent dies in the first chapter; both Emilia and Olivia are left to look after an unpleasant papa apiece, for whose benefit they both marry men to whom they are indifferent,—each, in so doing, sacrificing a lover whom she adores, and whose respective deaths they are both made aware of while reading a newspaper aloud to their husbands, whose attention they draw to the fact by fainting on the spot. The rival heroines are decidedly alike in character, and each has a weak-minded but amiable young female companion as a foil. Still, the book is evidently the work of a lady, and an amiable and religious woman, and as such we can safely recommend it to those of our readers who prefer mild literature to a more stimulating, and possibly therefore a less wholesome mental diet.

"The Voice of Many Waters," by Mrs. David Osborne, is a book for young people, very full of useful knowledge, but, as we think, improperly styled "a tale." It is no more a tale than our old acquaintance, "Goldsmith's Grammar of Geography," is a tale; but it contains fully as much geographical information as that desultory school-book, and of a newer, and therefore more correct description. Mrs. Osborne favours her young readers with all sorts of curious and instructive matter, *à propos* of every river and city, sea and country, lake and mountain, which is mentioned. But the book is tainted with a sectarian tone in things spiritual, which should by no means prevail in a work intended for children. In speaking of Italy, and its beauties and wonders, the authoress deplores that such a country should be inhabited by "idolaters!" and talks of the rites of the Catholic Church as "certain ceremonies performed by *these people!*" One would think, from this, that the Roman Catholics were a tribe of bushmen lately discovered in Australia or New Zealand, who practised some altogether novel and curious ceremonies. Children who read Mrs. Osborne's book should be warned, that (without entering upon the religious question) "*these people*" have civilized Europe; taught us to read and write; given us poetry, the arts, and most of the sciences; established good governments, and laws; in fact, that we Protestants owe nearly all we inherit to them; and that it is not becoming in children to point scornfully at their parents, and call them—"these people."

"Kate Walsingham" is a pretty tale; but we confess ourselves unable to make up our minds as to its authorship, owing to the ambiguity of the title-page. From internal evidence we should judge the work to be by that old favourite of the novel-reading world, Ellen Pickering. The story is, we fear, a very natural one; it is briefly this:—Kate Walsingham, a young beauty, poetess, and sort of female Admirable Crichton, is beloved by her cousin Walter, who is as handsome, as poetical, and as full of genius for a man as she is for a woman. But Kate has been, unfortunately, brought up with Walter, and loves him only as a brother. She falls into real inflammable *novel* love with a man every way her inferior, except in person and property, who is desperately alarmed at her cleverness, thinks it unfeminine, &c. and behaves to her in the most cowardly and insulting manner. Still Kate, being a heroine, therefore unreasonable, loves him, and tries to make him forgive and forget her intellectual superiority; for his sake she endeavours to become common-place,—she is ashamed of her best gifts; and it is touching to see how she falsifies her nature that her lover may feel himself her equal, or, if possible, her superior. In vain she acts a lie;—he sneers at her, taunts her with her genius, and finally almost kills her with his cruel jealousy. Walter stands by, and sees all, and bears all patiently for Kate's sake, who, through it all, loves her tormentor. At last, to the reader's great relief, he dies; and the book ends with a significant hope that Kate may, in time, love and marry Walter.



T. Allom.

J. Carter.

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[illegible] Charles Stuart Pierce

THE CASTLE OF DOUNE.[1]

PERHAPS the history of Europe during the last three hundred years can furnish us with no event so chivalrous in every sense of the word as the effort made by Prince Charles Edward against the house of Hanover, in the year 1745. In these days we can hardly understand, although we are compelled to believe, the enthusiasm and romantic attachment displayed by all classes of the Scotch in the Jacobite cause. Ladies of every rank and station seem, if possible, to have been even more devoted to the house of Stuart than their relations and friends of the opposite sex. The songs composed at the time are certainly the most spirit-stirring effusions of the kind in our language, while their abundance testifies the universality of the *furor*, for such only can we call it, which prevailed. Sir Walter Scott saw at once the vast capabilities of this subject for the purpose of fiction, and the high popularity attained by the famous Waverley novels was owing, in no small degree, to the admirable manner in which he made use of the materials thus afforded him, for the first of that unrivalled series. Although, perhaps, he may have painted the character and personal manners of Prince Charles in too favourable colours, he has by no means exaggerated the enthusiasm of the Jacobite army, and their deep devotion to the dangerous cause they had embraced. Neither did he at all overdraw, in the character of Flora Mac Ivor, the ardent attachment of the Scottish fair to the unfortunate house of Stuart. History furnishes us with numerous instances of a similar kind: mothers urged their sons, wives their husbands, and maidens their lovers and brothers, to "fight for Prince Charlie," and, even if they could not conquer, to die for his sake.

The history and results of that unhappy rebellion are too well known to need notice, but one circumstance may be here cited as an illustration of the chivalrous spirit manifested in behalf of the Pretender. I allude to the magnanimous conduct of a poor Highlander, who sheltered Prince Charles at the risk of his life, and resisted the temptation of betraying him for thirty thousand pounds, though he was so poor as actually to be compelled to steal from his neighbour food for the sustenance of his royal guest. And yet this man was afterwards hung for cattle stealing.

During this outbreak, the castle of Doune (the subject of our engraving) was held by Mc Gregor of Glengyle, a nephew of the famous Rob Roy, better known by his Lowland name of James Graham. He at once declared for the Chevalier, and fortified the castle by planting a twelve-pounder in one of the windows, and several swivels on the parapet. Soon afterwards, a party of Royalist volunteers, from the university of Edinburgh, headed by John Home, the author of Douglas, ventured as far as the Teith river, but old Glengyle managed to capture them, and confine them in his castle. Home, in his History of the Rebellion, gives the following minute description of the manner in which they contrived to escape from their prison, a large room in the highest part of the castle near the battlements.

"To guard the prisoners there was a party of about twenty highlanders; a sentinel, who stood two or three paces from the door of the room, allowed any of the prisoners, who chose, to take air on the battlements. It was proposed, that they should make a rope of the blankets they had, by which they might descend from the battlements to the ground, a depth of seventy feet, but where there was no sentinel. The proposal was agreed to, and to prevent suspicion of their design, some of the 'volunteers' always kept company with the other persons in the Great Room, which was common to all, whilst the rest of them, barring the door of their cell, were hard at work, till they had finished the rope, of which they resolved to make trial the very night it was completed. The two officers then claimed it as their right to be the first that should hazard themselves by proving the strength of the rope. But that claim was objected to, and all drew lots, so as to settle the order in which they should descend. This done, the captain stood No. 1, the lieutenant No. 2.

"When everything was adjusted, they went up to the battlements, fastened the rope, and about one o'clock, in a moonlight night, began to descend. The two officers, Robert Douglas, and another, got down very well; but with the fifth, who was tall and bulky, the rope broke just as his feet reached the ground. The lieutenant now called to the next in the order of descent, an Englishman, of the name of Barrow, not to attempt it, as twenty or thirty feet were broken off from the rope. Nevertheless, putting himself on the rope, he slid down as far as it lasted, and then let go his hold. His friend Douglas, and the lieutenant, as soon as they saw him on the rope, placed themselves under him, so as to break his fall; but descending from so great a height, he brought them both to the ground, dislocated one of his ankles, and broke several of his ribs. In this extremity the lieutenant raised him from the ground, and taking him on his back, carried him towards the road which led to Alloa. When unable to proceed any further with his burden, two others of the company, by holding each one of Mr. Barrow's arms, helped him "to hop along upon one leg;" but thinking that at this slow rate they would certainly be overtaken, they resolved to call at the first house in their way, and that happening to belong to a friend, a horse was procured, and having reached the sea, they were received on board the Vulture sloop of war.

"But to return to the castle. Neil Mac Vicar had drawn the last number, and, while standing on the parapet, having seen the disaster of his friends, he carried the rope to his cell, where he substantially repaired and lengthened it with shreds of blankets. This done, he returned to the battlements, and there again fastening it, commenced his descent. But when he reached that part where the fracture had taken place, and which he had endeavoured to secure by adding

(1) Vide Illustration.

greatly to its thickness, he found it beyond his grasp, and falling from the same height that Mr. Barrow had done, but with no one to break his fall, he was so seriously injured, that he languished and died soon afterwards at the house of his father, a clergyman in the isle of Isla."

The castle of Doune was originally built by Murdock, Duke of Albany, who was beheaded on the castle hill of Stirling, from which his dying glance might for a moment rest on that stately pile, the monument of his fallen greatness. In the sixteenth century, it was often occupied by Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England, and widow of James IV.: her grand-daughter, the lovely and unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, in company with Lord Darnley, frequently resorted to it as a hunting-seat, and after the battle of Falkirk, many of the royalist prisoners were confined within its ample walls; and although only eight miles from Stirling Castle, Graham held out for the prince during all the time that the Jacobite army was in England. Its position is at once commanding and beautiful, being situated on the steep and narrow green bank of the Teith, while its opposite side is washed by a mountain stream. Its lofty towers rise far above the surrounding trees, and give great effect to a distant view of this noble baronial residence. At one end of the front rises a spacious square tower, of considerable height, while another, a little inferior, stands behind the opposite extremity: a strong back wall, nearly forty feet in length, forms the whole into an ample quadrangle. The principal room between the towers is seventy feet in length, that in the great tower forty-five feet by thirty; and the kitchen fireplace is quite capacious enough to allow space for a score of giants to spend a comfortable winter's evening beneath the chimney. A ponderous iron gate still exists within a heavy iron studded folding-door, and although the castle is now roofless, the walls are still entire, and have the appearance of great solidity and strength. The Earl of Moray, to whom Doune Castle belongs, has a seat adjoining, called Doune Lodge; and Cambus Wallace, the ancient seat of the Edmonstones, and now that of Lord Doune, eldest son of the Earl of Moray, is in the immediate vicinity. In his march from the highlands, the chevalier took a cup of welcome from the hands of a fair adherent at the gate of Cambus Wallace.

The neighbourhood of the castle of Doune is rich in associations connected with the ballad poetry of Scotland. Among these, that relating to the death of the "bouny Earl of Moray" is no doubt familiar to many of our readers.

The village of Doune, which lies in the immediate neighbourhood of the castle, has much improved of late years, and is gradually rising into some degree of local importance. Many a visitor stops to see the castle, which has been introduced by Sir Walter Scott in his novel of Waverley, as the fortress to which the hero of the tale was brought by his Highland captor. A fine old bridge, crossing the Teith a little above the castle, was built by Robert Spittal, a citizen of Stirling, who had made a fortune by being the tailor of Margaret of England, whom we have before mentioned as often residing in the castle.

To the taste and liberality of the Earl of Moray the inhabitants of Doune are indebted for a new and elegant parish church, in the gothic style, with a handsome tower, and very beautiful pulpit. Many new houses, too, have been recently added to the village; and it is not the least of the signs of the times that a few cotton factories have been started here as a substitute for the manufacture of pistols, for which, in the days of old, Doune was celebrated. As the pistol then formed an important portion of the Highland costume, the demand was very considerable.

Being only eight miles from Stirling, and about the same distance from Callander, Doune is easily reached by any visitors to Loch Katrine and that part of the Highlands. It will be found worthy of a visit by any who are fond of fine scenery, or who take an interest in the time-honoured remains of the dwellings of those whose names have been famous in history.

A DIRGE.

F. B.

How wearily, how wearily,
The hours are passing by!
How slowly doth the lagging sun
Creep on in yonder sky!
They say the earth looks glad and gay,
And earth is fair to see;
But, oh! since thou art snatch'd away,
What can be fair to me?

Too softly beamed thine eye of blue,
The dwelling-place of truth;
Too brightly did thy cheek display
The seeming glow of youth.
We little deemed that gentle flame,
That all too bright a bloom,
Were but the messengers that came,
Precursors of the tomb.

The nightingale returns to bless
The summer with her strain,
The swallow seeks in early spring
Her cottage home again;
The flowers return to deck the field,
They tell me they are sweet,
I care not though a thousand yield
Their fragrance at my feet.

Spring may rejoice to see her flowers,
Her birds return again,
May robe the earth with happiness,
Yet cannot ease my pain.
What reck I of the summer day?
Though sweet its strains may be,
It cannot chase my gloom away,
Nor bring thee back to me.

Yet do I seek the holy spot,
When falls the evening shade,
And weep upon the hillock green,
Where all my heart is laid.
Then speed ye hours on swifter wing,
And this poor solace give.
O heaven! it is a weary thing,
A weary thing to live.

NATURAL HISTORY OF INSECTS.—No. III.

METAMORPHOSES OF INSECTS.

"WERE a naturalist," observe Messrs. Kirby and Spence, "to announce to the world the discovery of an animal which, for the first five years of its life, existed in the form of a serpent; which then, penetrating into the earth, and weaving a shroud of pure silk of the finest texture, contracted itself within this covering into a body without external mouth or limbs, and resembling an Egyptian mummy more than anything else; and which, lastly, after remaining in this state without food and without motion for three years longer, should at the end of that period burst its silken cerements, struggle through its earthy covering, and start into day a winged bird, what, think you, would be the sensation excited by this strange piece of intelligence?" After the first doubts of its truth were removed, what astonishment would succeed! All men, both learned and ignorant, would flock to see this wonderful phenomenon; and all minor prodigies would be comparatively unheeded. And yet, the metamorphoses of the insect world, scarcely less strange and surprising than the transformation of a serpent into an eagle, are, because of their commonness, and the minuteness of the objects, little thought of by the greater portion of mankind.

Look, for instance, at those butterflies hovering over that bed of young nettles, and occasionally touching a leaf with the tip of the abdomen. They are females ovipositing. At each contact, a little egg is left, which is fastened to the leaf by means of a gummy secretion. It is of an oblong form, and is sculptured with elevated lines, running from top to bottom, like the meridians of a globe.

In a short time, a minute caterpillar proceeds from this egg, with a body beset with spines, furnished with six short, horny, hoof-like feet near the head, and ten fleshy tubercles, which act as clinging feet, beneath the hinder parts. It grows rapidly, for it devours the substance of the leaves with incredible voracity: but at the end of about a week it ceases to eat, appears first restless, then feeble and languid, and the colour of the skin is withered and livid. After a day or two's inaction, it may be observed to move its head from side to side as if in pain,—now stretching itself, now contracting, and now forcibly swelling the second and third segments of the body. At length the skin of the back splits from those violent efforts, and a new skin may be perceived beneath, distinguished by the freshness and brightness of its colour: the caterpillar, pressing its body into the opening thus made, speedily extends it down the back, and towards the head, till at last it entirely emerges from its old integument.

This process of exuviation is performed three successive times, and at intervals of a week or ten days: and then the insect prepares once more to cast its skin, and to become a chrysalis instead of a caterpillar. For this end it frequently draws together two or three contiguous leaves of the nettle, and connecting them with a few threads of silk, forms them into a capacious tent, from the ceiling of which it must hang suspended for many days. It then begins to spin, from a peculiar organ in its mouth, a small conical knot of silk at the intended point of suspension. Into this it then insinuates the minute hooks with which the hindmost pair of clinging feet are provided, and suffering the anterior part of the body to fall, hangs with the head downwards. Meanwhile contractions and contortions go on as before, and are attended with the same result. After about twenty-four hours, the skin of the back splits, and the chrysalis appears projecting through the aperture. By continuing the tumefaction of the now exposed portion, the skin of the caterpillar splits farther and farther up towards the tail, and by the alternate contraction and elongation of the segments of the chrysalis, is at length rolled up in folds around the posterior extremity.

"But now comes the important operation. The *pupa*, (or chrysalis,) being much shorter than the caterpillar, is, as yet, some distance from the silken hillock to which it is to be fastened: it is supported merely by the unsplit terminal portion of the latter's skin. How shall it disengage itself from this remnant of its case, and be suspended in the air while it climbs up to take its place? As it has no arms or legs to support itself, the anxious spectator expects to see it fall to the earth. His fears, however, are vain: the supple segments of the pupa's abdomen serve in the place of arms. Between two of these, as with a pair of pincers, it seizes on a portion of the skin, and, bending its body once more, entirely extricates its tail from it. It is now wholly out of the skin, against one side of which it is supported, but yet at some distance from the leaf. The next step it must take is to climb up to the required height. For this purpose it repeats the same ingenious manœuvre; making its cast-off skin serve as a sort of ladder, it successively, with different segments, seizes a higher and a higher portion, until in the end it reaches the summit, where with its tail it feels for the silken threads that are to support it."[1] Then by means of a number of little hooks, with which its anal extremity is covered, it entangles itself among the silk, and confirms its hold by several rapid whirlings.

A practised naturalist will soon be able to detect in this swathed mummy, all the external parts of the future butterfly. The eyes are marked by two prominences in front of the head; the wings are brought down on each side, in an opposite direction to that which they will assume when erect; the antennæ and legs are stretched upon the breast; and the long sucking-tube, not yet in its spiral curl, is extended between them. A few days before the birth of the butterfly, that is, about three weeks after the assumption of the chrysalis state, the approaching maturity of the inclosed insect is announced by the increasing transparency of the pupa-skin, and by the appearance of the

(1) Kirby and Spence.

THE MERIAH SACRIFICE: A TALE OF ORISSA.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

It would be difficult to imagine an oriental scene more beautiful than that presented by the sacred city of Nassik, when the Godavery is at its height. In addition to the natural features of the land, skirted as it is, with hills excavated with their innumerable cave temples and cells of "eremites of old;" in addition to the rich gardens, waving with plantain and betel trees, a foliage always lovely and refreshing in the East; in addition to the picturesque bends of the majestic river, sweeping below the city walls,—the temples and ghats at Nassik are of finer architecture than can be found in India—unless the rivals be sought for upon the banks of the far-famed Ganges. The reputation of the Godavery for sanctity is also great. The aged are consigned to die in its waters, sure of their bearing the spirit onwards to the heaven of Indra; and on a calm evening, the stream seems illumined as far as the eye can reach with lights, each floating in its little bark of cocoa-nut shell, and consigned to the care of the sacred Gunga by hands trembling with human hopes. At the time of which I write, there was a *melo*, or fair, the result of a religious festival held at Nassik; and the city and suburbs were crowded by people from every part of India. Truculent looking Patans from Hindostan, armed to the teeth, their *zulufs*, or love-locks, exquisitely scented with sandal-wood oil, their purple and gold turbans jauntily set over one ear, and decorated with newly-blown roses and mogree blossoms, were contrasted with priests from Dwaka, as simple in attire as the Patans were gay: bigots these were of the first class, and as such, each held the tip of his ear as a stranger passed; an act hovering between precaution against the Evil Eye, and an emphatic curse upon the passenger. Then, there were parties of chiefs from the provinces, riding horses with pink tails, and silver rings above their fetlocks, followed by chosen bands of irregular horsemen, some with their swords drawn, some roaring forth the titles of their feudal lord; and all, to judge by their excitement, under the influence of very considerable drams of fermented hemp-juice, or the wine of the palm tree. Brahmin women, too, were present in abundance; some, glittering with gold and precious stones, walking hand-in-hand around the temples, in performance of certain vows; and others, crowded into *rutts*, with their handsome children, in holiday attire, all laughing and chattering together, as only Indian women *could* laugh and chatter, when compressed into a springless cart, drawn by bullocks, and surrounded with curtains of wadded cloth under the full rays of a tropic sun!

Such were a few of the principal features that fell under the eye at the Nassik mela; but, beyond these, were Bunjarra merchants, who, travelling from the Concan to Hyderabad in the Deckan, took this road, and halted here to mingle in the gaieties. Kalatnee jugglers, also, who, not allowed to enter the city, pitched their camp by the river-side, and spent their time between the performance of feats of wondrous cunning, and libations of bheng to an incalculable extent. The area in front of the principal temple, too, was one mass of human beings; and as one moved among the crowd, it was impossible not to remark with interest many of its distinctive features. In one corner, for instance, was a devotee performing penance by standing upon his head on a leaf of tulsi; a rival ascetic was seated on a deer-skin, in a state of apparent abstraction, one arm extended above his head, the muscles having become rigid, and the finger-nails curling downwards, like the horns of a chamois. Not far from these, was a man who had travelled from Beema Shunka as a Dervish. He wore a green and yellow conical cap, with a sash of the same waving in the air, and was directing the motions of a dancing buffalo, gaily trapped with crimson cloth and silver bells; and as the pretty little creature stamped its feet, and shook its head, the dervish danced too, and beat time with a pair of cymbals. The snow-white buffalo and his rotatory master, sash, cymbals, and sanctity inclusive, were soon pushed aside, however, by a tall handsome figure, with flashing eyes, and hair falling in rich masses on his shoulders, who balanced on a bamboo huge vessels covered with crimson cloth, and surrounded with silver bells, while as with stately steps the bearer of holy water from Benares made his way, he shouted forth all the names of the Hindoo deities, their attributes, and best known acts. The crowd made way for the religious herald as he came; for him and his water vessels. Some touched the velvet, raising, immediately that they had done so, their hand to their forehead; and many a proud priest bowed low as the bearer of Gunga's waters passed along. Happy had it been could he have continued so to pass in his proud office; but a little child—a sweet, smiling, happy child, that had long been gazing with infantine delight on the clever tricks of the dervish and his pet, now ran gaily across the water-bearer's path, and heedlessly striking against the vessels, the sacred water was sprinkled on the ground. A deep, a fearful curse, fell hissing from the lips so lately devoted to the praise and service of the gods; and the Gosaen spurning with his foot the innocent author of his wrath, the child fell, pained and shrieking, on the ground. In a moment more a heavy blow descended on the ruffian devotee, and, a priest snatching the infant to his bosom, the crowd gathered in. "It is little Toolsee Bhye," said they, "the only child of the high priest of the Mahdeo temple!"

The Hindoo people are singularly fond of children; this feeling, and their love of flowers, are, I think, two of their most pleasing characteristics; much sympathy was consequently felt for little Toolsee Bhye, and as she lay weeping in her father's arms, many a kind hand was stretched forth with offerings of glittering sweetmeats, and pretty toys, in solace to the frightened child; while the Brahmins whispered together of the blow given by Sydajee to the Gosaen

"There is no hope for her * * * * * she knows that there is not yet still she kneels & presses her burning brow against the cold marble"

The Messiah Secondo

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BY MRS. POSTANS.

It would be difficult to imagine an oriental scene more beautiful than that presented by the sacred city of Nassik, when the Godavery is at its height. In addition to the natural features of the land, skirted as it is, with hills excavated with their innumerable cave temples and cells of "eremites of old;" in addition to the rich gardens, waving with plantain and betel trees, a foliage always lovely and refreshing in the East; in addition to the picturesque bends of the majestic river, sweeping below the city walls,—the temples and ghats at Nassik are of finer architecture than can be found in India—unless the rivals be sought for upon the banks of the far-famed Ganges. The reputation of the Godavery for sanctity is also great. The aged are consigned to die in its waters, sure of their bearing the spirit onwards to the heaven of Indra; and on a calm evening, the stream seems illumined as far as the eye can reach with lights, each floating in its little bark of cocoa-nut shell, and consigned to the care of the sacred Gunga by hands trembling with human hopes. At the time of which I write, there was a *melu*, or fair, the result of a religious festival held at Nassik; and the city and suburbs were crowded by people from every part of India. Truculent looking Patans from Hindostan, armed to the teeth, their *zulufs*, or love-locks, exquisitely scented with sandal-wood oil, their purple and gold turbans jauntily set over one ear, and decorated with newly-blown roses and mogree blossoms, were contrasted with priests from Dwaka, as simple in attire as the Patans were gay: bigots these were of the first class, and as such, each held the tip of his ear as a stranger passed; an act hovering between precaution against the Evil Eye, and an emphatic curse upon the passenger. Then, there were parties of chiefs from the provinces, riding horses with pink tails, and silver rings above their fetlocks, followed by chosen bands of irregular horsemen, some with their swords drawn, some roaring forth the titles of their feudal lord; and all, to judge by their excitement, under the influence of very considerable drams of fermented hemp-juice, or the wine of the palm tree. Brahmin women, too, were present in abundance; some, glittering with gold and precious stones, walking hand-in-hand around the temples, in performance of certain vows; and others, crowded into *rutts*, with their handsome children, in holiday attire, all laughing and chattering together, as only Indian women *could* laugh and chatter, when compressed into a springless cart, drawn by bullocks, and surrounded with curtains of wadded cloth under the full rays of a tropic sun!

Such were a few of the principal features that fell under the eye at the Nassik mela; but, beyond these, were Bunjarra merchants, who, travelling from the Concan to Hyderabad in the Deckan, took this road, and halted here to mingle in the gaieties. Kalatnee jugglers, also, who, not allowed to enter the city, pitched their camp by the river-side, and spent their time between the performance of feats of wondrous cunning, and libations of bheng to an incalculable extent. The area in front of the principal temple, too, was one mass of human beings; and as one moved among the crowd, it was impossible not to remark with interest many of its distinctive features. In one corner, for instance, was a devotee performing penance by standing upon his head on a leaf of tulsi; a rival ascetic was seated on a deer-skin, in a state of apparent abstraction, one arm extended above his head, the muscles having become rigid, and the finger-nails curling downwards, like the horns of a chamois. Not far from these, was a man who had travelled from Beema Shunka as a Dervish. He wore a green and yellow conical cap, with a sash of the same waving in the air, and was directing the motions of a dancing buffalo, gaily trapped with crimson cloth and silver bells; and as the pretty little creature stamped its feet, and shook its head, the dervish danced too, and beat time with a pair of cymbals. The snow-white buffalo and his rotatory master, sash, cymbals, and sanctity inclusive, were soon pushed aside, however, by a tall handsome figure, with flashing eyes, and hair falling in rich masses on his shoulders, who balanced on a bamboo huge vessels covered with crimson cloth, and surrounded with silver bells, while as with stately steps the bearer of holy water from Benares made his way, he shouted forth all the names of the Hindoo deities, their attributes, and best known acts. The crowd made way for the religious herald as he came; for him and his water vessels. Some touched the velvet, raising, immediately that they had done so, their hand to their forehead; and many a proud priest bowed low as the bearer of Gunga's waters passed along. Happy had it been could he have continued so to pass in his proud office; but a little child—a sweet, smiling, happy child, that had long been gazing with infantine delight on the clever tricks of the dervish and his pet, now ran gaily across the water-bearer's path, and heedlessly striking against the vessels, the sacred water was sprinkled on the ground. A deep, a fearful curse, fell hissing from the lips so lately devoted to the praise and service of the gods; and the Gosaen spurning with his foot the innocent author of his wrath, the child fell, pained and shrieking, on the ground. In a moment more a heavy blow descended on the ruffian devotee, and, a priest snatching the infant to his bosom, the crowd gathered in. "It is little Toolsee Bhye," said they, "the only child of the high priest of the Mahdeo temple!"

The Hindoo people are singularly fond of children; this feeling, and their love of flowers, are, I think, two of their most pleasing characteristics; much sympathy was consequently felt for little Toolsee Bhye, and as she lay weeping in her father's arms, many a kind hand was stretched forth with offerings of glittering sweetmeats, and pretty toys, in solace to the frightened child; while the Brahmins whispered together of the blow given by Sydajee to the Gosaen

of Benares, and more than one prophesied the wrath of Devi on the priest of Mahdeo. None, however, could deem the father wrong; or, if they did so, their judgment was soon merged in tender sympathy, as their eye fell upon the child, looking so lovely, as she lay clasped to her fond father's heart; her little ankles decorated with silver bangles, her round and polished arms encircled with protective talismans, her glossy hair braided with festal flowers, her boddice and skirt of particoloured satin delicately embroidered; while, amid all these aspects of gaiety, the long fringes of her dark eye-lashes glittered with tears, as they rested on her round and polished cheek. But it was now some hours past mid-day, and the mela at its height; so the groups dispersed again, seeking the scenes that pleased them most. Some bathed in the sacred waters, others strolled among the booths filled with saree cloths, turbans, and gaily tinted handkerchiefs; others looked on at the preparations for the fireworks, while some laid down and slept, singularly indifferent to the human voices and shrill discords that pervaded the temple courts. The largest masses, however, had formed a triple circle around the poles of the Kalatnees, and a clever set indeed these jugglers were! One dancer on the slack rope, after having exhibited for some time with a pair of skates girded on his bare feet, next knelt in a brazen dish, and thus urged himself along the line; then, with a tremendous vault, he dropped from the rope within a circle of unsheathed daggers, ending by tossing them among the crowd. But the buffoon of the party, whom all seemed most to delight in, was an old man, with a closely shaven head and an enormous pair of ears; who, having told a story of how, in consequence of the perpetration of a great crime, the Poonah police had been sent to seize him, and they catching him by the ears he had slipped from their grasp, the old Kalatnee challenged any pair of people present to essay thus to secure his person, promising a rupee as their reward in case of success. With a loud laugh, two Moslems sprang from the circle, and settled on the ears of the Kalatnee, but he shook them off in a moment. He challenged four! The result was the same. Six! One twirl, and the juggler was free as air! The baffled men sulkily retired; but no sooner were they seated than the old rogue sprang upon them, and seizing each alternately by an ear, dragged his victim round the arena, amidst roars of laughter from the spectators.

These follies continued until night, and then the temples were illuminated with thousands of lights, whose reflections were singularly beautiful as seen in the pure waters of the Godavery; the temples resounded with music, tents pitched for the occasion accommodated bands of Natch women; bheng and kusumba were everywhere abundant; the apparently apathetic Hindoos indulged in the loudest revelry and the most reckless dissipation; and in the excitement of the hour, the past and future of each man's life was alike unheeded, for memory and hope were scared by the wild realities of those maddening hours.

Midnight had passed. The temple lights grew dim: the players of pachesa in the verandahs of the sacred places were now weary; and except those who, stupified with kusumba, willingly remained in the tents of the Natch women, most of the crowds dispersed, and took their way into the city of Nassik. And as the late revellers passed the Chuvdo, or-halting-place for travellers, near the great well, many bowed humbly as they recognised therein, seated on his deer skin, the water-bearer of Benares, who, with his head powdered with wood ashes, and a cobra twined round his neck, gazed on all that passed with that marvellous air of abstraction which Gosaens of his class acquire so perfectly from a desire to convey to the vulgar an idea of the absence of the spirit in communion with the gods of Indra. Few, even of less priest-ridden people than the credulous Hindoos of Nassik, seeing this man, whose sanctity was supposed to render all creation subservient to his will, and to reduce the subtle serpent even to be his ministering slave, would have supposed that but an hour before, in the disguise of a Mahratta cultivator starving from the effects of a late famine, he had been bartering for the sale of a little child in the camp of Bunjara grain merchants. Yet thus it indeed had been; and when, at sunrise returning from the temple of Mahdeo, the Brahmin Sydajee sought the little couch of his fair child, he uttered a terrified cry, and rushed to the temple ghat, her favourite playground. Strange contrast! — on that now deserted spot was but a single figure—a woman from the city, filling her water vessels, and on the coil of ropes that lay beside her was a little cap of blue and silver needlework, which she had found, she told the Brahmin, floating on the deep calm stream of the Godavery.

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The scene lay at the head of the Malsajghat, and was wild, bold, and beautiful. This remarkable mountain pass is about half way between Bombay and Poonah, on the Iooner road, and people travel it to avoid the tolls of the more direct route to the Deckan, over the ghat of Candalla. Its characteristics are very remarkable, and as picturesque as they are strange. The opening of the pass is extremely narrow, almost more, indeed, resembling a doorway than the entrance to a road; and on looking down the pass, the whole plain of the Concan, bounded by the ocean, lies like a map under the traveller's eye. The road is so rugged and steep, that bullocks alone can keep their footing on it, nor can one pass another; so that merchants descending blow horns to signify to those below the necessity for halting until the way is clear. The rocks towering on either side of this wild defile are occasionally excavated, and here and there appears upon their surface a rudely sculptured image of Huniman, or of Devi, panoplied against the giants. This road, in fact, had once been in good order in the old days of Mahratta government; but now its difficulties are such that it is not uncommon for the villagers to ascend the faces of the scarped rock, in preference to toiling up this stony road, a

matter they effect quite after their own fashion, by means of a rope-ladder furnished with strong grappling irons. Strangers, however, who were well accustomed to see the people of Bombay climb the tallest palm trees on the island, looked on these scarps and doubted such being the fact, until guards were placed in the pass, and it was found that, notwithstanding these precautions, Banians were de-nosed, and villages burnt about the ears of extortioners, by bands of men who so came up at night to compass their retributive work, and in the morning were calmly herding their flocks in the Concan! Bullocks, however, cannot use rope ladders so conveniently as did the retainers of Ragojee the bandit, and consequently groups of travellers, more particularly Bunjaras, are commonly to be seen bivouacked on the hard open plain at the head of the ghat until it is convenient for them to descend; and this happened to be the case at the time of which I speak.

The encampment of Bunjaras included some five hundred bullocks, from Hyderabad in the Deckan, whose bags of grain, when emptied at Bombay, were to be there refilled with salt for the convenience of the subjects of his highness the Nizam. This trade is the birth-right of Bunjaras, and they know no other. The camp in question was fenced round with the heavy grain bags, and guarded by large fierce dogs of a peculiar breed. The weary bullocks rested within, and a few watch-fires were burning brightly there. The party had halted an hour before sunset, according to Bunjara custom, and neither ablution nor prayer was made; for the grain merchants have no practical religion, but simply a code of morals, strict enough, however, among themselves; and thus the weary people had lain down to rest, and silence reigned around the camp, until the fierce barking of a watch-dog warned them of a stranger's coming. On this, several of the Bunjaras sprang to their feet, and perceived a somewhat aged man, mounted on a sorry nag, and accompanied by a single matchlock bearer, who slowly approached the party.

"Pass on!" cried the Bunjara nearest to the travellers. "We are merchants, and hold no intercourse with any but our own people."

"I pray you, suffer us to halt under your protection, brother," replied the stranger. "An aged man on this weary beast cannot descend the ghat to-night, and here is neither temple nor dhurmsaulah for us to lodge in."

"Lie in one of the caves of the pass, then," roughly answered the Bunjara. "I have spoken; we mingle not with strangers."

"Alas! alas!" bitterly exclaimed the traveller; "how can I lie in the caves of the pass? Are they not visited nightly by the tigers of the plain, and are not their broken rocks the nests of cobras and scorpions innumerable? And worse than this, is not that revengeful scourge of the Deckan, Ragojee, abroad, lurking in all such places—he and his band, with their knives whetted, and their bows strung? I am a stranger, brother, a traveller from far Orissa; protect us for this night, and let me and my servant but lie by your fire, and I will leave with you at dawn a bangle worth your strongest bullock."

A woman started from beside the grain bag beside which, in lurking silence, she had heard the colloquy. "Let him come, Dajee," (what Bunjara woman *can* resist a jewel?) "let him come," said she; "he says truly, these are not times to pillow gray hairs in the caves of the Malsaj."

The traveller dismounted, and seated himself opposite the Bunjara woman by the nearest watch-fire; and though he gazed curiously on her, she was in no degree abashed; for the hardy free life the wives and daughters of these merchants live, forms in them a peculiar character, quite Spartan-like in its purity and independence. The traveller gazed on the Bunjara woman not so much in admiration of her brilliant beauty, as in surprise at a costume altogether new to him, and peculiar to her people. Her skirt, boddice, and veil, were of that full rich tone of colour known as Tyrian purple, broidered with needlework of white and scarlet, with little mirrors sewn therein, and finished with a fringe of cowries; innumerable chains, bangles, and tassels of silver decorated her neck, ankles and arms; and on her dark, luxuriant, and carefully arranged hair, plaited with crimson and silver threads, was a tiara of bright silver, resting on a little pad studded with stars of the same metal. Had the traveller been a Jew, he must have thought of Esther when Ahasuerus made her queen instead of Vashti; as it was, he only gazed long and admiringly, as any one else would have done, and then, having been told that such dresses are heir-looms in the Bunjara families, he laid aside his chillum, took a little pill of opium, and covering his feet with his chudder, laid down to sleep.

An hour before dawn, the Bunjara camp was broken up, and all prepared for their day's journey. The leading bullock was fully attired in all his bravery; necklaces depended from his neck, and a large tuft of crimson feathers was placed between his gilded horns, from the tips of each of which also fell little tassels of particoloured silk. The grain bags were securely fixed, and on them were steadied the arms, cooking vessels, and bedding of the merchants' families; each bullock bearing a pair of crimson flags fastened to long bamboos, secured between the grain bags; and thus they set forth, in single file, to descend the rugged pathway of the ghat, Dajee bearing his matchlock in his hand, and walking immediately in advance of the stranger's poney, turning his head from time to time to talk of indifferent matters, and studiously avoiding all reference to the manners and habits of his own people, a subject on which the traveller, however, naturally felt much interest. He observed that the woman Heeree still wore the splendid dress that had attracted him so much the evening before ere he laid down to rest, and other women of the party were similarly decked, although, to judge from the tattered and travel-stained appearance of some of the veils and phylacteries, it would seem they had

passed through many generations, and seen the rocks of the Malsaj Ghat on numerous occasions, ere they, as heir-looms, had come into the possession of their present owners. The party were now half way down the ghat, having only to wind round one more sharp angle of the rocks, and the dogs were all prepared to guide the bullocks, with barks and bites, in that emergency, when one of the beasts suddenly stumbled, and a huge copper vessel, that had been tied among the grain bags, was jerked forward and fell upon the ground, while the shrieks of a child showed the purpose to which this species of howdah had been applied. Heeree ran forward, and, soothing it with much tenderness, reseated the little creature more securely among her own bedding, then laughed and talked with it, as she walked by the bullock's side, while the infant, delighted with the gay attire of the woman, and animated by the fresh morning air, returned her smiles with all the winning loveliness of single-hearted childhood.

"Who is that little one?" inquired the traveller of his companion Dajee, she is too fair for a Bunjara, and by the sacred mark of the lotus flower on her arm looks like one of the Brahmin caste; this is the badge of Crishna, and is well known to the women of the Jumna, but with you, it is only given at Dwaka, or at Nassik."

"Oh! there is no secret about the child," was the reply. "I bought her for a sack of opium, of a Mahratta peasant, at the Mela; the man was a starving cultivator, thanks to these rogues of Banians, that my friend Ragojee Bangria is bringing to their senses, and as he could not feed his child, he sold her for what would dull the cravings of his own appetite. As to her colour, why the Mahrattas are dark enough, but who knows? her mother may have been a slave in a chieftain's harem, a Persian girl perhaps, or a Cabool damsel; and as to the lotus flower, it may be an ornament to save bangles; these things are nothing to me! I bought the child, and paid the opium; Bunjaras ask no questions, we interfere with no man's business, and draw the sword on those who interfere with ours. I have said."

"And what will you do with the little Mahratta maiden?" inquired the traveller carelessly. "I suspect it requires a peculiar constitution to lead your life, lying by night under the canopy of heaven, on the cold ground, and toiling under a burning sun by day; the child need have the blood of a Bunjara mother in her veins to live with you."

"True," said Dajee; "Heeree loves the child, and wants to adopt it, but I have told her I will not suffer such folly in the camp; from Bombay we shall travel to Rajpootana, and there I shall sell the girl into the harem of Joudpore, for the Rajah's young daughter wants a companion such as they can train this child to be; she will grow as pretty and sprightly a little Mahrattah maiden as may be, and the Ranee will love her very dearly, and make her her friend, and it will be the brightest day in her whole life, that in which the peasant of Ainavale sold his child for a sack of opium, to Dajee the Bunjara!"

"This is all very well," was the traveller's reply; "but after all, my brother, it is but a matter of mirage, that may clear away, and leave you a desert for your fancied pools of water, and shading palm trees! Joudpore is not Bombay, and Ranees do not wait for slaves until Bunjara merchants travel over a thousand miles at ten koss a day, to bring them one. You may fall in with Thuggs before then, or tigers, and lose the child, or she may die of cholera, and then you will not have gained much by your opium bargain. Now it happens that I want just such a little merry damsel as this is, to bring up with my own daughter in the Khond country near Orissa; besides, being an old man, and sad at times, the child will serve to beguile the homeward way. So if you will, let us strike the bargain at once; I will give you in the Soucar's house, in Bombay, a thousand rupees for the child—a good return for your sack of opium, brother."

Dajee looked at the traveller, inquiringly. "Are you in earnest?" was the question, "it is a large sum for a mere baby."

"Beehees'm, on my eyes be it," replied the man; and this being the strongest asseveration that could be given, Dajee walked on, chatted confidentially with his wife awhile, and the matter ended in little Toolsee Bhye becoming the property of Kurti Vas, the agent of Chokra Bisshye, the Goomsoor chieftain.

Years passed, and many are not required, in oriental climes, to bring with them the full development of female loveliness. As a bud, Toolsee Bhye was the charm of Nassik, and as a flower, she became the pride of Goomsoor. The family of Chokra Bisshye seemed to live but in her smiles, and the love of the chieftain was displayed in the most anxious endeavours to render her skilled, above all the maidens of the land, in rare and delicate accomplishments, and to afford her the means, by dress and valuable ornaments, of appearing every day more beautiful. She enjoyed greater liberties than the daughters of his house, and on all festivals, the chief delighted in showing her, in all her pride of loveliness, to the people, and to do so, often placed her in the howdah of his own elephant. Happiness seemed to have become the portion of the sweet Brahminee girl, and the age at which she had been stolen from the priest's house at Nassiek was so young, and the varied scenes and persons that rapidly succeeded to this period in her life, had so banished the earlier portions of it from her memory, that Toolsee Bhye, although aware that Chokra Bisshye was not her father, yet felt his care and tenderness were all-sufficient to banish natural regret for her lost parent. At times, indeed, a dream would seem lingering in her memory—a vision float before her eyes. The aged priest was there in his white robes of office, and his eyes looked sorrowfully upon his child, and he wept as it seemed her fate; but from these oppressions, the young girl would rouse herself with a smile, a gay, glad smile. "Oh! if my father loved me," she would whisper to her heart, "would he not rejoice to see me thus?" and then again she heard, that by reason of some government interference at Nassik, many of

the priests had left it, and therefore she scarcely clung to its memory, as to that of a once loved home. Its fanes seemed desecrated to her fancy. The temples, reflecting porch and tower in the still waters of the Godavery, might still be there, but their tutelary gods to her seemed cast from their ancient altars. It might have been otherwise, perhaps, with Toolsee Bhye, but for the joy and gladness of the present,—but for the new, fresh, trusting hopes that sprang in the pure heart of that young girl; for we know that the past has ever a strange, deep interest to the human mind, when that mind is unstirred with excitements of the present. And even when it is so, remembrances of early days, of the voices of those who loved us then, of the sweet breath of flowers we plucked and wreathed, of the tones of bells, with a thousand other sweet, dream-like things, will seem re-echoed on the senses from the past, in vibrations as it were from old harmonies, charming the spirit in its intervals of rest, and puzzling the memory for links between the well-remembered and the all-forgotten passages of our dream-like life, as they come, ever toning the spirit with better and with softer thoughts. With the sweet Toolsee Bhye, however, the present filled up the measure of her joy, for already was she the willing thrall of the Love God Camdeo, and his service to a votary such as the Hindoo maiden, binds heart, and mind, and senses, to his altar. The object of this young girl's first love was well calculated, indeed, to win it, if it be true that manly beauty, daring courage, and chivalrous bearing lead captive woman's heart; for Dora Bisshye possessed all these to a degree that made him distinguished throughout the land. As the nephew of her protector, Toolsee Bhye had seen the young chieftain day by day from her early childhood; then had he taught her to wreath garlands of every new device, to deck cocoa-nut shells, such as the maidens of Hindoostan love to float on the blue waters of the Jumna; and while yet a girl, he would sit with her, beneath the deep shadow of the palm trees, and to the sweet sounds of his sitarr sing to her delighted ear the soft love songs of Jayadevi, or the wild plaintive odes, in honour of their country's gods and demigods, with which the early poetry of Hindoostan abounds so richly. Thus grew, thus loved they, the stranger maiden and the chieftain of Ungool; nor seems it strange that neither cared for the world around them, which, lulled as they were in fond security, they believed had neither power to add to, nor to diminish their joy. This dream was, however, soon to be dispelled. In the calm hours they passed together, Toolsee Bhye learned to feel that a strong purpose nerved her lover's heart, and that, fondly as she was beloved by him, that love alone, was not the ruling passion of his soul. The lovers, as they were wont to do, had been wandering through the lovely gardens of the palace, while the cicala and the bulbul poured forth their evening lay, and the moon flower opened her pure pale blossoms in the starry light, when the chieftain suddenly pausing, gathered a champa bud, and placing it in the rich braids of his companion's hair, playfully remarked, "I cannot now, sweet Toolsee Bhye, dower thee as my bride, with all the gold and gems of Ungool's royal line, for, from to-day, my sword must be my banker; but cherish this flower, sweet love, until Dora Bisshye, as soon he will, replaces it with those jewels of price, that will befit thy beauty and his power."

Toolsee Bhye raised her full dark eyes to his, doubtingly; and her sweet lips parted, as if she would have questioned the reason of his words, but the chief continued.

"My uncle, Chokra Bisshye, is fierce and cruel,—ay, sweet Toolsee, more fierce and cruel than your pure mind can image. His people, the chiefs of Boad, Hoozoor, and other lands under his power, have revolted, and refused tribute on this account. To bind me to his will, my uncle has detained from me my father's title, rank, and property, hoping that impoverishment will enslave my purpose, shackle my will, imprison my acts. But my decision is made; the malcontent lords of Khond have offered to acknowledge Dora Bisshye as their leader, and ere to-morrow dawns, I shall be with my bands upon the mountains, and thy lover, Toolsee Bhye, already notable as the brigand chief."

'Twere difficult to know what feeling most strongly at this moment possessed the heart of the Brahminee girl. The character given of Chokra Bisshye by the lips she loved and trusted, as she had neither loved nor trusted others in this wide world, startled and troubled her; but the daring character of the life chosen by the chieftain charmed her by the romance and energy which dictated its adoption. She felt that no change, no power, could separate those who loved as they had done; and when beneath the shadowing trees they pledged their faith—that trusting pair!—never had Dora Bisshye thought the fair Brahminee girl so lovely as now she seemed, her dark eyes beaming with sympathy in his high purpose; and never did her lover's form appear to Toolsee Bhye so glorious in its manly beauty, as when, turning from her, the chieftain passed to the narrow portal which led to those forest depths in which he had pledged trysting to the lords of Khond.

In the present times, large numbers of the people, for many reasons, had enlisted under the banners of the rebel lords. Three years' famine had desolated the mountain district, and men murmured for lack of bread. Women sold their children for a few days' sustenance, and the soil from whence the fresh blades of corn were looked for, cracked into huge chasms, yawning graves, as they seemed, for the famished people. The priests declared their misery to be the result of the wrath of the gods, unappeased by sacrificial offering. The Meriah sacrifice, like the offerings of old to Baal, even that of human life, they thought was needed, ere the earth would yield her increase; for the Khonds believed that the life-blood of the innocent, and of the pure, and not the rain of heaven, is needed to give increase to the sower and crops to the reaper! and with this dark faith the people mur-

mured, that for seven years the rite had been unobserved. True, they knew the difficulty; they knew that the victim must be a stranger, rarely nurtured, beautiful in form, accomplished in mind, free in will, a voluntary sacrifice. They knew the British government had opposed the practice, and that among those who departed from the support of the old usage were Dora Bisshye and his chiefs. But yet the starving wretches clung to their faith in the Goomsoor prince and his priests, and they knew that more than one imprisoned stranger, reared in luxury, might be, at their will, still fitly immolated, as the Meriah sacrifice. The people murmured that it was not so, and they yet thirsted for the blood of the young and innocent, to sprinkle on their fields, and to gain for them an abundant harvest.

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Weeks had passed since the young chief, Dora Bisshye, had left Ungool, and Toolsee Bhye felt life a sadder thing than she had yet believed it could be; for she had yet to learn how much existence owes its charm to those sweet dreams that, with transient and unsubstantial visions, fling bright colours on our path; sometimes, alas! to leave it, by power of contrast, but the more drear and desolate! Somewhat of this truth seemed now, indeed, opening on the young girl's heart; and as she gazed with longing eyes towards the hills in whose cave recesses lay hidden the gallant bands of him she loved, another link of cold experience was added to the new-wrought chain that sorrow wove. She felt that man can wrestle with the world, growing stronger, harder, as he wrestles; that activity, be it of whatever kind it may, affords joy to him; that novelty, that hope, the springs of high endeavour, the triumph of successful enterprise, give brightness to his lot, place it as you will; place it as even this chieftain's lot was placed, among wild and reckless men, who were risking all upon one throw: but that for woman, a patient waiting upon events is all her stay, while imagination kindles into madness, and hope wears itself to despair. Poor Toolsee Bhye! life was daily losing its rainbow-tinted hues to her, and the voice of her protector, since Dora Bisshye had spoken of him in terms of hatred, no longer sounded with the sweet harmony of welcome kindness on her ear. Yet now again he stood by her side, that powerful and dreaded chief—dreaded until now by all but the young girl who trusted in his love—and as his eye followed the direction of her own to the mountain crest, Chokra Bisshye calmly observed, "Dora has counted ill on the power of the rebel chiefs; they will betray him; your lover will find it so ere long, and must die the death that *he* deserves who opposes the government of a land, and mocks the power of its gods."

"*Die!*" and as the maiden uttered the dread word, she turned her dark, imploring eyes upon the prince. He answered the mute appeal: "You feel that Dora Bisshye is wrong, then, despite your love for your early playmate. It is well; you know not the deep joy, young maiden, that it gives me to have this assurance from your lips."

The girl clasped her fair hands upon her forehead; "Wrong, wrong," she exclaimed; "oh, no! he opposes tyranny, the bloodshedding of the young and innocent, the—the——" what dared she add? The eyes of Chokra Bisshye gazed in their dark anger full upon her; it was of *his* power she had spoken, it was his will she had condemned: Toolsee Bhye tremblingly felt it so, and paused. "But you said," she at length softly added, "that he must die."

"Most surely, maiden," was the reply; "but know that in our land, we Khonds hold death as a glorious exchange for life, when we lay it down for our country's good; 'tis but to be dreaded when it comes from other causes, more especially from mockery of the gods."

"Ah!" sighed the young girl, "death must be ever fearful;" and as she spoke, she looked around on bird and flower, on the bright sky, on the rippling waters of the fountain, on the thousand forms of animated life, rejoicing in the glad sunshine, and shuddered as she thought of the cold, dread change, when these might no more bring gladness to the eye, or joy to the heart of him she loved.

The prince continued: "These flowers are bright, maiden, these skies are richly coloured, the incense of the breeze is grateful to the sense, the songs of birds form melody on the ear; but dim and harsh are sights and sounds, colours and harmonies of earth, compared to those that, in the gardens of Indra's paradise, await the raptured senses of the being dying for a country's good. The dull eye of sense, in the struggles of the victim, sees terror, it may be; but the spirit of the sacrifice, then translated to the courts of Indra, is welcomed as himself a god. Glorious change! The songs of Jayadevi breathe but of an earthly paradise, whose lotus blossoms are of the waters of earth, whose houris are the fawn-eyed daughters of Hindostan; but sense faints with ecstasy before the entrancing bowers, the sparkling waters, the ever-blossoming groves, the melodies and loves of Indra's heaven!"

As he spoke, the eyes of the Chokra Bisshye glittered with wild excitement; and as the maiden listened, a strange awe increased upon her spirit—a trembling terror, that she could in no way command.

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It was not many days from the one on which the excited manner of the Goomsoor prince had exercised so painful and singular an influence over the mind of Toolsee Bhye, that her maidens bore into the under-room, or private apartment of the harem, a dress of splendid fabric, the delicate muslin of Dacca, bordered with gold; there were rich gems, too, beside it—pins for the hair, bangles, and ear jewels, fresh blossoms in abundance, and little vases of silver filigree filled with choice perfumes. It was the rich gift of the Chokra Bisshye, and with it came the request, that she would adorn herself in the khelat, or dress of honour, as it were, and accompany him to the temples of the city.

The young girl's heart beat high, as she admired the various beautiful items of her new toilette, pleasure and gratitude banishing for the time all other thoughts; and, when attired, glancing at her own lovely figure, rendered yet lovelier by the elegant folds of the delicate saree, so pure in tint, so fresh, so delicate, so soft in texture, marking, rather than concealing the charming outline of her graceful form, one desire only rested on the heart of the young beauty—that Dora, her own beloved, could see her now, beaming in the rich gifts of her indulgent patron. "Ah!" thought she, "he does him wrong; else how could he so love, so care for me, a stranger—a mere retainer on his bounty?"

The *cortège* set forth. Toolsee Bhye was seated alone in a native carriage, open on every side, and drawn by milk-white bullocks, gaily wreathed with flowers; above their broad foreheads waved plumes of peacocks' feathers, chains of silver fell around their necks, and bells sounded from every part of their rich housings as they slowly advanced towards the city. In front of this carriage, in full dress, and preceded by his elephants, rode the Chokra Bisshye, while on either side were bands of mounted men, some with the Neckaras, or royal drums, others blowing shrill trumpets, or playing upon cymbals; beyond these crowded religious mendicants, smeared with wood-ashes, and clad with little but a tiger's skin, cast about their stalwart forms. The crowd was very dense, and, surrounded as she was with guards, yet, from time to time, persons would burst forward, and strive to touch the edge of the young girl's saree, as it fell beyond the carriage; one could scarcely wonder at that, however, she was so very beautiful, and even the most barbarous people seem to have an innate love and reverence for the beautiful. Toolsee Bhye observed that some of these, more pressing than the rest, shrieked loudly, or cut themselves with knives, running back with blood-stained garments among the crowd, when they had obtained their object; but she thought little of the matter, for Orissa is full of fanaticism, and of fanatics of the wildest kind, and a Brahmin's daughter little heeds the phases in which Hindoo zeal may chance appear. She was charmed, too, with the bearing of the prince; never had he seemed so popular. The people received him with cries of joy, they wept—they cast their garments beneath his horses' feet—they called him their protector, their benefactor, the delegate of the gods, the almoner of their bounties; and amid these scenes they reached the temple. It was illumined as for a festival; and beside the altar was a framework of green bamboos, with faggots of sandal-wood lying near it. What was that? she dared not ask. She had heard a horrible tale of victims placed in such frames, while the kindling fire around them dried and contracted their place of merciless execution. Her brain grew dizzy with the fearful thought; the shrieks of the victim seemed even now sounding in her ears, and as they replaced her on the cushions of her carriage, the Brahmin's daughter was scarcely conscious that in low obeisance the priests had pressed their lips upon her robe, or that they had hung garlands of jasmine-buds upon her fair neck and softly rounded arms. She soon recovered, however,—recovered to smile on all around her; and as she raised her hand to her fair forehead in answer to the low salaams of the admiring crowd, she in her young heart thanked her patron goddess, the beautiful Bhowani, for all the love, and reverence, and honour, thus showered on the adopted daughter of the Goomsoor prince.

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The Meriah sacrifice!

She had then learned the truth? For this had she been, in the smiling innocence of her childhood, purchased by Kurti Vas, the agent for the rite,—for this had she been gently nurtured through her girlhood, her beauties cherished, her graces cultivated,—for this had she been decked with gems, and paraded in her spotless purity before the eyes of all the people of that land: the truth had reached her; from the hour that Kurti Vas took her in his arms, in the court of the Soucar's house, in far Bombay, from that hour she had been training to become a sacrifice worthy the acceptance of the gods of Khond! A stranger she must have been, the laws required it; beautiful, or she would not be accepted; pure, or curses would follow the oblation;—and now the time was come, a lingering, cruel death awaited her: that night the sentence had been passed.

The Meriah sacrifice!

The girl had sat, in the dull stillness of the silent room, with her fair head resting on her knees, stupefied with a horror too great, too mighty, too overpowering, to resolve itself to forms, or words, or tears. Tears?—oh, no! her brain was on fire, her senses reeling, her pulses throbbing on to madness, there were no tears for *her!* Now she starts from her low cushion; she violently forces back the masses of dark hair that had fallen over her temples as she sat, and rushes to the terrace garden; instinctively her hurried footsteps lead her to her favourite resort, an ancient tomb, the shrine of some religious devotee, on which the simple piety of the Khond peasants kept a small lamp constantly burning; she stretches out her arms towards the hills, and cries aloud.[1] But no; there is no hope for her *there*—she knows there is not; yet still she kneels, and presses her burning brow against the cold marble, and moans, and laughs, and shrieks, in the agony of her despair. But madness now is stealing into her heart, her brain; and could the people see their victim, they would call her passion the inspiration of the gods!

But a step approaches, a hand clasps hers, she is raised and drawn back from the garden, and a cup touches the lips of the devoted one—"Drink," it is the voice of the Goomsoor prince, "drink, favoured of the gods; this cup is filled with the umrita juice of paradise; to-morrow thou wilt drink it fresh in the bowers of Indra."

The girl falls upon her cushions; her fair arm pillows her flushed cheek, her dark hair sweeps round

(1) Vide Illustration.

her as a cloud. The opium has done its work. Visions steal upon her lulled senses, sweet visions of the past; she is once more on the banks of the cool Godavery, a gay and happy child—she floats her little bark of flowers, smiles and prattles in her father's arms, fondles her doves, and laughs, and laughs again, at the tricks of the old dervish, and his pretty pet. Sleep on, thou hapless one; would that waking hours had no reality for thee!

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It was a cave in a mountain fastness. Stretched on a pile of deer skins lay the young chieftain Dora Bisshye, his spear and matchlock were by his side, and at the mouth of the cave reclined a group of armed men, smoking their kaliuns by a bright fire kindled of bramble thorns. These heights were cold, but beyond the advantage of giving warmth, the fire was necessary to prevent the nearer approach of those beasts of prey whose roars reverberated among the dense jungles of the lower hills. The chieftain and his guard were weary, yet they had but halted until the return of a spy sent into Goomsoor, and then proposed a forced night march towards Boad, where their camp lay; this division of parties not being held as safe. Meanwhile as Dora Bisshye thus reposed, watching the fantastic forms with which the uncertain fire-light illumined the rough surfaces of the old cave, a thousand visions of gratified ambition, of fulfilled hope, of triumphant love, flitted before, and threw their bewitching forms on the mirror of his excited fancy. Long in league with the British, to abolish the hideous ceremonies of Orissa's faith, to break the car of Juggernath in pieces, and to banish human slaughter from the bloodstained land, the young chief saw in the unmistakeable dissatisfaction of the people the bursting seeds of universal revolt; he hailed it as a prestige of his fortunes, and tracing his hoped-for career step by step, the young chieftain may be pardoned, if as he there lay on the rocky floor of that dim cavern, he already fancied the time not far distant when he, the ally of the British power, should rule Goomsoor with mercy, and the Brahmin's daughter be his fair, his loved, his happy bride.

From this delicious reverie the chief was rudely roused by hurried voices, with mingled expressions of astonishment and fear among his guards, but late so silent all and tranquil; and starting from his rude couch, the rebel leader sprang to the entrance of the cave; it was the returned messenger who spoke. "On, on, my lord," he cried, "while there is time; a price is set upon your head, even now the myrmidons of the Chokra Bisshye are on your track. The prince is again all powerful, the people worship him almost as a god; to-morrow, the Meriah sacrifice will be given for them, and they already riot in the certainty of abundant crops, with joy to repay all the last five years has cost them; there will be no revolt now, and your only safety is in flight." The man spoke vehemently, but his listener seemed to think less of himself, than of the aspect of things the messenger described.

"And is that poor pale victim so long immured in the Naga tower to fall at last? that hapless youth, said to have Feringee blood, who was stolen so long since by the accursed Kurti Vas from the Natch girl's tent at Delhi? Alas! poor youth, I thought to have saved thee;" and warrior as he was, a tear stood in the dark eye of the chieftain as he spoke.

The messenger looked hesitatingly upon the faces of his fellows, but the eyes of all were fixed upon the ground. "No!" was the reply. "It is no common sacrifice that could have satisfied the people of Goomsoor, no ordinary blood sprinkling that could have saved the hated Chokra Bisshye. To-morrow's victim,"— he paused; "to-morrow's victim is the young child, purchased for such a time as this, of the Deckan grain merchants. The Meriah sacrifice of to-morrow is the adopted daughter of the prince."

With a loud ringing cry the chieftain rushed forward, as if to cast himself from the scarped rock into the wooded depths circling the city; the guards caught him in their arms, they bore him back, they laid him on his couch of deer-skins, and for a while he seemed passive in their hands, as if in memory and thought, and power of action, all had left him. We cannot bear him on," exclaimed a warrior of the group, gazing with unutterable dismay and grief on the unconscious form and rigid features of his leader; "he will perish here: fly," cried he, turning to those who pressed around; "fly to the camp at Boad, and give the news without delay." There were brave men among that group, yet there wanted no second mandate to seek safety for themselves under any pretext; and when the first rays of early light struggled through the fissures of that rude cave, they fell but on the forms of two devoted men, the heart-stricken chieftain, and his one faithful friend and follower.

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Thousands of people are already there, the gates of the city were closed and strictly guarded, crowds from the suburbs had entered it at dawn, and all egress and regress was now forbidden. The temple itself was decorated with scarlet flags, and in its chambers were bands of musicians, the loud shrill discord of whose instruments were prepared to overpower even the wild shriek of agony that might echo from wall and altar, and ascend to the skies without awakening one throb of human sympathy from hearts now scarcely of human mould. In the verandahs of the temple lounged masses of priests, Jogers, Fakirs, Gosaens, demons in all but form, the saintly race of bigoted Orissa! wretches who urge the fanatics of their faith beneath the wheels of Juggernath, triumphing as they watch a surging sea of victims, (as it were,) flowing on to agony and death, that they may enrich the temples, and feed the iniquities of their priesthood! Around the temple thronged the masses of the people; maidens in festival attire, young mothers with their babes, grey-bearded elders, who had loved, and blest, and lived, in the reflected joy of daughters, as fair, as gentle, as she now doomed to be their sacrifice! All was hope, was

triumph; and as the day advanced, every eye was turned in anxious expectation along that road strewn with flowers, by which the procession must arrive. From the houses on either side of this well-guarded avenue, might be seen stretched across it, threads of scarlet silk. Those who had placed them there, joyed in the certainty that when their children wore them, no evil, no danger, could dismay or touch them. Noon had already past. The sacrificial priest, in robes of purest white, stood by the altar; the censer filled with Lăban, cast its perfumed wreaths of incense round its base. The piles of sandal-wood, the green framework of split bamboo, the single cedar faggot, all were there. The anxious crowd began to murmur, but ere their anger was fully kindled, shouts of triumph rent the air, for there, amid elephants and horsemen, glittering arms, and splendid robes, appeared the open palankeen in which, in the dress the people had before seen, lay the lovely form of the beautiful Toolsee Byhe, the victim of the hour. By her side rode the prince, an aigrette of jewels in his turban, and his dark fierce eye gleaming with triumph as he gazed around on the multitude, now so wholly in his power. The shouts redoubled, yells and shrieks, mingled, with praises of the gods, and homage to the prince. The fakirs started from the temple, they rushed around the victim, leaping, dancing, and wounding themselves with knives and daggers, and trampling madly on the people. The prince lifted the victim in his arms, and bore her to the altar; she was passive as the dead. The priest received her, she laid like a bent lily in his grasp, he invoked the gods, he raised the sacrificial dagger, he cast aside her veil,—ah! what sees he there, that priest? The Lotus Flower of Crishna's favoured race has saved his votary, the father for a moment clasps his long-mourned daughter to his heart, and then with a loud cry he rushes from the altar, and the life-blood of Gomsoor's prince flows at the Brahmin's feet. There is a crash of instruments; the people shout, "The Meriah sacrifice is now complete;" some frantically force their way to dip their garments in the still warm blood. The truth is known; the people rush wildly from the spot; the gates are opened, and in a moment more the temple courts are filled with the allies of Dora Bisshye. They seek not to part that father and his child, and as they bear them from the altar's base, she sleeps upon his bosom, and dreams once more of early and of happy days.

On a miniature but very lovely lake, formed by a bend of the bright blue stream of the sparkling Jumna, stands a marble water palace, in form resembling the Taj of Agra. Around it are clustering trees of richly tinted foliage, and birds innumerable plume and dress themselves on the pellucid waters, while the brilliant little honey sucker, the mangoe bird, and the cicala abound amidst its shades. It is a fairy home, of joy, and love, and beauty, that tiny water palace, and in its cool and shaded hareem the chieftain, Dora Bisshye, hastens to seek rest with his fair Hindoo wife, from the toil of government, or the active labours of the chace. The past to them is now as it had never been, and Toolsee Byhe, of all the passages of her life, remembers only a delicious dream, that once lulled her in its heaven of rest, but whose visions, sweet, soothing, even joyous as they were, seem cold and dim and faded pictures, when compared with the realities that bless her now.

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

GUTTA PERCHA A GOOD ELECTRICAL INSULATOR.

Dr. Faraday has found Gutta Percha to possess high insulating power. Thus, it makes very good handles for carriers of electricity in experiments or induction, not being liable to fracture; in the form of a thin band or string, it makes an excellent insulating suspender; a piece of it in sheet makes a most convenient insulating basis for anything placed on it. It forms excellent insulating plugs for the stems of gold-leaf electrometers, when they pass through sheltering tubes, and larger plugs supply good insulating feet for extemporary electrical arrangements; cylinders of it, half an inch or more in diameter, have great stiffness, and form excellent insulating pillars.

Because of its good insulation, it is also an excellent substance for the excitement of negative electricity. It is hardly possible to take one of the soles sold by shoemakers out of paper, or into the hand, without exciting it to such a degree as to open the leaves of an electrometer one or more inches; or, if it be unelectrified, the slightest passage over the hand or face, the clothes, or almost any other substance, gives it an electric state. Some of the gutta percha is sold in very thin sheets, resembling, in general appearance, oiled silk. if a strip of this be drawn through the fingers, it is so electric as to adhere to the hand, or attract pieces of paper. A thicker sheet might also be made into a plate electrical machine, for the production of negative electricity.

Then, as to inductive action through the substance, a sheet of it is soon converted into an excellent electrophorus; or, it may be coated, and used in place of a Leyden jar, &c.

CHANGES IN SOLID FORMS.

The gradual change of form of a body which still continues solid, is a problem at which many are confounded, because they cannot imitate the great experiment of nature. On a grand scale, it does not hold; but, in a smaller way, the barley sugar, which, in course of time, becomes crystalline and dull, presents an example of change of structure without any alteration of its solidity; and copper coins, buried in the earth, become oxidysed without losing their impressions.—*Herr Karl Bruner, jun.*

MYRIADS OF ANIMALCULES.

In the Arctic seas, where the water is pure transparent ultramarine colour, parts of twenty or thirty square miles, 1,500 feet deep, are green and turbid, from the vast numbers of minute animalcules. Captain

Scoresby calculated it would require 80,000 persons, working unceasingly from the creation of man to the present day, to count the number of insects contained in two miles of the green water. What then must be the amount of animal life in the Polar regions, where one-fourth part of the Greenland sea, for 10 degrees of latitude, consists of that water!

THE LARGEST CORAL FORMATION.—ROLLING OF WAVES.

A barrier-reef off the north-east coast of the continent of Australia, is the grandest coral formation existing. Rising at once from an unfathomable ocean, it extends one thousand miles along the coast, with a breadth varying from two hundred yards to a mile, and at an average distance of from twenty to thirty miles from the shore, in some places increasing to sixty and even seventy miles. The great arm of the sea included between it and the land is nowhere less than ten, occasionally sixty fathoms deep, and is safely navigable throughout its whole length, with a few transverse openings, by which ships can enter. The reef is nearly twelve hundred miles long, because it stretches nearly across Torres Straits.—*Mrs. Somerville.*

The rolling of the billows along this great Australian formation has been admirably described: "The long ocean-swell, being suddenly impeded by this barrier, lifts itself in one great continuous ridge of deep blue water, which, curling over, falls on the edge of the reef in an unbroken cataract of dazzling white foam. Each line of breaker runs often one or two miles in length, with not a perceptible gap in its continuity. There is a simple grand display of power and beauty in this scene, that rises even to sublimity. The unbroken roar of the surf, with its regular pulsation of thunder, as each succeeding swell falls first on the outer edge of the reef, is almost deafening, yet so deep-toned, as not to interfere with the slightest nearer and sharper sound."

METALS IN THE HUMAN BLOOD.

M. E. Millon has proved, by analysis, that the blood of man constantly contains silex, manganese, lead, and copper. The copper and lead are not in a state of diffusion through the blood; they are fixed with the iron in the globules, and everything leads us to believe that they share with it organization and life.

CURIOUS ICELANDIC PLANTS.

Many of the plants of Iceland grow to an unnatural size, close to the hot springs. Thyme grows in the cracks of the basin of the Great Geyser, where every other plant is petrified; and a species of chara flourishes, and bears seed in a spring hot enough to boil an egg!

HEIGHT OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

Sir John W. Lubbock, according to the hypothesis adopted by him in his Treatise on the Heat of Vapours, shows the density and temperature for a given height above the earth's surface. According to that hypothesis, at a height of fifteen miles the temperature is 210° 6' Fahr. below zero; the density is .03573; and the atmosphere ceases altogether at a height of 22.35 miles. M. Biot has verified a calculation of Lambert, who found, from the phenomena of twilight, the altitude of the atmosphere to be about eighteen miles. The condition of the higher regions of the atmosphere, according to the hypothesis adopted by Ivory, is very different, and extends to a much greater height.

GEOLOGICAL CHANGES.—PAST AND PRESENT.

All the researches of modern Geology seem to prove that nothing is changed in the order of nature, and that the same causes which operated in the first ages of the world, are still influencing the occurrences which take place under our own eyes. Certain facts, however, have hitherto appeared not to be referable to this common origin; and the petrifaction of organic remains, in the midst of geological formations, is daily adduced as one of the most weighty arguments against this general law.

Few persons, indeed, will be ready to admit what, however, is an indisputable fact, that there are now forming, in the bosom of seas, petrifactions which, in the double respect of chemical composition and mode of petrifaction, are altogether analogous to those which are formed in the bed of the ancient sea. To demonstrate this general fact, and to study the phenomena by means of which it is brought about, MM. Marcel Sederres and L. Figuier have contributed a valuable memoir to the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles.*

BEAUTIFUL ACTION OF THE SUN.

The illuminating influence of the sun is displayed in a remarkable degree by the plant *cacalia ficoides:* its leaves combine with the oxygen of the atmosphere during the night, and are as sour as sorrell in the morning; as the sun rises, they gradually lose their oxygen, and are tasteless by noon; and by the continued action of the light, they lose more and more, till towards evening they become bitter.—*Mrs. Somerville.*

FERTILIZING EFFECTS OF RAIN-WATER.

Rain is never absolutely pure water: it is variously impregnated; and this in consequence of two offices which it seems to have to perform (not to mention others); namely, the purifying of the atmosphere, and the fertilising of the earth. Carbonic acid, oxygen, and azote, are always contained in it, and the former in considerably larger proportion than in the atmosphere, oxygen being more soluble in water than azote. And, besides these, there are other matters, such as carbonate of ammonia, and various substances, which it brings down with it, exercising its purifying function, from the atmosphere, in which they were suspended or dissolved.—*Dr. Davy, F.R.S.*

A PETRIFIED FOREST.

M. Blast, of Bombay, has discovered, in the neighbourhood of Cairo, an entire forest converted into silex; the vessels, medullary rays, and even the most slender fibres, are distinctly visible. The petrified

trees are from sixteen to eighteen metres in length. This phenomenon extends over a surface of many hundred miles. The whole desert which is crossed by the road from Cairo to Suez, is strewed with these trees, which seem to have been petrified on the spot, and in the existing era. At least, this forest is covered by nothing more than sand and gravels. The latter, and the trees imbedded in them, rest on calcareous limestones, which contain oysters, with their texture and colour so little altered, that one would believe them to have been left but recently by the waters of the sea. It is therefore probable that these substances belong to our own era; and we may adduce this interesting fact as tending to prove the transformation of living shells into new calcareous carbonate.—*MM. Marcel de Serres and L. Figuier.*

EFFECT OF COLOURED GLASS UPON VEGETATION.

Violet-coloured glass is stated to have been first used in France for aiding the ripening of grapes; the *rationale* of the experiment being the partial exclusion of the caloric rays, and the greater encouragement of the chemical rays. In England the experiment has failed; and French-beans and strawberry-plants grew rapidly under violet-coloured glass, but were long, spindly, and tremulous; in short, very unhealthy. A very light green has been found to answer better than a colourless glass for conservatories; and, by recommendation of Mr. Hunt, author of "Researches on Light," &c., the new vast conservatory at Kew has been glazed with this kind of flat glass, in order to afford the plants protection from the scorching heat of the meridian sun. A great improvement would be effected by the panes being of an arched form, and placed in such an aspect that the morning and evening rays of the sun would not have a tendency to reflect the rays back again, as is the case with thick flat glass, the irregular thicknesses of which, when the rays pass through them at right angles, act as burning-glasses; whereas, by the arrangement above suggested, the rays would pass in a direct course through the glass, and the condensed "drip" on the inside would be effectually carried off by channels on each side of the interior of the frames.—*Mr. Apsley Pellatt's Curiosities of Glass-making*, (in the press.)

CHEMISTRY OF ANIMAL HEAT.

The perpetual combination of the oxygen of the atmosphere with the carbon of the food, and with the effete substance of the body, is a real combustion, and is supposed to be the cause of animal heat, because heat is constantly given out by the combination of carbon and oxygen; and, without a constant supply of food, the oxygen would soon consume the whole animal, except the bones.—*Mrs. Somerville.*

SALTNESS OF SEA WATER.

In the Northern and Arctic Seas the specific gravity of the water has been found by Dr. Marcet, Mr. Scoresby, and Dr. Fyfe, 1026.7, and nearly the same at all depths. Under the equator, 1028. In the Mediterranean, 1028.82, showing this sea to be considerably salter than that of the oceans which surround the globe. But the saltest, at least the heaviest of all the waters on the earth, is the Dead Sea, which is impregnated not only with salt, but also with sulphurous and bituminous ingredients. The specific gravity has been found to be 1211, showing an impregnation eight times greater than sea-water.

VAST IRRIGATION.

There are works for this purpose in India, tanks and aqueducts of immense magnitude, miles in circumference and length, which excite the wonder of the passing traveller, and are, in the labour expended on them, little inferior to the Pyramids of Egypt; themselves, it has been imagined, erected for hydraulic purposes.—*Dr. Davy, F.R.S.*

GALVANIC SHEATHING FOR SHIPS.

In 1827, by the advice of Sir Humphrey Davy, the English Admiralty caused the copper sheathing of vessels to be covered with a certain number of plates of zinc, in order to oppose, by a galvanic action, the rapid corrosion of the metal in sea-water, particularly on some parts of the coast of Africa. But this expedient had soon to be abandoned, because considerable deposits of shells and agglutinated sand encrusted the vessel so rapidly, that its progress was retarded. The galvanic action in this case accelerated the phenomenon. The copper, rendered negatively electrical by the pile formed by the superimposed zinc and copper, attracted the insoluble bases, the magnesia and lime, held in solution in the sea-water, and the side of the vessel began to be covered with carbonate of lime and magnesia, the shells and sand being then precipitated on these earthy deposits.

EARLY GENIUS OF ALEXANDER BRONGNIART.

The celebrated Alexander Brongniart, who died in October, 1847, derived from conversations with Franklin the germ of that mild and practical philosophy which he never abandoned; from those of Lavoisier, his earliest notions of chemistry, which formed one of the foundations of his scientific career. He gave early indications of that clearness of elocution which formed one of his merits as a professor; and it is related that Lavoisier himself took pleasure in listening to a lecture on chemistry delivered by Brongniart, when he was scarcely fifteen years old. At nineteen years of age, too, he was one of the founders of the Société Philomatique.—*Funeral Eloge, by M. Elie de Beaumont.*

CHANGES OF VEGETATION AND CLIMATE.

M. Adolphe Brongniart considers everything to prove, on the one hand, that the different vegetable creations which have succeeded each other on the globe, have become more and more perfect; on the other hand, that the climate of the surface of the earth is greatly modified since the earlier times of the creation of living beings up to the commencement of the present epoch.

HARRY SUMNER'S REVENGE.[1]

BY POLYDORE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Comes jucundus in viâ pro vehiculo est."
PUBL.

"Ilia; Quis et me, inquit, miseram, et te perdidit, Orpheu?
Jamque vale: feror ingenti circumdatâ nocte,
Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas."
IVth Georgic.

THOSE hurried and irregular steps treading unquietly hither and thither along the quay at Havre—those haggard features—the sunken cheek, and delirious eye; can they be his whom we saw but a few days ago rejoicing in the first dawn of such a joy as man knows but once in mortal life, and whose every look and accent bespoke the blissfulness of heart which, when already at that point where human feelings appear to be incapable of realising a greater happiness, still reached a further height of thrilling intenseness?

"Vienna!" he muttered to himself, "why Vienna? what a fearful distance! days must elapse. *Tant mieux!* That horrible letter! A murderer!"

"Monsieur est malade?" inquired a neatly dressed peasant girl apparently about fourteen or fifteen years of age, with a basket on her arm, which from its weight she might have been bearing to the market to be disburdened of its contents.

Harry Sumner made no reply, but looked steadily in the face of the simple hearted inquirer with an expression of wildest vacancy. The innocent smiling expression of solicitude with which she had accompanied her question gradually gave way to a look of terror as she met his distracted gaze. Sumner's whole frame shook with a shudder of agony so visible, as he shaded his face with one hand, just as he met the little peasant girl, that she was unable to resist the gentle promptings of her heart, and was perhaps ready to render any assistance in her power, whether in the way of invoking other aid or otherwise. It is not wonderful if she shrank abashed and terrified from the wild yet fixed regard which was the only reply she obtained.

"Monsieur est malade?" she repeated, in a tone of voice so timid as to be scarcely audible, but of such winning gentleness as to be not a little affecting. At the same time she passed gently by him; and when quite out of hearing—"Pauvre monsieur!" she exclaimed to herself, "il a l'air fou! Merci, Jesu! Ayez pitié de lui! Sancte Maria, priez pour lui!" and thus she continued muttering prayers in his behalf. Sweet guardian! who would not rather have one prayer from thy guileless lips in the midst of woe and misery, than all the succour that human skill or strength could devise?

How strangely powerful were the effects of those few words, prompted by the little peasant girl's kind commiseration! words of kindness and sympathy coming with angel touch, to relax for a moment the excruciating tension of mental agony; to alleviate with a few sounds of ravishing harmony the utter discord of the soul. With softened gaze and heaving breast he turned and followed with his eyes her departing footsteps. She had just reached the porch of the Church of ——. He saw her deposit her basket at the door. He saw her enter. She went within the sanctuary. She disappeared from the outer world. She had gone to add to her ordinary devotions intercessions for "le pauvre monsieur!"

"Vienna?" repeated Sumner to himself. "Vienna?—'tis a week's business to get there, at least. There is no help for it now. I shall get no tidings elsewhere. Why did I agree it should be Vienna! What is the matter with this place? why not here? It will be shorter to remain where I am, and write to-morrow to D'Aaroni. But suppose he should start this evening, as he said, for Vienna. Must he not come here? Most probably not."

The greater part of these musings passed through Sumner's mind in a shorter space of time than the eyes of the reader can glance over them. At this point, a cloud dark and leaden seemed to gather over his mind. Again that delirious stare and shuddering frame. Then it was that vague sensations of a horrible nature flitted before him to and fro in the darkness, like phantom shadows, beckoning him to follow them to where, amidst tumult and excitement, and scenes of vice and din of pleasure, he might quench past memories, and be engrossed and distracted for the moment. Against these he had no better principle of resistance than a high morality. The system under which his good mother had received all her spiritual training had done its best, both for her and him. Amongst other omissions, however, it had not furnished him with such a view of temporal suffering, as to enable him to detect, amidst its darkest overshadowing, the star of hope; or rather, to consider it as the twilight of that night which is but the refreshing precursor of an endless day. Yet had he lived up to the dim light of the system under which he had been trained. Well may it be hoped that he shall not perish through its imperfections; but through a bitter experience of its insufficiency, emerge into one better able to supply his spirit's cravings.

When Mr. D'Aaroni parted from Sumner there was no uncertainty whatever in his mind about the course events would take. The doctor had pronounced Mr. Browne's wound to be mortal. And he easily foresaw that it would be necessary for both of them to sojourn awhile somewhere out of British territory. He was not ignorant of the chivalrous recklessness of consequences that characterized his friend's disposition in any course about the rectitude of which he entertained no doubt, and he could not anticipate how he might act under circumstances so sad and so peculiar. He therefore took advantage of the altogether unhinged state of mind into which Sumner was thrown by the terrible deed of which he had been the invo-

[1] Continued from p. 169.

luntary instrument, to arrange Vienna as the spot of mutual communication, from its being the most distant continental town that occurred to him on the spur of the moment. Private reasons of his own also influenced him in his choice. It seemed probable that he must accompany Sumner, or join him abroad. And as, independently of the present emergency, he must visit Vienna within a few months, it is not surprising that he should take advantage of these events to anticipate his intentions. If, however, he had had a few moments' time for reflection, it is most likely that the improbability would have occurred, of Sumner's ever making so long and troublesome a journey under the circumstances. And indeed, but for an unforeseen event, he never would have got beyond Havre. After passing through one or two streets, without any definite object in view—his mind a prey sometimes to a rush of terrible anticipations, sometimes to an utter vacancy of thought, resembling the irregular pulsations of a diseased heart—his sight was suddenly arrested by the words *Poste Restante*, painted in large red letters. It was impossible that there could be any letter waiting there for him; yet, by a sudden impulse, he knocked at the window, and handing his card, was just inquiring if there was a letter directed to him, when Mr. Banbury, who chanced to be reading a letter he had just received, attracted by a well-known voice, turned to greet him.

"Well! you are one of the last persons I expected to meet here," he exclaimed, but evidencing in every feature of his gleeful face self-gratulation at his good fortune in doing so. "When I saw you last Thursday at the Water-colour Exhibition, you and the Cliftons were looking at that 'Exterior of a Convent' of Haghe's. You had then no intention of going abroad. Let me see—Were you not to be at the Botanic-gardens yesterday? You might have got here this morning, however,—a boat left Southampton at six o'clock; but I should imagine you never *saw* six o'clock A.M. in your life, Sumner—eh?" And the speaker looked into his companion's face with such an expression of earnest amusement, as though all the fun of a life were centred in that one joke. He was, however, not a little disconcerted by the ghastly smile with which it was received by Sumner.

"I am going on to Vienna," he continued. "Are you staying here? I start immediately. There are some Syrian MSS. amongst a lot bought at Constantinople, and one of them I want particularly to look at. You see," continued Mr. Banbury, placing his finger on Sumner's arm, and his whole face glowing with enthusiasm, "I have very little doubt that the Britons were one or more of the ten lost tribes of Israel. How else can you explain the correspondence of their religion with the Mosaic ritual?"

"I am also *en route* to Vienna," interposed Sumner, who had scarcely heard a word of his companion's speech.

"Are you?—are you?" repeated Mr. Banbury, with great *empressement* of manner. "How glad I am! That is fortunate! We may travel together, can we not? I shall be so delighted!—Now, it is a remarkable thing, that in Cornwall are several places which bear names undeniably of Syrian origin, such as Mara-Zion; so Perranzabuloe, the original form of which was, of course, Paran Zabulon. Then the river Thamar or Tamar——"

"Would it be too much to ask you, Banbury," interrupted Harry Sumner, "to take our places, get my passport, see after the baggage, and all that? The fact is, I am not in the best health or spirits. Walk a little this way with me, and I will tell you what has happened."

"To be sure I will," replied Mr. Banbury, rubbing his hands together in pure glee at being able to be of any service to another person. "I know Vienna pretty well. We will put up at L'Imperatrice d'Autriche; 'tis a capital inn, in the Weihbourgasse. We shall get housed for four or five florins a-day. The *table d'hôte* is good and reasonable.—Hem!—hem! the Cornish people in those neighbourhoods have an unmistakeably oriental cast of countenance—black eyes, olive complexion, black hair, and so on——"

"I was going to tell you the miserable event that has lately happened," continued Sumner; and his countenance, and whole tone and manner, betrayed such profound misery, that his companion listened with unfeigned commiseration and anxiety. "A duel was fought this morning, near Southampton," continued Sumner.

"Were you a second?—Nothing serious has occurred?" inquired his companion, in a tone of the deepest earnestness.

"I was a principal—a reluctant principal. It was with poor Browne, of Oriel. He—he is——"

A terrible pause ensued: Sumner was unable to finish the sentence; his companion durst not hint an inquiry.

"I am innocent—by all that's sacred between man and man; and yet—"

"Has it ended fatally?" asked Banbury, shuddering.

"I fear so," replied Sumner, in a broken voice. "I shall know at Vienna; so, the sooner we get there, the better. Banbury, do you believe me to be a gentleman?"

"What do you mean?" inquired his friend.

"Do you believe that my truth and honour are unimpeachable?" continued Sumner.

"As much so as my own!" was the reply.

"Then, by my sacred word of honour, I had no other intention than to fire in the air: and how my ball could have gone near him, I no more know than the child unborn."

Mr. Banbury now set to work in right earnest to discharge the office of consoler; and he showed more ability therein than in his theorizings.

"You may depend upon it, the wound is not serious," he said. "There are many reasons why they should wish you to be absent. They would never have fixed on so distant a place as Vienna if the wound had been mortal, or even dangerous. Besides, I happen to know that D'Aaroni has some business or other which

takes him to Vienna. No, no; make yourself perfectly easy about that."

We will not weary the reader with the conversation that ensued; let it suffice, that its effect was to kindle a hope, distant and faint as it may have been, in Sumner's breast.

The journey was accomplished in the very shortest possible time. Both the travellers were anxious to reach their destination. Mr. Banbury was not possessed of very deep feelings; he was, however, considerate to a certain extent, cheerful, very obliging, and anxious to communicate his own cheerfulness to his companion. He was of an enthusiastic temperament. His poverty of fancy and of the dialectical faculty seemed to be made up by a redundance of memory; and as he had travelled a great deal, and read with moderate industry, he was an eminently well-informed person, an extremely valuable *compagnon de voyage*, and generally an amusing and instructive associate. From his enthusiastic temper, however, there seemed to flow that peculiar disposition, which, if it be vanity, together with its almost cognate infirmity, selfishness, was a vanity and selfishness of the most inoffensive description.

This peculiarity of Mr. Banbury's character, however, rendered him exactly the most suitable companion whom Harry Sumner could possibly have lighted on for his distressing journey. After having exhausted all his efforts of consolation, and not absolutely without effect, he seemed to take it for granted that there was no further cause for anxiety in his companion's mind, and conversed on indifferent subjects.

The changing horses, examining passports, taking refreshment and sleep; the various towns and remarkable spots they passed; and all the other usual incidents of a long continental journey, suggested continual little episodical breaks, which only supplied him with additional zest and perseverance in the ardent exposition of his most recent enthusiasm.

Under any other circumstances, Sumner would have felt his companion's conversation to be an intolerable infliction; whilst that gentleman would have found it impossible to indulge so unrestrictedly his favourite vein. As it was, such a listener as Sumner was a treat he was not destined often to meet with; and Sumner could not possibly have met with a travelling companion more exactly suited to his present frame of mind. Recent events had stunned him. All his mental powers were too absorbed in his feelings to have even a thought to spare for aught disconnected with them; nay, they were so enfeebled by the anguish that excruciated his whole inner being, that any process of thought distinct and connected was out of the question. His whole living consciousness consisted in a vague sense of suffering, varied only by a more or less palpable intenseness. At times he would sink into a few moments' dreamy forgetfulness, a half waking sleep, from which he would wake up as though from a whole night's slumber, to the intensest realisation of suffering of all the phases through which his internal agony passed. Oh! that culminating point of mortal misery—the *waking* to affliction! If the human heart be susceptible on this side of death of any feeling resembling despair, surely it must be this. A gentle intimation, maybe, of the first waking to eternal despair.

The more perseveringly Mr. Banbury prolonged his discourse, the greater the interest and animation he evinced, the more complete was the unconscious relief experienced by his companion at his own profound ignorance of a single word that was uttered; whilst the sound of a human voice addressing him, and the consciousness of the presence of another being who knew him and was interested in him, afforded him the only alleviation he could possibly have experienced, slight as it was, to the dreary desolation in which he appeared rather to exist than live.

At length, after a journey which appeared to Sumner as though it never would end, they drew near to Vienna.

He saw the dim blaze of light in the distance, which appeared as though it were struggling with the nightfall that was deepening over the city whose suburbs were hard at hand; but he only saw it so far as the habit of his external senses made it necessary for him to see objects at which he was looking: his brain had no share in appropriating it. Gradually he was dimly sensible of the presence of more frequent lights and habitations; the sound of voices broke more frequently on his ear; the clamour of the postilions' whips sounded more vehemently, the deafening echo of the sound of wheels startled him as they plunged into alleys of houses. Then the glare of lights, the whirl of carriages, rattling of shutters, glitter of shops, and shadowy moving to and fro of multitudes, with all the confused hum and murmur of that human hive—a large city — mingled together and danced before him, and passed away like the objects in a waking dream. Then the crack of whips sounding with sharp and reiterated echoes—the din of multitudes of sounds reverberating within enclosed walls—the greetings of friends and relations, the busy clamour of clerks, and grooms, and voituriers, and porters, and people of all imaginable positions and callings, composed altogether a discord so loud and importunate, as forced the mind of the wretched traveller for a few moments out of its lethargy—much against his will, for it was only to make him more alive to his grief. And his whole spirit sank down within him to a depth proportionate to the exhilaration it would have experienced under ordinary circumstances, as Mr. Banbury, rubbing his hands, and begining to gather together those portions of his portable furniture which enjoyed the privilege of being more immediately around his person, exclaimed in a tone of unfeigned glee, "Here we are, Sumner; here we are, at last!—Nazan Leod! why, what is that but a Syriac name? Cassivelan, too! The 'aunus' is the Latin termination given to it by their conquerors."

The travellers have now descended from the vehicle. Sumner, with his arms folded, enveloped in a copious cloak, is leaning, lost in feeling, against a projection

of one of the buildings in the large quadrangular yard. The show of busy life is transpiring around him, divested of all its assumed reality. Mr. Banbury is superintending and arranging all those various affairs arising out of the exigency of an arrival at a foreign metropolis, with the ardour belonging to his enthusiastic temperament. The former, all unconscious of the lapse of time, may have stood in that position for one hour or for many — he knew not. Only he was at length on a sudden conscious of the immediate contiguity of his friend's eyes, which, dilating with an expression of enjoyment quite exhilarating to behold, darted brightly into his own, as he said in a hurried and excited manner,

"Now, now, my dear fellow, here it is; the fiacre is here. All the luggage is up: this way."

Sumner mechanically followed. They mounted the carriage, "To the Weihbourgasse! L'Empératrice d'Autriche!" said his friend to the driver.

"To the post-office!" Sumner interrupted vehemently. "Poste Restante!"

"You cannot have a letter before to-morrow by any possibility," expostulated Mr. Banbury.

"Poste Restante!" shouted Sumner, in a voice that made the obese German shake in his blouse.

"Oui, oui, oui, Monsieur," he gurgled rapidly in his throat, with a very bad and guttural pronunciation; for he knew so much French, and readily concluded that the gentleman did not understand German.

There was of course no letter at the Poste Restante for Sumner; and although it was impossible that there should have been, yet, strange as it may appear, his mind remained in a state of intense suspense all the time the clerk was ransacking the S's; and when the answer was given that there were none for him, it occasioned him a sensation of deep relief. They were then driven to their hotel. Vainly did Mr. Banbury try to console his friend when he observed that he scarcely tasted any of the agreeable viands that were placed before them for their evening meal. Vainly did he change his tactics, and labour *con amore* to divert his mind by an account so exact and minute of various spots and objects which had interested him in his last visit to the city at which they had just arrived, that if his auditor had been listening or attending, he would have seen the superfluousness of any "Guide Book for Travellers," whilst such a living compendium of information was at his elbow. Finding this entirely unsuccessful, and that his utmost efforts were unable to arouse the attention of his companion, he changed the topic and returned to the Lost Tribe theory. But this kill-or-cure expedient was for a long time as ineffectual as the others. Sumner, after placing in his mouth—more, it would seem, from instinct, than appetite or inclination—a few scraps of the fried chicken that chanced to be the dish next to him, laid down his knife and fork, and endeavoured to support his now exhausted frame by draughts of Hungarian wine. Two bottles of this refreshing beverage produced not the slightest perceptible effect upon him, either in the way of exhilarating or still further depressing his spirits. He had, however, just arrived at the end of his second bottle, as Mr. Banbury became so animated and earnest in the further elucidation of his theory; and that gentleman's demands on his companion's attention had become so importunate and exacting as to provoke a momentary ebullition of irrepressible irritation.

"Perish the Lost Tribes and the Britons!" he exclaimed, dashing the glass he was raising to his lips, with such violence upon the table, that it was broken into fragments. Then suddenly recollecting himself, "I am not myself, my dear Banbury,—I am not myself," he said; "you must excuse me." And rising from his chair, whilst a cold perspiration stood out upon his throbbing forehead, he rang the bell, and requested the attendant who answered his summons, to show him to his sleeping apartment.

Alas for our hero! the only source of consolation from which he might now have plentifully assuaged his sufferings, was unknown to him. The shallow moral rather than religious system in which he had been trained was only fitted for the prosperous and peaceful. It failed when most needed. Against such a religion, sorrow in a form so powerful had the best of it. From the moment of his departure from Delcomb Hollow, not so much as a religious thought had appeared in the deep shadows of his mind. There were no prayers—no devotions, that night. The sufferer was *as yet* all unconscious of the loving hand that was laid upon him. There was a brilliant star glittering in the distance, but he saw it not. It was all deep midnight to him—howling elements — dashing billows — an ocean of misery without a harbour or a shore. Never beat a heart beneath the coverlid in the cheerful sleeping apartment at L'Empératrice d'Autriche, with more intense or unmitigated agony than did Harry Sumner's that night.

Chapter XIX.

"Oh heavy change!
Dimness o'er this clear luminary crept
Insensibly,—the mortal and divine
Yielded to mortal reflux."

The Excursion.

And now, before the history proceeds, it may be as well to forewarn the reader, that if he be unable to be interested in behalf of a hero cast in any other than the true modern novel mould, if he have not already been disappointed, he is at least doomed to be so. Indeed, the writer is fully sensible that the ordinary, every-day character of his narrative must be more or less flat and uninteresting to readers who are habituated to the excitement of intricately involved plots, wherein impossible characters develope in unmeaning destinies, destinies in which philosophical truth, and a still *higher aim*, are sacrificed to powerful positions. The writer has ventured to neglect this gaudy colouring and external machinery, and to trust the interest he would excite, *wholly* to the inner

truth of his narrative. His *aim* is to develope profound spiritual truth; and to pay no further attention to events than as that truth developes itself in them. Certain specimens of human character are selected, not ideals of a sensuous fancy, but such as one may meet daily; a certain destiny is selected consistent with the revealed truth and motives of Him in whom all history begins and ends; and the mutual action and re-action of the free will of the individuals upon their respective destinies, and their destinies upon their free wills, constitute in their progress the whole plot of the narrative.

On his return from the post-office next day, having been again doomed to disappointment, Sumner found Mr. Banbury regaling himself, after a hard day's book-worming, with a plentiful supper.

"Opportune, mi Sumner!" exclaimed that gentleman, "sed omitte quæso tristitiam illam! Where have you been all the day? Who do you think is in Vienna?"

"Where is he?" inquired Sumner in reply, with an eagerness and anxiety of manner which appeared to Mr. Banbury to be quite disproportionate to the occasion.

"Where is who?" he asked, with an expression of unfeigned wonder.

"You are *assuming* simplicity now!" replied Sumner, in a tone of the utmost impatience and irritation. "Tell me where he is. Is he in this hotel?"

Mr. Banbury, whose brain was not yet quite clear of the cloud of dust that had risen before it from the Syrian MSS. in the Imperial Library, stared at his companion in a state of far too inexplicable perplexity to utter a word for a few seconds.

At length he said, "The only person I have met is Lionel Roakes on the Prater this morning!"

"Lionel Roakes! Lionel Roakes!" ejaculated Sumner, musingly repeating the name, as though not able at first to realise the identity of that individual. "I thought you had met——"

"Whom?" inquired Mr. Banbury, after waiting a few seconds for his companion to fill up the hiatus in his information.

"There are no letters nor arrivals, then?" replied Sumner, half to himself, half to Mr. Banbury; who, gathering from the answer the direction of Sumner's thought, took advantage to work in his mind a wonderful hopefulness. It had appeared to him that the intense agony of excitement in the midst of which he had on this day awaited the answer to his application at the post-office could not possibly be keener to be endured. And yet it was nothing to that which he suffered on the following day, when, this time in Mr. Banbury's company, he renewed his inquiries. Again, no letters! And as the anguish of suspense with which he hung upon every movement of the letter-searching clerk, was incalculably more intense than on the day before—so was the sensation of relief he experienced at the answer proportionately more profound. Mr. Banbury did his best to improve on the hopeful appearance of things, and he walked away with that gentleman almost in spirits.

At the earnest persuasion of his amiable travelling companion, who wished to divert his thoughts, and would take no denial, he rather allowed himself to be conducted by him, than accompanied him, to the Prater. It was not much after morning, and the promenade had not yet commenced. A few carriages were, however, driving leisurely to and fro; one of which was distinguished from the rest by the distinguished and costly elegance of its appointments. The two friends were deeply absorbed,—one in earnest conversation, apparently directed to the other, who might have passed for a listener, but who was not indeed, save in the particular of mere bodily presence, at Vienna, or on the continent of Europe at all. He was at the time, in his entire consciousness and real identity, in the little island of England. Mr. Brown had recovered—had acknowledged the accidental nature of the injury he had received—they were the best of friends—and he himself was at Clifton-house, in the midst of a soul-engrossing conversation with——"

Suddenly the carriage draws up, before Sumner is well rid of his delusive reverie, while a lady, elegantly attired, of rare beauty, and an address of singular fascination, is exchanging very cordial greetings with Mr. Banbury. As soon as a becoming opportunity offered, that gentleman begged permission to present his friend, Mr. Harry Sumner, to the Princesse de Czaslau.

A more perfect specimen of a certain order of female beauty never, perhaps, existed than in this lady. Gifted with a rich imagination, a ready wit, and a memory very retentive of the impressions it received, she possessed in addition a manner at once so seemingly artless, so polished and gay, partly natural, partly acquired, that it was impossible to exchange many words with her without being sensible of the extraordinary fascination which hung around her like an element. The deepest melancholy seemed to vanish before her radiant smiles. Her ringing laugh thrilled the heart of the listener, and opened afresh therein all the sources even of youthful joy and exultation. Her exhaustless flow of brilliant raillery and repartee dazzled the dullest fancy. A real kindliness and benevolence of disposition increased that charming affability which is the unfailing mark of well-bred society. Neither was a graceful consciousness of power, so perfectly discernible in her, without its own peculiar fascination. *Incedo regina* was inscribed in every look, and word, and gesture; and heart and mind were prepared to yield their homage almost before they approached her. It was the misfortune of this lovely princess that, being of Lutheran parentage, her matrimonial alliance had brought her within the sphere of a faith more likely to obtain an influence over her character, under peculiarly disadvantageous circumstances. Indeed, her husband, in addition to his free and worldly life, although he had not entirely thrown off all the

restraints and external observances of his religion, was inclined to take a decidedly sceptical view of matters that were far above the reach of his sensuous understanding. It is therefore scarcely to be wondered at that the young princess, endowed with gifts and accomplishments that rendered her the idol of every society in which she moved, plunged thus early into the gayest society of the gayest and perhaps most dissolute city of Europe, had step by step advanced deeper and deeper in the course of self-indulgence that spread its flowery path before her, until she became a settled devotee of pleasure; and even guilt became preferable to disappointment, or the denial of a darling object of gratification.

It was not that she was naturally devoid of all higher aspirations. Her descent along the falls of sin was tumultuous and violent, but not rapid. The monster was constrained to steal upon his victim through every disguise of pleasure and alleviation of custom. Her generosity was unbounded. She was incapable of dismissing unrelieved a tale of poverty or misery. The very fact of stopping her carriage to greet Mr. Banbury, was in itself no slight index of better things that were within. She had met him during his last visit to Vienna. She had fallen into a deep admiration of his open simplicity of character, his amiability and honest enthusiasm. "I have talked to Mr. Banbury frequently," she was wont to say, "and although the staple of *my* conversation has been raillery of others, and sarcasm, he is almost the only living being from whose mouth I never heard an ill-natured expression." And on the present occasion, she proved the reality of these sentiments by showing him a condescension she would never have dreamed of showing to the most favoured of her numberless admirers.

The reader is doubtless prepared to learn, that Sumner was exactly the individual calculated to attract such a woman as we have described Emilie, Princesse de Czaslau. This first interview drew down upon him her dangerous preference. One glance completed her rapid and correct criticism of form and expression. Not a *point* escaped—the exquisitely proportioned and elegant figure; the small and perfectly formed foot; the satirical mouth; the richly expressive eyes. But these characteristics were not perhaps altogether unique. If she had not before met with exactly their like combined in one individual, she was familiar with much that resembled it, and in particular points was far superior. But the quiet dignity of his manner, its simple self-possession, was new to her. It took her immensely. Added to this, circumstances cast around him a halo of reserve and deep melancholy, so exactly the reverse of the eager strivings for her notice to which she was accustomed, that her soul was suddenly transported afresh into a region of romance and mystery, which had been altogether out-dazzled by the glitter of the tinsel pleasures of the world.

Mr. Banbury and he must be her guests that evening. She would take no refusal. She had a private reception—very limited and select—only her particular friends. Mr. Banbury, as the most particular of them, must be there, and his friend must share his privilege. Sumner expressed his unfeigned gratitude for her condescension and polished kindness. Alas! he was so unfortunate that it was absolutely out of his power to avail himself of so great a pleasure, so unexpectedly placed within his reach.

The princess would take no refusal. She had been so long unaccustomed to hear that word 'no,' that she had forgotten its meaning. She could not admit any circumstances as an excuse. Whatever they were, they must bend to her will. If he could promenade on the Prater, he could accompany his friend to her humble residence. She was anxious to have a chat with her old friend, Mr. Banbury, over *old times*, and she knew he would not come without his friend—she could not ask him.

Sumner still apologized and begged to be excused. But what was at first the wilfulness of habitual self-indulgence, impatient of the disappointment of even her smallest whim, in the distinguished lady who had honoured him with what should have been her commands, began now to develope itself in pique.

"Your friend is enough to freeze the tropics," she said, addressing Mr. Banbury, whilst her clear and merry laugh rang in Sumner's ears, and thrilled, not without a jarring sensation, his bosom. "We must charm him to a warmer zone. I see what it is, Monsieur Banbury. You have been giving a very bad account of us at Vienna. You have been telling how bitter and scandalous we are, how frivolous, how naughty and shocking——"

The gentleman addressed, expanded his eyelids to their utmost extension, their prominent inmates protruded almost perilously, his mouth was half open with an unmistakeable expression of wonder, on the eve of protesting his innocence of the accusation laid to his charge.

"It is of no use attempting to deny it," continued his merry accuser, with a coquettish laugh, "you know you have; you have been complaining of our want of hospitality, of our pride and stiffness——"

"No, no, upon my honour—I could speak only of your affability, kindness, charms—" would Mr. Banbury fain have interrupted.

"Of our dissipation, idolatry of pleasure," continued the lovely speaker, casting a brief glance of approval, if not admiration, at Sumner, and checking all attempt at reply; "I know you have. We must endeavour to make amends. Home, Joseph! *Bon jour.* We shall expect you this evening. I shall have great pleasure in presenting Mr. Sumner to the prince. Adieu!"

Mr. Banbury followed the carriage for some distance with his eyes as it drove off, and then relieved his wonderment in a hearty laugh.

"That is the wildest, merriest, prettiest princess!" he exclaimed. "There is no help for it, Sumner. We must go."

"So it seems," replied Sumner, moodily. "But,

my dear fellow, I cannot be going to parties, not to mention the intense aversion I feel to doing so, whilst I do not know whether poor Browne is dead or alive."

There was a slight admixture of selfishness with Mr. Banbury's real anxiety to divert his companion's mind, the state of which, if it continued as at present, must, he clearly saw, begin to prey upon his health, when he replied—

"Sumner, you are in a state of morbid dejection. If Mr. Browne had not been doing well, D'Aaroni would have been here, or you must have received intelligence. Besides, it is not a party. It is a private invitation. You must come. We must not offend her for the world. She's a charming creature. Any lady more irresistibly fascinating it has never been my good fortune to meet. Vienna pronounces her to be peerless."

Mr. Banbury was not a sagacious judge of character. His guileless understanding never went deeper than the surface; and unless guilt actually came before his sight, he never suspected its existence. Moreover, whatever slender stock of vanity was latent in his imaginative enthusiasm, was wonderfully tickled by the attention of the princess, so as to incapacitate him altogether from detecting the vanity, the intense yearning for admiration, the morbid craving for excitement, and its cause the intemperance of will, which rendered her liable to decline, on any adequate occasion, to the most perverted paths of criminal indulgence. Rumour had already been busy with her. Μεγάλη ἡ δόξα, said Pericles to his countrywomen, ἧς αν ἐπ' ἐλάχιστον ἀρετῆς περὶ ἢ ψόγου ἐν τοῖς ἄρσεσι ζελέος ἦ.

This was a praise she could not aspire to.

Her invitation, or rather command, threw Harry Sumner into a state in which the only other conceivable natural phenomenon to which he could be compared, was a floating body in the centre of a whirlpool; a state in which every moment seemed to threaten to engulph him, and in which he felt as though he would give every thing he possessed, if some resistless external current would seize his will and hurry it he cared not in what direction. It was against his inclination, and against his *conscience* even, to frequent the palace to which he was this evening bidden. He even experienced an instinctive horror of going. And yet, strange to say, it was perhaps this very feeling that finally turned the scale on the side of doing so.

In the course of that evening, Sumner's aversion was gradually and slowly overcome by the tact and marvellous fascinations of the princess. This slowly retreating reserve served only to beckon on what appeared to her only a romantic admiration of the proud and melancholy Englishman; and she laid herself out to bring him to her feet. That was all. That accomplished, she would be content with her victory. There could be no harm in that. Her exquisite execution on the harp first thawed the ice in Sumner's heart. As the "high discourse" ebbed and flowed in undulating ravishment from the strings of that luscious instrument, swept by the inspired fingers of the lovely harpist; now swelling with impassioned harmony, now melting into melodies of voluptuous tenderness; the very body of one at least of the listeners swayed to and fro—his soul began to move within him, to glow with life, and at last with delight and rapture. All pleasing dreams stole back within his thrilling bosom, and fancy toyed with sense. The music ended, he rose from his seat in a frenzy of admiration, and advancing to his exalted hostess, poured forth his enthusiastic thanks and wonder in glowing strains. That he keenly felt every word he uttered, did not diminish the danger of his eloquent and impassioned phraseology, and his polished, deferential, and distinguished manner, to the heart that beat within that fair bosom.

"What, has the evil spirit flown?" she said gaily, and turning to Mr. Banbury, who chanced to be standing close at hand, "Mr. Sumner was bent on depriving us of his and your company this morning. Here is an agreeable change!"

The gentleman addressed, whirled his hands round in numberless involutions, darted beams of delight from his glowing eye-balls, and replied,

"Yes, madame, to be sure! I knew it would be so!"

"Beware of hating or injuring your benefactress!" continued the princess, addressing Sumner; and immediately entered into conversation with a corpulent bediamonded Flemish dame who sat by. This afforded Sumner a few minutes' relapse, but a song from the princess shortly afterwards again transplanted his whole soul into a sensible elysium. It surpassed the performance on the harp, as much as the human voice does that or any other instrument, and the song had been adroitly selected by the enchantress. At its conclusion, Sumner found his whole feelings overpowered. In the course of the evening he found himself in deep and earnest conversation with his hostess. He knew not that her marked condescension and affability had drawn upon him general observation, for he was still all but unconscious of every thing *else* around him. He did not observe even the violent fancy the Prince de Czaslau had taken for him. But it was impossible to be engaged long in earnest conversation with the princess, unmoved. Wonder must at least be kindled. Her brilliant wit, her caustic observations, her pleasing fancy, her graceful memory, her pure phraseology, and, not least, the exquisite intonation and ever varying expression of her clear, musical, and rich voice, almost realised what one may have imagined of the music from the Sicilian isle. Sumner not only wondered—he was pleased—he was *lost* in admiration. He went to his hotel in a state of bewilderment. "Why should I go back to this horrible wretchedness?" even passed across his mind, and not once or twice, but ever and anon, "why, if there is no remedy or escape from it?" And whenever that tempting thought appeared, it was invariably succeeded by features faithfully portrayed on his imagination, which, in spite of the exquisite loveliness

of the Princess de Czaslau, always presented a striking *contrast* in his mind to that lady's—a contrast not favourable to the latter. He seemed to turn with aversion from this; he yearned to fall down and worship the former. That night he dreamed of the princess, who took all manner of queer aerial shapes in his dream.

It was some time after the post hour when he emerged from his bed-room on the following morning. Broad awake almost by sunrise, hours glided past unnoticed. He knew he must hear from England by this post. He concocted the contents of several hypothetical letters—all announced the dreaded catastrophe. His heart sank within him, as he came to the passage that conveyed the intelligence in each of the imaginary epistles. "Then all is over!" he said to himself; and his memory reverted to last night with pleasure, and he felt as though a spot had offered itself to him where he might drown thought, and where, since happiness was out of his reach, he might at least not be miserable. These feelings were at first, however, only of an instantaneous duration—unbidden instincts of a lower nature, that came and went like a thrill. And yet they grew into greater and greater force. He literally *could no longer bear* to think of his mother and his sister, nor could he endure that the very name of *another* should come into his mind. If they obtruded themselves into his thoughts, as they did continually, he shuddered and recoiled from their contemplation. He dared not face the agony of a deliberate review of the present state of matters as it concerned them. In such a state, the scenes in which he had experienced a positive pleasure last evening, formed a species of anchorage for his desponding thoughts.

Breakfast being ended, he sauntered forth with profound reluctance, in the company of Mr. Banbury, towards the poste restante. Not a footfall trod the pavement, that he did not from his heart wish turned in the opposite direction. It would have been a relief to him, to have been going to meet death rather than that letter. It was with a literally scared expression, that he eyed each turning as it brought them a street nearer the dreaded letter receptacle.

They were now within two streets of their destination, and were just emerging into the one which declined to the street in which the office was situated, when they beheld the absurdly dressed figure of Lionel Roakes, reconnoitring the shop window of a *changeur de monnoie*, yclept Levi Hauffman, as if he were meditating an irruption upon its treasures.

Mr. Banbury, who knew that he was no favourite of Sumner's, and who, although he never breathed a syllable to his disadvantage, entertained a very deep (for him) aversion to him, proposed that they should not attract his attention, but pass him, if they were not recognised.

Sumner, to Mr. Banbury's surprise, thought it would be ungracious to cut an old college acquaintance in a foreign land. Indeed, it was quite refreshing to meet a face that bore ever so slight reminiscences of home, even although it were Lionel Roakes. They were, however, spared any further doubt or hesitation, for Roakes, turning at the instant, recognised the familiar faces, and made towards them across the road. He had never before received so cordial a greeting from Sumner—not that he had noticed it. It was all one to him, a grip or a touch; a smile or a sneer.

And now the fastidious reader and the hero worshipper must, I fear, be rudely shocked. But truth must be considered, and it is indeed the fact, that Harry Sumner the polished gentleman bade Mr. Banbury adieu, appointed to meet him at the Prater at four, and went off to a game at billiards with Lionel Roakes, without proceeding to inquire at the Poste Restante. He thought he should return in half an hour or so to obtain the fatal missile. He hated what he was doing, he sank in his own estimation deeper and deeper, and yet he persevered. These irregular efforts to escape from mental torments plunged him further in. He played on and on until the hour had struck at which he appointed to meet Mr. Banbury. The game was ended; he took his departure from the Angarten, and hurried down an alley that led to the promenade. There he found his companion, and the two proceeded to call on their hostess of the preceding evening.

Their visit was of an unusual length for a morning call; a circumstance by which neither the princess nor any one else appeared to be in the least *ennuyée*. Mr. Banbury had got hold of a listener, and was dealing out the favourite subject with earnest and silent volubility, of which all that could be heard by a third person were the words Marazion—Tamar—Paran Zabulon—Nazan Leod—Druids—groves—human sacrifices, &c. To him time was not—it passed, but he knew it not, for his victim still listened. Sumner felt that they must surely be trespassing, and yet lingered and lingered; and the more he lingered the more reluctant he was to leave. He had not force enough left within him to put aside the only resemblance to a sense of enjoyment it was in his power just then to experience. At length they must take their leave; the princess pressed to prolong their visit; she complained, with an arch look at Harry Sumner, that her old friend Mr. Banbury was fond of new friends, and had scarcely spoken a word to her since first he had been at Vienna. Amidst his earnest protestations of unswerving loyalty to old friendships, especially where he was so much honoured as in the present one, and the inner fervent ejaculations of the individual who had monopolized his conversational powers, to the effect, "Would he had not said a word to me!" the two friends at length took their departure.

Had Harry Sumner then forgotten the *poste restante?*

ON SHAKSPEARE'S INDIVIDUALITY IN HIS CHARACTERS.

SHAKSPEARE'S SIMPLETONS.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

As a strong proof in illustration of his assertion that Hogarth was a great colourist as well as a great satirical artist, Hazlitt points to the circumstance in the second picture of the *Marriage à la Mode*, of the debauchee lord's pallid "morning face" being placed in juxtaposition with the yellowish white of the marble mantel-piece against which he is leaning. A painter possessing sufficient faith in his own power to venture upon allowing two such similar hues to come directly in contact, and exhibiting evidence of his power by making each tint "tell," argues, undoubtedly, a master hand in colouring. And in like manner has Shakspeare delighted to evince his own surpassing skill by painting not only divers characters of the same generic kind in different plays, but he has frequently chosen to signalize his inimitable craft by drawing apparently similar personages in the same drama; while throughout each he preserves so strict an individuality as entirely to preclude monotony or confusion in the composition. His tone of colouring is so vivid, though so harmonious, his touches are so spirited and decided, though so graceful and easy, that we trace clearly the distinct proportions of each figure on the canvass, however closely they may approximate in general appearance. He will, with the fearless hand and conscious might of genius, set side by side more than one character of kindred colour; but if of a like colour, how different in hue and delicate tinting! How artistically are the broad lights contrived that shall bring one figure into eminence, and the shadows cast that shall throw another into comparative unimportance, and keep him relatively in the background! The ordinary dramatist, like the mediocre painter, seeks his effects in startling contrast, and glaring violent combination; but Shakspeare, secure in his potent expression of individuality, paints his men and women from the great human family, preserving their natural and general likeness, but delineating with master touches the peculiarities and distinctive traits that mark each specific portrait. Thus he will boldly limn you, in one play, a whole range of characters bearing a superficial complexional resemblance; but examine them minutely, and you will discover that they are as strikingly distinguishable and dissimilar as if they had nothing in common with the other persons who compose the picture.

In the two parts of Henry IV., for instance, what simpletons and sets of simpletons has he presented to us under the forms of Shallow, Silence, Mistress Quickly, Francis, Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bullcalf, Fang, Snare, and the carriers; these last looming through the dim lantern-light like a group of boors by Teniers. There they all are; themes for rich enjoyment, and never-ceasing admiration at the gifted artist who has bequeathed us such a priceless gallery of rare and undoubted originals.

The class, simpleton, is a favourite with Shakspeare, and he delights in multiplying his portraits of the species. But he never takes them from the same point of view; they are all varied sketches of the same subject; he never produces exact duplicates. Look at his simpleton-lover, for example. He has depicted him to the life over and over again; and yet how clearly and singly do the several full-lengths of Master Abraham Slender, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Thurio, Cloten, and Roderigo, glow upon the canvas before our "mind's eye!" There stands Master Slender, leaning his lank body on one hip, lingering sheepishly a few paces in the rear of "sweet Anne Page," and eyeing her askance in a kind of limp transport. How perfectly is his helpless, dependant, feeble nature expressed from first to last! His commencing self-betrayal is his evident reliance upon his uncle's dignity and station rather than upon his own, and his anxiety to impress their importance upon Sir Hugh; then comes his irresolute half accusation of Falstaff's bullying followers, with his flabby adjuration "by these gloves," and his faltering, pouting "Ay, it is no matter," in the midst of which he is suddenly stricken faint by the appearance of his mistress, exclaiming, "Oh, Heaven! this is mistress Anne Page!" Then his notion of support, and aiding inspiration in making his opening address to her: "I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of songs and sonnets here;" and afterwards his bewildered parryings of the Welsh parson's home-thrust questions about the state of his affections, putting him off with references to his uncle's influence and authority, while he neutralizes the effect of the Justice's joint attack by a series of the most vague and intangible replies that ever were uttered by addle pate, or conceived by poet's brain. Slender's helplessness and absence of all self-possession, are further displayed in the scene where his uncle endeavours to make him woo for himself. He clings to his old relation as long as he can, and preposterously endeavours to shield his own embarrassment, and delay his own speech, as long as he can, by inducing Shallow to relate an anecdote for his mistress's amusement, "how his father stole two geese out of a pen;" and, when he can defer the awful moment no longer, and is fairly left face to face with Anne Page, he can find no less futile absurdity to entertain her withal, than this; which, be it observed, he concludes characteristically with an appeal to somebody else:—

"*Anne.* Now, master Slender.

"*Slen.* Now, good mistress Anne.

"*Anne.* What is your will?

"*Slen.* My will? 'Od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

"*Anne.* I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

"*Slen.* Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so: if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes."

The whole of Slender's unstable, lackadaisical career is wound up by his being foiled in a wiscacre attempt to carry off "sweet Anne Page," upon which he bewails himself in true booby style, blubbering out pointless threats of, "I'll make the best in Glostershire know on't:"—"I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy; if it had not been i' the church I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me:"—"If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him."

Sir Andrew Aguecheek entertains as sublime an idea of his friend Sir Toby's judgment and abilities, as Slender does of his uncle's dignified station; but while Slender's admiration merely leads him to try and impress Justice Shallow's importance upon others, Sir Andrew's high opinion of Sir Toby's merits urges him to emulate and copy them himself. He accordingly echoes his very phrases, feebly imitates his manner, and so implicitly endeavours to form himself on the model of his idol, as to become an attenuated reflection, a shadowy outline, of the burly roysterer. When Sir Toby bids him briskly address Maria and prevent her retreat, he says:—

"An' thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

"*Sir A.* An' you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again."

When Sir Toby gives a gratuity to the Clown, saying:—"Come on, there is sixpence for you, let's have a song;" Sir Andrew says, "There's a testril of me, too." And when Sir Toby encourages Maria in her proposed plot against Malvolio, crying: "Excellent! I smell a device," Sir Andrew announces, "I have't in my nose too."

Afterwards, in an ecstasy of delight at the success of this scheme, Sir Toby exclaims:—

"I could marry the wench for this device.

"*Sir A.* So could I, too.

"*Sir Toby.* And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

"*Sir A.* Nor I neither."

She enters, and Sir Toby rapturously asks her:—

"Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

"*Sir A.* Or o' mine either?

"*Sir T.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

"*Sir A.* I'faith, or I either?

"*Sir T.* I'll follow thee to the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit.

"*Sir A.* I'll make one too."

This crawling imitation, arising alike from conscious incapacity and absurd ambition, is also well indicated in his commendations of the Clown's voice:—"By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has." And again, where he overhears the seeming page Viola's address to Olivia: "Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!" Sir Andrew is dotard-struck with the new style, and longs to make it his own: "That youth's a rare courtier!—*Rain odours!*—Well!"

"*Viola.* My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

"*Sir A. Odours, pregnant,* and *vouchsafed;*—I'll get 'em all three ready."

But with all his ridiculous craving to increase his stock of accomplishments by adopting those which he fancies he perceives in other people, Sir Andrew, like a true zany, is extremely conceited and fond of bragging. While inanely deploring his inferiority to his friend in some attainments, he does not fail to assert his own prowess in others. He vaunts his having "the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria," to prove his excellence in fencing while regretting his neglect of book-learning.

"*Sir T. Pourquoy,* my dear knight?

"*Sir A.* What is *pourquoy,* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting:—Oh, had I but followed the Arts!"

He indulges in vapouring menaces against those who offend him, and is profuse in his threats to beat them, when he thinks he is in a position to do so with impunity. When he hears that Malvolio is "a kind of puritan," and consequently not likely to return a blow, he says: "Oh, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!" When he is securely hidden behind the box-tree, with Sir Toby and Fabian in the garden, while watching Malvolio, he exclaims: "'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!" And after Viola has withdrawn from the duelling-ground, he says, "'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him."

But, certainly, the climax of his flimsy boasting is his reply to Sir Toby, who declares of Maria:—

"She's a beagle true-bred, and one that adores me, what o' that?

"*Sir A.* I was adored once, too."

Thurio is a sketch of another simpleton-lover; but he is as much of a bully as a lover, and more of a poltroon than either. He has not courage to woo for himself, but employs another to court his mistress in his name; and has no heart to draw his sword when his insolent tongue provokes an antagonist. Upon hearing that his mistress has eloped, he avows his resolution to follow her, rather out of hate towards the companion of her flight than from any hope of regaining her; but when he comes up with the fugitives, he withdraws his claim the moment he finds he shall have to maintain it against a rival at the peril of his own precious body.

Cloten presents another variety of the species. He is as rude as he is ignorant; as cruel and ruffianly as he is brutish: the spoiled child of his mother; flattered to his face, and laughed at behind his back by

his courtiers, while he prates about his bowl-playing: so blunder-headed, that one of the gentlemen says, "He cannot take two from twenty, for his heart, and leave eighteen." Swinishly insolent to Caius Lucius, the ambassador from Rome; quarrelsome with strangers; spiteful and animal-like in his threatened revenge upon the lady who despises his proffered love; vulgarly harsh to Pisanio, the faithful dependant of his rival; yet cajoling him when he fancies he can win him over to his own service; stupidly imagining that he will be more faithful to himself because he is the richer master of the two.

Roderigo is a love-sick simpleton, who, though reverencing Iago's superior intelligence with quite as deferential a faith as the one with which Slender and Aguecheek look up to the infallibility of their respective Mentors, Shallow and Sir Toby, is nevertheless visited by misgivings of his friend's truth and zeal, which never for an instant embitter the other fellowships. Even while Roderigo admits his companion's judgment, and constantly has recourse to its assistance, he as constantly dreads the vicious false nature that accompanies that judgment, and doubts the sincerity with which it is exercised in his own behalf. His imperfect powers, and limited understanding, enable him to gain but an indistinct perception of this combination of moral defect with intellectual accomplishment in Iago; but he is sufficiently conscious of its existence to fill him with perpetually-recurring distrust of his counsellor. He often opposes and resists the suggestions of his prompter, which he instinctively suspects may prove as baneful as they are promising; he is therefore restless, querulous, and reproachful. Too "infirm of purpose" to seek a remedy, by resolutely throwing off the yoke beneath which he frets, and too little self-reliant to form a determination to proceed alone, (a perfect transcript of imbecility,) he goes on submitting to imposition and treachery, to interested counsel, and evil promptings, in a series of alternate reproach and compliance, irritable remonstrance, and reluctant obedience, until at length he falls by the very hand which he has so weakly supplied. How true to the life, and how healthy the moral of all this!

The simpleton man-in-office, too, is one whom Shakspeare "delighteth to honour" by several times hanging him up in immortal effigy for the gaze of mankind. And yet how unmistakeably has he set the distinctive mark and impress of his hand upon each specimen thus suspended! Foremost among them ranks that fine brace of noodles, the two country justices, Shallow and Silence. They are akin in vacuity of intellect, as they are in relationship; they may "cry cousins," indeed; brethren in office, as they are in folly. And yet, how nicely are their several characters distinguished! How strikingly are the two men delineated! The one for ever gabbling from mere emptiness, and the other dealing in curtest speech from precisely the same cause. Silence is a mere utterer of sodden replies, an inane wonderer at his brother magistrate's sayings and doings at Clement's Inn; and, like a true provincial-bred man, he thinks the greatest man in the kingdom is a certain "Goodman Puff, of Barson;" but when he gets drunk, and the wine stirs his sluggish nature, he falls a singing, which makes Falstaff exclaim, in surprise, "I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle;" and this elicits the highly convivial reply: "Who? I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now." And it is well worthy of remark that his joviality, even now, does not inspire him to the amount of achieving an entire song; he only trolls out some odds and ends of ditties that seem to stumble into his head by association with scraps of the conversation that is going on around him. Never, sure, was sottish fatuity better hit off in a few strokes of the pen!

"*Fal.* Why, now you have done me right.

"*Sil.* (*singing*). *Do me right,*
And dub me Knight;
Samingo.

Is't not so?

"*Fal.* 'Tis so.

"*Sil.* Is't so? Why, then say an old man can do somewhat."

Shallow, on the contrary, runs on with his never-ceasing chatter, like a ventilator. Away he prates, mixing up grave subjects with the veriest commonplaces; now quoting the Psalmist on the certainty of death to all, now asking the price of a "score of ewes;" anon dwelling with complacency on his official dignity, or stopping an instant to regret the loss of a comrade;—"and is old Double dead?" Then tattling on again about his own mad youthful pranks, or his skill in swordsmanship. His restless garrulity is a part of his gossamer intellect, for it is compounded of repetition. Shallow talks and talks, and repeats and repeats, from sheer lack of ideas. He will frequently recur to a sentence he has uttered some time since, and apparently done with. And can anything better depict a wordy busy-body than what he says as he sits down to the examination of the recruits?

"Where's the roll? Where's the roll? Where's the roll? Let me see—let me see. So, so, so, so; yea, marry, sir. Ralph Mouldy, let them appear as I call; let them do so; let them do so. Let me see. Where is Mouldy?"

Shakspeare could not but note so marked a characteristic in a simpleton as this habit of repetition; he has therefore made so confirmed a signal of a limited intellect an almost universal feature in his portraiture of the class, though he has artfully varied the style of its development. Shallow's trick of repetition consists in a fidgetty iteration of his sentences, as if he thought them of vast importance, and would fain impress them on the notice of his hearers. Slender's recurrence to his former words seems to be resorted to, as affording a sort of refuge in the midst of his embarrassment and shy consciousness; he appears, as it were, to snatch at, and hold on by these favourite phrases, as if he sought some stray support for his bashfulness. Sir Andrew repeats Sir Toby's

words from inability to originate anything of his own; while Goodman Dull falls back upon the same reply, as if instinctively, though dimly, aware that he has nothing further to oppose to the sounding argumentation of Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel; and as if he quietly slipped again into a safe "coign of vantage" that he has once luckily stumbled upon.

It was a happy thought, that, of continually bringing in Dull with that prince of prosers, Holofernes, and his worthy chum, Sir Nathaniel. There we see the rustic clod ever standing gape-mouthed beside them, staring with "lack-lustre eye," while they mouth the "scraps" that they have "stolen from the great feast of languages," and from "the alms-basket of words." In one instance, we find, "*Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull,*" and we hear nothing of the last-named personage throughout the scene, until just at its close Holofernes exclaims:

"Via, goodman Dull! Thou hast spoken no word all this while."

"*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, sir."

A delectable specimen of the simpleton man-in-office is Elbow; bearing a fraternal resemblance, it must be owned, to another of the tribe, the worshipful Master Dogberry, each even calling himself "the poor duke's officer." However, Elbow's splay-footed talk is in behalf of his wife, whom he is anxious to rescue from insult; while Dogberry's pomposity is all in self-glorification. Dogberry is, indeed, the very king of stolid conceit and ridiculous importance. What a superb fellow it is! How he lords it over his subaltern watchmen! With what a sovereign air he avails himself of the sexton's timely hint in conducting the examination! How majestically he patronises his old friend Verges! who hobbles ever in his rear, content to abide in the shadow of his neighbour's greatness.

To these full-length portraits of foolish constables, Shakspeare has added the slight sketches of Fang and Snare, the two sheriff's officers employed by Hostess Quickly to arrest Sir John Falstaff; and this brings us back to Henry IV., where the class under discussion abounds.

When we observe with how prodigal a hand the poet has introduced these species of heads upon his canvass in this play, it really seems as if he felt that such a legion of simpletons was needful to countervail the rich exuberance of wit that overflows in the single person of Sir John Falstaff. In addition to the several already cited, there is one exquisite simpleton here, a female one.

Mistress Quickly, the hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap, flits before our vision in a perpetual state of flustration and feminine credulity. We behold her all of a twitter at the bare mention of a swaggerer, and agitated by a thousand "tirrits and frights" at the show of drawn swords; while her devotion to Falstaff is undeviating throughout, rendering her stone-blind to his roguery. She laughs till the tears run down her face in admiration at his good acting, when, in sport with Prince Hal, he assumes the part of the rebuking king; she allows him to abuse her on a false charge of picking his pocket, and to *forgive* her when it is proved to be false; she scolds him roundly, and has him arrested, when his impositions on her good nature encroach beyond all bounds, but she ends by giving way at his first word of cajolery, and actually consents to pawn her plate, her tapestry, and her very gown, to supply him with another required loan. She sums up her long adoration of him in the words, "Well, fare thee well. I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod time; but an *honester* and *truer-hearted* man—well, fare thee well!" This is the fanaticism of "hero-worship." And we find her faithfully attending the knight's dying bed, and soothing his last hours to the best of her poor ability, in that short glimpse we have of her in the play of Henry V.

Shakspeare has presented us with another female simpleton in the person of Audrey, but the rustic wench is even more implicit in her adoration of her idol's merits than the town-bred woman. Hostess Quickly yields to the flatteries, the promises, the artful representations of Sir John; while Audrey is struck by the grandeur of her courtly suitor, and is won rather by his extolment of his own graces, than by anything he says of hers. She is dazzled by the display of his superiority; and, bewildered by his condescension in proposing to marry her, she casts off her old swain, William, as she would a broken patten.

There is a handful of goodly simpletons in the Midsummer Night's Dream:—Francis Flute, Robin Starveling, Snug the joiner, Tom Snout, and Nick Bottom, (that impersonation of theatrical vanity, dictatorial bluster, and over-blown self-sufficiency,) every one mapped and laid down with strict fidelity to the varied outline of their several bearings.

Osric is a court simpleton, a light, fluttering "water-fly," a gay, airy "bubble," floating easily along on the surface of society, upborne merely by his own levity, and firm in nothing but unvarying subserviency to royalty and its humours; "lord of much land,"—"a chough, but spacious in the possession of dirt;"—a frothy, unmisgiving talker—a fellow who flaunts it through life pretty generally admired, having, "with many more of the same breed," (as Hamlet sums up of him,) "got the true tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions."

Thus have we (alas, how slightly and inefficiently in this limited space!) glanced at the salient points of individuality in this list of Shakspeare's simpletons—Slender, the bashful; Sir Andrew, the imitative; Thurio, the cowardly; Cloten, the brutal; Roderigo, the infirm; Shallow, the iterative; Silence, the obtuse; Dull, the ignorant; Elbow, the indignant; Dogberry, the conceited; Verges, the foggy; Hostess Quickly, the dupe; Audrey, the gawky; Nick Bottom, the strutting daw; and Osric, the supple parasite. But let us not forget that Shakspeare has chosen to show us that

he could draw simplicity in its attractive form, quite as powerfully as he has portrayed its ludicrous features. In the one play of "As you like it," he has not feared to give two beautiful sketches of a like character, if superficially observed. Adam and Corin are both old men—both exquisitely simple and single-hearted; but see how in one simplicity takes the shape of strong, honest, unostentatious attachment,—in the other, that of plain, sound good sense. How delightfully is this native quality of the old herdsman, Corin, brought into play against the flippant coxcombry of the court-jester, Touchstone! The straightforward, tranquil replies of this unsophisticated pupil of nature, assert forcibly the wisdom of her teaching, and proclaim him at once to be truly that which his courtly hoaxer jeeringly calls him—"a natural philosopher."

And as for the faithful old serving-man, Adam,—what elaborate protestations could touch us so profoundly as the affectionate appeal he makes to his young master?—

> "I have five hundred crowns,
> The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
> Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
> When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
> And unregarded age in corners thrown;
> Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
> Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
> Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
> All this I give you: let me be your servant;
> Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
> For in my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
> Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
> The means of weakness and debility;
> Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
> I'll do the service of a younger man
> In all your business and necessities."

THOUGHTS UPON AMBER.

It is an old and a beautiful thought which forbids us to meddle with the traditions of a people, as something too holy for profane handling, or too recondite for common study. Like the time-worn ruins of an ancient abbey, they stand as silent records of the past; like them, traces only, yet sure traces, of an age and a faith which has passed away or been changed; like them, retaining some fragments of the former current of a nation's thoughts, but in their shattered state not easy of examination, and shunning the dry gaze of the mere intellectual inquirer; as the owl, the "solemn bird of wisdom," nestles among the ivy of the tower, and hides his head from broad daylight, which would flout those ruins grey.

And in this spirit it is, if at all, that we should look upon the ancient stories of Greece and Rome; not as portions of history, to be shuffled into this or excluded from that place, to suit the skill or the ingenuity of critics, but as something alive and real; creations, it may be, at times, of a too poetic imagination, luxuriating in all the glow and energy of its youthful strength, but at the same time embodying and preserving much that is true, and undoubted, and valuable, if for nothing more, at least for this, as a correct and faithful index to the mind and thought of the old world. Some of these legends there are which, doubtless, admit of a clear and manifest explanation; some are but a poetical relation of events which really took place, like the tale of Cadmus, and the introduction of letters to Greece, which modern philological inquirers confirm in all its essential bearings; some are allegories, yet here more rarely than we are apt to suppose, and of much less frequent occurrence than some scholars of these modern days have been ready to pronounce; for, if some stories admit such an interpretation, neither do all nor many, and it is unsafe, alike philologically and historically, to adopt a theory which may throw into confusion the order of the mythical events. For our knowledge, after all our inquiries, is little more than the careful picking up and arrangement of the drifted wood from a stranded vessel.

With this feeling of reverence for the character of the materials with which we have to deal, let us approach one of the most ancient and beautiful remains of the Greek legendary period, and see how far it may be fairly considered to relate to the natural history of one of the most valuable articles of ancient commerce—Amber.

"Of old, there was a mighty prince, (so runs the story) who dwelt in Leginia, by the peaceful waters of Eridanus; the son of him to whom Jove in his providence had assigned the duty of guiding the chariot of the sun in his daily course through the heavens. Phaeton (for so was he named) was, as men would deem, happy. He had wealth and rank, and all his father had, he gave him. This one thing only was not his—to do his father's office, and to drive the fiery horses. A neighbour he had, Epaphus, like himself young and of noble descent, who ever and anon was wont to twit him thereon, and to say he was not the great prince he boasted to be, if there was aught in his father's power which he had not allowed to him: and so it was he coveted this one thing; and his father, sadly grieving, (for he knew his end was near,) at length gave it to him, with many charges as to the way in which he should manage the unruly steeds. And away he went; for he knew not how to tarry, in his haste, and for a while all things went well with him. But he soon, in his folly, forgot his father's teachings; his wild horses, whose nostrils breathed fire, heeded not the hand of their unwonted driver, and bounding onward in their fury scorched the whole world. Then did Earth mourn her fairest lands burnt up, yet knew not for what crime of hers this was, and lifted up her head to the king of heaven and earth to stay the course of his vengeance. Then Jove looked from on high, and beheld the whole earth in her sorrow; and launching the thunder which he has ever in his hand to punish the wickedness of men, hurled Phaeton from his chariot. Long fell he, and no cloud in pity stayed his downward fall, till the waters

of his own land covered him, and Eridanus spread out his arms and caught his shattered frame. Yet, some there were to bewail his fall. His sisters, true to woman's instinct, saw not their brother's fault, but only that his life was no longer with them: for four long months they stood weeping on the banks of the river, and strangers who passed to and fro told of their goodness and constancy; and pitying Jove at length relented in his anger, and changed the sisters into poplar trees, distilling ever as they grew, tears of golden amber, which the stream bore on to many lands—the proof of their worth and true love."

So speaks the ancient legend, beautiful and touching in its simplicity; a tale of haughty pride arrested in the height of its madness, and sisterly affection, still loving where hope was not, and in mercy recognised and rewarded by heaven. Let us see if it may not admit of an explanation probable in its nature, and doing little violence to its poetical character.

The legend, recorded though it be under different forms by different poets, is in all of them of one uniform kind, and would seem to suggest two ideas; the first, the existence of amber in or on the banks of some river Eridanus, and secondly, the connexion in some way or other of this fact with the prevalence of the worship of the sun. Now, it was the constant belief of the ancient world that this substance came from the north; and Lucian the philosopher, when he tried to investigate the matter, could find no trace of it on the banks of the Italian river. And we have the authority of the father of history for the opinion on the subject which prevailed in his day. His words, in speaking of a river Eridanus, which he had been told was somewhere in the north, are too remarkable to be passed over, illustrating, as they do in a striking manner, the reasoning temper of the Greek mind, and showing how the fear of believing too much sometimes leads to believing too little.

"I cannot," says he, "admit that there is any river called by the barbarians Eridanus, which flows into the sea in the direction of the north wind, and from which, as the story goes, amber comes; for the very form Eridanus proves it to be Greek, and in no sense barbarian, but probably the invention of some poet: while I cannot hear from any one who has himself seen it, that there is any such sea in those parts of Europe; yet it is from those remote regions that our amber comes."

And Hesiod, at least two centuries earlier, speaks of a river Eridanus which flowed towards the north. It is clear, then, that though Herodotus doubts the river because its name has too Greek an appearance, the general belief was in favour of such a stream, and, at all events, that amber was the production of some place in the barbarian north, and thence imported into Greece.

In later times, Tacitus tells us that the *Ostii* (perhaps the first mention of the people so well known in our early history as the *Esterlings*) were accustomed to gather it "inter vada Suevici maris atque in ipso littore," along the shallows and on the shore of the Baltic sea. Hector Boethius speaks of it as a native of the British coasts; and Gryphæus, in his life of Olaus Magnus, says that it was found in great quantities in Gothland, Finland, and Livonia; while it is not a little remarkable that there is a river now flow into the Baltic near Dantzig whose present name is so like Eridanus that we cannot help being struck by it. The river *Radaune* is a tributary of the Vistula, and exactly in the locality to which the ancient traditions point; moreover, the essential part of this name is nothing else but the *Keltic* word for water, *Don*, which we find so often with slight variation in other rivers of Europe, as the Don, Donau, (*Danubius*, hence Danube), Dniester, Dnieper, &c., and in our own "bonnie Doon," which Burns has so beautifully sung of. A Greek ear would at once make of such a name, Rhodanes, or Rhodanos, and the prefix is of little philological importance, but simply for euphony. Suppose only, what indeed admits of proof, that there was a trade in amber from the north of Europe to the north of Italy, and the name Eridanus would be brought with its product to the mart in Italy, and the Po would become the new Eridanus. There are other circumstances connected with this theory which are in themselves extremely curious, and which shall be briefly alluded to here, as they have exercised the genius and philological ability of many of the great linguists of modern Europe.

Almost all modern students agree in the belief that the most ancient Romans were of Etruscan origin, though in the later times of their republican and imperial glory they were willing to suppress as much as possible the records of an ancestry which they deemed ignominious; and that the Pelasgi, whatever may be the tribe they actually represented, were strangers to the earlier inhabitants of Italy, who had come in from the north, and who at the dawn of history formed a staple element of the Etruscan people. Later inquiries, chiefly directed to an examination of the remains of the ancient customs and language of this part of Italy, seem to give a more definite character to the traditions, and to connect the Etruscans, (and through them Rome itself,) in a manner which is not a little curious, with the amber-bearing shores of the Baltic. Niebuhr tells of an obscure conception, that Rome itself was once in the neighbourhood of the Hyperboreans; and shows from an ancient author, that it was assumed in his day as self-evident, that even Rome itself was not a Latin name. The great linguists Rask and Vater have demonstrated, that the old language of Lithuania, the Lerton, resembled the German in its grammatical forms, but the Sclavonic in its vocabulary; and Arndt, Jakel, and others, have pointed out the same truth with regard to the Etruscan and the Roman idioms. Again, the names of Courland, Curische Haf, and Curische Nerung, (the narrow strip of land which divides the Haf from the Baltic,) preserve the essential parts of the name on which the primitive Romans prided themselves so much, viz. Quirites, which, like Quirinus and Quirinalis, are traced by Niebuhr to the Sabine city Cures; the name

which is local at present for the people who live along the south-east angle of the Baltic. In the religious customs of the two peoples there is also a manifest connexion. While the Ostii and other tribes held the boar in peculiar sanctity, the Lettons and the Romans venerated the *wolf;* and Malte Brun remarks that even now, if a wolf crosses a Courlander in one of his forests, it is considered by him as an omen of unfailing goodness. Again, in ancient times, we hear much of the *Curete* worship, which seems, so far as we can determine it, to have been a worship of the elements, and, Varro states, of the sun in particular, as the source of light and heat. Tatius the king of the Sabines, when he conquered Rome, erected altars to the sun and moon, to Apollo, (whom Cicero calls a Hyperborean,) and to Quirinus; his people called their capital *Cures*, themselves *Quirites*, and their chief deity, the sun-god, *Quirinus;* and we know, that in Livonia, even as late as A.D. 1613, copies, even if they were not the originals, of many of the best known customs of ancient Rome existed among the simple-minded Courlanders; and that in the idolatrous sacrifices of the Lettons, but a few years earlier, they were in the habit of offering cakes moulded in the form of different animals, as dogs, serpents, &c. to their gods; and that in their funeral ceremonies they were accustomed to place at the head of the dead person a piece of bread, lest he should be hungry in Hades, another piece as a sop for the dog that was chained at the gates of Paradise, and a piece of money for the ferryman. Finally, Müller in his "Etrusker," to show the connexion between Italy and the North, mentions the popular belief in the existence of a sacred way across the Alps, whose security was maintained by the neighbouring tribes; and the frequent discovery of amber in the Etruscan sepulchres, at Valci, Tarquinia, Puglia and Basilicata, show that it was early an article of extensive commerce, and was highly valued by them.

Much more might be said on this subject, but enough has, we hope, been done to show the proposed connexion between the legend and the amber trade. And though the day has passed away when this substance was in the greatest demand in our own island, and though our "Sir Plumes" are no longer

> "——of amber snuff box vain,
> And the nice conduct of the clouded cane,"

there may yet be those who think with the poet, that it is

> "Pretty, in amber to observe the forms
> Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!"

and may be willing to know that the ancients no less than ourselves are ready to echo the concluding lines,

> "The things themselves are neither rich nor rare;
> The wonder's how the devil they got there!"

Z.

SOUND BREAKING DRINKING GLASSES.

John Evelyn notes, "The voice, if very strong and sharp, will crack a drinking-glass." Many years ago, Mr. Broadhurst, the vocalist, by singing a high note, at a party at the London Coffee-house on Ludgate Hill, caused a wine-glass on the table to break, the bowl being separated from the stem.—*Britton's Notes to Aubrey's History of Wiltshire.*

A VISIT TO LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

So long a period has elapsed since the death of Lady Hester Stanhope, each year bringing with it a multitude of stirring events and new topics, while public curiosity regarding her has been so fully gratified by the admirable memoirs published by her physician, that it was some surprise to the writer that the editor of SHARPE should have judged that any further reminiscences of this illustrious and unfortunate lady could be attractive to his readers. It shows that the *prestige* so long attached to her name, though fast fading, yet continues to exist, and that some interest still belongs to details which may tend to correct or confirm what we already know of her life and character. It is in this hope, at least, that the following personal recollections are added to those already before the public.

Everybody knows that Lady Hester Stanhope was for many years as great a 'lion' to Syrian travellers as the Holy Sepulchre or the Temple of Baalbec, and that no book of the many that were annually published was deemed complete without a peep within the walls of Djouni, and some fresh details about the strange and eccentric life of its possessor. Those who were fortunate enough to be admitted to a brief interview often came away with hasty impressions, which when wrought up for effect gave but a distorted view of the original; others, who were unsuccessful in their object, avenged themselves, naturally enough, by taking the most unfavourable view of her character; and thus the idea most generally formed of Lady Hester Stanhope was that of a half-crazy misanthrope, who, disappointed in her pursuit of power at home, brooded over her imaginary wrongs in this wild solitude till, her mind becoming unhinged, she with malicious pleasure loved to refuse to her own countrymen that hospitality she so profusely extended to all besides.

With this persuasion, unfurnished besides with any credentials, and absorbed in the splendid and novel scenes of which, with all their associations, every day of Syrian travels furnishes a new stock, it may be supposed that an humble artist could not have the least idea of intruding upon the seclusion of the lady of Djouni. In fact, nothing was further from his thoughts, and even his wishes; but chance, in spite of himself, brought about what all the contrivances of others had so often failed to effect.

It was in June that we embarked, a company of English travellers, at Alexandria for Jaffa, in a small crazy Arab brig, unfurnished with chart or compass, and sailing emphatically under the guidance of Providence. A week was consumed in the tedious cruise, and our last provisions had run out when we made the coast of Palestine, but whereabouts neither captain, crew, nor passengers could tell. After much discussion, the former decided upon running to the southward in search of our port; but hour after hour passed and no signs of it appeared, when, to our great relief, a solitary Arab was seen pacing along

the sandy shore. A boat was manned, but, as it neared the land, the man, apprehensive of being kidnapped as a soldier, took to his heels, and it was not till after a long chace that he was captured. He gave the agreeable intelligence that we were abreast of Jaffa in the morning, and had been all day running away from it; so well, indeed, that with a continuance of the same wind we should have found ourselves in the morning off the mouth of the Nile. It was not until the following afternoon that we regained our original position off Jaffa; and now, as we approached its dangerous port, we became aware of the existence of a more serious hindrance; all this part of Syria being in a state of insurrection on account of the conscription, the passes occupied by the Arabs, and Ibrahim Pasha waiting for reinforcements to march against the rebels. This compelled us to give up Jerusalem for a season, and proceed along the coast to Acre, where, in consequence of the reported insecurity of the road to Sidon, all the party decided on going to Beyrout by sea, excepting a young American, who was bent upon paying his respects to Lady Hester Stanhope. Without any object of the kind, I determined to accompany him to see the neighbouring mountains.

We arrived at Sidon without the slightest adventure, and, after spending a few hours there, in the afternoon ascended the Lebanon to Djouni. My servant, one of the greatest cowards the sun ever shone upon, had refused to accompany us along the coast by land, and had been suffered to go to Beyrout with the other travellers, so that we were attended by my friend's servant and a *mukharey*, or groom.

My friend had provided himself with a letter of introduction, and was in a state of the highest exaltation—greater, probably, than on any other occasion during his tour; and, as we toiled up wild hill after hill, looked out impatiently for the lonely abode of the mysterious lady. In fact, it was high time, for his reception was yet uncertain, and we might still have to seek some other shelter for the night: it was therefore with great satisfaction that from a sudden rise we caught sight of the white walls of Djouni, on the crest of a steep hill, in the midst of a wilderness of rugged ravines and impracticable looking hills, crowned with the snows of Central Lebanon, which glowed with the last rays of sunset. Here we determined to await the answer to my friend's missive, before making a nearer approach to the walls, whence after all we might have to make an inglorious retreat.

I say *we*, because, although I myself had sent neither a card nor message, yet was I not without a lurking hope that I might obtain, under cover of my companion, if not a sight of her ladyship, at least, what I more valued at the time, a supper and the shelter of her roof. The truth is, I had slept the night before on the ground, in a miserable khan, and was both fatigued and famished; it was getting quite dusk, the neighbourhood was wild and insecure, the mukharey did not know the mountain: there was a bitter cold wind sweeping over the heights, sharpening the painful sense of my interior vacuum, and giving great zest to the anticipation of a soft couch and savoury fare.

But this blessed anticipation was dispelled by the return of the servant, who after long delay came back at a gallop. "Her ladyship," he said, "had made especial and pointed inquiry if his master were really an American; as such she should receive him, but not if he were an Englishman."

My Yankee friend was in raptures, but I was indignant at this strange and unfeeling caprice, and upon patriotic grounds, at this degrading preference of a transatlantic tuft-hunter; so, after hastily arranging to keep a look-out for the favoured individual in order to meet him on the following day, I turned aside in dudgeon to find some shelter for the night.

My wrath, when I found myself alone, with bed and board to seek, was extreme, but it was nothing to that of the mukharey, who gave way to the most furious imprecations upon a degree of inhospitality unknown among Arab hinds. We were really at a loss,—the paths among these precipitous mountains, by day all but impracticable, are actually perilous on a dark night; we had only the lights of scattered dwellings to guide us, and, in attempting to make for the nearest group, were descending almost headlong into a ravine, where we were soon brought up among tangled rocks and bushes. I urged the mukharey forward: he became furious, and pointing to the lights above us, significantly drew his finger from ear to ear; but whether to intimate that he intended to cut my throat, as being the cause of his troubles, or that we were both in risk of such a treatment at the hands of some fancied robbers, I could never discover. With much difficulty we scrambled up again, and, keeping to the more level ground, came at length to a village, welcomed by the clamorous onset of a pack of Syrian curs.

We stopped at a cottage; the wrathful mukharey explained our treatment and our troubles, at which the peasants significantly smiled. They did not invite us to enter, but spread our carpet for the night on a raised dais of hardened plaster, beneath a large mulberry tree, and soon after, a fine comely girl, in the beautiful costume of Lebanon, with bracelets around her arms and ankles, brought forth a large bowl of milk and a little Syrian bread, which restored our chilled and exhausted frames: after this, wrapped in cloaks and coverlets, we lay down like Sancho among our saddle gear, and slept soundly.

I awoke quite chilled with the keen air of the mountain, and in anything but a pleasant mood with the mistress of Djouni, the walls of which inhospitable abode I now perceived to be divided from our nocturnal bivouac by a tremendous ravine. Before noon I saw the fortunate Yankee issue from the portal, with a led horse and some servants, upon which the mukharey saddled my steed, and we joined him at the bottom of the valley.

His manner was provokingly triumphant and patronising,—"My dear fellow, you are to come to Djouni,—I explained it all; her ladyship was *so* sorry that you should have gone to that village, and would have sent for you last night, but that the path was dangerous, (from which I gathered that intelligence of my movements had been conveyed to Djouni,) and now, after visiting some convents to which she has given me a guide, it is her wish that I should bring you to see her."

There was much within me that rebelled against this sort of invitation, but my bones were sore, and my spirit humbled; I had no wish to sleep a second night on the dais; moreover, the whole thing struck me as so ridiculous as to be unworthy of any feeling of serious resentment. I therefore gulped down my remaining chagrin, resigned my hack to the mukharey, and mounted the caparisoned steed appointed for me.

I shall not give any further details of the ride than to observe that we visited a large convent and also a nunnery, in somewhat unusual proximity, and on presenting ourselves at the latter, where as we approached we could see the sisterhood peeping at us from the lattices, we were received, not by a lady abbess, but by a goodly personage, who seemed to have the spiritual direction of the fair recluses. About three o'clock we regained the walls of Djouni, and were at once ushered into the presence The building, or rather maze of buildings, enclosed within the old convent of Djouni, were for the most part erected by Lady Hester for the reception of those whom she imagined would, at the great epoch of trouble that would precede the coming of the Murdah, repair to her for protection; and they are so cunningly devised and intricate, as to create a feeling of mystery in the mind of strangers: through these we were conducted to her reception room,—sunk in a subdued shadow, befitting the grave and imposing appearance of the robed and turbaned sybil who professed to read in the stars the destinies of nations and of individuals, and who certainly possessed—partly, no doubt, from nature, but principally from long and penetrating habits of observation—an almost preternatural power of divining many, if indeed not all the leading characteristics of those submitted to her piercing gaze, especially those least obvious to the common observer, but of which the conscience of the startled delinquent secretly recognised the truth. No one, from prince to peasant, escaped the keenness of her scrutiny, and without respect of persons, his good and bad marks were instantly scanned, his star revealed, and the decisive and irrevocable judgment formed. "It was this comprehensive and searching faculty, this intuitive penetration," says her biographer, "which rendered her so formidable; for, under imaginary names, when she wished to show a person that his character and course of life were unmasked to her view, she would in his very presence paint him such a picture of himself, in drawing the portrait of another, that you might see the individual writhing on his chair, unable to conceal the effect her words had on his conscience."

My American friend, who, to do him justice, was really a handsome fellow, had met with her unqualified approval; my own ordeal was next to come, and it must be confessed that, after all, it sounded very much like vulgar palmistry. Born under a good star, a fortunate career was promised; and amidst the cares and troubles of life it is consoling to think, that one's future advancement rests upon the secure and satisfactory basis of astrological or physiognomical prediction. Such good things were not, however, bestowed without the accompaniment of some humiliating but truthful disclosures, of which she playfully declared "she could let out more if she would." Satisfied apparently by her scrutiny that my star was neither hostile nor malignant, she led the way into her garden, struck with the beauty of which, the fresh green of its turf and alleys, kept, especially for so sultry a climate, in the nicest order, I could not help remarking that it reminded me of England. This remark, though it might afford a secret pleasure, was by no means graciously received. "Don't say so," she exclaimed; "I hate everything English;" but the semblance of this feeling with which she was so often reproached, was no doubt the affected hate expressed by many under circumstances of disappointment for the object secretly beloved. Lady Stanhope loved to recal her English life, and if we are to credit her biographer, it was the want of a provision suitable for her rank and pretensions that first drove her from her native land, while her experience of the hollowness of the great, and the forgetfulness or perfidy of friends, with an exaggerated estimate of what was due to one who had once played so conspicuous a part, contributed to add disgust to disappointment. Yet, there is something touching in the feelings with which, in the midst of this gloomy solitude, she loved to revert to old scenes in happy England.

Her appearance struck me as remarkably majestic: her tall and stately figure was robed loosely in a simple Arab dress, a turban of mystic and indefinite outline overshadowing her high, pale, Roman features, which, if they were not classically correct, had a nobleness of contour and an expression of mingled dignity and sweetness. She seemed fitted at once to awe and fascinate those around her. She bore a strong resemblance to the great Lord Chatham: this instantly occurred to me, when, some years after seeing her, I was turning over a volume of portraits, and lighted suddenly upon that of the above-named statesman; and on reading her memoirs, I was gratified to discover that this was also the opinion of her friends and biographer.

A black slave now summoned us to dinner, which was prepared for us in a comfortable pavilion, her ladyship always dining alone. The dinner was really excellent, setting aside the additional relish given to it by a fortnight's living upon black bread and eggs. We were especially grateful for an apricot tart, in which my last lingering bitterness was buried, and which my Yankee friend with enthusiasm declared

might vie even with the pumpkin, or as he would maintain it, according to Walker, "pünken" pies of his own country. We little thought at the time that its composition, as well as our other comforts, might have been presided over by the priestess who had just revealed our characters and destinies; for the restless spirit of Lady Stanhope was accustomed to allow nothing to pass without her superintendence, from the fate of nations to the garnishing a dish of vegetables; and besides, she could not bear to see her guests neglected: in fact, the reason why she often declined to see a visitor, was her utter inability to receive him as she wished. These difficulties are revealed in a most amusing manner by her biographer. "Now, doctor," she would say, "what can be got for their *déjeuner à la fourchette?* for there is nothing whatever in the house. Ah! yes, there is a stew of yesterday, that I did not touch—that may be warmed up again, and some potatoes may be added; and then you must taste that wine that came yesterday from Garyfy, to see if you think they will like it. The spinach my maid must do;" (and, by the way, we ourselves had some for dinner,) "Dyk (the cook) does not know how to dress spinach, but I have taught Zezefôon to do it very well. (Ding, ding, ding.) Zezefôon, you know how to boil spinach in milk, and you must garnish it with five eggs, one in each corner, and one in the centre." "Yes, Sytty," (my lady.) "And, Zezefôon, send the *yacknay* (stew) to Dyk, and let it be warmed up for the strangers. They must have some of my butter and some of my bread. Likewise give out the silver spoons and knives and forks; they are under that cushion on the ottoman there: and mind you count them when you give them to Mohammed, or they will steal one, and dispute with you afterwards about the number—a pack of thieves." Such precautions may seem unworthy of a *grande dame*, but they were highly necessary: in fact, her servants were literally what she called them, and plundered her of her very wardrobe; and her uncomfortable, and even destitute state, has been known to affect her visitors even to tears.

In the afternoon we were again called, and this proved to be a sitting of several hours, during which the conversation, in which her ladyship bore the principal part, never flagged but while our pipes were being lighted afresh. It is common enough in the East for ladies to smoke, but the mistress of Djouni would indulge for hours, nourishing thus the dreamy and imaginative mood in which she loved both to recal the scenes of her earlier life, and then, by a sudden transition, to expatiate in wild and mystic visions of futurity. This double and curiously contrasted tendency it was that characterised her conversation, and gave it so singular a charm. Few, if any, indeed, of her sex, had in modern times been more conspicuous in the great world: the niece, confidant, and even counsellor of Pitt, and at the head of his establishment, she was profoundly acquainted with the political as well as fashionable life of her time, and being gifted with more than masculine vigour and penetration, as well as endowed with astonishing fluency and vivacity of expression, her anecdotes of state intrigue or private scandal, her racy and graphic delineation of individual characters, her play of witty remark, of light and lively satire, with traits of graver and even pathetic recollections of incidents of her early days, were, especially to persons who had lived in so totally different a sphere, life-like and amusing as the finest comedy, and not the less so, that the character of the narrator herself gleamed like a thread of silk through the texture of her discourse. It was easy to divine that all her predilections were aristocratic—race with her was everything; but this was, after all, far less the vulgar prejudice of mere high birth and fortune, regardless of correspondent elevation of qualities, than a feeling that these qualities depended upon race, and that it was in vain, to use the vulgar expression, to make "a silken purse out of a sow's ear." "God created," she would say, "certain races from the beginning; and although the breed may be crossed, and the cart-horse be taken out of the cart, and put to the saddle, their foals will always show their good or bad blood. The good or bad race must peep out; high descent will always show itself." Yet here her notions were as usual inconsistent, for elsewhere she declares that "by low born she does not mean poor people; for there are many without a sixpence who have high sentiments," and "although she was constantly drawing a line between the high and low born, good qualities in the most menial person bore as high an estimate in her mind as if she had discovered them in princes."

Like many of those who exclaim the loudest for the maintenance of despotic rule, she was herself the last to brook the idea of a superior power; she preferred to keep up, in the solitudes of Lebanon, the empty image of supremacy, to being less than she was once at home; and this feeling, which, with her reduced circumstances, led to her expatriation, nourished by solitude, and unchecked by opposition, became at length the ruling principle of her character: even the shackles of "principle" were importunate and not to be mentioned, as she said, "to a Pitt," who *could* not act otherwise than royally by her own proper impulse, without being bound by the laws intended only for the restraint of meaner souls. In keeping with this, she was generous and princely, but arbitrary and exacting: she would exercise a ruling foresight over the well being of all around her, would attend with her own hand to their necessities; but then, she must be the arbitress of their most petty concerns, and woe to the recusant who stood upon his independence; a network of *espionage* was cast around him, and he would find himself in the meshes of an almost supernatural watchfulness and omnipotence of petty tyranny. Such are the painful inconsistencies of great but ill-regulated minds. But even this stern spirit, if she could not walk humbly with her God, nor recognise the superiority of man, was not without her "hero worship." Pitt was her idol, and the supposed ingratitude of his treatment and of her own, felt more on *his* account, was the theme on which she loved to dwell to every visitor. Numerous were the anecdotes she told us of

the days when he reigned supreme over the political world.

So sagacious and practical, in fact, was Lady Stanhope's conversation upon actual life, that it was matter of astonishment to hear her start off at a tangent to tales as marvellous as any in the Arabian Nights—to enchanted caves and serpents—to secret treasures, and potent spells by which they were guarded; all which, though it was impossible not to fancy she was sometimes in jest, she appeared, nevertheless, to put forth with all the gravity of profound conviction. An acquaintance with Eastern writings, and with the Bible, which, as she told us, she sometimes read "for confirmation" of her fancies, may not improbably have originated her confident belief of the approaching advent of the "Murdah," or "Good One," the "Messiah" of the Scriptures,—an event associated with her knowledge of what was actually passing in the world, fortified by a sagacious insight into impending changes, and adorned with all the fanciful and mystic lore; coloured, moreover, with the illusions of personal vanity and ambition. It is well known that she kept two mares, one of which, with a natural saddle, was destined to carry her when the appointed time should come for those events in which she was to play a distinguished part. These visions were nourished by intercourse with an old man, an inhabitant of the Lebanon, named Metta, who, with all the credulity, as well as some of the craft of such people, contrived to persuade her, out of a mysterious Arabic volume he had procured, that the coming of the Murdah was at hand, when her power and influence would become unbounded. The reader will hardly believe that she gravely told us, not only of this forthcoming event, but that the Evil Genius was actually upon earth, that she knew of his whereabouts, of the partisans he was busied in making, particularly in France; that when the Murdah appeared, as he shortly would, he would dissolve by his power the spells which locked up certain treasures concealed in tombs and caves, (for the root of all evil seemed to be necessary to bring about even these glorious changes,) that people would flock to his standard, that he would defeat the Evil Genius in a decisive engagement, and thus our poor wild world would at length be called to order. Such statements may seem to cast a doubt upon the sanity of one who could gravely put them forth; yet, when we remember that the subject of the Millennium, in itself so exciting to the imagination, has in all ages exercised a powerful effect upon particular bodies of Christians—that periods have occurred when men have sold all and repaired to the soil of Palestine to await the expected Messiah—we cannot be surprised if a woman whose imagination far outran her intellectual cultivation, dwelling apart, on a lonely mountain, in the very land of prodigies, should give way to visions that flattered her natural ambition. The real, as well as the imaginary, it must be confessed, were after all closely blended in these prophetic anticipations, and when we look at the changes that have since occurred, we might almost be justified in believing, that after years of long insight into the character and actual state of society in Europe, she might say with the wizard—

> "'Tis the sunset of life gives the mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before."

It is impossible not to be struck with her estimate of the character and her foresight of the destiny of that illustrious man, who, without any political intrigue, by the native force alone of genius and nobility of mind, lately rose to the guidance of the foreign policy of France.

"You are one of those men," she said to Lamartine, "sent by Providence, who have a great part to play in the work which is preparing: you will shortly return to Europe—Europe is worn out; France alone has a great mission yet to accomplish; you will share in it—in what way I know not, but I can tell you, if you wish it, this evening, when I shall have consulted your stars. I know not yet the names of them all, I can now see more than three—I distinguish four—even five—and more. One is certainly Mercury, who gives clearness and beauty to intelligence and language: poet you must be—it is written in your eyes, and in the upper part of your face; below, you are under the influence of totally different, and almost opposite stars—those which bestow energy and action."

How surprisingly all this has been verified, how these widely differing qualities have been displayed by the "poet-statesman," let the history of that "wonderful month," as it is well called by a writer in the *Times*, bear witness; during which this noble-minded man, by the generous elevation of his sentiments and the power of his eloquence,

> "Wielded at will that fierce democracy,"

won the admiration even of his political enemies, restrained the wild outbreak of revolutionary excitement, and preserved the peace of Europe. It should be observed that her estimate of character, so wonderfully accurate, was, after all, by her own confession, founded more upon physiognomical insight, than, as many have affirmed, upon astrological calculation—from the formation and expression of a man's head she divined the influences under which he was born; and as her predictions of his fate were founded upon an estimate of his qualities, they might not unreasonably be expected to be occasionally verified.

It was now getting far into the night; the pipes had been repeatedly filled and emptied, and though we were beyond measure delighted with our interview, a feeling of weariness began to creep over us. We had been most graciously received—my friend had pleased her from the first, and I too had found favour in her sight, and discovered an invaluable qualification—

> "In short—there never was a better listener."

She gave us a cordial invitation to remain at Djouni; "For artists," she said, "I like them, but I hate your people who go about the world setting others by the ears. It will take you a fortnight to draw these mountains—you had better remain with me." I had

been so fascinated with her conversation, notwithstanding the mysticism with which it was so strongly tinctured, that I felt very much disposed to close with this gracious offer. But my Yankee friend was one of the "go-ahead" school; he had enjoyed two nights of it, and perhaps began to think he had got enough; in short, he had "killed his lion," and he wanted to be off. I was compelled to accompany him, and accordingly, with many expressions of thankfulness and respect, declining the invitation on the plea of the necessity of pushing forward in the present troubled state of the country, we retired to our divans, and at an early hour on the following morning were on our way to Beyrout.

I had entered the walls of Djouni with a feeling of lingering prejudice, dispelled by a brief intercourse with its noble and singular mistress. During the years that followed I heard with pain of her embarrassments—of the debts that she could not pay—of cruel humiliations to which she was in consequence subjected, and which goaded her proud spirit almost to insanity; then came the intelligence of her death—of her being alone in her last moments, and in the hands of servants, who, after plundering, abandoned her. It was painful, indeed, to figure that high-souled woman, outliving all her illusions of expected power and influence, conscious of the world's neglect, and wanting in her last agony the ministrations which soothe the parting passage, even of the humblest. On a subsequent journey I passed in sight of the mountains of Sidon, and looked up towards her ruined and forsaken establishment, and learned that the singular mare already mentioned, whose peculiar formation had nursed her ambitious expectations of riding to Jerusalem in triumph at the coming of the Murdah, was at Beyrout for sale. On taking up, some time afterwards, the volumes of her biographer, I recognised the truthfulness and completeness of the portraiture; traits that I had noticed were more fully developed, the very style of her conversation inimitably preserved, and much satisfactorily explained that I had never been able to understand. Thus her apparent want of hospitality was traced to the poverty of her household; her debts to the generous imprudence of providing for fugitives and outcasts, and to the usurious terms upon which she was compelled to raise money for that purpose. In short, her entire character, with all its inconsistencies, stood out clearly revealed before me—her "amazing genius and her amazing ignorance," the disproportion between an over-fervid imagination and an ill-educated mind, her faults and virtues, the growth of a noble soil, inspiring feelings of mingled compassion and reverence, were impartially displayed; and it may be some atonement for the unavoidable scantiness of these recollections, that they serve to point the reader's attention to a work, which, from the interest of its subject, and the delightful manner in which it is treated, is likely to prove one of lasting popularity.

THE RETURN.

REV. HENRY THOMPSON.

I MARKED a haggard man, and stern;
  Among the tombs he came,
Long vainly searching to discern
  A half out-trodden name:
Tempests and suns had scorch'd their trace
On a dark, rugged, toilworn face,
That told of wars, of pains, of years,
Of all earth's misery, save its tears.

And yet that man, so cold and wild,
  Soon as that name he found,
Pour'd forth, impassion'd as a child,
  A silent flood that drown'd
Vision and utterance for a while:
Then gleamed a faint and wintry smile
O'er each hard feature—and his wo
Found in this plaint its overflow:

"I clear the burial mould away,
  And trace, with aching breast,
Thy name, thy years, the solemn day
  That gave thee to the blest.
Three lines! and yet they mark the spot
Enough for those who knew thee not:
While all who knew from less than these
Could waken countless memories.

"They bear me up Time's refluent tide,
  To verdant isles of joy,
When, by the thoughtful maiden's side,
  A frank and happy boy,
I sported in the eves of May;
Or found November's closing day,
By the dim firelight, blest with thee,
As ne'er without thee May could be.

"Morn brings the boyish task—we part—
  I cherish through the day
In treasury of the deepest heart
  The playmate far away:
More tedious wears the toilsome hour
For distance from thy joyous bower:
'Tis past! and step as spirit free
Wings the glad idler back to thee.

"It is the holy chime! our sports
  To graver joys must yield;
Tow'rd the great Father's rustic courts
  We pace the daisied field.
We pass the hallowed gate—we tread
Through the mute mansions of the dead—
We enter—No!—ah me! I rave!
One stands without—and on thy grave!

"One stands without—it may not be
  This sinbound soul of mine
Should view that inmost sanctuary
  Where thou art now divine.
In earth's dull charnel left below,
Mid guilt, mortality, and wo,
I linger, blighted, spurned, forlorn,
Mark for each shaft of hate and scorn.

"I stand without; and yet the hymn
From forth those crystal walls,
On my soul's ear, though soft and dim,
In sweet distinctness falls;
And midst it swells a childish voice,
That bade my boyhood's soul rejoice;
It pleads for me with silver tone
Before the eternal Mercy-throne.

"I feel it—in dark hours forlorn
Of anguish and despair,
When hideous thoughts, of torture born,
Have striven with faith and prayer,
Grace came my prostrate soul to rear,
Gave strength to war, gave love to cheer;
That grace, strength, comfort, love divine
Came to no orison of mine.

"I had not deemed,—e'en though the Book
Of heaven had silent been,
Thy pure meek earnestness of look,
So stedfast, so serene,
Born of the perishable eye;
No—through that soft cerulean sky,
This conscious heart had well divined
A heaven of heavens that lived behind.

"That lamp, from clay so exquisite,
So delicately wrought,
Is shatter'd;—but the living light
Could ne'er resolve to nought.
No! for the fire celestial needs
No earthborn aid that guards and feeds;
And, this removed, the enfranchis'd light
Springs to the fountain infinite.

"A ray of kindred origin,
Sore darken'd and defil'd
By cloud of wo, and stain of sin,
Looms through the stormrent wild
Of this lorn spirit—in these tears
Fast melt the gather'd clouds of years,
And faintly warm, distinct though pale,
Again my being's sun I hail.

"Nor shall he set. When low in dust
This mortal frame shall be,
And mingle, as it shall, I trust,
With all earth claims of thee;
Then will I hope, in Edenland,
No more to part, with thee to stand,
And through eternity prolong
In bliss the high thanksgiving song:

"'Lord, who for me didst change thy heaven
For earth and death of wo,
All glory to thy name be given
For all my griefs below:
That led my murmuring heart to learn
Earth's toys and pangs alike to spurn,
To thy blest Cross, though late, to flee,
First crucified, now crowned, with thee.'"

STORY OF A FAMILY.[1]

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," ETC.

Chapter VIII.—The Arrival.

"It is half-past six, my dear John," said Miss Melissa Lee, as she entered the drawing-room of Evelyn Manor, in the most refined of dove-coloured silks, and the airiest of Honiton lace *coiffures*, expressive of a sublime renunciation of the claims of youth at least ten years before the departure of its charms; "do you think we need wait for them any longer, as they know our dinner-hour?"

"Oh, give them a little law, Mell—(how intensely she hated that abbreviation!)—give them a little law. You see, when I wrote to Mrs. Chester——"

"When you wrote to Mrs. Chester!" interrupted his sister, amazedly, "what *do* you mean?"

Uncle John's face flushed crimson as he plunged into a blundering explanation.

"Why, you see, my dear, when I found that Mrs. Chester was to come with Ida, and Percy had fixed and settled it, you see, so that it couldn't be helped—though, as you say, it is a very foolish thing, and she is only a companion—in which I quite agree with you, and only wish it wasn't so—but as it *is* so, you see, and it can't be helped, why, the only thing is just to make the best of it, and be a little civil for once in a way; and so, you see, I thought it was better, don't you see, just to write a few lines—as she is quite an elderly person, and has most probably been respectable—though I don't suppose she is quite the thing now, as you say, and I quite agree with you—only, don't you think it might be better?"

"*What* might be better?" asked the bewildered lady.

"Why, just to write her a few lines, in a distant, formal sort of way, to say we should be very happy to see her, and all that sort of thing—quite distantly, you know—in the third person—I flatter myself I can do a thing of that kind pretty well—I wrote as formally as possible, in the third person, and signed myself, 'Yours sincerely.'"

"It is a most extraordinary proceeding!" said the indignant Melissa. "Surely, *I* was the best judge of the degree of attention which this Mrs. Chester is entitled to demand. It is, altogether, the most extraordinary thing. And what can Ida possibly think—for I own I am not very anxious about Mrs. Chester's opinion, but I feel towards that dear child as if she were my younger sister—what can she possibly think of *your* writing in *my* place?"

"Oh, I guarded against *that*," cried Uncle John, triumphantly. "I thought that might seem a little strange, so I said that you would have written, only you were prevented by some of your infirmities."

"You said——!" cried his sister, almost speechless. John saw the symptoms, and muttering some unin-

(1) Continued from p. 137.

telligible speech about an invisible dog, darted out upon the lawn. Just so far had he attained in his domestic policy. He knew when he had raised a storm, though he did not know how to avoid raising it, and he generally took flight, as now, from the effects of his own rashness. Melissa was left in an agony of impotent wrath, which only very gradually subsided as it occurred to her that it might be well to reassume the attitude in which she intended herself to be found, and from which in her first indignant surprise she had started—a volume of Dante hanging from her hand, and, on the table before her, a vase of yellow and white roses, and a sketch in water-colours. She was never discovered at work, because she considered that decidedly old-maidish. This may be called caricature, yet how often is an artificial carelessness to be detected in the arrangement of a room, or the introduction of a topic of conversation?—and surely there are some who, as they came up the garden-sweep for the morning visit of duty, have seen the hurried movement within, which announced that a book was to be rushed for, and a studious posture assumed, in order to impress the new-comer!

While this little scene was taking place, the carriage which contained Ida and Mrs. Chester was rapidly approaching the park gate. Ida, with all the buoyancy of her age, had sufficiently recovered from the bitter grief of parting to enjoy, though not with that gleeful and cloudless enjoyment which had once been hers, all the novelty and interest around her. The ready sigh, the tremulous lip, the half-finished sentence, told most expressively how intimately the idea of her father was connected with everything that she saw, thought, or felt—how painfully she needed him to turn to with each eager question or innocent exclamation. It is when *we* are happy that we most earnestly long for the companionship of those we love; or when *they* are sorrowful. Nevertheless, she stretched her graceful head from the carriage window, striving to recognise every tree, hedge, and stone; giving herself up to that strange, sweet, dreamy feeling which a visit to the place of our early childhood, from which we have long been separated, never fails to produce. The relics of that bright spring-time, the story-book, the dried flower, the treasured letter—these are melancholy things: they are, as it were, portions of an inner life which is gone for ever; they are so definite, yet so incomprehensible—so familiar, yet so strange—that we instinctively shrink from them as we would shrink from the presence of a ghost. But it is not quite so with the scenes where these things were sought and valued—with the place where the child played, which, after long years, the man for the first time revisits. Here are no fragmentary recollections, no sharp and bitter contrasts; but rather an entire softened picture, like one of those dissolving views in which the great cities of the primæval world are presented to our eyes in a visionary splendour, which melts, we know not how, into the ruin and desolation of to-day. The former memorials are but the fragments of a skeleton—they are real, they have lived; but their present deadness is as real as the life that once animated them, and imagination sickens as she gathers them, and has no power to reconstruct the whole: the latter are as the garments which the living man once wore, and when we look upon them, a burst of tears proves better than argument the suggestiveness of their present vacancy. We stand still and gaze upon our own childhood as a pleasant spectacle: we see the little figure moving about, laughing, dancing, weeping, quarrelling, repenting, praying, sleeping, and we smile, sympathize, wonder, and love, and are quite startled to remember after all that we have been looking at ourselves. Is there *one* among the children of men who, if really he could be a child again, would refuse to become one? Is there one who would *consent*, if, on leaving the sweet valley, he must climb the hill by the selfsame path which he has already toilsomely ascended?

"Oh! dear Madeline, may we get out?" cried Ida, as the carriage stopped before the gate, "I should so much like to walk, I shall see it so much better. Oh, there is the very terrace where I played with Frederick; and there is the bank where I found such a number of daisies; and there is the step where poor uncle John fell down, when he was trying to show us how to waltz;—in one minute we shall see the house;—there—is it not beautiful?"

Mrs. Chester indulged her favourite, and they entered the garden arm-in-arm. Vickars dismounted from the coach-box and followed them; for Vickars, be it understood, had found it quite impossible to allow her dear young mistress to depart without her, and, with a vast deal of preambling and apologizing, and an immense amount of humble self-celebration, had volunteered to act as lady's maid. Ida, whose loving heart was already more than sufficiently wrung, was only too glad to strike one name off the list of those to whom she was compelled to say good-bye. The last three days of her sojourn at Croye had been literally passed in weeping; for there was scarcely a poor person in the village who had not come up to the great house for one last look of a face which had been the very sunshine of the country, and every simple "God bless you" had drawn tears from those gentle eyes. Then there were the children who had grown up with her, and the children she had taught and tended since she grew up; little rosy babies who put up their fearless lips to kiss her, and grave, downcast girls who dropped profound courtesies and blushed crimson when she shook hands with them; a thousand ties, which had been years in forming, were to be snapped in a few hours. To each, in turn, she said, "I shall come back—be sure, I shall come back;" but the very words, "come back," have a sorrowful sound, for they are but a disguised farewell. So, when good Mrs. Vickars made her somewhat pompous offer, Ida responded to it with a delight at which she was afterwards surprised, herself. But it is no uncommon thing for a sensitive person to be thought cold at one time, at another too warm to be sincere, by those who cannot follow the changes of a tempera-

ment unlike their own. There are moods in which the slightest expression of feeling becomes an impossibility; when it seems as though every pulse of the heart beat beneath a mountain's pressure: there are other moods in which we could kiss the very grass under our feet.

"Look, Madeline!" exclaimed Ida, "that is the chapel window—there I first went to church. Oh! how well I remember when papa——" She stopped, her eyes overflowing with tears, which she brushed hurriedly away, that she might look steadily at those deeply-stained compartments, all glowing in the sunset which poured through the western window and struck upon them from within, causing them to look as though the figures of saint and angel were chiselled from a rainbow, and framed in dark clouds.

"May we go in?" pursued Ida after a pause, dropping her voice almost to a whisper. They entered. The fourteen years which had passed in unbroken neglect since Ida visited those walls before, had done their work of decay unsparingly; the glass of the western window was broken, and the white stone, thus left undefended from the weather, showed many a green stain and many a blunted edge. Through the aperture, which now admitted the broad red streamer of light which the sun flung from him as he sank, a passion-flower had grown, and hanging downwards, had cast a rich festoon of its mystic blossoms around the canopy of the font, which stood against the western wall. "Papa planted that," said Ida, as with timid and reverent touch she lifted one of the flowers which rested exactly upon the sacred monogram carved in the moulding of the edge; and, stooping down, she kissed, not the letters, but the leaves which had concealed them. Then advancing along the uneven pavement towards the eastern end, she kneeled down for a moment, her friend kneeling beside her, and, though neither spoke, each joined the other in a prayer for the absent. Travelling in the far east at that hour, there was the echo of a soft bell murmuring in Percy's ear, and a refreshment upon his heart like the fall of dew upon a thirsty soil. Never let feeble woman mourn for her impotence, so long as she can pray for those she loves! Who can tell how quickly and how effectually the ministering spirits carry upward the fragrance of that prayer? Only let her keep her heart pure and her life holy, for it is the prayer of the *righteous* which availeth, and she may well believe that every permitted sin of hers may lose a blessing for the friend in whose behalf it were such joy to die.

They issued from the door of the chapel, and walked slowly towards the terrace. Mrs. Chester broke the natural silence sooner than she was disposed to do, from a fear lest Ida's overstrained spirits should render her unequal to the excitement of meeting her relations, on whom she was most anxious that the first impression should be favourable. "Do you remember your aunt and uncle?" inquired she.

"Oh, uncle John, perfectly," replied Ida; "he had a round rosy face, and the kindest blue eyes I ever saw. I don't recollect aunt Melissa quite so well; but I recollect dear aunt Ellenor, and poor Frederick who took such care of me, and naughty little Godfrey who fought for me. It is very strange that I was so fond of Godfrey, for he frightened me out of my wits, and he certainly was a very naughty boy."

"I wonder you remember any of them," observed Madeline, "you were a mere baby at the time."

"Ah, but it was the grand event of my babyhood—the epoch from which I dated every thing. Besides, I was never suffered to forget; we were constantly talking of it, and papa used to tell me so much about aunt Ellenor, who would have come to see us, only she never left her sons; and, for some reason which I don't know, it was impossible for them to come. She followed them about, and lived near them, first when they were at school, and afterwards at college, till poor Frederick was obliged to come home. Oh, Madeline!"—Ida stopped suddenly, and gazed with an intense, fervent expression, peculiar to her in moments of strong excitement, upon the distant view; the slopes of the park were mellowing into the shadowy hues of twilight, while the stripe of sea visible against the horizon between them had caught a fall of light behind a thin rain-cloud, and was glistening like molten silver. Mrs. Chester waited for her to speak, and, after a moment's pause, she added, shuddering, "How very dreadful it must be that a person you love should be blind! Poor aunt Ellenor!"

"And poor Frederick!" said Madeline.

"Ah!" cried Ida; "it must be much easier for him to bear than for her. He may be able to grow used to it, but to her it must always be new. And then, somehow, it seems a simpler duty, I think, to submit to a trial for one's self, than to submit to it for anybody whom one loves. In the first case, it is so manifest that there can be no question about it; while in the other it must be quite different, and, I think, much harder."

"Ha, you little loiterer! is that you?" exclaimed the cheerful voice of uncle John, as he caught sight of his visitors, and hurried eagerly forward to meet and welcome them. Ida sprang to his arms, and, after kissing her warmly, he put her back from him, and deliberately untied and took off her bonnet, that he might see her thoroughly. "I declare!" said he, joyously rubbing his hands together, as with many blushes she endured this unceremonious inspection, "I declare, I think I should have known you! Why, it is the very same face, only a size or two larger—and not much, either. I protest, Ida, if it were not for the height and the dress, you would look like a little child still!"

Ida laughed. "I should have known *you* anywhere, uncle John," observed she.

"No! would you, though?" cried he, with a burst of ecstatic laughter, "you don't say so! And it's fourteen years ago, too! Well, I call that a compliment. But come along with me, my love, and make haste, for your aunt Melissa is waiting dinner; and, between ourselves, that is a particularly

unpleasant thing, though it often happens, which, I suppose, is my fault. Come along. Only to think of your knowing me! By the bye, you have not introduced me to Mrs. Chester."

Ida drew her friend forward, and bashfully performed the introduction; but Mrs. Chester's slight yet stately inclination was lost upon uncle John, who, as soon as he had got over the necessary civility, was impatient to hurry his niece into the house, talking the whole way.

"I can't be so much stouter as Melissa says I am; that's quite impossible, you know, or you never would have known me. And what sort of a journey did you have? And how do you think the old place is looking? You would have known *that*, of course. Houses don't get wrinkled and grey-headed, you know," (chuckling at his own wit). "And are you not very tired, my dear, and very hungry? We shall have dinner in five minutes, and you shall go to bed as early as you like. She said I was growing so florid I wasn't like the same man; but I think this is an unmistakeable proof that I must, at any rate, be *like* the same man, or else you would never have known me, you know."

"Oh," said Ida, "you are just like the uncle John I remember who was so kind to me, only you are a little stouter, and have rather more colour."

"I have, have I!" replied he, in a manifestly dismayed tone. "A *little* stouter, eh? Only a little! Ah, well, never mind, if there's any foundation for it at all, it's no good!"

Muttering the last few words, which were wholly unintelligible to Ida, as a depressed soliloquy, he led her up the terrace steps, and into the drawing-room, where Melissa, who had entirely given her visitors up, and was expecting the summons to dinner, was *really* surprised in her attitude, which she had almost unconsciously retained. She rose with a genuine start, and, coming forward, saluted her niece with a cordiality which was not warm, because it *could* not be, but which undoubtedly did its best to become so.

"Ah, you might have waited for your dinner till midnight, if it had not been for me!" cried uncle John. "I found these two fair ladies wandering on foot about the grounds, like two distressed princesses in a fairy tale. There they were, looking here and looking there, enjoying themselves as nicely as possible, and never thinking about us. Pretty behaviour to begin with!" shaking his finger at Ida.

"Pretty behaviour, indeed!" reiterated Melissa, with a kind of sour playfulness, and an acrid glance at Mrs. Chester, which seemed to express boundless amazement that the governess could have allowed such a proceeding. "My dear Ida, how could you do so, when you must have known how impatient I was to see you? The dinner, of course, is not of the slightest consequence, but I do not like to think that you were not anxious to see me!" She squeezed Ida's hand as she spoke, and uncle John, who thoroughly comprehended the expression of her face, winked outrageously, and without the smallest attempt at concealment, and then assured her that the ladies had lost their way when he encountered them, and that was the sole cause of the delay, drowning Ida's gentle assurances to the contrary in a burst of triumphant laughter. "And now, my sweet girl," said Melissa, with a stern struggle after gentleness, "will you make as rapid a toilette as you can? Cécile shall show you to your room. But stop—one word." She drew her aside, and asked in a whisper, and with a very expressive elevation of the eyebrows, "Will it not be better for your governess to dine at table with us this first day, as your journey must have thrown you a little out of your usual hours?"

"Mrs. Chester?" inquired Ida, in a puzzled tone. Then, instantly remembering Madeline's stipulation, that she was not to be compelled to enter into society, and quite overlooking the improbability of her having held any communication with Miss Lee on the subject, she added, hastily, "Oh, do you really think she will refuse? I will ask her directly. Dear Madeline, you don't mean to shut yourself up, do you, except when visitors come? You are going to dine with us, are you not?"

"To-day you will give us the pleasure of your company, I hope?" said Melissa, approaching with that galling graciousness which some persons assume when they intend to mark at once their own kindness and the inferiority of the individual whom they are addressing; "to-morrow, if you please, we can resume our usual habits."

Mrs. Chester bowed as though she were replying to a courtesy. "I have promised Mr. Lee," said she, very quietly, "to remain with his daughter so long as the party only consists of her family circle; if you should have other visitors, I shall beg you to have the goodness to excuse me, as I do not wish to enter into general society."

Melissa was silent, and felt herself baffled for the moment, though she inwardly resolved to return to the attack at some future period. "I never heard of such a thing," said she, mentally, "as a governess not dining at luncheon!"

So this was her first grievance; and many are the domestic wars which have sprung from smaller causes than this. If the grievances of most people could be properly dissected and examined, I verily believe that the majority of them would be found to owe their offensiveness simply to their novelty. Human nature can bear a great deal, but it cannot bear to see a shawl fastened behind instead of in front!

In the evening, Melissa devoted herself to a sort of catechism of Ida, with the object of discovering, as far as she could, what were the principal defects in Percy's eccentric system of education. Having ascertained that she drew and played, the next question was, "What sort of a French master could be procured in that out-of-the-way place?"

"I had no French master," said Ida, "papa and Madeline taught me."

"No French master!" cried her aunt; "dear me! But how did you acquire the accent?"

"I am afraid I have not acquired it at all," returned Ida, smiling. "I cannot speak any language easily except English, because I learned all the languages I know in order to read, not in order to speak. Papa said I should learn to speak very quickly if I went to the country, and that I should not require it till then."

Melissa, who thought accent vastly more important than literature, exercised great self-command, and changed the subject. "I suppose you read a great deal, when you are at home?" said she; "you must have had so much time. I quite envy you the repose of your life—the perfect leisure. How often have I sighed for the power to spend weeks and months in uninterrupted study!"

"Have you indeed?" asked Ida, looking at her with a kind of awe. "Oh, I should get so tired of it!" Melissa looked a little disconcerted, and her niece proceeded: "But what is it that has prevented you from doing so, aunt Melissa?"

"The claims of the world, my love, and a thousand occupations which it would be impossible to explain now. I have been sadly shut out from all my favourite pursuits and tastes, but I have always been literary at heart. *Now* I hope I may be able to allow myself a little indulgence; we will read and draw together. I suppose your father was very particular as to what you read, was he not? You were never allowed to read any novels, I suppose?"

"O dear, yes!" cried Ida, "a great many! I am *so* fond of them!"

"Indeed!" (with a sorely puzzled expression), "and, pray, what have you read?"

"Undine, and Minstrel Love, and Thiodolf, and Ivo, and Verena, and The Old Man's Home, and Amy Herbert——"

"But, my dear child," interrupted Melissa, "those are not novels."

"Are they not?" asked Ida; "I thought novels were stories. Well, then, there were the Waverly novels, which papa used to read to me. I did not read those to myself. And Miss Austen's novels. Oh, aunt Melissa! how pleasant it is to think about those things, after one has read them! I can think of them all in this dear old place; Sir Walter Scott for the avenue and the moat, and Miss Austen for the parlours and bedrooms, and La Motte Fouqué for the chapel. I think if Sir Walter Scott had been a painter, he would have been just like Cattermole; and Miss Austen like one of the Dutch painters, only with refinement; and Fouqué—oh! I don't know what likeness to find for him!—he is more like a musician than a painter. It is very strange that there should be no painter at once spiritual and romantic, like him. I wonder why it should be impossible for painting to express two lines of thought at once. What is the reason of it, aunt Melissa?"

This speech was rather puzzling to Miss Lee, and as she did not exactly know how to answer it, she contented herself with remarking that, *she* did not perceive anything Dutch about the parlours and bedrooms of Evelyn Manor; an observation which caused at least as much bewilderment in Ida's mind as Ida had caused in hers. Presently, the elder lady returned to her catechism. "You had not much society at Croye, I suppose? Were you not rather dull sometimes?"

Ida's eyes glistened as she remembered, on the contrary, how perfectly happy she had been. "We had a great deal of society," answered she, gently, "we knew everybody in the village."

"But, surely," said the exclusive Miss Melissa, in considerable surprise, "there were not more than two or three visitable people?"

"Two or three!" reiterated Ida. "There was the clergyman, and Madeline, and the old sexton, and, let me see, how many—three, four, five shopkeepers, and all the poor people."

Melissa stared, and Mrs. Chester laughed outright. "My dear Ida," said she, "you have not exactly understood your aunt. You have lived so out of the world that you don't know that when one speaks of society one does not mean interchange of kindnesses."

"No, exactly," interposed Melissa, perfectly unconscious of the slight tone of sarcasm; "one means friends and acquaintance—people to visit."

"But we *did* visit them all," persisted Ida; "and all of them—that is, as many as liked, and had behaved well—used to come to the house on feast days; and some of them were quite friends, and all were acquaintance."

"But not on an equality, my dear; that is nonsense, you know," said Melissa, quite crossly, oppressed by the difficulty of combining a proper degree of refinement with a proper degree of charity, a problem which has puzzled wiser brains than hers.

"Oh, no, not on an equality," returned Ida, somewhat thoughtfully; "very few of them could be on an equality with papa."

Mrs. Chester understood perfectly well the grounds upon which Ida was judging, and, afraid lest the next moment she should announce that the old sexton was far superior to herself, and so complete the hopelessness of her aunt's bewilderment, interposed with a remark upon the natural beauties of Croye.

"Oh, yes!" observed Melissa, with a faint drawl of sentiment; "among those scenes, such a home circle as Ida's must have left nothing to be wished. But you must have missed that dear, respectable Mr. Becket terribly. With all his eccentricities, he was so thoroughly amiable, that it was impossible not to grow very fond of him; and when the heart is good, it is so easy to excuse a few errors of the head."

Mrs. Chester smiled an artificial smile; and as for Ida, from the moment in which Mr. Becket's name was mentioned, she had been so busy in restraining her inclination to weep, that the meaning of the last part of the sentence was quite lost upon her. This was particularly fortunate; for if she had understood it, it is probable that the burst of her indignation might have frightened aunt Melissa.

Shortly after this, the clock struck ten; and the

party separated for the night. Melissa detained Mrs. Chester as she was about to follow her pupil from the room, and inquired, with a mysterious air, "how far Miss Lee was aware of the position in which Mr. Clayton Lee's will had left her?"

"She is perfectly ignorant on the subject," was the reply. "Her father thought that it would expose her to very painful embarrassment to know the view with which the family was to assemble on her eighteenth birthday: and as her choice must, after all, be determined by her own feelings, it would, moreover, be perfectly unnecessary."

"But does she not know, then," asked Melissa, "to what she exposes herself if she should, by chance, reject both her cousins?"

"It would make no difference if she did," answered Mrs. Chester, coldly, "except that she would probably feel very uncomfortable in their society."

"Of course it would make no difference," echoed Melissa, in a dissatisfied tone. And the two ladies exchanged a somewhat distant "good-night."

Madeline moved slowly up stairs, her hand to her forehead, and an expression of scorn and bitterness upon her fine features. What had she not endured that evening! and with what was she contrasting it! Yet the scorn was almost more towards herself than towards her hostess; and she felt inexpressibly humiliated in her own eyes, that her position during that evening should have appeared to her humiliating. "No more freedom!" said she to herself—"no more beauty! I am in trammels again; and these years of peace and purity have done nothing for me; but the body is still stronger than the spirit, and the will is but like a caged tiger, and ready to assert its unchanged nature the instant the bars are broken. What a life! And now for the daily encounter with weakness, pettiness, earthliness, and the daily deterioration. Is it then only the cloister and the vow which can keep the heart really pure? What shall I say to my Ida, and what will she say to me? How repulsive, how inconceivable must all this be to her! And how will it work upon her? and how shall I meet her innocent comments? I suppose I must be charitable—that is, hypocritical; for it is nothing else in such a case. For the first time I really dread to see her!"

She entered the room to receive her usual parting embrace, and Ida turned towards her that bright, serene face, and greeted her eagerly. "Oh, Madeline!" said she, "what self-command my aunt Melissa has!"

Madeline opened her dark eyes to their widest extent.

"How calmly," pursued Ida, "she spoke of papa, and of—of—Mr. Becket; and I am so weak, I can scarcely name either of them without crying. Oh! how I hope I shall gain strength as I grow older!"

Madeline folded her in her arms, and kissed her tenderly. "God bless you, my darling child!" said she, and went to her own room, weeping.

Let any one compare his present impression of a book or a person which he has known all his life with the impression which he had of the same book or person in his childhood. What is the great difference? It is the quantity of evil which he now sees, and which he then did not suspect;—it is the thorn ever springing up, and no angel's touch to turn it to a flower. For the charity of innocence is perfect; it beholds the shadow, but thinks only of the light which casts it.

Yet it was curious to see how an unconscious reserve grew up in Ida towards her aunt; after that first evening she never prattled before her in the same unrestrained manner; instinct was to her as perfect a guide as the tact which it is generally supposed that long acquaintance with the world must teach. Depend upon it, that the finer feelings have a natural armour, which grows upon them as closely as the epidermis which covers the delicately-tinted shell, and which is, like that, the result of an encounter with rough and injurious elements. It is grievous, doubtless, that this should be necessary; yet surely it is better that those rainbow colours should be hidden, than that they should be tarnished. The "perfect simplicity," as it is sometimes called, which is for ever running its head against the walls of this wicked world, and then craving pity for its wounds, is either half-conscious, and then, of course, *not* perfect simplicity, or else wanting in delicacy of organization. The bee avoids the odour which is too gross for her; she does not fly into the midst of it, and then swoon away. And the woman who has once been ridiculed for an unguarded expression of feeling has only herself to thank if she a second time encounters the same mockery. It is true that there are many cases in which she *must* encounter it, either because duty commands her, or because the motive urging to it is more powerful than that which deters from it. But these are beside the question. It is true also that impulse is sometimes stronger and quicker than the most sensitive instinct, and the evil is done before we are aware of it; but this will not often be the case where the agony which results from the blunder is genuine and keen. So Ida went on unconsciously wrapping all the deep and beautiful things of her heart within its inmost folds, and not knowing why she felt so weary.

"My dear John," said Melissa to her brother, on the first evening, after she had dismissed Mrs. Chester, "I am very anxious to hear your impression of our guests. *That* Mrs. Chester! I cannot say that I like her looks at all; she is quite a gentleman's beauty, of course, but she has a most unpleasant expression, as gentlemen's beauties generally have, and I am afraid I shall have a good deal of trouble with her. She is evidently thoroughly imbued with all Percy's strange notions, and I suspect she is very determined; and it is quite clear that she does not know her own position at all. As to our sweet little niece, she is very pretty, and I fancy she is a dear, amiable creature. But, between ourselves, I rather think she has scarcely the usual quantity of abilities. I should not say so to any body else; but I am afraid she is deficient. She has evidently no mind at all."

"I don't care for mind," was uncle John's only answer. And it was not wonderful that he said so; for his notion of "mind" was—his sister Melissa!

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

AMIDST convulsions scarcely paralleled in the history of modern Europe, in a city where the most fearful tragedies were being enacted; apart from all participation in the state of France, Chateaubriand, one of her most gifted sons, has departed full of years and full of peace. This ardent lover of his country, who has witnessed more changes, associated with more *célèbres*, and taken more share in the administration of France than any other individual now living, has been removed from the theatre on which he long played so various and so distinguished a part. He leaves behind him memoirs that promise to be valuable indeed, detailing, as they will do, the events of his singularly interesting career. In the mean while, a brief sketch of the Life, Writings, Death, and Burial of this famous author may be acceptable to many.

François René Auguste de Chateaubriand was born at St. Malo, on the 4th September, 1769, in the Rue des Juifs. The house then inhabited by his parents, is the present Hotel de France, and is near the dwelling in which M. de Lamennais first saw the light. His eldest brother accompanied the infant to the cathedral as his godfather; by rather a singular coincidence, the son of that brother attended as chief-mourner on the occasion of the poet's funeral; and the same bells which joyfully pealed to announce the birth of Chateaubriand, were heard on the 18th June, 1848, after a space of eighty years, tolling for the return of the wanderer! Chateaubriand was brought up chiefly at the Chateau de Combourg, near Fougères, where the first years of his life were passed in the society of a beloved sister. He commenced his studies at Dol, and continued them at Rennes, where he met with Moreau, afterwards the distinguished general, and shared the apartment of the poet Parny. Although designed in youth for the priesthood, Chateaubriand embraced the profession of arms. At the early age of seventeen, he was a lieutenant in an infantry regiment of Navarre, but he was elevated to the rank of captain of cavalry, at the time of his presentation to the king, that he might enjoy the right of appearing at court in a coach. It will be apparent from the fact of his early admission into the army, that Chateaubriand's studies never were completed; and to this may be attributed the frequent inequalities of his style, which gave rise to the well-known words of Necker, who said, in speaking of the *Génie du Christianisme*, "The most feeble critic could easily correct its faults, yet the most powerful writer could with difficulty imitate its beauties."

At the end of the last century, the revolutionary storm which was gathering in the distance determined many noble families to emigrate; Chateaubriand resolved to visit America, and went there towards the end of 1791, with the hope of discovering a passage to the Indies through the north-west pole of the new world; being decided, in his own words, to push his way to the pole in as straight a line as from Paris to St. Cloud. On reaching Philadelphia, the young Frenchman presented himself at the residence of the illustrious President of the United States; no liveried lacqueys crowded the ante-rooms; one simply attired servant opened the door, and Chateaubriand was in the presence of Washington. M. de Chateaubriand explained his projects. Washington listened in surprise, and spoke of the difficulties of the undertaking; but the intrepid voyager replied, "It cannot be so difficult to discover a polar passage, as to create a people, which you have done."

"Well, well," said Washington, "we will see, young man," at the same time extending his hand.

Chateaubriand pressed eagerly forward in the career he had chosen; his imagination became more and more heated, his mind more and more filled with enthusiasm. It was now that he gave the world the result of his observations in a poetical prose work (if we may use the term), which he called, after the name of the scenes it portrayed, *Les Natches*. The youth of the author, and the novelty of the subject, must be considered before we condemn the exaggerated nature of the style. It is the first fruits of a too vivid imagination, in which we ever and anon perceive brilliant flashes of that genius which became afterwards so sensibly refined. In the year 1792, the romantic idea of crossing the American continent as far as the Pacific Ocean, was abandoned as soon as the rumour of a war, in which the interests of his country were at stake, reached his ears. Chateaubriand hastened to join Condé's army, and we are told that, "in the course of one of the Prussian marches, the King of Prussia met a young soldier with his knapsack on his back, and an old musket in his hands. 'Where are you going?' asked his majesty. 'To fight,' replied the soldier. 'By that answer,' rejoined the monarch, 'I recognise one of the noblesse of France.' He saluted him, and passed on. The soldier's name has since become immortal. It was François Chateaubriand."

Being wounded by the bursting of a bomb at the siege of Thionville, and at the same time very much out of health, Chateaubriand retired to England, and was compelled to labour for his subsistence. Between the hours devoted to tuition, he composed his *Essai sur les Révolutions*. The pages of this work breathe a spirit of bitterness, misanthropy, scepticism, and even infidelity. The young author was not yet in possession of that blessed principle of faith and trust, which lightens all calamities. Some minor works, tinctured, if not deeply imbued, with the vain philosophy of the day, had already appeared; but the time was approaching when this wasted genius was to be turned into purer paths, and to rely on brighter hopes than it had yet found. The death of his mother in circumstances of great misery, and the warning message of affection she sent her son through his sister, made a lasting impression on Chateaubriand's heart. Before the awful message reached him, Madame de Farcy (his sister) had followed her beloved mother; and the

gifted Breton hasted to give the world evidence of his conversion by becoming the panegyrist of Christianity. *Le Génie du Christianisme* came out at a well-timed moment, and this increased its influence. There was a lack of faith abroad, joined to an earnest seeking after consolation, and where could this be found more surely than in the one inexhaustible source of firm trust in the sublime truths of religion? With the doctrinal errors of this, the best production of Chateaubriand, we stay not now to contend. It was written by a member of the Church of Rome, and addressed to Roman Catholic readers; therefore, its benefits should have been great to *them*, and it must be deemed a valuable addition to literature, from the singular richness and fervour of its diction.

When Napoleon signed a convention with the pope, Cardinal Fesch was sent to Rome as ambassador, and Chateaubriand accompanied him as secretary. In 1804 he accepted the situation of minister-plenipotentiary at Valais, but the outrage committed on the Duc d'Enghien destroying all remnants of his adherence to the existing powers, he sent in his resignation. He now undertook that voyage to which we are indebted for "*Les Martyres*," published in 1809. "*L'Itinéraire*" was brought out in 1811. These works are written in a spirit of zeal, as if the author was anxious that all should participate in his own deep conviction of the realities of religion. In 1811 Chateaubriand was appointed to occupy the chair at the Institution, vacant by the death of M. Chenier; but it was well known that, in consequence of some passages offensive to the Emperor, which Chateaubriand would not retract, he was not allowed to lecture at the Academy; consequently, he was elected, but not admitted.

The events of the year 1814, a year of disasters for France, placed Chateaubriand in a less doubtful position as to his real sentiments, and enabled him to evince a fervent attachment to the Bourbon cause, which had as yet only been suspected. Scarcely, however, had the year elapsed, when Napoleon escaping from Elba and advancing to the Tuileries, forced Louis XVIII. to leave France, escorted by the flower of his nobility. Amongst the Breton nobles, Chateaubriand was conspicuous for his loyal adherence to the exiled monarch. He had recently been named ambassador to Stockholm, but now followed the king to Ghent. In July, 1815, he was a minister of state; on the 19th of August following he was created a peer of France, and received a member of the Academy the 21st March, 1816. From this period he engaged in the editorship of many periodicals, besides publishing several works, the principal of which are, "*Rapport sur l'Etat de France;*" "*De la Monarchie selon la Charte;*" "*De la Censure;*" "*De l'Abolition de la Censure;*" "*Lettres à un Pair de France.*"

Under the restoration, Viscount de Chateaubriand held many high diplomatic situations. The best proof that can be afforded of the integrity with which he fulfilled his duties, is the fact, that on leaving these employments he was less rich than when he entered upon them. Inaction was unknown to him; neither age nor vicissitudes ever weakened his taste for the labours of literature. He gave the world, in rapid succession, "*Les Etudes Historiques;*" "*Moïse;*" "*Essai sur la Poesie Anglaise;*" and a volume called "*Le Congrès de Vérone.*" In this last the style is severe and biting; as is the case with many of the author's late writings. There only remains for us now to mention a recent work, viz. "*La Vie de l'Abbé de Rancé.*" This is a life of the once celebrated reformer of La Trappe, the severest of monastic orders. M. Jules Janin, in speaking of this work, expresses surprise that the charming poet who had scattered so many fragrant blossoms over the thorny road of Christianity—the eloquent author of the "Martyrs"—the ingenious writer of the original fiction "Atala"—should have dreamt of drawing from oblivion the fearful *Réformateur de la Trappe;* "but," continues this able, though often caustic critic, "it is the privilege of great minds to give light and life to all that comes under the influence of their genius; and the mysterious life of a self-condemned martyr, giving rise to a sad curiosity, pleased M. de Chateaubriand's imagination."

It must ever be the privilege of genius to judge of genius; we shall not, therefore, pursue the comments we have made on Chateaubriand's writings. Those who are desirous of knowing what effect his talents produced on other men of eminence, can find the evidence they seek in the pages of Geoffroy, Dussaulx, Lacretelle, Necker, Barthelemy, Hugo, and Sainte Beuve.

On the 3d of September, 1828, after a visit of some length to his native Brittany, M. de Chateaubriand signified to the mayor of St. Malo his wish, after his death, to be buried within the precincts of his native town, in these terms:—

"I have to request the town will grant me, at the furthest point of the Grand Bay, and on the rock which advances most into the sea, a little corner of earth, just sufficiently large to contain my coffin. I shall have it consecrated, and enclosed by an iron railing; there, when it pleases God, I shall repose, under the protection of my townsmen."

Much surprise has been felt that this celebrated man should have chosen for his sepulchre this distant rock, which the ocean bathes with restless waves. The explanation of this somewhat romantic idea must be sought in remembering the early impressions made on his warm temperament. We know that the love of our country often grows deeper when necessity separates us from its enjoyments; and that, as age advances, we remember with ever increasing delight the associations of our childhood's home. That spot of rock is visible from the window of the house where the young François was born, and from those rooms his infant ear must first have heard the roaring waves—most especially from a loophole on the roof; Chateaubriand, when confined to a turret, for some trifling error, used to beguile the lonely hours by passing his head through the narrow aperture, and contemplating the adjacent rocks, with feelings easily

understood by those who have been privileged to hear him describe them. On the 4th July, 1848, in the 79th year of his age, Chateaubriand died.

As Chateaubriand approached the termination of his days, he retired into a sad and solemn majesty of manner, and a silence which seemed anticipatory of the tomb: yet he was far from remaining insensible to what passed around. All that breathed of religion, devotion, valour, moved him deeply. He wept, wept his last tears on being informed of the heroic death of the Archbishop of Paris, and in listening to the detailed exploits of a young and brave citizen.

After his fervent love of God, M. de Chateaubriand had three objects next his heart—honour, liberty, and France. Religion is the shining ornament of his literary glory. He was a sincere Christian; his heart was no less convinced than his reason; he believed because he had suffered. "I have faith," he would say, with closed eyes, "and I would be a martyr with joy." We cannot doubt this, for no one was ever more ready to sacrifice his temporal interests, by a faithful adherence to his principles. He made many such sacrifices to honour, that second object, which was the essence of his moral being, and had ever been the hereditary gift of his ancestors. After the revolution of 1830, when the victorious party carried him in triumph, shouting "Long live the defender of the liberty of the press," honour induced Chateaubriand to renounce all dignities, fortune and political influence. Bound by respect for his oath, more strongly than tempted by the promises of flattery, he remained firm in his independence and fidelity, at the same time retaining the unanimous respect of all parties.

France can boast few sons of whom she is more proud, or who were so devoted to her true interests. In speaking of his country, which he calls "*Mon cher pays, et mon premier amour,*" Chateaubriand's voice became thrillingly tender; he loved to look back and talk of her heroes, her ancient standard was his. Whatever added to her renown, attracted his sympathy and attention. We shall read in his "Memoires" (a work which his death will lay open to us) that Napoleon always found in M. de Chateaubriand a powerful and consistent enemy. Yet when fortune turned, and the emperor was exiled and unhappy, we shall see that he had words of tender regret for the great captive of St. Helena. In private life, Chateaubriand had none of the solemnity and gloom which characterize some of his works. His language in conversation was like his manners, extremely elegant, yet simple. He possessed a quiet gaiety, a charming ease, an affable serenity of deportment. These qualities were never lessened by illness, by trials, or by the approach of death. If M. de Chateaubriand might be considered the model of a christian, of a soldier, of a patriot, he may also be said to be a perfect type of a Breton, loyal-hearted, noble, sincere, firm, even a little tinctured with bluntness. Brittany was very dear to him, it was connected with all the recollections of childhood, all the reveries of youth, and now the last proof of his attachment to his native town is given us—on one of its rocks, he has bequeathed to it his tomb. That rock is henceforward to be named "Chateaubriand's Isle."

In concluding this sketch, a few particulars are added of the funeral of this lamented author; which we have received, not merely from an eye witness, but from one who has borne a prominent part in the ceremony:—

"St. Malo presented on Tuesday, the 18th July, a most animated appearance. That day the mortal remains of François René Auguste, Viscount de Chateaubriand, late minister of state, ambassador, peer of France, &c. &c. &c., were received with due honours of the cathedral. Troops of national guards from Rennes, and various other towns, poured into St. Malo, and were ready to accompany the *cortège* to its place in the church. Appropriate and touching speeches were made by the Abbé Roquette, who had attended the body from Paris, and replied to by the Curé of St. Malo. The sympathies of the French are so warm that their eloquence is from the heart, and appeals to the hearts of their auditors, and on this occasion there were few eyelids unmoistened during these impassioned lamentations for the illustrious dead. The body laid in the cathedral, amidst its funereal decorations, till the following day. Every one was admitted into the chapel, and the concourse of persons surpassed any previous number known in the church. On the following morning, Wednesday the 19th, 30,000 persons flocked into the town, deputations of national guards for miles round; the troops were all under arms, the officers of the custom-house, of the artillery, of the infantry, all met in one grand crowd. An immense body of clergy from neighbouring parishes assisted at the mass, where the members of the different courts of justice, the préfet, and municipal authorities were assembled. At length the *cortège*, escorted by the whole body of armed troops, preceded and followed by music, moved on. The hearse, drawn by six magnificent black horses, covered with crape, was adorned simply, yet with grandeur. The procession wended slowly towards *Le Grand Bey*, passing the *Rue de Dinan*, the *Rue de Thoulouse*, and coasting along the magnificent ramparts of the city, to the *Porte St. Vincent*. Then going down by the new casino to the strand, the cortège proceeded towards *Le Grand Bey*, by a route closely cut between the rocks. At the foot of *the* rock, the sailors of the guard, taking the coffin in their arms, carried it reverently to its last resting place. Streamers, bearing the titles of Chateaubriand's principal works, floated around the spot chosen for his tomb. At this moment, the roaring peal of cannons, the volleys discharged by the infantry, mingled with the religious chants of the priesthood. When the coffin was lowered into the narrow cavity, prepared for its reception so many years before, an indefinable sensation of gloom spread through the crowd, and was manifested by a solemn silence which reigned some moments; during the ceremony of sprinkling holy

water over the coffin, the assembly, as if *one man*, inclined their heads with reverence.

Surely, not one of those who assisted at this funeral can ever forget its sublime poetry, those varied groups scattered thickly along the strand, and picturesquely winding up the rock; on the walls, on the roofs, at the windows, thousands; an army in battle array upon the shore; the imposing re-union of priests, of magistrates, of military, of academicians—all this multitudinous *life*, all this breathing world, gathered around *one tomb*, under the canopy of a sky without clouds, and in the centre of an ocean without bounds. A. D. G.

HALT IN THE BLACK FOREST.

A RETROSPECTIVE SKETCH.

We who live long, live much in the past; we turn with lingering fondness to those scenes which we have left behind, and draw from the hidden treasures of memory, thoughts and recollections,—sweet and bitter thoughts, that, like the miser's gold, become more engrossing, though more useless, as we drop into the vale of years. Objects, which at first sight were too exciting, are now so much softened by time and distance as to be viewed without emotion; while others that hardly attracted our notice in our upward pilgrimage, have acquired a beauty, a force, and importance, to which it is now impossible to shut the eye. Like the harsh, abrupt features of Alpine regions, that seem to frown as we approach, but soften as we recede from them; the map of life, viewed retrospectively, seems to have changed its character; its asperities are softened or even beautified; and we perceive many lovely flowers, which, with the haste of youthful travellers, we had left behind us unnoticed, unadmired,—but which now, in our advanced stage, exert a marked influence both on the mind and heart. We all know, that, in retracing our steps by the very path on which we first set out, such features have been presented to the eye, such thoughts pressed upon the heart, that what we had imagined stale and familiar, has become fair, fresh, and original.

Thus, in retracing the pilgrimage of life, we detect the errors of our former course; beauties that our impatience for novelty did not permit us to notice or appreciate; opportunities left unimproved, friendships uncultivated, love that we did not, or could not return; gifted minds, graceful forms, the good, the brave, the fair, all crossing our path like shadows in the twilight, speaking their own language, and calling up memories sad, sweet, or bitter. These are felt, and heard more or less audibly, according to circumstances. In solitude they speak in all their solemnity—not that solitude which is the mere absence of society, and which the next evening may repair; but that solitude which a long absent traveller feels, while standing amidst the tombs of kindred and friends, whose voices, like echoes from another world, still linger in his ear.

I am led into these reflections by suddenly finding myself, after an absence of *twenty years*, in an old dilapidated *Schloss* in the Hercynian Forest. I have seen much, travelled far, since then; but the incidents connected with the spot where I now stand, fancy had woven into a sort of magic chain, which has stood proof against the shocks of fortune, and the oblivious influence of time and climate. * * *

My first inquiries, as I came in sight of its pine-clad heights, were directed to the old postilion, who smoked vigorously in front of my *drosky*, and whom I had left a stalwart, ruddy-faced youth. But the stiffness with which he turned round on his saddle to satisfy my queries, showed that they applied to a generation long past, and that the household of "the good queen," as she was emphatically called, were nearly all gone to their rest.

"But the chaplain," I inquired, "how fares that worthy man?"

"Ah, we lost him at Christmas. The snow lay heavy on the ground, a cottage roof in the forest fell in upon its helpless inmates. Our pastor started from his warm bed at the first cry of '*help*;' and after effecting their rescue, returned home, became suddenly ill, and died. We all followed him to the grave, and it was sad to see the poor family he had saved from destruction, weeping over his remains."

"And his own family——?"

"All have been provided for by the good queen."

At this instant the old rumbling vehicle that had brought me thus far, like a ship in sight of harbour, suddenly broke down, but with no material injury, unless to *Schwager's* pipe, which, by a sudden effort to recover his equilibrium, had received a deadly fracture in the bowl! He looked at it for a moment with inexpressible sorrow and then taking leisurely from his pocket a bunch of cords, set about repairing the *drosky*.

I walked forward in a slow, contemplative mood; but long before I again heard the "rumbling of wheels," I was quietly seated in the *speiss-saal*, which in former days I had often seen crowded with guests. Every thing was in its usual place, but every thing was time-worn and decrepit. The very forks and spoons on the white table-cloth before me, had each lost a prong, or a part of its bowl; so that they were now so blunt or shallow, as to be of little use, unless in very deliberate feasting. But in their metal they bore many marks of hot and faithful service in the refectory. Nothing, in short, appeared what it was in the days of "the good queen,"[1] twenty years ago.

At length, I reminded my old landlord of our former intimacy. The recognition was received with a tear for the good queen—for my name recalled times and circumstances, when he stood behind her majesty's chair, in blue and silver, and handed her the small glass of Malaga after the first course. "Yes," he said, "those were days when an honest man could live by his industry, and the countenance of the good queen." Well might he say so, for in his own case the queen's favour had left him master of the 'Weissen

(1) The late Queen of ——, Princess Royal of ——.

Schwann.' Like that of a good planet, the light of her countenance was felt as a blessing. Her life was one long summer day of charity; but the recipients of her bounty were strictly forbidden to name the author—except in their prayers! But He who seeth in secret, will reward her openly. With the outward majesty of exalted birth and station, she united the inward beneficence of angelic natures. Wherever she moved, whatever she did, she had the tribute of gratitude and admiration. She rewarded the industrious, encouraged the timid, provided liberally for the widow, portioned the orphan, pensioned the old and infirm, patronized merit, promoted the happiness of all. But as she sought not the praise of man, we shall not offend her gentle spirit by an empty parade of virtues, which, we may humbly trust, have attained their reward in heaven.

* * * *

'Here is her palace—let us take a stroll through the desolate apartments;' and an old servant went limping across the grass-grown court, to open the gate. The experiment, however, was of difficult accomplishment; lock and key were now so rusty, and so little acquainted, that neither strength nor ingenuity could induce them to act in concert; and, leaving the *yager* to continue the struggle, and inform me of the result, I made a little circuit through the grounds, where the tutelary genius still resides, and where every rock is inscribed with the name and virtues of the good queen.

I entered the "*Rose garten;*" but a luxuriant crop of weeds had smothered its roses; and the *Leissen* vines that used to fall in rich clustered festoons over the white trellis-work, had now escaped from the trainer's hand, and presented nothing but masses of wild luxuriance. The flowers too, as if for the want of better companionship, had formed a close alliance with the weeds, unprofitably gay. Alas, for the degradation! evil communication had tarnished their lustre, and in a few years more, the "Pæstan rose "will have degenerated into a wild-briar!

'But how strong come the tobacco fumes from that leafy corner!' It is from the ample pipe of old Gottfried, who every day meets the sun on that rustic seat, and seldom quits it till after sunset. It was a favourite seat of the good queen—the laurel under which it stands, was planted by her own hand; and there this faithful creature spends his life, in praying for his royal mistress. But "prayers for the dead," the Chaplain tells him, "are not lawful!" "Ay—that's as you think," says Gotfried; "you're a very young chaplain!"

Round an old plaster cast of her majesty, that once adorned an alcove in the forest, the grateful pensioner has trained a rose-tree, which he waters night and morning; and from this, as the greatest honour he could confer on a sympathizing stranger, he broke off one of the largest buds, and placed it in my hand—in memory of the "good queen!"

We next, by a steep winding road, proceeded to the temple, an *octagon*, encircled by a broad terraced walk, overhung by thick foliage, and commanding the highest and most romantic views of the Forest. Hither the "good queen" and her little court used to retire every evening during the summer, to drink tea under the verandah, and listen to the sweetest music that Handel, Haydn, and Mozart ever composed. How those evenings linger in the memory! I recal, at this distant period, the expression of every countenance. I hear the wild bugle-notes answered by the babbling echoes in the far distant recesses of the forest; then the soft melodies of harp and lute; but sweeter still, as the evening stole on, and the shadows deepened, the "nightingale's high note," and "gushing ecstasies of song." At length, as the dews fell, and the flowers gave out their perfume, we descended to the forest-palace, lingering by the way, and still loth to exchange the sweet air, and brilliant canopy of heaven, for the palace refectory. One evening I well remember—for the queen's ladies, in innocent frolic, as we descended from the temple, took my hat, encircled it with a chain of glow-worms, which abounded in that neighbourhood, replaced it on my head, and then commanding me "to light them home," followed me, in a laughing procession, through the palace gate. I see their sweet merry faces still; and many a pleasant allusion they made to the mystic tiara with which they crowned me. It was a crown, indeed, but a crown of which we saw the brightness, without feeling the weight!

But I must not indulge in episode—I am speaking of *changes!* And how changed is this little temple of the Dryad, since the days of "the good queen!" Nature is fast resuming the little territory borrowed from her demesne. She has replanted her roots, and grasses in the pavement—her lichens on the roof—her briars in the fissures, and every day the traces of Art are becoming more and more effaced. But thither, in grateful bands, the peasants of the Forest resort every "birthday," as if to a shrine on which, as on adamant, the name and memory of "the good queen" are indelibly engraved. Fortuitous wealth and station may command the homage of slaves, but it is only when lofty station is adorned by lofty virtues, that it touches the honest heart, and, next to heaven, inspires us with love, reverence, gratitude, and admiration. Yet it requires no little experience of life to discriminate between the glittering tinsel, and the pure gold, in society; for true worth is so unassuming, its opposite so obtrusive, that it is often difficult to distinguish between the substance and its shadow.

* * * *

A drosky-drive through the forest, halting here and there; contrasting the past with the present; talking with the fine old peasantry, with their three-cocked hats, blue coats with buttons "large, and round as my shield," buckskin nether garments, gray hose, shoes, or *sabots*, tanned or untanned—one driving his oxen a-field—another following the plough or waggon, as ancient in harness and manufacture, as the days of "Henry the Fowler,"—a third keeping watch over a motley flock of goats and geese, the latter very noisy, and the former full of gambols—such were the moving

features that diversified a landscape, rich in all that could have inspired, in turn, a Claude, a Poussin, or a Salvator. Then the troops of children, with their antique dresses—all little men and little women of the last century, long, fair, plaited locks, here passing quietly with a musical *Gut-Morgen*, or there screaming and scrambling down the rocks over head, as I scattered a few *kreutzers* among them. The landscape was full of life, so it was *twenty years* before! and these were the children's children of those days, for whom schools were built, and endowed by "the good queen."

As we passed on, not a seat, rock, or grotto but had its association. To yonder leafy recess I used to fly with my bundle of letters from England, and there, free from all intrusion, consume the long mornings of July in delicious reveries of home—my own hearth, the now angelic being who had so recently added a new era to my earthly existence, and absence from whom kept up a continued struggle between my love for her, and my loyalty to——.

I sat down on the same rocky seat: the sentiments I had there indulged seemed for an instant vividly restored: the same trees threw their leafy canopy over my head; the same stream rose bubbling from the rock; the same flowers perfumed its border; the same timid bird, as I thought, sang from the boughs; the same troop of goats frolicked past in all their bearded gravity: the screaming urchins that followed, had the same looks, the same flaxen locks, the same musical voices! It appeared as if only a day had intervened between my visit and revisit to ——ach. But no! as I turned away my eyes, and caught my own shadow in the clear pool—clear and limpid as a mirror—it was no Narcissus, but a wrinkled old man that looked upwards, upbraiding me for wilful waste of time—strength misapplied—talents unimproved! I turned hastily away (for nothing is so cutting as reproach armed with truth), muttering, "Am I not the victim of loyalty, and proud of the martyrdoms?"

Thus re-established in self-esteem, I started up, and with a quickened step proceeded towards the old *Schloss*—for mirrors, like friends, may lose favour even by their very faithfulness. A long shadowy vista through the forest, opened before me; and there, so strongly was the scene imprinted on my mind, that I could almost have sworn that I saw the good queen and her royal brother[1] entering the avenue, as they used to do *twenty years ago!* There, in the old "black and orange livery," sat the two postilions, mounted on two Holsteiners of the royal stud, and behind, two whiskered *yagers* in green and gold, whose spirited steeds, eager to escape control, were curvetting and caprioling from side to side.—But no! these scenes have passed away—'twas only their shadows, a mental *mirage*—for the very path was obliterated. The trees had thrown forth their boughs, and embraced in the centre of the road, while the surface was thickly carpeted over with interlacing shrubs, weeds, and wild honeysuckle. The faint traces of wheels were all that the eye could discover, all that identified this favourite, but long forsaken, drive with the days of "the good queen." The wide gap of twenty years yawned before me—rife with spectral illusions; the echoes had forgotten the "royal anthem;" the cortège had passed for ever; the last of the faithful yeomen of the chamber is the trainer of yonder solitary rose tree! Rocks, trees, all appeared, to my feelings, to be inscribed with *Ilium fuit!*

"Yes," I said, in a highly poetical mood, as I thought, "here are indelible proofs that every thing has changed since my time; but the last change I am likely to admit, is that which years have produced in myself. Has improvement kept pace with time?" Gentle reader, pause for an instant, and ask thyself that important question. Look at thyself, as I have done, in the fountain, and see what image presents itself!—*Aspice—respice—circumspice!*

Moralizing as we walked along, pronouncing short homilies on the transitory stamp of all things, royal or plebeian, we returned to the old palace. The door stood open; for, after a world of tugging and twisting, the bolts had answered to the huge rusty keys; and, with an air of great moderation in his triumph, old Gottfried ushered me into the silent hall; all was cold, damp, deserted.... After a struggle of "twenty years," the light had penetrated the old oaken corridors, black as ebony or *Erebus*, and thrown a pale, ghastly smile over the apartment, like a wandering sunbeam foreign to the spot, that has lost itself in a sepulchre. Portraits in rich, but rusty gilt frames—several of the royal family of England; vases with mutilated handles, that still tottered on their pedestals; mirrors, in which the brave and beautiful faces of Saxony had adjusted their locks for ball and banquet—when they came forth to make, and be made, captives—the richly *parqueted* floor had long lost its waxen polish, and now opened its once invisible seams, as if to facilitate intercourse with the chambers beneath. From the chair of state, the richly embroidered satin was falling off piecemeal; and, as I placed my hand thoughtfully on the venerable relic, a startled mouse sprang from her nest in the well-stuffed cushion! This little incident spoke volumes.

I walked with a hasty step into the banquet hall. It had still a hospitable look. The chairs, surmounted with carved and gilt lions, ducal and royal, stood around the walls, arranged in pairs. In the centre was the old round table, of ample circuit, and made of the common deal board, from which the investing damask had long been stript. Many a time, at the old-fashioned hour of one o'clock, have I seen "the good queen" enter these folding-doors, leaning on the right arm of her royal brother, and, surrounded by the *hoch-wohl-gebohren* of the land, take her seat at that board....

But as ludicrous images will intrude, even on our solemn contemplations, I could not look again at the old massive *bufet* without a vivid recollection of the worthy *maître d'hôtel*, who used to be its daily ornament. His grave looks and solemn deportment were

(1) The late king of——

a tacit rebuke to the perpetual smile and complaisance of the chaplain; he looked like Heraclitus reproving Democritus. But one day the latter had his revenge. It was this: a neighbouring prince and the late minister at —— having arrived, by express invitation, to spend the day with "the good queen," a state dinner was commanded at the late hour of *two*. The occasion was marked with the solemnity of an offering to the gods; there was more gold and silver on the table, less comfort and more silence around it. Two richly chased censers, or salvers, were burning, as usual, on the sideboard—throwing over the apartment a spicy perfume, which neutralized the less genial odour of the countless viands that made their circuit round the table in a perpetual revolution. These vessels, however, were not merely objects of ornament and luxury; they were useful, for, at the moment of handing the nicely anatomized morsels of *gibier* to the Hessian-booted lacqueys, that stood two-and-two at every chair, the *plats* were chafed for an instant over the flame that flashed and flickered in these golden vases. This little ceremony was managed with great neatness and precision by the officer at the table. In an unlucky moment, however, as he turned his back to the sideboard, his *perruque* caught a spark, and, whiz! phriz! the well-pomatumed curls burst into a sudden blaze.—The consternation was intense: every one instinctively applied his hand to his head—for there were several wigs at table—as if to ascertain how far the conflagration might extend. Only one old hussar, Narbonne, as he was called, rushed to the rescue; he had seen and stood much fire in his time, and, seizing a large silver bason, still dripping with cream, sprang to the sufferer, inverted it helmet-fashion on his head, and thrust him, blindfold, out of the *Saal*. For a moment etiquette was forgotten—every thing yields to accident; and what would otherwise have been a solemn, stately ceremonial, was converted into broad farce. The presence of "the good queen," however, repressed risibility; and at length the conversation appeared to embrace every thing but the real thoughts of the speaker. Gravity was restored; but when the worthy *maître d'hôtel*, who had a few minutes before gone out with a silver helmet, reappeared with a span new peruke on his head, the transformation was irresistible; for, being put on in haste, the wig was quite awry, and, coupled with the increased gravity of his expression, and the ludicrous character of the incident, the queen herself was overcome, and, yielding to the impulse, laughed heartily. I need not say what a relief this was to her loyal and illustrious guests, who were smothering with ill sustained efforts to suppress the laugh that now went freely round the circle.—Out of this little incident arose one of the pleasantest afternoons ever spent at ——; the coldness of etiquette was superseded by an air of cordiality, and if you happened to look in any face opposite, you were met with a smile of *sympathetic* recognition—thanks to the accidental ignition of the perruque.

The next object, in my "*voyage contemplatif*," that appealed to other times, was a small hexagon chamber, panelled with mirrors, called "the queen's boudoir." It was the sanctum to which she retired when desirous of being alone, or when some member of * * * family happened to be her guest; and then no member of her household had permission to enter but the Frau von R——er. She has also gone to her rest,—rest for which she ardently longed; for ever since the death of the queen, she had resigned herself to calm but irrecoverable melancholy, and now reposes at the feet of her royal mistress, in the funeral vault of the old Dukes of ——bourg... How many circumstances start forward in relief as I contemplate this favourite retreat! The only time I ever passed its threshold, was on the morning of the queen's return to ——bourg. It was six o'clock on the morning of an August day, cool, cloudless, and encouraging, when thoughts of the journey passed through my mind. The "Bohemian minstrels," as usual, were playing national airs under the window; for every one, in those days, went to sleep and awoke with the strains of patriotic music in his ears. The "good queen" looked pale and agitated as she explained the cause of her summons. Madame von R——er, too, looked sadder than usual; and her effort to repress emotion rendered it only more obvious. But the cause was apparent. The "good queen" was always thus affected in bidding farewell to ———, and this, there was too much reason to apprehend, would be her last visit to these peaceful shades. A presentiment of this, perhaps, weighed upon her mind; and it was not long before the presentiment was sadly verified. The morrow, too, was to be the parting day with her august brother; and the present, as too often happens, was damped by anticipations of the future. The morning, as I said, was cool and refreshing—with just sufficient air to waft abroad the mingling odours of those fruits and flowers that grew to luxuriance in this wilderness of sweets. It was a great day, but a sad day, among the peasants; the court-yard, the palace stairs, and long corridors, were filled with them; for in happy Saxony the peasant in 'hodden gray' is as free to pass the threshold of his paternal sovereign as the peer in his gold brocade. All were in holiday costume; it was a beautiful sight; in the court below, mothers were seen holding up their infants to the "good queen," who acknowledged, with a benignant smile, the simplest demonstrations of loyalty and affection. The very infants, stretching forth their tiny arms, seemed to do homage to her, whose beneficent heart, expanding in *works* of charity, was continually employed in laying plans for their future happiness. This was the unbought tribute of guileless, grateful hearts; an homage, not offered to station, but to those queenly virtues which make more captives than ever bowed at the feet of a feudal despot. Their loyalty was the result of admiration, gratitude, affection, devotion—inspired by parental watchfulness over their personal, their family, their social interests. Where such bonds unite sovereign and subject, they seem to realise the Utopia of the poets—the often sought, but undiscoverable system of political

happiness.—But to return to this well remembered scene:—

Every carriage, as it was drawn from the *remise*—and there were thirty, great and small—was completely garlanded with flowers and evergreens; *bouquets* to which every garden, field, and forest-nook, within ten miles, had contributed its quota. On the stuffed armlets, open lattice, and over the harness, nosegays tastefully arranged, and still sparkling with early dew, were profusely interwreathed. But the good queen's, a carriage half phaeton half drosky, had four times the amount of any other—more scrupulously arranged, more choice, classic, and fragrant. It looked, in fact, like a little flower-garden on wheels; and the sentiment which the ceremony was intended to convey was most delicately expressed. As "the good queen" crossed the threshold she was evidently moved. But here, again, the effect was spoiled by a little misadventure. The excellent Graf V. ——bach, in his eagerness to be at the step of the carriage as her majesty descended, rushed from his half-finished toilet, and removing his scarlet nightcap—quite unconscious of the fact—received the queen with an obeisance intended to combine the utmost deference and dignity. A burst of surprise—then laughter, from one of the officers, of which the queen herself set the example, recalled the worthy count to the sense of his position.

"What," said her majesty archly, "is the *bonnet rouge* become the badge of the ever loyal Comte de ——bach?"...

In another minute or so, all was rectified—the breach of etiquette was graciously pardoned; but for days after, the "hoisting of the *bonnet rouge*," as it was called, in the very presence of her majesty, was often ludicrously opposed to the count's long life of loyalty. This worthy man is also dead; but his gallant son, worthy of such a father, is the inheritor of his virtues and his loyalty.

* * * *

But I pass on—there are many little incidents conjured back by the sight of these dilapidated chambers, whose living tenants were once my daily, hourly associates in the morning drama of life. My dormitory in those days was on the ground floor of the *schloss*, under which a stream from the hills—now prattling like a glassy runlet, then brawling like an Alpine torrent, and divided into numerous ramifications, flowed with a cool and refeshing tide.—When the household had retired to rest, which was always by ten o'clock, its voice—the "voice of falling waters," filled the apartments above with a soft, gurgling sound, that, like Virgil's bees, had a soporiferous effect, I was told, upon the less contiguous sleepers. On myself, I well remember, the result was very different; and a hundred times I wished Mæcenas (who is said to have cured himself of watchfulness by sleeping near the falls of Tivoli) in this solitary but never silent apartment, where I have had so many waking dreams.

The chamber is now encumbered with *débris*—fallen plaster, falling timber, shreds of tapestry, &c.; and through the gaping seams of the floor, formed of planks as thick as a ship's side, I can see the tiny stream, that is now slowly undermining the foundation, and, before another winter is over, may effect a breach in the main wall, and hurl the edifice to the ground. Thus, everything has changed since the death of the "good queen,"—everything but the affection that clings to her memory, like the green ivy round some noble monument of strength and beauty. Again—

The ——teenth of August, a famous day in the forest, brought all the village families to the palace. In the open court, under the piazzas, and wherever a footing could be found, music, dancing, wrestling, and running, with a thorough round of antiquated local festivities, kept the multitude in perpetual motion. Animated by the presence of their royal patroness, and rewarded by the distribution of prizes, the traditional 'games of the forest' were revived with admirable effect.

At night, when the nine o'clock bell tolled from its wooden turret, the festivities were closed; the peasantry, some with trophies, and all with contentment and pleasing recollections of the day, returned to their homes in the forest, chanting in chorus as they went. On that occasion, as I well remember, a bright cloudless day was succeeded by a dark tempestuous night. The flash and the crash followed each other in rapid succession; and at intervals, as the lightning swept along the wooded heights, we observed the mountain streams—each converted into a roaring cataract—precipitated like snowy avalanches through the dense dark foliage. Alarming apprehensions were felt and expressed for the peasants—particularly for the poor mothers and their infants, who had to bide the "pelting of the pitiless storm." The "good queen" was restless, and, at her command, horsemen were despatched in every direction with assistance to all whom they could overtake in the forest roads.

After contemplating the storm for nearly two hours, I retired from the old gallery about midnight, and retraced my steps to the basement. In doing so, I had to pass the door of the little family *oratory*, which, to my surprise, at that hour was left ajar, with a dim light flickering through the aperture. Prompted by curiosity, I stopped short at the door, not without some misgivings: for madame de R——er had told me in confidence, that this room was traditionally *haunted*, and that strange lights and figures had been seen in it by members of the household. Under the influence of this superstition, not an individual ever ventured to cross this gallery after midnight. I had no such strong inducement, however, to move on; I looked earnestly through the aperture; and there, kneeling at the altar, and her hands clasped in prayer, I recognised the "good queen."—The scene was most impressive; when all the household had retired to rest, their royal mistress had repaired to the domestic altar—there to seek relief from the anxiety that oppressed her regarding her poor subjects—many of whom were that night surprised in the depths of the forest, exposed to falling rocks and raging torrents.

Next morning I told Madame de R——der in a whisper, what I had seen. She shook her head, but her silence was very significant, and she said nothing more about the superstition. * * *

But my day is closed, my drosky is repaired, and I start under a cloudless moon for the Baths of —bourg.[1]

EVERY-DAY ESSAYS ON SCIENCE.

THE LIQUEFACTION OF GASES.

ALTHOUGH the subject thus entitled belongs to pure chemical science, and is principally interesting to the students of that department of human knowledge, it has been considered worthy of a brief discussion in this place, both because it will excite the attention of every inquiring mind, and because it is more than probable that the roll of years will demonstrate its vast practical bearing upon human affairs. Were it, however, only a scientific curiosity, most instructive in itself, but having no external relations, it is worthy the consideration of the reader. The very idea supposed in the expression, a liquefied gas, is one of great interest. Can it then be possible that a body which is intangible, which the eye cannot generally recognise even to exist, whose incoherent substance the hand disperses without feeling it, and which can only be discovered to be present in a few cases by its odour, or in all by its chemical properties,—can such a body as this be made to assume a visible, sensible, tangible form, and become a liquid? Whatever may have been the case, there is now no doubt of the fact, and the page of chemistry which contains it is one on which the most unfamiliar eye will rest with satisfaction, for the discovery of this truth solved one of the long-pending questions of the science. Every one remembers the famous Arabian tale concerning the bottled up Genii. The fisherman hauling up his nets perceived some unusual weight in them, believing, to his great delight, he had made an uncommonly good catch. At the bottom of his net was a copper flask, which he hasted to open. No sooner was the cork removed, than out issued a volume of smoke, which writhed, circled, expanded, and at length assumed the form of a monstrous giant, who in terrible accents threatened the immediate annihilation of the horror-struck fisherman. Death was impending when the fisherman bethought him of a happy device. He refused to believe that the amazing form he saw before him was ever contained in the diminutive flask at his feet. To remove these ridiculous doubts, the Genii *gasified* himself, and gradually rolled his vaporous body into the narrow confines of the copper vessel. Seizing his opportunity, the fisherman popped the stopper in, and secured his formidable opponent under his thumb, after which, of course, he became a dutiful slave. Was this a beautiful allegory to illustrate the possibility of the condensation of gases, to show that the most stupendous powers are subject to the superior wisdom of man? Be it so, or not, that which fable conceived, and added to, with its customary exaggeration, dynamical chemistry has completely effected in the liquefaction of gases.

It is beyond question now, that gases owe their existence in that form to the possession of latent heat. They are not, therefore, to be distinguished from the form of matter commonly called vapours. It is a familiar fact, that on the application of heat to a liquid, its particles fly off, and assume the condition of a vapour. So long as it remains a vapour, it does so by virtue of its possessing a considerable amount of latent caloric. Could this be removed, the vapour again returns to its original liquid condition. Steam becomes water when its caloric is removed: can a similar conclusion be arrived at in the case of gases? Such was the idea as it existed in the minds of philosophers, until the whole subject was placed in a new and striking light by the experiments of the eminent chemist Michael Faraday, at that time possessing the simple honour of the title of Chemical Asistant in the Royal Institution. The first experiment was made in a very easy manner upon the gas Chlorine. Sir Humphrey Davy, at whose suggestion the experiments were commenced, appears, with the prophetic foresight of the profound philosopher, to have foreseen the result, and he predicated that several bodies, since liquefied, although then only known under the gaseous form, would be reduced to this condition. Mr. Faraday pursued the experiments at the request of Sir Humphrey Davy; and in April, 1823, an elaborate paper of his appeared in the Philosophical Transactions, detailing the results of his investigations. The method of operating upon the gases was at first very simple, and may be readily understood. A strong glass tube was procured, and bent at an angle of about 95 deg., somewhat in this manner, ⌒ At one end, the materials for generating the gas were placed, and if the gas was a liquefiable one, the liquid would of course fall to the other. Heat being applied to that end, and cold to this extremity of the tube, and the whole being hermetically sealed, the gas arose under great pressure, and became visible at the cool end of the tube, in the form of a transparent, mobile fluid. But this method had a very limited application, being only available in those few cases where a mixture of gas-generating materials could be introduced in sufficient quantity within the small compass of a tube to exert that requisite pressure upon their own volume which would reduce them to the liquid form. Nevertheless, the fact was clearly demonstrated, even by this imperfect instrument, and chemistry saw, for the first time, a gas assuming the liquid form in one of these tubes.

For ordinary experiments these tubes are still useful to illustrate this curious fact; and as they are easily made, the reader may convince himself of it, if he will, by introducing the materials for chlorine, or sulphurous acid, into one end, hermetically sealing up the other, surrounding with a wire cage, to avoid the risk of explosion, and then proceeding as above stated, The gas may be kept in the liquid form, under the pressure which exists in the tube, for a considerable

(1) By the author of "Switzerland," &c. &c.

time. In many cases, instantly on the tube being broken open, the liquid flashes into its former gaseous condition with great violence.—Twenty-two years afterwards, Mr. (now Dr.) Faraday resumed these interesting studies; and, in a paper published in January 1845, which immediately commanded the greatest attention at home and on the continent, gave to the world the most valuable communication of the behaviour of gases under pressure, and in the liquid form, that has yet appeared. An admirably arranged and most ingenious mode of experimenting was now adopted, in which neither time, talent, nor expense was spared to render it the most complete of its kind. The principles to be attended to were, first, a great amount of compressive power; and, second, a most extreme depression of temperature: both were obtained in a remarkable degree. To accomplish the requisite pressure, mechanical force was resorted to, and applied by means of two powerful pumps arranged in a very novel manner. The cylinder of pump No. 1, was an inch in diameter; that of No. 2 was exactly half an inch. The gas was first drawn in by No. 1, then compressed to 10, 15, or 20 atmospheres; and in this state of condensation was forced through the valves of No. 2, which, being untied, condensed it still further, and finally forced it into the tube or other recipient at any requisite degree of compression. The gases to be operated on were contained in jars, and, before undergoing pressure, were freed from any watery vapour, by being made to pass through a coil of glass tube plunged in a freezing mixture, by which means all the water they contained was deposited in icy spicules in the tube, which was kept as low as the point 0 of Fahrenheit's scale, to ensure the completeness of this result. The condensing tubes were of no great size, varying in diameter from one sixth to one fourth of an inch, and from one forty-second to one thirtieth of an inch in thickness. They were curved into the form of a U at one end, and at the other were provided with stop-cocks of good workmanship, by which they were connected to the pumps. These tubes were very strong, and would endure the explosive power of fifty atmospheres without being in the least injured. Tried by the hydrostatic pressure, one tube actually sustained the pressure of one hundred and eighteen atmospheres, equivalent to a pressure of seventeen hundred pounds on the square inch! As the attainment of a degree of compression so elevated was necessarily attended with great danger, this was partly guarded against by the employment of small tubes, and by covering the face with a stout mask of iron wire. The second necessary step was to obtain an extreme amount of available cold, and it is probable that no experiments before or since have reached so far into the regions of diminished temperature as these. A quantity of solid carbonic acid was placed in a vessel, and ether was poured over it. Extreme cold was thus produced, but it was rendered still more intense by placing this cold bath under the exhausted receiver of an air-pump. The temperature fell remarkably, and the vast depression obtained amounted to one hundred and ninety-seven degrees under the freezing point of water. By this means, the combination of extreme cold and pressure, many gases were liquefied without difficulty, and could be removed from the apparatus at pleasure, by taking the precaution of tightening the screw of the cock plug, and screwing down a plug and leaden washer over its exposed end. "With these precautions," says Dr. Faraday, "I have kept several gases for several days," in the liquid form.

So far for the apparatus. In commencing his experiments in 1845, Dr. Farady's principal object in view, was the reduction of the gases—oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, to their liquid form. The curious behaviour of the gas hydrogen, in some experiments well known to chemists, in which it actually appears to assume, in combination, the *metallic* condition, appeared to favour the idea of its liquefaction. Dr. Faraday expressed his strong expectation of reducing it to the metallic form, but in each of these three cases the experiments were totally unsuccessful. Oxygen was subjected to a pressure of upwards of 58 atmospheres, and a cold of 140 degrees below zero, Fahr. but no condensation appeared. The pressure was increased, but the apparatus then began to leak, and the experiment was concluded. The following gases also refused submission to the apparatus, and retained their gaseous condition unaffected: hydrogen at 27 atmospheres;[1] nitrogen at 50; nitric oxide at 50; carbonic oxide at 40; and coal-gas at 32. Other experiments, under different hands, have been instituted, at which the enormous pressure of 220 atmospheres, equivalent to 3,300lbs. on the square inch, but none of these gases have yielded. The manner in which this vast compressive power was obtained, was devised by an ingenious French chemist, M. G. Aime. He sank vessels of a suitable kind to vast depths in the sea, thus causing the enormous weight of a very tall column of water to tell upon them. It is to be objected, however, that the results could not be satisfactorily examined by such means.

The total number of gases liquefied by Dr. Faraday, amounts to sixteen. They are the following:—sulphuretted hydrogen, sulphurous acid, cyanogen, chlorine, ammoniacal gas, carbonic acid, muriatic acid, nitrous oxide, olifiant gas, hydriodic acid, hydrobromic acid, fluorilicon, fluoboron, phosphuretted hydrogen, euchlorine, and arseniuretted hydrogen. It is a remarkable fact, that only one of these is an elementary gas—the gas chlorine; the others are all compound. It is difficult to judge whether this circumstance is for or against the probability of the future liquefiability of the other elementary gases. Its relation appears somewhat discouraging, when contrasted with the large number of liquefiable compound gases; but the very fact of its liquefaction is also a token, that though the means of effecting it are hidden from us, the possibility of liquefying the others is grounded on the strong presumption of an analogy. Seven of the

(1) The reader may be reminded that one atmosphere is commonly taken as the pressure of 15lbs. on the square inch.

gases thus liquefied were actually reduced to the *solid* condition. Let the fact be duly considered, and its interesting nature will be manifest. Conceive of a thin air reduced by the force of pressure and cold, not only to a liquid, but actually to a solid state; a state in which it can be handled, crushed, tossed about. Ammoniacal gas became a solid, white, translucent, crystalline mass; cyanogen became also a transparent crystalline solid; nitrous oxide was only reduced to a solid form by the extreme temperature—150, that is, 181 degees below freezing point; when solidified it made its appearance in beautiful clear and colourless crystals. The gas euchlorine, orange red in the fluid form, solidifies into hard, clear, brittle crystals. Carbonic acid is like snow in the solid form. The other solidifiable gases were sulphuretted hydrogen and sulphurous acid. The depression of temperature in these experiments was, of course, not to be measured by a mercurial thermometer, but by a spirit instrument, as alcohol has never yet been frozen; but it is a curious fact, that at the extreme limit of the cold attained, the alcohol began to thicken, and rolled about from side to side with the sluggishness of an oily body, as if a little more cold would have frozen this refractory substance itself.

One of the most interesting and important gases, in its solidification and liquefaction, is carbonic acid. It was first procured in the liquid form by Faraday, in 1823. But the eminent French chemist, M. Thilorier, first succeeded in solidifying it by a singular accident. Allowing a drop of the liquid acid to fall, it evaporated with such intense rapidity as to freeze the remainder. The solidification of this gas, says Faraday, is one of the most beautiful experimental results of modern times. It was the first example of the reduction of a gas to the solid form; we can therefore well understand the pleasurable terms in which M. Thilorier makes the important announcement to the French Academy of Sciences. (*Annales de Chimie*, 1835.) Carbonic acid liquefies at a pressure of 36 atmospheres: according to Thilorier, it becomes solid at — 148 deg.; but this is probably too low. It is very curious, that while in a gaseous state carbonic acid dissolves with great readiness in water, yet in the liquid form it is absolutely *insoluble* in water, and floats above it like an oil! It is soluble in ether and alcohol. In the liquid state it evaporates with almost explosive violence when the pressure is removed, but in the solid form its evaporation is more slow and gradual. In the solid state it closely resembles a mass of purest snow, and when placed on a polished surface, it slips and glides about as if bewitched, in consequence, as M. Thilorier deems probable, of its being surrounded with a mantle of gas, which pours from every portion of its surface. Personal experience enables us to state, that the statement of the similarity of the sensations produced by the extremes of temperature is correct; for a little mass of solid carbonic acid, at a temperature as much *below* freezing point as scalding water is *above* it, felt like a *hot* coal in the hand, and rapidly produced a blister! An ingenious apparatus was invented by its discoverer for collecting it in the solid state. A pipe being attached to a vessel containing the gas in its liquid form, the liquid is allowed to flow out into a box somewhat like a snuff-box in shape. In so doing, intense cold is produced, and the liquid falls in beautiful snow to the bottom of the box, which can then be opened, and the solidified gas removed. When this substance is mixed with ether, the most fierce cold known to chemists is produced.

It has been already seen that, by the depression of temperature procured by this gas in this form, the means were afforded of liquefying, and even solidifying, other gases. Immense masses of mercury have been frozen in a few minutes by this wonderful mixture, for the purposes of the laboratory. It is prepared in immense quantities by Mr. Addams. He detailed his method of procuring it to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in 1838. His apparatus is of three kinds; we shall only mention the most perfect, which is a combination of the original plan of M. Thilorier, with mechanical improvements and additions, of Mr. Addams's invention. By a proper mixture of the materials for its generation, the gas is procured, and flows, under its own accumulating pressure, into a strong wrought-iron vessel, where it condenses into the liquid form. After this, the generater is filled with water, by a powerful press, and thus all the carbonic acid is driven forwards into the receiver at an enormous pressure: thus all waste is saved, and the gas is secured by ingenious screws, caps, and leaden washers, screwed down, to prevent its escape, by great force. The imprisoned gas has a truly gigantic power, in comparison with which the efforts of a hundred Genii are but play. Nothing but a *wrought*-iron vessel, of perfect workmanship, is equal to its control. Owing to some defect in this respect, a tremendous explosion took place in Paris, in which several persons lost their lives. Mr. Addams states, that at a temperature of 150 deg. Fahrenheit, liquid carbonic acid exerts a pressure of more than 99 atmospheres, or about 1,495 lbs. in the square inch. But this is, without a doubt, very much under-estimated, for even at the temperature of *ice*, 32 deg., Faraday estimates its pressure at upwards of 38 atmospheres; Mr. Addams only reckoning it at about 27. If such is its pressure at the freezing point of water, what must it be at its boiling point!

It may be a relief, after these scientific details, to ask what practical advantage the discovery promises to man. The keen eye of the illustrious Davy, immediately on the announcement of the fact, glanced at once down the long lines of thought, and caught the idea, that a new motive power, of vast energies, was here. On the week following the first publication of Faraday's results, he communicated to the Royal Society a paper, entitled, "The application of Liquids formed by the Condensation of Gases, as mechanical agents." "One of the principal objects I had in view," wrote the philosopher, "in causing experiments to be made on the condensation of different

gaseous bodies, by generating them under pressure, was the hope of obtaining vapours which, from the facility with which their elastic forces might be developed or diminished, by small increments or decrements of pressure, would be applicable to the same purposes as steam." The immense expansive powers of such agents cannot be questioned, even at temperatures far below the average temperature of the air. There would, doubtless, be some difficulties in the application, but none which the far and justly-famed mechanical skill of our country might not overcome. Mr. Perkins, in his high-pressure engines, has demonstrated the possibility of obtaining good and perfect joints at great pressures of vapour. "If," adds Sir H. Davy, "future experiments should realise the views here developed, the mere difference of temperature between sunshine and shade, and air and water, will be sufficient to produce results which have been hitherto only obtained by great expenditure of fuel."

With so exalted an authority for the originator of the idea, it was to be expected the attempt would soon be made. Accordingly, Mr Brunel invented a machine, worked by the expansive force of carbonic acid, applied *directly*, as in the case of steam. Mr. Addams has recommended the employment of it as an agent of motion indirectly, and as a means to circulate or reciprocate other fluids. In one respect, Sir H. Davy's anticipations were not well founded; since, from facts connected with the laws of caloric, it is now well known that no saving of fuel would be found to attend the employment of these agents. If our own opinion is worth recording, we should give it in favour of the idea in a few limited cases. Where a vast concentration of power is requisite, where weight is a fatal obstacle, as in aërial navigation, to the employment of great locomotive engines, here liquefied gases, if they can be procured sufficiently economically, promise much. Time will show. M. Rontigney's experiment, producing ice in a red-hot crucible by means of liquefied sulphurous acid, mentioned in this journal some time since, can scarcely be called a practical application of our subject; as a scientific morsel, it is worth recalling in connexion with it. Sulphurous acid liquefies most readily of all, even at the pressure of two atmospheres. We leave the question, with all its inducements, contingent advantages, and formidable difficulties, in the hands of our able mechanicians. We conclude our article with the following additional remarks from Sir H. Davy:—

"These facts offer easy methods of impregnating liquids with carbonic acid, or other gases, without mechanical pressure. They also afford means of producing great diminutions of temperature; and, as compression occasions similar effects to cold, in preventing the formation of elastic substances, there is great reason to believe that it may be successfully employed for the preservation of animal and vegetable substances for the purposes of food."

THE PENNY-POST.

THAT which railroads and steamboats have effected for our bodies, the penny-post has effected for our souls. It has given thought and impetus our ancestors never dreamed of: hopes, wishes, ideas, become winged messengers, and speed on their several missions like carrier pigeons. It has done much towards annihilating space and time, and facilitated a stream of sweet communion between those who, a little while back, were too poor and too far apart to have more than a few interchanges of thought in the year.

In the days of Erasmus, we are told, "various circumstances contributed to render epistolary intercourse a favourite practice with scholars. Destitute of those helps which a ready access to books now affords, they were anxious to observe the progress of each other, and eager to profit by the attainments of the most successful; yet, while the expense, the difficulty, and even insecurity of passing from one country to another rendered their personal intercourse very unfrequent, almost their only means of communication was by letter. But, from the want of posts, this mode of intercourse was very uncertain; and, if they missed the opportunity of occasional couriers, they could transmit their letters only by the expensive conveyance of special messengers. Hence, they were anxious to crowd into a single letter a multiplicity of observations, to draw forth, by their questions, a variety of information, and to introduce such specimens of their own ingenuity and erudition as might excite the admiration of their correspondents. Sometimes a letter contained the discussion of a whole controversy."

Somewhat different from these epistles are the notes and letters that fly from hand to hand through the penny-post. We should look rather blank at the receipt of a packet which from its weight and bulk appeared likely to contain a whole controversy. We have, in fact, exchanged discourses for dialogues: the answers to our inquiries are so easily received, that we sum up what we have to ask and tell in as few words as possible. As in most great changes, something has been lost as well as gained. We think less before we write, than when thoughts were exchanged less easily. Practice gives readiness: what we have learnt to do without trouble, we gradually do without thinking, and perhaps finish by doing negligently. We multiply our engagements, and then perform them in a slovenly manner. How often does a letter fulfil the promise to the eye, and break it to the heart! We are separated from those whose conversation was interesting and profitable to us: perhaps the only cause we have for a secret dissatisfaction with our present condition is that it places a barrier between us. They promised we should hear from them: at length, a letter comes, a full-filled sheet; but is it a well-filled one? Is there a single thought in it that deserves to live—a single observation or reflection that can stand by itself—a spark of pure wit—an indication, however slight, of genuine feeling—a trace, however casual, of Christianity—an allusion that shall warm the heart—a consolation, or an encouragement, or a counsel—a single grain of salt, in short, to purify and relish the mass?—No! it contains a most commonplace relation of those concerns of the people we love which we least care to know: where they have been; whom they have seen; unimportant details of their health and the weather, and the rest is made up of excuses and "kind regards." The writer unconcernedly reflected that the letter would only cost a

penny; but there was a mistake; it has cost pain, it has left an opportunity unimproved, and a void unsupplied.

The earliest letter on record was written by a woman: it was short, distinct, and very much to the purpose: but be not elated, ladies—it was written by Queen Jezebel. Other and better queens have written well: there is a fine spirited letter extant written by Jeanne d'Albert to Cardinal d'Armagnac. Queen Elizabeth was heavy at the pen; Henrietta Maria spelt badly; Mary of Modena, without being witty or well-informed, knew how to express resignation and tenderness. Some of Pliny's letters are delightful; so are Sir Thomas More's. Lady M. W. Montague's have a wit and sense peculiar to themselves; but there are perhaps few published letters which one would more like to have received than those of Sir Walter Scott to Joanna Baillie. They are sound, wholesome, and cordial: he turns up fresh mould for her, and, if he turns up a coin or a flower-pot, she is equally welcome to it. Laboured letters are terrible: no one wants to receive themes; but a desire to improve the passing moment may be combined with an unaffected desire to amuse. It is something to call forth a gay, unbidden laugh in some dull, lonely home, where cheerfulness from without seldom comes: it is yet more to speak some word in season that shall be recurred to with reviving trust in some sad, silent watch of the night. Do not let your pen be the quill of a goose.

Consolatory letters are the most difficult to write; because all consolation is calmness which we have not tested ourselves. Pliny says pathetically of a friend he had lost, "Do not tell me that he was old, that he was infirm, that we all must die,—all this I know and have been told already. Send me some new and unexpected sources of consolation." How new and unexpected they would have proved, had his correspondent been a Christian!

Style is the voice in which thought speaks: and what we conceive clearly, we may always plainly express. "I have nothing to say," is seldom a true excuse, where there is a real obligation to write. Let us take trouble to think and to feel that our friend is subject to like affections and interests with ourselves; and we shall find some object of sympathy that will cost us less effort to discuss than is uncomplainingly made during the formalities of a morning visit.

Reviews.

GOWRIE; OR THE KING'S PLOT.

The last occasion on which we had to review a book of Mr. James's, it was our painful duty to blame more than we could praise, for we felt that by writing such works as Sir Theodore Broughton, Mr. James was sapping the very foundation of his well earned fame. In the present instance, however, a different and far more pleasing task awaits us; in "Gowrie" we recognise the master hand which in Darnley and Richelieu charmed our youthful fancy and divided our admiration with the great wizard of the north, Walter Scott. In an age tainted with the coarsenesses of a Trollope and the brutalities of the brothers Bell, (alas, that such high talent should be coupled with such low taste!) it is refreshing to turn to the pages of a novel like Gowrie, and read of man's nobility and woman's loving devotion, till our faith in such things, well nigh extinguished by the curse of life's experience, burns bright and pure again as in our boyhood. The novel, as its name implies, turns on the well known but inexplicable Gowrie conspiracy; and the view taken of it by Mr. James, inconceivable as even the most probable hypothesis on the subject must be, seems to us to present the least unreasonable solution of the mystery. He imagines (despite the attempts of historians to establish his innocence) that the plot was an invention of the king's, to rid himself of Gowrie whom he feared, and Alexander Ruthven whom he hated — our author adopting the idea thrown out in a letter from Sir Henry Neville, the English ambassador at the court of France, to Sir Ralph Winwood, in which he hints at a highly imprudent, if not criminal intimacy between Anne of Denmark and the younger of the Ruthven brothers. That such a plot was by no means opposed to the course of tortuous and subtile policy which James I. deemed the very essence of king-craft, any one who has at all studied the character of that monarch must readily admit. He was a man of an essentially little mind, though gifted with an unusual portion of the shrewdness and cunning which so often supply the place of the higher intellectual qualities; his selfishness rendered him despotic, his cowardice cruel, his poverty avaricious. Lord Gowrie was an amiable and religious man, liberal and enlightened beyond his age; his possessions, which had accumulated during a long minority, were vast, and his influence with his countrymen extensive. These things were of themselves sufficient to expose him to the hatred of his sovereign; he could be neither cajoled nor intimidated, and must therefore be destroyed. His name, his race, his position, and his opinions, alike rendered him obnoxious to the king, and he resolved to sweep him from his path.

On the other hand, supposing the Ruthvens to have plotted the king's assassination, what could be their motive? We quote the following passage from Robertson.

"It appears almost incredible that two young men of such distinguished virtue should revolt all at once from their duty, and attempt a crime so atrocious as the murder of their sovereign. It appears still more improbable that they should have concerted their undertaking with so little foresight and prudence; if they intended that the deed should have remained concealed, they could not have chosen a more improper scene for executing it than their own house. * * *

"Had Providence permitted them to embrue their hands in the blood of their sovereign, what advantage could have accrued to them by his death? and what claims or pretensions could they have opposed to the rights of his children? Inevitable and instant vengeance, together with perpetual infamy, were the only consequences they could expect to follow such a crime."

Mr. James in his postscript speaks still more clearly and decidedly.

"The evidence of any crime having been committed by the earl and his brother now comes to be examined; and I do not scruple to say, that to the eyes of any man of common understanding it not only proves that Gowrie and his brother were innocent, but that James was guilty. First let it be remarked, that this evidence

(1) "Gowrie; or, the King's Plot." By G. P. R. James, Esq. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

was all on one side, that no defence was made on the part of the accused, that no witnesses were examined on their behalf, that those on the other side were not cross-examined. The king himself was the principal witness, for his statement must be taken as a deposition. He declared that Alexander Ruthven, the earl's brother, came up to him when he was going out to hunt at Falkland, and besought him to come immediately to Perth, as he, Alexander, had seized and imprisoned in his brother's house a stranger with a pitcher-full of foreign gold, which he wished to secure for the king; and that he must come privately, without letting any one know, for he feared that the man might cry out and call the attention of the earl, who knew nothing of the fact. James says he determined to go, (though the tale was too absurd to obtain credence from any rational being,) but, instead of going immediately, he continued to hunt from seven till ten o'clock, and, instead of going privately, took the whole court, all his usual attendants, and, moreover, two lacqueys from the palace, together with the porter at Falkland and the keeper of his ale-cellar. Of the conversation between the king and Alexander Ruthven, we have no testimony but that of James himself. It is true, as he rode towards Perth, he related the tale privately to the Duke of Lennox, when that nobleman at once expressed his opinion of the improbability of the story; but yet the king went on.

"His majesty did not send forward to announce his coming to the young earl till he was within two miles of Perth; but then he was met and received, not by Gowrie and his attendants in private and alone, but by the earl, as Lord Provost, at the head of the magistrates of the town, hurriedly assembled. The king then proceeds to relate what occurred at the earl's palace.* *

"Setting aside the monarch's own evidence, therefore, the testimony of all other persons was rather in favour of Gowrie and against the king than otherwise; and the proofs of the monarch having assembled a large body of men in Perth were easily to be obtained, showing a preconcerted plan for going to that city before Alexander Ruthven could by any possibility have told the story of the pot of gold.

"If we are to credit the testimony of Moyses, one of the king's most faithful servants, there were 500 gentlemen in Perth on that day, of whom, it would appear, full 300 were of the family of Murray, sent for to meet the king, under the Master of Tullibardine.* * *

"The guilt of the Earl of Gowrie was disbelieved in Scotland all but universally, and the accusation of magic and sorcery was treated with the contempt it merited, except by a few persons more curious than intelligent. Five ministers of Edinburgh refused to offer thanks for the king's deliverance, in which they did not believe; and three of them suffered severely for their contumacy and incredulity. The estates of the Earl of Gowrie were forfeited, and divided amongst favourites, and three of the earl's faithful servants were executed at Perth, declaring their innocence and his with their dying breath. An annual thanksgiving was appointed in England and Scotland, but the English laughed at the farce, and the Scotch were indignant at the impiety."

Having, after an infinity of labour and research, satisfied himself as to Gowrie's innocence, Mr. James has worked the materials thus acquired into an historical novel of deep and thrilling interest. The character of the chief actor in the tragedy—young, brave, singularly handsome and accomplished, yet thoughtful beyond his years, and tinged with a degree of melancholy, foreshadowing as it were the doom that awaited him—was one peculiarly suited to the author's powers, and in the delineation of which he has been most successful. The heroine, (an imaginary granddaughter of the Regent Morton's) without possessing any very decided individuality, is yet a sweet loveable girl, and as such is as agreeable to read of as her reality would be to encounter in "kirk or market." The crafty king, whole knave and parcel fool; his volatile and imprudent consort, Anne of Denmark; Alexander Ruthven, the handsome young courtier, his vanity flattered and his head turned by his royal mistress's favours, but with the germs of nobler and better things in his nature, which time might have developed; Beatrice, his high-spirited leal-hearted sister; the hot-headed, impetuous, though generous-tempered John Ramsay, fitting instrument to work out the evil deeds of worse men than himself; the subtile politician Herries; the vindictive profligate Newburn,—are all cleverly drawn, and stand out with a distinct personality which shows them the work of a master-hand. In a word, James is himself again, and we advise such of our readers as delight in a good historical novel, to lose no time in procuring "Gowrie; or, the King's Plot."

VANITY FAIR.[1]

THERE are various ways in which critics consider a work of art; but the most common is what may be called *the pre-eminent*. The pre-eminent style of criticism is conducted on this plan. The critic (having laid it down as a rule that all men and authors are *equal*, before him as before the law,) places himself at once upon an elevated platform, raised by his self-conceit, whence he looks down upon his object, judges it, and pours forth his opinions accordingly. Thus he finds himself invested—in his own eyes, at least—with one of the attributes of the highest genius; he "is great without an effort;" at all events, he feels quite big enough to lift and handle any work that may be put before him. Book or picture, statue, music, or poem, your pre-eminent critic walks or talks over it as if he were himself equal to the "spinning" or fashioning of "a thousand such a day." Such a feeling as reverence for his subject is excluded from the whole duty of a critic. He treats it with a *du haut en bas* approval or condemnation; he praises, or *pooh poohs!* it with lordly condescension; and his readers get their minds made up comfortably for them on the matter. This is, for the most part, a great blessing to the idle; but we warn such persons, if any such there be among our readers, that this is *not* the way in which we can review "Vanity Fair." We do not feel competent to talking over Mr. Thackeray's head; and we prefer saying so at once, lest any one should begin this slight notice in hope of finding the exact dimensions of that author's mind set down therein. We have not yet fathomed the depth of his heart, nor can we give a *catalogue raisonnée* of his intellectual faculties;—for these reasons perhaps: First, that Mr. Thackeray is very

(1) "Vanity Fair. A Novel without a Hero." By William Makepeace Thackeray. Bradbury and Evans, Bouverie Street.

much greater than we can pretend to be—and the less cannot comprehend the greater. Second, that he has true genius, which, in all probability, has not yet attained half its earthly development; and the precise capacity of living genius is unknown to its admirers, and even to itself.

Among the other works of this author, those we like best are "The Paris Sketch Book" and "The Irish Sketch Book;" the one we like least is the "Snob Papers." But all his previous works, indicative as they are of the power that is in the man, are far inferior to "Vanity Fair;" which is, in comparison, what a well-grown oak-tree is to a number of green cut boughs. "Vanity Fair" is not a collection of sketches, but a *book;* and a book that will live to be as old in the world as "Gil Blas" or "Don Quixote," or we are very much mistaken. The world is not fortunate enough to get many long-lived books, and it behoves it to look at one with respect when it does come, or may be fairly conjectured to have come. For some time "Vanity Fair" was scarcely heard of, out of the small circle who studied the first numbers with eager attention, and in perfect confidence that though, like most truly great performances, it neither surprised nor dazzled at first, yet that it would equal or surpass the expectations of all its admirers before the end. The end has come; and now all the reading world delights to honour the author; he may occupy a gorgeous booth in his own fair, any day that he is disposed to take possession of it.

"Vanity Fair" is emphatically a satirical novel. We hear, now and then, that it is too strong in satire. We do not think so. The author's object (as far as we perceive it) was to "show the very body of the time, his form and pressure:" Could "the body" of this scoffing, faithless, satirical "time" be better shown than in real, strong, ay, bitter satire? It understands *that*—it feels *that*.

Moreover, let any moral chemist analyze the satire of "Vanity Fair," and he will find that, bitter as it is, it is wholesome. Society is often in a sickly state, from luxurious living; and we are not homeöpathists enough to believe that the cause of the disease will, in this case, become its cure. Soups, sauces and *Ragouts à la* Gore, D'Israeli, Bulwer, *et hoc genus omne*, are very good things in their way; but, if we may venture to prescribe to so important a patient as "the public," we should recommend them to take occasional courses of Thackeray's quintessence of quinine and gentian. It may cause them to make wry faces at first, but it will give tone to the system, and brace them up so that they can see and feel and do better things than they ever did before.

No; "Vanity Fair" is not a philosophical, nor a sentimental, nor a fashionable, nor an æsthetical novel; although there is something of philosophy, and sentiment, and fashion, and the fine arts, to be found in its pages. The whole atmosphere of the book is brilliant with sharp, forked, electric satire, between the flashes of which you see the rugged, wide-spreading, heaven-climbing hills and deep green valleys of his humour; and in their secret nooks spring up many fountains of salt tears.

We have heard several persons say that they can feel no interest in the characters of this remarkable work, apart from their admiration of the skill with which they are drawn. This objection appears to us in great part groundless. Nearly all the characters are as life-like as if you had known each of them individually. They all, or nearly all, enlist your sympathies; even the heartless intriguing Becky herself. Dobbin works his way into every body's affections (except that silly little Amelia's) long before the middle of the book; and Rawdon Crawley, in spite of his early vices and slowness of intellect, touches the heart of every reader from the moment of his marriage, by his thorough trust in, and devotion to, Rebecca. We know many ladies who are much astonished at the wonderful truth to nature in Thackeray's women; and we remember to have heard one lady affirm, that he must have been a woman himself once, to know so well the innermost folds of a woman's heart, and the inappreciable trifles which go to build up her character and manner. Without proceeding to this length, we may say that no man has ever described women better than Thackeray. Although he does not attempt to disguise his contempt for her poverty of soul, yet Amelia is evidently a great favourite with our author. We agree with him in admiring the class of women to which Amelia belongs, though we think them better fitted to adorn a home than to adorn a tale; but Amelia herself is not a specimen very much to our taste: she is too ostentatiously simple and negatively virtuous. We acknowledge that she is very pretty, and honest, and true, and amiable, but we cannot help echoing Talleyrand's celebrated *bon mot* apropos of some equally faultless person, "*Elle n'a qu'un défaut—elle est insupportable.*"

The other heroine, her schoolfellow Becky Sharp, as a work of art is as perfect a creation as ever came from the pen of mortal. The grand foundation-stone of Becky's character, without which all her talents would avail little in such a career as hers, is her heartless, passionless nature. Such people never wear themselves out, or worry others with their feelings; —Becky is therefore always gay, and charming, and good-tempered;—she loves no one, and only estimates the affection she gains by the consideration of how it may be turned to account in her one grand object of securing a high position in Vanity Fair. Despise her as you may, dear reader, Becky is too feminine, too fascinating, too much bent upon pleasing and being pleased, and a great deal too witty, clever, and sensible, for you not to be taken by her, and watch her with interest all through the book; in fact, just as you would inevitably do in real life. She amuses you and keeps your mind on the alert: sometimes you are quite aghast and disgusted at her cool impudence or selfishness, but you cannot help having a sort of admiration and pity for her. You mourn over the perversion of such practical talent; you remember her vicious parentage, wretched childhood, soured and

precocious intelligence in youth;—motherless, friendless, cast off by society, sinned against from her cradle, with none but bad examples before her;—and you cry, "Poor little Becky!—had she been brought up with but half the advantages of Amelia, there were a Becky indeed to witch the world to its advancement in virtue and wisdom!" Her bravery and clear sunny intelligence gain your sympathy in her cause, and you cannot help enjoying all her triumphs over the great people whom she despises, over the conventionalities, and shams, and shows of Vanity Fair. You like to see the dauntless little marauder fighting her way in society in such a courageous, laughing manner; you feel that no position is too high for her; that she would have graced the highest, had she been born in the purple; and you are angry with a state of society which has made her a hard, selfish, vain coquette, loveless, false, base, and unprincipled—and she is all this from the very beginning, when her mother the opera-dancer, and her father the drunken artist, are dead, and she is thus described at Mrs. Pinkerton's school.

"Rebecca was seventeen when she came to Chiswick, and was bound over as an articled pupil, her duties being to talk French, as we have seen, and her privileges to live cost free; and with a few guineas a-year, to gather scraps of knowledge from the professors who attended the school.

"She was small and slight in person: pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast down: when they looked up they were very large, odd, and attractive; so attractive, that the Rev. Mr. Crisp, fresh from Oxford, and curate to the Vicar of Chiswick, the Rev. Mr. Flowerdew, fell in love with Miss Sharp, being shot dead by a glance of her eyes which was fired all the way across Chiswick church from the school-pew to the reading-desk.

"By the side of many tall and bouncing young ladies in the establishment, Rebecca Sharp looked like a child. But she had the dismal precocity of poverty. Many a dun had she talked to, and turned away from her father's door; many a tradesman had she coaxed and wheedled into good-humour, and into the granting of one meal more. She sate commonly with her father, who was very proud of her wit; and heard the talk of many of his wild companions—often but ill-suited for a girl to hear. But she never had been a girl, she said; she had been a woman since she was eight years old. Oh! why did Miss Pinkerton let such a dangerous bird into her cage! * * * * * * * *

"The rigid formality of the place suffocated her: the prayers and the meals, the lessons and the walks, which were arranged with a conventual regularity, oppressed her almost beyond endurance; and she looked back to the freedom and the beggary of the old studio in Soho with so much regret, that everybody, herself included, fancied she was consumed with grief for her father. She had a little room in the garret, where the maids heard her walking and sobbing at night, but it was with rage, and not with grief. She had not been much of a dissembler, until now her loneliness taught her to feign. She had never mingled in the society of women: her father, reprobate as he was, was a man of talent; his conversation was a thousand times more agreeable to her than the talk of such of her own sex as she now encountered. The pompous vanity of the old schoolmistress, the foolish good-humour of her sister, the silly chat and scandal of the elder girls, and the frigid correctness of the governesses, equally annoyed her; and she had no soft maternal heart, this unlucky girl, otherwise the prattle and talk of the younger children, with whose care she was chiefly intrusted, might have soothed and interested her; but she lived among them two years, and not one was sorry that she went away. The gentle tender-hearted Amelia Sedley was the only person to whom she could attach herself in the least;—and who could help attaching herself to Amelia?

"The happiness, the superior advantages of the young women round about her, gave Rebecca inexpressible pangs of envy. 'What airs that girl gives herself, because she is an earl's granddaughter!' she said of one. 'How they cringe and bow to that Creole, because of her hundred thousand pounds! I am a thousand times cleverer and more charming than that creature, for all her wealth;—I am as well bred as the earl's granddaughter, for all her fine pedigree; and yet every one passes me by here! And yet, when I was at my father's, did not the men give up their gayest balls and parties in order to pass the evening with me?' She determined at any rate to get free from the prison in which she found herself, and now began to act for herself, and for the first time to make connected plans for the future. She took advantage, therefore, of the means of study the place offered her; and as she was already a musician and a good linguist, she speedily went through the little course of study which was considered necessary for ladies in those days."

It is not our intention to give an abstract of the story of "Vanity Fair," but rather to offer some remarks upon the work generally. We have a few more words to say about Rebecca. The author has not fallen into the common error of allowing his clever unscrupulous heroine to succeed in all her daring exploits and subtle plots. By being too clever, she sometimes overreaches herself; and the reader will observe that, gifted as she is in all the arts of the wicked, she fails in the most important moves of her game. She might have been Lady Crawley, had she not been too eager to secure Rawdon; then, she does not succeed in getting Miss Crawley's money; and fails in deceiving her husband at the moment when her whole fate depends upon it. This is, we believe, as true to nature as anything in the wide domain of fiction. The world is much indebted to Thackeray for the delineation of Becky; women who at all resemble her (and there are many such at the present day) will not be able to carry on their depredations in society quite as easily as formerly;—to be forewarned against Beckyism, will often lead to being fore-armed.

The account of Miss Crawley, the rich aunt, and of her favourite nephew, afterwards Becky's husband, is short, pithy, and worth extracting:—

"Old Miss Crawley was certainly one of the reprobate. She had a snug little house in Park-lane, and as she ate and drank a great deal too much during the season in London, she went to Harrowgate or Cheltenham for the summer. She was the most hospitable and jovial of old vestals, and had been a beauty in her day, she said.—(All old women were beauties once, we very well know!) She was a *bel esprit*, and a dreadful radical for those days. She had been in France, (where St. Just, they say, inspired her with an unfortunate passion,) and loved, ever after, French novels, French cookery, and French wines. She read Voltaire, and had Rousseau by heart; talked very lightly about divorce, and most energetically of the rights of women. She had pictures of Mr. Fox in every room in the house: when that statesman was in opposition, I am not sure that she had not flung a main with him; and when he came into office, she

took great credit for bringing over to him Sir Pitt and his colleague for Queen's Crawley, although Sir Pitt would have come over himself, without any trouble on the honest lady's part. It is needless to say that Sir Pitt was brought to change his views after the death of the great Whig statesman.

"This worthy old lady took a fancy to Rawdon Crawley when a boy, sent him to Cambridge (in opposition to his brother at Oxford), and, when the young man was requested by the authorities of the first-named University to quit, after a residence of two years, she bought him his commissions as Cornet and Lieutenant Crawley.

"A perfect and celebrated 'blood,' or dandy about town, was this young officer. Boxing, rat-hunting, the fives'-court, and four-in-hand driving, were then the fashion of our British aristocracy; and he was an adept in all these noble sciences. And though he belonged to the household troops, who, as it was their duty to rally round the Prince Regent, had not shown their valour in foreign service yet, Rawdon Crawley had already (*à-propos* of play, of which he was immoderately fond,) fought three bloody duels, in which he gave ample proofs of his contempt for death.

"'And for what follows after death!' would Mr. Crawley observe, throwing his gooseberry-coloured eyes up to the ceiling. He was always thinking of his brother's soul, or of the souls of those who differed from him in opinion:—it is a sort of comfort which many of the serious give themselves."

Few things in Vanity Fair seem to excite Thackeray's scorn and anger so much as religious cant; but let no one, on this account, suppose that he has not a profound reverence for things sacred. True piety shows itself in a hundred minute touches in the account of Amelia, and elsewhere throughout the book; it may be seen lurking in the solemn satire against the pomps and vanities, the hideous vices and the contemptible meannesses, of this complicated social system. About religion, and love, and deep grief, Thackeray preserves for the most part an eloquent silence; a silence which impresses more than sermons, or odes, or elegies—at least, in a *novel*. He has a keen sense of the proprieties of time and place; he would not be one to pray at the corners of streets, for he knows that he would be seen of men there; nor would he, we fancy, "hang his heart on his sleeve," for he knows "the daws *would* peck at it."

Among the minor characters of the book shines forth, conspicuous, Mrs. O'Dowd—we beg her pardon, Mrs. *Major* O'Dowd, otherwise called Peggy. The following account of her preparation of her husband's accoutrements on the eve of Waterloo is altogether charming, and in Thackeray's most genial manner.

"'It's my belief, Peggy my dear,' said he, as he placidly pulled his nightcap over his ears, 'that there will be such a ball danced in a day or two as some of 'em has never heard the chune of;' and he was much more happy to retire to rest after partaking of a quiet tumbler, than to figure at any other sort of amusement. Peggy, for her part, would have liked to have shown her turban and bird of paradise at the ball, but for the information which her husband had given her, and which made her very grave.

"'I'd like ye wake me about half an hour before the assembly beats,' the major said to his lady. 'Call me at half-past one, Peggy dear, and see me things is ready; maybe I'll not come back to breakfast, Mrs. O' D.' With which words, which signified his opinion that the regiment would march the next morning, the major ceased talking and fell asleep.

"Mrs. O'Dowd, the good housewife, arrayed in curl-papers and a camisole, felt that her duty was to act, and not to sleep, at this juncture. 'Time enough for that,' she said, 'when Mick's gone;' and so she packed his travelling valise ready for the march, brushed his cloak, his cap, and other warlike habiliments, set them out in order for him, and stowed away in the cloak pockets a light package of portable refreshments, and a wicker-covered flask or pocket pistol, containing near a pint of remarkably sound Cognac brandy, of which she and the major approved very much; and as soon as the hands of the 'repayther' pointed to half-past one, and its interior arrangements (it had a tone quite equal to a cathedral, its fair owner considered,) knelled forth that fatal hour, Mrs. O'Dowd woke up her major, and had as comfortable a cup of coffee prepared for him as any made that morning in Brussels. And who is there will deny that this worthy lady's preparations betokened affection as much as the fits of tears and hysterics by which more sensitive females exhibited their love, and that their partaking of this coffee, which they drank together while the bugles were sounding the turn-out, and the drums beating in the various quarters of the town, was not more useful and to the purpose than the outpouring of any mere sentiment could be? The consequence was, that the major appeared on parade quite trim, fresh, and alert, his well-shaved rosy countenance, as he sat on horseback, giving cheerfulness and confidence to the whole corps. All the officers saluted her when the regiment marched by the balcony, on which this brave woman stood, and waved them a cheer as they passed; and I dare say it was not from want of courage, but from a sense of female delicacy and propriety, that she refrained from leading the gallant ——th personally into action."

Contrast with the foregoing scene another on the same occasion.

"Knowing how useless regrets are, and how the indulgence of sentiment only serves to make people more miserable, Mrs. Rebecca wisely determined to give way to no vain feelings of sorrow, and bore the parting from her husband with quite a Spartan equanimity. Indeed, Captain Rawdon himself was much more affected at the leave-taking than the resolute little woman to whom he bade farewell. She had mastered his rude coarse nature; and he loved and worshipped her with all his faculties of regard and admiration. In all his life he had never been so happy as during the past few months his wife had made him. All former delights of turf, mess, hunting-field, and gambling-table; all previous loves and courtships of milliners, opera dancers, and the like easy triumphs of the clumsy military Adonis, were quite insipid when compared to the lawful matrimonial pleasures which of late he had enjoyed. She had known perpetually how to divert him; and he had found his house and her society a thousand times more pleasant than any place or company which he had ever frequented from his childhood until now. And he cursed his past follies and extravagances, and bemoaned his vast outlying debts above all, which must remain for ever as obstacles to prevent his wife's advancement in the world. He had often groaned over these in midnight conversations with Rebecca, although as a bachelor they had never given him any disquiet.

* * * * * *

"But these were mere bygone days and talk. When the final news arrived that the campaign was opened, and the troops were to march, Rawdon's gravity became such that Becky rallied him about it in a manner which rather hurt the feelings of the guardsman. 'You don't suppose I'm afraid, Becky, I should think,' he said, with a tremor in his voice. 'But I'm a pretty good mark for a shot, and you see, if it brings me down, why I leave

one and perhaps two behind me whom I should wish to provide for, as I brought 'em into the scrape. It is no laughing matter *that*, Mrs. C——, any ways.' Rebecca by a hundred caresses and kind words tried to soothe the feelings of the wounded lover. It was only when her vivacity and sense of humour got the better of this sprightly creature (as they would do under most circumstances of life, indeed,) that she would break out with her satire, but she could soon put on a demure face. "Dearest love," she said, "do you suppose I feel nothing?" and, hastily dashing something from her eyes, she looked up in her husband's face with a smile.

"'Look here,' said he; 'if I drop, let us see what there is for you.'

* * * * * *

"And so, making his last dispositions, Captain Crawley, who had seldom thought about anything but himself, until the last few months in his life, when love had obtained the mastery over the dragoon, went through the various items of his little catalogue of effects, striving to see how they might be turned into money for his wife's benefit, in case any accident should befall him. He pleased himself by noting down with a pencil, in his big school-boy handwriting, the various items of his portable property which might be sold for his widow's advantage, as for example, 'my double-barril by Manton, say forty guineas; my driving cloak, lined with sable fur, 50*l*; my duelling pistols in rosewood case (same which I shot Captain Marker), 20*l*; my regulation saddle, holsters and housings; my Laurie ditto," and so forth, over all of which articles he made Rebecca the mistress.

"Faithful to his plan of economy, the Captain dressed himself in his oldest and shabbiest uniform and epaulets, leaving the newest behind, under his wife's (or it might be his widow's) guardianship. And this famous dandy of Windsor and Hyde Park went off on his campaign with a kit as modest as that of a sergeant, and with something like a prayer on his lips for the woman he was leaving. He took her up from the ground, and held her in his arms for a minute, tight pressed against his strong beating heart. His face was purple and his eyes dim, as he put her down and left her. He rode by his general's side, and smoked his cigar in silence as they hastened after the troops of the general's brigade, which preceded them; and it was not until they were some miles on their way, that he left off twirling his moustache, and broke silence."

We cannot refrain from quoting a scene from the concluding number of the work; as it brings out unexpected traits in each of the two heroines, and shows that Dobbin, patient and persevering, gentle, and full of heaven's best gifts as he is, at last asserts his true character, and tells the truth to that pretty, soft, charming, but soulless and (must we say it?) *selfish* Amelia. Yes, in spite of our fear of exciting Mr. Thackeray's anger, we must say that Amelia's selfishness throughout the book is but a few degrees less coarse than that of Becky. We could bring many arguments in proof of this assertion, but we prefer leaving them to the reader's discernment.

"'You don't mean that, Amelia?' William said sadly. 'You don't mean that these words, uttered in a hurried moment, are to weigh against a whole life's devotion? I think that George's memory has not been injured by the way in which I have dealt with it, and if we are come to bandying reproaches, I at least merit none from his widow and the mother of his son. Reflect afterwards, when—when you are at leisure, and your conscience will withdraw this accusation. It does even now.'

"Amelia held down her head. 'It is not that speech of yesterday,' he continued, 'which moves you. That is but the pretext, Amelia, or I have loved you and watched you for fifteen years in vain. Have I not learned in that time to read all your feelings and look into your thoughts? I know what your heart is capable of; it can cling faithfully to a recollection, and cherish a fancy; but it can't feel such an attachment as mine deserves to mate with, and such as I should have won from a woman more generous than you. No; you are not worthy of the love which I have devoted to you. I knew all along that the prize I had set my life on was not worth the winning; that I was a fool, with fond fancies, too, bartering away my all of truth and ardour against your little feeble remnant of love. I will bargain no more: I withdraw. I find no fault with you. You are very good-natured, and have done your best; but you couldn't—you couldn't reach up to the height of the attachment which I bore you, and which a loftier soul than yours might have been proud to share. Good bye, Amelia! I have watched your struggle. Let it end. We are both weary of it.'

"Amelia stood scared and silent as William thus suddenly broke the chain by which she held him, and declared his independence and superiority. He had placed himself at her feet so long, that the poor little woman had been accustomed to trample upon him. She didn't wish to marry him, but she wished to keep him. She wished to give him nothing, but that he should give her all. It is a bargain not unfrequently levied in love.

"William's sally had quite broken and cast her down. *Her* assault was long since over and beaten back.

"'Am I to understand, then,—that you are going—away, William?' she said.

"He gave a sad laugh. 'I went once before,' he said, 'and came back after twelve years. We were young then, Amelia. Good bye; I have spent enough of my life at this play.'

"Whilst they had been talking, the door into Mrs. Osborne's room had opened ever so little; indeed, Becky had kept a hold of the handle, and had turned it on the instant when Dobbin quitted it; and she heard every word of the conversation that had passed between these two. 'What a noble heart that man has!' she thought, 'and how shamefully that woman plays with it!' She admired Dobbin; she bore him no rancour for the part he had taken against her. It was an open move in the game, and played fairly. 'Ah!' she thought, 'if I could have had such a husband as that—a man with a heart and brains too! I would not have minded his large feet;' and running into her room, she absolutely bethought herself of something, and wrote him a note, beseeching him to stop for a few days—not to think of going—and that she could serve him with.

"The parting was over. Once more poor William walked to the door, and was gone; and the little widow, the author of all this work, had her will, and had won her victory, and was left to enjoy it as she best might. Let the ladies envy her triumph."

To praise this author for his graphic power of describing persons and places, and classes of people, would be superfluous labour; and some of his very best descriptions are to be met with in this work. His scrio-comic but deep meaning philosophizings and speculations in "Vanity Fair," are inimitable and as true as they are brilliant. His outlined illustrations are excellent, and the reader would be very sorry to be obliged to do without them, as they add materially to the value of the work. When this number of "SHARPE" appears, another new work by Thackeray will be beginning its life before the world; for ourselves, we expect no treat in October equal to the pleasure of reading the opening number of "Pendennis" on the 1st.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.[1]

We confess that we are growing exceedingly curious about domestic life in Sweden; that is, very anxious to know whether its reality corresponds to the representations of it with which the English public are now becoming familiarized. For several years Miss Bremer, the Miss Austin of Sweden, as she has been called, (though it would be hard to say wherein the resemblance consists,) has been among the most popular of our novelists. Her powers, humorous, picturesque, and pathetic, are all of a very high class, and in the first of her works that was translated into English, "The Neighbours," there is a beauty of conception, and a keen discrimination of character, which we do not think she has elsewhere approached. In it, also, there is scarce any of that morbid and shallow sentimentality by which all her other stories are more or less defaced; it is genuine, simple, natural; it establishes her at once as a close observer and a delicate artist; we are disposed to give her credit in future for truthfulness as well as for genius. But, passing over her intermediate works, on the faults of which it is, for obvious reasons, impossible to dwell, let us look for an instant at the state of society whose existence is indicated by the last of the series, "Brothers and Sisters," and ask our readers whether it be a probable, a credible, nay, a conceivable state.

We are introduced to the Dalberg family; orphans living under the guardianship of an uncle, and the watchful care of the elder brother and sister of the groups, Augustin and Hedwig. These are the good genii of the book, and each has had a love disappointment, as a good genius ought to have. Hedwig the sister is beautifully drawn, gentle, tender, unselfish, happy both in the happiness which she creates, and in that which she sacrifices. The rest are, Ivar, a young artist of the melodramatic stamp, a communist in principle, passionately in love with a worthless Frenchwoman, who finally deserts him (making the third love disappointment); whereupon he very properly runs into a forest at midnight, lies down amongst the snow, and has a brain fever; Bror, (*such* a name!) a second edition of Bear, merry, good-tempered, warm-hearted and clever; Gerda, a genius and a beauty, betrothed to a man whom she loves, but who turns out a tyrant, and one of so cold and petty a nature that she is compelled to give him up (love disappointment the fourth); Engel, a gentle, tender-hearted girl of sixteen; Göthilda, an improved Petræa; and Cadets Nos. 31 and 32, who like most cadets have no characters at all, but are intensely amusing.

Engel's story is the first to develope itself. Her lover, Uno, after winning her heart, withdraws without declaring himself. (Stop reader; the Swedes are very unfortunate in their *affaires de cœur;* certainly, nevertheless, this is *not* love disappointment the fifth.) The young girl droops and fades, her spirits forsake her, her health begins to suffer. One morning she sits alone in the drawing-room, and reflects upon her position—on the happy Past, the desolate Present, the dreary Future; her heart dies within her, till, on a sudden, the "strong Northern will" arouses, and she determines that she will conquer and crush the passion which is destroying her, that she will be again the sunshine of her family, that she will endure, contend, prevail. Who would not bid her "God speed" in so holy an enterprise? And now, what are her weapons? Prayer, we suppose, hearty, constant prayer, self-discipline, action, charity, study, occupation, patience. Not at all. She has a much simpler method at hand. She gets up and dances: she does *indeed*, reader; Miss Bremer is quite in earnest, and so are we. This is the Northern method whereby a young lady overcomes an unfortunate attachment; she goes into a room by herself and dances violently; and it is so perfectly new in England, that we cannot help strongly recommending it to all persons similarly afflicted, as being at all events worth a trial. Our friend Lawless is the only parallel instance that we can remember, and henceforth the fair and refined Engel must be classed with him. But just as she is executing the highest caper of her despair, Uno enters, and an eclaircissement takes place. After a short time of happiness, he confesses the cause of his silence, and the young girl goes, pale, trembling, and tearful, to her mother-sister with the miserable news. Uno is an atheist! He naturally feared that this *might* be considered a defect, but, as the sequel will show, he was unnecessarily nervous. Engel is frightened—she is unhappy—what can she do? Uno is an atheist; nevertheless, she loves him so very deeply, she would rather be in darkness with him, than in light without him. The polka was not finished—he came before she had danced love out of her heart—she cannot give him up. How does the wise and tender sister counsel her? She grieves and sympathises, sends for Uno—questions him, and discovers that it is indeed true: not only does he disbelieve Revelation, but he has no faith either in a future life or in a Creator; it is blank, unmistakeable, impossible atheism. But Hedwig says gently that she has known such a case before, a lady who unhappily did not believe those truths which have ever been the support of Christians and Pagans (!) But then this lady-atheist was so charming! Her death-bed, to be sure, was a little uncomfortable, because she supposed herself on the verge of annihilation, which is not a pleasant notion. But her life! It was holy, happy, *Christian*, (!) a perpetual thank-offering to God! So Hedwig believes that it is quite possible to have an unconscious faith, which is quite unconnected with belief, and which somehow makes you a perfect Christian, though you are certainly an infidel. Only she does not think people of this kind likely to be happy. The result is, as the reader will anticipate, that Uno marries Engel.

(1) "Brothers and Sisters." By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt.

There was a short notice of this work in one of our former Postscripts, in which we said, "the book being just received we had merely had time to glance at it, but that it seemed to promise a rich treat to the admirers of Miss Bremer." Of the precise nature of that treat the reader will be better able to form an opinion by reading the present Review.—Ed.

Let us take breath. Is not this a very frenzy of absurdity? Alas for the world! It has waited till nineteen hundred years have well nigh rolled over it since God's awful revelation of Himself in Christ, for a woman to proclaim to it the Christianity of Atheism! We are afraid and ashamed as we write of it. The family hearth—the hearts of loving, gentle women—these, we thought, were the refuge and shelter of Faith, when the scoffs of a foolish and misguided reason, or the sneers of a false liberality, should have driven it from the academy and the market-place. Here might all reverent instincts and holy submissions betake themselves; here was their impregnable fortress, their secure temple. We are ready to take the shoes off our feet as we cross the threshold of the sanctuary. And *what* do we encounter?—The realisation of Mrs. Trollope's miserable jest, "a namby-pamby profession of Atheism over a tea-cup!"

After this, Miss Bremer has lost the power to astonish us, and we read very composedly of the wonders which follow. It seems hardly to surprise us that Gerda and Ivar should determine to conquer *their* love disappointments by going on the stage as singers (judging from analogy, we should have thought the ballet a better scheme); neither do we start when they choose America for the scene of their *debût*, while they wander about to their hearts' content, winning golden opinions, and singing tender little songs about their eldest sister to the Yankees. Hedwig, to be sure, does shrink a little from confiding this beautiful girl of twenty to the charge of a youth like Ivar, who has already shown himself to be very passionate and perfectly unprincipled; so that it seems doubtful whether he is quite a fit person to be the sole protector of a young lady starting as a public singer in a foreign country. But Hedwig is far too sensible to yield to such unworthy fears; and she finally sanctions the expedition, being greatly moved thereto by the arguments of Augustin. We must pause a moment to declare our hearty concurrence in Augustin's philosophy of life. This is its grand precept:—Make quite sure what it is that you want to do, find out exactly what you wish, and then—DO IT.

To be sure, the manner in which Hedwig has sacrificed her attachment to the good of her family is a little inconsistent with this principle; but we must not judge too strictly; a philosophy like this must necessarily build the happiness of one heart upon the ruins of another, and we need not look at the victims unless we like. But there is one difficulty—philosophers, public singers, even disappointed lovers, must eat and drink, and poor Ivar and Gerda have not the wherewithal; for Uncle Hercules, who is a decidedly commonplace person, does not seem inclined to advance the money for their operatic excursion. Gothilda comes to their rescue with a very pleasant and clever plan, for which we give her the utmost credit. She determines to sell herself, and pay their passage out of her price. There could not be a better thought. She knows an old man who will assuredly like to have her, and she will make the bargain directly, only taking care to demand a handsome sum. But she may as well try Uncle Hercules first, so she offers herself to him at a cheaper rate; and he, poor old gentleman! somewhat dismayed when he finds her resolution, eventually consents to buy her himself, as he thinks it is altogether the most respectable way of settling the matter.

And now let us reflect a little about the middle classes in Sweden. Is this a true picture, or anything like a true picture? Is Sweden really a place where heart-broken damsels dance in solitary chambers, and young girls sell themselves for the benefit of their families, and mild atheists lead happy Christian lives, and die a little mournfully? Our curiosity increases as we proceed till it almost conquers our horror, and we feel a mementary wish to go there, only that we begin to be afraid that people must there walk upon their heads. If it be true, we can wonder no longer at those awful glimpses of profligacy in thought and feeling, if not in action, which some of these views of society disclose, and to which we can do no more than allude; nor at those audacious profanities of expression which we shudder to read, as though there must be sin even in looking upon them. How should such miserable creedlessness result in anything better? How should a plant so diseased bear any but poisoned fruit? If it be true, can we be deemed pharisaical for saying that an Englishman may well thank God upon his knees, night and morning, that he was not born a Swede? Much as there is of evil amongst us, much to deplore, to condemn, to repent, the mercy of Providence has hitherto preserved us from a degradation so profound as this. And if it be not true, as we hope and believe that it is not, will Sweden endure the calumny?

In conclusion, shall we be esteemed "righteous overmuch" for pronouncing this book—rich as it is in delicate humour, sunny warmth of affection and feeling, natural and eloquent pathos—to be one of the most dangerous that could possibly be placed in the hands of a young person, or one whose principles are yet unfixed? The utter confusion of mind which it must needs produce, wheresoever its fallacies are not at once felt and rejected, must equal that of the *Christian* atheist himself. And we cannot but express our wonder that Mrs. Howitt, that any Englishwoman, should have found it possible to translate some of those passages which we have forborne to transcribe.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing-Desk.

SEPTEMBER, the month when Britons devote their lives to bird-killing, has passed away. Once again, as at Trafalgar, our sanguine country has seen her anticipations realised; England expected every man to do his duty,—every man knew his duty was to kill partridges, (at Trafalgar it was Frenchmen,) and every man has done it,—for the few exceptions—some pitiable, for they could not, some despicable, for they would not—only prove the rule. Innumerable par-

tridges have been killed and eaten, enough bread-sauce has been consumed to fill the Chinese junk, (itself not unlike a sauce-boat in appearance,) together with gravy sufficient to float the monster plaything. An amount of powder and shot has been blazed away at the feathered victims, which differently directed would have rendered Chartists as thoroughly extinct as Mastodons. Men and dogs have risen early and laboured hard in their vocation; the fair sex have been at a discount; the lover has neglected his mistress, the husband his wife, (though that, if Mrs. Caudle be not a scandalous caricature, must not be laid solely to the account of the partridges,) and the whole social fabric has been unhinged for the sake of making "a good bag."

What a dream of happiness was the honeymoon of Lady Louisa Mousseline de Laine! She had married the man of her choice, the fortunate youth who had called forth all the pure and lasting (?) affection of that warm young heart. And a lucky dog Charley Cutaway thought himself, when, during the last Polka, on the last night of Almack's, the golden ringlets that rested on his shoulder were shaken by emotion, and a pair of coral lips whispered that their owner loved him. And when, having been "coupled together," as Charley called it, at St. George's, and suffered a very severe wedding-breakfast in Park-lane afterwards, they found themselves rowing by moonlight on Windermere's glassy waters, they each in their own fashion voted matrimony a most desirable institution, Louisa declaring it elysium, and Charley "the richest dodge going." But September drew nigh; sanguine England expected every man to do his duty, and Charley Cutaway had no mind to disappoint her; so, on the thirty-first of August, the happy pair flew on the wings of love along the Midland Counties Railroad, to Stubbleton Hall in ——shire. Tired with her journey, Louisa retired early, and her husband followed her example. About four A.M. she was aroused from a somewhat fanciful dream that she was a sylph, engaged in hanging a Honiton lace veil (bought at Howell and James's for fifteen guineas, and very cheap at the money,) over the moon to keep the flies away, by a man's voice shouting in her ear—

"Ponto! I say, steady there. By Jove, he's run in upon his birds!"

"Has he!" exclaimed Louisa, her thoughts still in the moon; "I hope he has not torn my veil"—then, becoming a little more alive to a sense of her situation, she added, "Why, Charles, you were hallooing in your sleep!"

"Eh! was I, my dear?" replied her husband, "I was dreaming that confounded dog ran in and spoilt my first shot — Four o'clock! I may as well turn out —Hawkins was to be here at a quarter to five—you'd better go to sleep again, Lou."

This was good advice, but it would have been easier to follow it, if Charles while dressing had not chanced to upset a bag of shot, which pattered down on the floor like a domestic hailstorm; in seeking to remedy which disaster, he trod upon a percussion cap, which exploded with a loud crack, leading Louisa to believe that his powder-flask had burst, and they were all about to be blown up. At last, however, he departed, and Louisa went to sleep again, and never woke till nine o'clock; which, together with the four o'clock disturbance, gave her a headache.

She got pretty well through the morning, having luckily bought the September "SHARPE" at the railway station the day before. First she finished the "Bride's Tragedy," and settled in her own mind that Everard Brooke must have been exactly like her Charley; (Charley, be it known, was rather stout, with light curly hair and a ruddy face;)—then she glanced through the "Story of a Family," and thought Ida made a most unnecessary fuss about her father going abroad: (when the Diddleton Railway smashed, and the paternal Mousseline de Laine went to Boulogne for three months, she had experienced nothing of the sort, but to be sure she had been better brought up, and learnt her mission at Farthingale House, at the rate of two hundred pounds per annum;)—then she read the announcement of a new tale by that popular writer Frank Fairlegh, and wondered what the name would be—which was much what the popular writer himself was doing at that very time, if she had but known it;—then she lunched;—then she played a polka or two, and sang a German song, in which the Rhine was mentioned only six times, and love and glory twice;—then she went out for a walk all by her little self, but mistrusting a suspicious looking cow, came back prematurely and told the butler she had been frightened by a wild bull;—then she dressed for dinner, and sat down to wait for Charles. At half-past seven she felt more hungry and desolate than she had ever done since she was six years old, and Miss Backboard locked her up in the schoolroom for repudiating Pinnock;—at a quarter to eight she decided that Charles's gun had gone off of its own accord, (an attribute all women firmly believe fire-arms to possess,) and killed its master; so, feeling very unhappy and anxious, she indulged in a good cry;—as the clock struck eight she wiped her eyes, and was going to ring the bell and send all the servants out to look for the body, when, bang! bang! went a double-barrel in the stable-yard, and her husband's footsteps sounded in the hall.

"Oh, Charles, how glad I am to see you safe! I have been so miserable! tell me, what was it?"

"Sixteen brace and a half, two couple of rabbits, a hare and a landrail; besides another bird lost in old Stiggins's stubble," was the reply in a tone of triumph.

"And was that all?"

"All! yes, and pretty well too for one gun. Why, what would you have?"

"Psha! I mean, Has nothing happened to you?"

"Oh, lots of things: I've knocked all the skin off my knuckles, and torn my jacket half up the back, falling into a dry ditch; and I've got my legs full of thorns, and I'm as tired as a dog and as hungry as a hunter. So order dinner, there's a good little woman, and I'll be down in a brace of shakes."

Louisa *was* a good little woman; but as her husband had returned home possessed of as much brains as he took out with him, and had been the shooter and not the shootee, she felt she was an injured wife, and must behave accordingly; but as she was very hungry, she rang and ordered dinner.

"'Twere long to tell" how she ate in silence, and gave short crusty answers to the few things Charles found time to say during the meal; and how, after he at length discovered that something had gone wrong with her, and made one or two attempts to conciliate her, just as she was preparing to come round and graciously forgive him, she found he had fallen asleep so soundly that it was by a kind of miracle he could be got to bed at all. This and the various revulsions of feeling she was fated to undergo, ere she made up her mind that Charles was not really a brute, and September one of the trials to which it is a wife's duty to submit,—and so asked her pretty friend Mary Taffeta to come and keep her company, and got up a little excitement by marrying her to a highly advantageous young curate, who didn't shoot,—all this our space will not allow us to dilate upon, and we must beg our kind readers to imagine it for themselves, while we change the subject and proceed to mention certain new books which have come in our way.

Mr. J. H. Parker of Oxford, whose shop in the Strand is ornamented externally with certain cabalistic characters, which forced us to rub up our archæology to decypher them, and must afford matter of curious speculation to the cab drivers and omnibus cads, has sent us three pretty little books as specimens of the extremely good taste with which he gets up such works.

The first of these, "English Medieval Embroidery," (the lettering and title-page of which have caught the infection from the shop front, and are as delightfully illegible as that modern antique itself,) contains much interesting and curious matter, while at the same time it evinces the author's deep research, and thorough knowledge of his subject. The illustrations, thirty-six in number, representing many notable devices then in use, are exceedingly well done, and to the uninitiated form the most inviting portion of the volume.

Next we have a libretto containing seven fairy tales, adapted to the very smallest growth of readers, promising three-year-olds, who will be carrying on the business of life when we are gathered to our fathers. The illustrations and general style of the book contrast vividly with our recollections of the wretched daubs which did duty for pictures "in the merry days when we were young" and read fairy legends,—prints in which a blue prince rescued a yellow princess from a green dragon resident in a salmon-coloured landscape; still, with all their faults, we loved them, and criticized the woodcuts as little as we looked for a moral in the tales. But here we have a possible picture and an unmistakeable moral to each story; the very fairies themselves are moral qualities in disguise, and reform the naughty children like so many Sunday-school teachers; even the little dog Bowwowsky himself is an animal of the strictest principle: however, the book is a charming little book, and as such we recommend it to our juvenile readers.

The last of the three, "Angels' Work, or the Choristers of St. Mark," and two other tales, appears to be intended for older children, and is of a more decidedly religious character. The design is good, and exceedingly well worked out; the author's views are what are commonly called "high church," and with all those who agree with him in opinion the book will become deservedly popular.

"Sir John May Mead, the London Merchant," 1 vol. 12mo. is a very foolish production. It sets at nought all rules of art, and, we may add, of Syntax. It may not be a *sine qua non* in describing *le vrai*, that it be *vraisemblable;* we will admit that there may be a great want of agreement between them, but we are fastidious enough to desire a stricter attention to grammatical concords than this author is generally disposed to give. Even had the story itself been good—and it is more than the reverse, for it is about the worst we ever saw—the reader could not tolerate such phrases as "Is there a man *which*" or, "a man *what*"—"Is there a region where *their* women," &c. A shrewd reader *may* be able to find out the meaning of sentences in which there are no nominatives real or imaginary, but the popular prejudice is in favour of these trifles, and we would counsel the present author either to give his composition the legitimate quantity, or, what would be still better, to leave off writing altogether.

"Amymone." By Miss Lynn, the author of "Azeth the Egyptian." It is a great pity that so much talent and real labour should be devoted to a subject that could scarcely yield an adequate reward to the author. In fact, the choice of "the Time of Pericles" for writing a romance in the nineteenth century was—a notable blunder. It *could* not succeed. Why, Landor himself only ventures to give "fragments" in his "Pericles and Aspasia." He knew well enough that it exceeded his power to create or resuscitate Pericles, Socrates, Anaxagoras, Phidias—to make them walk and talk worthily throughout a three-volume novel; and Miss Lynn has, of course, failed to do so. She has her peculiar views of the character of Aspasia, which are unlike those of anybody else who has written of the fair Ionian. To these views we have not become a convert; we cannot believe that Aspasia was a disciple of Mary Woolstonecraft, or that she was an impossible abstract of all virtue, an epitome of every creature's best, though we have little doubt that she was better than most Greek ladies of her day believed her to be. There is much freshness and vigour of description in Amymone, some brilliant scenes, and throughout a marvellous familiarity with the violet-crowned city and the manners and habits of her citizens. Miss Lynn has failed in producing a good book, but she has manifested her powers of acquiring and assimilating information, and of creating a world from the stores of her imagination.

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R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL, LONDON.