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CONTENTS OF VOL. 84.

PAGE

A Day in the Life of an Ancient Egyptian Dandy. By the Author of "Azeth: the Egyptian" 1

My French Governess. By Doctor Dryasdust, F.S.A. . . 11, 143

The Veglia. Country Life in Italy. By L. Mariotti, Author of "Italy Past and Present" 15

The Emigrant's Song to his Wife. By J. E. Carpenter, Esq. . . . 23

Leaves from a Levantine Log. By Mahmouz Effendi 24

Tick; or, Memoirs of an Old Eton Boy. By Charles Rowcroft, Esq. 33, 228, 348, 411

Paquerette: the Star of a Night. A Story of Paris Life. By the Author of "Chantilly" 47

Philip and his Poodle 61, 173

A Few Months in Southern Africa. By Lieut.-Colonel E. Napier 69, 215, 320, 480

The Adventures of Madame du Barri. By Dudley Costello . . . 81

A Visit to the Battle-Fields of Cressy and Agincourt. In Letters Addressed to H. P. Smith, Esq. By Henry Lawes Long, Esq. 97, 199, 311, 466

Anacreontics. Translated from the Spanish of Don Juan Melendez Valdes. By John Oxenford, Esq. 102

John Keats 105

The Richest Commoner in England 116, 205

The Habitué's Note-Book. By Charles Hervey, Esq. . 122, 261, 395, 535

The Extinct Kingdom of Upper Italy 128

An Autumn Lay. By J. E. Carpenter, Esq. 136

The Opera 137

Black, Red, and Gold. By Captain Medwin 160

Vancouver's Island 161

Brighton in the Autumn 169

The Pyrenees 184

My Guardian Angel. By Mrs. Acton Tindal 226

It cannot be so long ago. By J. E. Carpenter, Esq. 236

Panslavism and the Slavonians 237

The New Zealand Question 250

An Adventure on a Wedding Tour. By Dudley Costello . . . 269

PAGE
THE SECRET PLAN OF THE JESUITS 279
CASTLE SCHILDHEISS. BY JOHN OXENFORD, ESQ. 283
A VERY ANCIENT VARIATION OF THE LEGEND OF THE MOST HOLY ST. DUNSTAN, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. BY ROBERTSON NOEL, ESQ., LL.D. 292
LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL. BY CYRUS REDDING, ESQ. 300, 454
ON THE NEW HEIDELBERG BASTILLE NOW CONSTRUCTING. BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN 310
AN ATTEMPT TO SHOW THAT FISH ARE THE REAL LORDS OF CREATION . . 330
THE FIGHTING FAIRFAXES 336
THE CASTLEREAGH MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE 358
A GLIMPSE AT REPUBLICAN PARIS LAST MONTH 371
THE VISIT OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL GUARDS TO LONDON. BY MR. JOLLY GREEN 382
THE THEATRES 401, 543
THE SIEGE OF VIENNA 429
SIR RICHARD MACGINNIS AND THE SHERIFF 441
WRITTEN AT VISITING THE TOMB OF SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH AND HIS DAUGHTER. BY CYRUS REDDING, ESQ. 449
OLD MEN AND MUMMIES 450
A GAMIN OF THE GARDE MOBILE. BY THE HONOURABLE CHARLES STUART SAVILE 475
MR. JOLLY GREEN'S IMPRISONMENT IN THE CHATEAU DE VINCENNES . . 496
ANCIENT AND MODERN MONSTER REPTILES. BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ. 519

LITERARY NOTICES (FOR SEPTEMBER):—THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.—AMYMONE. BY THE AUTHOR OF "AZETH, THE EGYPTIAN."—GOWRIE; OR, THE KING'S PLOT. BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.—TALES, ESSAYS, AND POEMS. BY JOSEPH GOSTICK.—A YACHT VOYAGE TO NORWAY, DENMARK, AND SWEDEN. BY W. A. ROSS, ESQ.—OBSERVATIONS ON ANEURISM, AND ITS TREATMENT BY COMPRESSION. BY O'BRYEN BELLINGHAM, M.D. EDINBURGH.—PAUL CLIFFORD. BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART. . . . . 139 to 142
———— (FOR OCTOBER):—AFFECTION: ITS FLOWERS AND FRUITS. A TALE OF THE TIMES.—BEAUCHAMP; OR, THE ERROR. BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.—PRESBYTERY EXAMINED: AN ESSAY, CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL, ON THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF SCOTLAND SINCE THE REFORMATION. BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.—DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF SAMUEL PEPYS. EDITED BY LORD BRAYBROOKE. VOL. III. 265 to 268
———— (FOR NOVEMBER):—THE TWO BARONESSES. A ROMANCE. BY H. C. ANDERSEN.—MARY BARTON: A TALE OF MANCHESTER LIFE.—LADY GRANARD'S NIECES: A NOVEL.—MR. EDWIN LEE'S NEW WORKS.—THE MORAL, SOCIAL, AND PROFESSIONAL DUTIES OF ATTORNIES AND SOLICITORS. BY SAMUEL WARREN, ESQ., F.R.S. . . 403 to 410
———— (FOR DECEMBER):—THE YOUNG COUNTESS; OR, LOVE AND JEALOUSY. BY MRS. TROLLOPE.—PERCY: OR THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND."—CLARA FANE. A NOVEL. BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.—THE TOWN; ITS MEMORABLE CHARACTERS AND EVENTS. BY LEIGH HUNT.—BELGIUM, THE RHINE, ITALY, GREECE, AND THE SHORES AND ISLANDS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. BY THE REV. G. N. WRIGHT AND L. F. A. BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.—FISHER'S DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOK. BY THE HONOURABLE MRS. NORTON—MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES . . 545 to 548

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN DANDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AZETH: THE EGYPTIAN."

It seems a contradiction to speak of a dandy of Ancient Egypt; of that stern valley with its wide faith, its dark philosophy, its eternal pyramids and mighty works: it seems impossible that a land which brought forth such enduring mementos of its majesty, should have also cradled children whose sole existence was a gentle vanity, whose worst sin was folly, whose highest virtue was harmlessness from their very weakness. As little as for fair fragile flowers on the rough rock should we think to find our curled and perfumed fop, a thing of such inanity and foolishness, in the same country as that which Isis and Osiris blessed, and for which Rameses and Psametticlus bled. Amidst that giant structure filled with its colossal figures of such surpassing grandeur, rearing up his gentle life like a young blue blossom in the Theban tombs, stands forth the Egyptian dandy. Speak tenderly of his follies; cover up his frailties with the wide cloak of charity; there are more noxious weeds on the bosom of the earth than our vain young fop; and though he does but little good in his brief day, save perhaps to mark by contrast how grand and noble a thing humanity may be made, yet even for his puerilities we have patience, even for his foolish life we have love.

A dandy in Egypt!—a thing of paint and perfume, of lisping speech and empty brain, in that valley which the Nile bound with its living zone, the holy tomb of the members of a God! Strange union this; strange comradeship in blood and land for the descendants of Menes and for the subjects of the Pharaohs. But in Egypt too the earth brought forth the corn-field and the poppy together; and among her sons were the true and the reverent, the earnest and the thoughtful, walking through crowds of fools and foplings whose lives were but the scarlet poppies of the corn-field. Side by side with the swart priest who knows such deep things of Nature and of Nature's God, stands that gentle, vain, bejewelled thing, to whom art and science are but master-workmen for his luxury, to whom the grand world of his religion is but illimitable darkness, and the philosophy of the adytum a chaos of terrifying dread where he is lost without redemption. To him each mythe is a practical fact, which he must believe against reason as he best may; each legendary impersonation is a living existence which he must reconcile with the known laws of nature as he can. He has neither faith nor courage to pierce the outward husk and find the truth which lay concealed beneath all these wrappages of mythe, and God, and sacred life. He believes in the outward; and fears for piety's sake the daring which would lead him to examine his belief. For the priest understanding, for the fopling credence: but can any man believe if he does really understand? And

yet a faith without scrutiny is but cowardice before the truth, though zealots name that scrutiny blasphemy, and its result, if against the public religion, is ranked as one of the actual sins of the day. Our dandy is no religionist, he is no philosopher; delicately he walks through the flower-gardens of life, but the brick-kiln, and the quarry, and the harvest-field, and the workshops of the more stalwart, he passes by as over-stern schools for his dainty senses. His God is pleasure; and his shrine is not to be found in the temple or in the labour-field.

Yet though they numbered coquettes and fops among them, there was but little folly for all that in the "Sons of Khem." For the most part they were grave and solemn: even in their lightest arts still recurring to the mysteries of their faith, and in their grander works proving a sublimity of idea overwhelming to us of this pigmy day. But they had both luxury and humour, aye, and the spirit of beauty too among them; though many will smile at this, remembering only the stiff, flat, angular figures painted in red and blue and yellow on the walls, with disproportioned shoulders drawn in front when the figure itself is in profile, with hands long, lean, and skinny, and fingers joined together most uselessly, with large flat feet advanced before each other in a mode which rendered locomotion impossible; all these offences against artistic beauty will rise up in condemnation of our words, and we shall be voted a theorist who takes ideas for substances and wishes for actualities. Forget their delineation of the human figure, where the archaic stiffness of a rude and early time was perpetuated for sanctity in a refined and cultivated age, and instead of priests and kings (though we often find much sweetness, dignity, and grace, with all their angularity and wooden hardness), look at those things which the narrowing hand of religion had not touched. Their vases, cups, baskets, jewellery, and furniture, illustrate their perception and appreciation of beauty; while their architecture and statuary attest to their grandeur, their sublimity, their majesty; and their painted satires prove the humorousness which lurked beneath all their gravity and solid stern philosophy.

The Egyptian architecture stands alone. Neither Parthenon nor Erechtheion, neither Temple of Theseus nor Fane of Artemis, neither Olympeion nor Choragic monument, nor any of the most beautiful temples of Greece, rich as she was in all noble structures, were more harmonious in detail or more grand in idea than the Nile-washed Gods' houses. Symmetry in the parts, and a visible intention throughout the whole, made Egypt's temples the noblest buildings in the world. The heart of the nation was in the work; and when this is the case the result must be proportionately grand.

As to their satire, it must be borne in mind how massive and severe was the genius of the Mizraimites. They had nothing of the Athenian's lighter graces, they had nothing (to judge by analogy) of the sparkling wit, the rapid flow of genial life, the graceful gay luxuriousness, the thoughtless chace of pleasure, which formed the chief elements of Ionian existence; but a staid humour, a seriousness even in frivolity, a power even in weakness, appear through the Egyytian efforts of painted satiric poetry. And thus we exhume torn scrolls and half-effaced pictures of biting satire, together with sacred bird and adored divinity, together with holy amulet and mystic scarab, piled up around the blackened corse of what was once the casket of so much proud fervid life. The tombs on the lonely desert-

sands give these to the Arab fellah and the English noble, and with them one of the saddest moral lessons we may learn.

In our example of Egyptian frivolity, an Egyptian dandy, we shall see whether in him, too, are not the characteristics of the nation, despite all his efforts to overlay the core of native solemness with the foreign gilding of gaiety and luxury. See him as he rises from that elegantly-shaped and highly-chased bronze bedstead, tossing aside the fine linens so sweetly perfumed and so richly embroidered, perhaps in his eagerness tossing them on the blue and ornamented alabaster head-pillow where his head has rested the whole night through,' his soul luxuriating in the dreams that floated about him. Grave and decorous is his mien, for all that he is still young enough to gain pardon for any levity; his first waking reflection is, whether the gods have spoken favourably to him through his dreams, and whether they promise him good fortune during the day by the omen of the words first heard. If words of pleasant import, if a blessing or the promise of a happy future, if words of praise, or love, or kindness, then his brow is smooth and bright as a young child's, and the smiles which play around his lips have in them a world of mindless happiness never seen in the smiles of men. And lighter, too, is the weighty business of the toilet, than if weeping, wrangling, discomfort, dispraise, or sorrow, have first greeted him as he awoke from his long soft sleep. The flight of birds, favourable if to the right hand, ominous if to the left, has also the power to affect our dandy as he watches them sail across the square opening from which he has withdrawn the drapery that curtained out the sun; and by such signs as these he interprets of the wrath or favour of the gods; by such small, simple, fortuitous, events the will of the Great Creator, the design of the Awful Wisdom, is fathomed and displayed. This is called piety.

Be the auguries as they may, his day begins with that diurnal curse of civilised man, to shave or to be shaved, as custom and character make it verb active or passive. The Egyptian man of fashion and breeding would probably imitate the upper class of his country, and that upper class was the priestly. This was Mizraim's aristocracy; and wisely and mightily had they welded the political and ecclesiastical power into one giant sword of rule, under which the laymen passed as captives under the harrows. Now the priests, we are told by dear old Herodotus, shaved the whole body for the sake of a cleanliness well-prized in a country which forbade swine's flesh and produced palm-trees; and to be in this hieratic fashion our dandy passes under the knife. Perhaps it is of finely tempered steel, beautifully damaskeened, or inlaid with gold; most likely it is of this, or even a richer pattern, if belonging to himself; but if the property of the barber then a blade of metal, plain and unornamented, or simpler still, a sharp flake of Ethiopian flint shocks our fopling's delicacy and removes his hairy superfluities at the same time. But as the Egyptians hedged round all things pertaining to their religion with peculiar sanctity, and as these Ethiopian flints were used by the incisor to the embalmer, it is probable that the laity were not thus far honoured. For in all its branches embalming was a highly religious rite; and every thing connected with it, excepting the incisor before mentioned, was endowed with a peculiar sacredness unknown to the uninitiated.

After the shaving comes the bath, the most delicious of the luxuries with which every hour of the day is enframed as gems in gorgeous casings.

While he lies in the large cool marble bed, whose sides are covered all over with glowing pictures and marked with gay devices, the huge jars or amphoræ of unglazed porous earthenware stand round, from whence the cold fresh water is poured over him in a gentle stream by his careful attendants, and flowers and fruits are strown upon the bath to delight the voluptuary idling there. Sweet herbs are gathered up in handfuls; fresh flowers are heaped upon the stands in a pyramid of perfumed loveliness; and the finest gums and essences of Arabia are burnt or scattered round. What a heaven he lies in now! with the bright water laving his delicate body, the breath of the young blossoms and the heavier scents of the burning incense wreathing about him, every luxury of nature and of art collected there for his sole pleasure, and he himself one of a land which was supreme in the earth, one of a race which the gods loved to the exclusion of all foreign and polluted brethren. Bright thoughts are they which fleet through his mind as the clear water slowly trickles round!

And now his body must be anointed with unguents, and scented with other and more precious perfumes of that dear Araby whose very soil is odorous, so steeped in all most exquisite sweetness is it. The ointment is so precious that it is bought with many a one of those massive golden rings, or circular bars, which he keeps in the treasure chests and closets, piled up in small pyramids according to the prevailing fashion. After his body, not his own natural mother-given hair, but that large, bushy, curled, and plaited wig which hangs on the cedar-wood stand near his ebony dressing-table, must also be scented and anointed. The slave who pours the unctuous drops on those black threads is careful not to allow the smallest stain to fall on the carved and gilded stand. For our dandy disdains all his native woods. The sycamore, tamarisk, acacia, and dôm-palm trees are not fit to form the furniture of his aristocratic chambers; or if admitted, it is only when dyed, or stained, or gilded, or veneered, or painted, that he could suffer their homeliness to make part of a collection so rare and costly. Cedar, ebony, ivory, cinnamon-wood, all and every richest produce of distant lands he diligently collects together in that place of refinement: and one of their charms to him is their very costliness.

His eyes and eyebrows must now be painted with the black kohl or collyrium, which he keeps in a small case made of fine porcelain, or of the substance called the false emerald, of the lazule stone, of transparent glass, of agate, gem, or gold, as it suits his fancy. This case or bottle has separate compartments, into which is carefully plunged the slight bronze or golden needle; for it is a delicate operation, requiring skill and much dexterity. In this practice of blackening his eyes he imitates the example of the sweet women of his land, whose languishing orbs have been the theme of praise for ages long. He cannot have more bright examples than the women of his day; superior then and ever in all the graces and adornments of life man cannot err when he takes them as his guides. Our dandy thinks this, though his lips are silent, as he looks into that round highly-polished metal mirror, whose gilded handle, formed perhaps in the likeness of Athor, the dearest and most beautiful of the goddesses, brings a mingled sense of religious, personal, and human admiration, as the goddess, himself, or the woman, is the image most regarded.

His robe of fine linen fringed and bordered with purple, blue, or scarlet, the breast and shoulder-straps being worked in gold, and the full

sleeves daintily plaited, is then brought to him. It is in the hot summer solstice, so he wears no other garment save this long loose flowing linen one, which he fastens round his waist by a girdle worked in variegated colours, stiff and heavy, and rustling with gold and silk embroidery. Chains, bracelets, armlets, necklaces, rings of gold chased and plain, and others of lazule, gem, or finest porcelain, complete his equipments of a gentleman at home. The chains are surpassingly beautiful; they are variously patterned; some are formed into small pendant leaves, some are long irregular beads, some are rows of sacred amulets, the scarab and the ibis and the cynocephalus the most frequent, and others are imitations of flowers which gold and gem together fashion right livingly. Elegant sandals of papyrus or of painted leather are the last to be indued; and now the finely-dressed gentleman issues from his dormitory into that temple of art and luxury where his daily life is spent. He might be one of the gods of the Ædes, he is so rich in his investiture, so gorgeous in his adornments; he looks scarcely a son of this common every-day world as he treads the shining floor so haughtily, mincing his dainty feet, and seeming as though nature had been created solely for him. His slaves feel the influence of the high superiority which riches and rank have given; and they bend their necks in all lowliness, casting down their eyes with humility, and speaking below their breath for fear, lest their august master should deem they thought themselves men such as himself. Aye, aye, even in Egypt, grand, great, glorious Egypt, reigns the baleful spirit of respect for that which claims it by nought more holy than accident or arbitrary apportionment!

The breakfast or morning meal, which it is the next personal duty of our dandy to despatch, is probably light and simple, as with the Greeks, and early Romans, and all the nations of former times of whom we know any thing certain. A few vegetables, a little wheaten bread, fruits according to the season, cucumbers, melons, peaches, dates, grapes, quinces, nuts, or figs, a draught of light Teniatic wine much diluted, which he pours from an unglazed jar into an alabaster cup, the scent of the roses or bay leaves with which the amphora has been closed still lingering on the sparkling drops, complete the early repast. There is nothing of the grosser luxury of northern nations; nothing of the heavy voluptuousness of the mid-day meals; all is simple, light, easily prepared and easily partaken, leaving him free for what active exertion he may choose to make.

But oh! no active exertion yet! It is too delicious to lie on the painted, cushioned couch, before which is placed the round table with its gorgeous colours and well-worked carving, strown as it is with all the loveliest flowers of the Nile-gardens; it is too delicious to lie so luxuriously there, slowly sipping the cool wine, or plucking the purple grapes one by one from their curling stem, gazing on the bright river as it rushes by, bearing on its broad bosom such wealth and life; he cannot rise just yet to dispose of himself for the day. No; he will recline there some moments longer, counting the sails as they glide past, and judging from the shape and equipments of the boats on what service they speed. The merchant-gallies are easily distinguishable, by the simplicity of their fittings and the absence of all superfluity in adornment or in furniture, from those gay barks with painted sails and flower-formed prows which steal up and down the great river, bearing but one cargo of love and pleasure, bound but to one harbour of delight. Their gay streamers,

their beautiful painted hulls, their bright oars fashioned and coloured into mimic flowers, the laughter, song, and music which poured from them, made even our dandy feel a faint wish that he might for once be unconventional, for once be free and gay, according to nature and not according to society. But loud mirth was in Egypt, as in Athens, a mark of vulgarity which no well-bred gentleman would ever dream of indulging. So strictly do men think it needful to bar in yon hoyden Nature from roaming and acting at her will. Something like a faint sigh, as he hears the merry music and the loud laughter revelling on the young breeze, is followed by a glance of conscious superiority, a smile of pride as he reflects on his own patrician refinement; his high place of birth and education and riches, raising him so far above that meaner herd who might safely laugh and sing in all their rude vulgarity. Society does not revenge herself on born plebeians.

The occupations of the day must at last be commenced. It is yet very early, long before the sun has gained his strength, perhaps before he has fully risen. Our dandy has messages to send, or visits to pay, or business to attend to at his country-seat or farm, which lies on the banks of the Nile, not far from this city of Thebes in which he dwells. If he must transmit his affections or his courtly greetings before setting out, his slave brings him his painted wooden case, together with an embossed and embroidered leathern bag, very fine and soft, in which are his writing-materials. And then after due consideration, our dandy, though a good scribe, never doing any thing in a hurry, spreads before him a sheet of the best superfine "three digits broad" papyrus, and on it indites his letter in the popular or *demotic* characters. How highly scented is that papyrus! how delicately trimmed that reed! Who but a dandy such as ours could ever fashion lines so fine and small, so suitable for the delicate hand that traced them! With no small pride he folds up his well-written document, fastening it with a string, and inscribing it to its destination.

The first labour completed, the slaves are summoned; and after having flung over his loose linen robe a cloak of soft white wool, he goes forth into the street attended by them, and carrying, as his peculiar mark of gentility, a long cherry-wood stick which is beautifully carved and partially gilded; the same stick, or rather staff, is also used by the Babylonians; and not unfrequently it is made the index to the bearer's station and fortune. In Thebes, where the priesthood was the *haute noblesse*, it was the aim of every well-regulated mind to appear as priestly as he was able; hence the stick always carried in religious processions (very probably originally with some mythic intention or allusion), became afterwards a sign of high breeding in the laity, as approaching them in one outward circumstance at least with the hieratic nobility.

The sun rapidly becomes more powerful; our dandy is increasing in indolence. Then his light chariot must be brought out, for it is impossible with slaves, cherry-wood staff, umbrella-fan, and all, to face the burning heat of an Egyptian summer day. The chariot is brought, and the young noble steps slowly into the open body. The two powerful Nubian horses harnessed with straps from the head, not along the flanks, bear him like lightning through the streets, clattering noisily down the great avenues, and past the colossi, and through the squares, and by the temeni or sacred enclosures, till they bring him to his friend's house.

His host receives him with the customary compliments of the palm-leaf fan, (no contemptible offering in Mizraim), with the bowl of clear water for the ablution so necessary to health and comfort alike, with the tray of fruits and light wine and sweet cakes, with fresh bunches of flowers and lotus garlands too, if he is indeed a true lover of Khem, the god of gardens, with flatteries gravely uttered and staid courtesies soberly offered; with all the still and quiet reverence with which society, even among young "bloods," is carried on in Egypt. Our dandy, leaving his cherry-wood stick in charge of the slaves at the door, and returning with equal gravity the sober compliments so stiffly offered, talks learnedly on the merits of the new dancing men and women which some enterprising "choragos" has obtained, or else he discusses the wares of the foreign merchants, the voices of the choristers, and in a lower tone, the meaning of the public omens, the health of the Holy Bull, and the wisdom of the last procession. He then takes leave, mounts his chariot, and speeds away to his farm.

He first hears from the scribe, or overseer, the state of the stock and crops; whether sickness has attacked the young heifers or if the tender calves have died, whether the sheep have failed and the goats forgotten to live; however bad may be the news, the unlucky overseer must repeat it all, even if the thousand eggs sent to the public oven have been spoiled in the baking, and so no chickens are hatched this time, or if the best heifer on the farm, which had been piously destined for holy sacrifice, has fallen sick and refused its food, and hence is unfit for god or man. For that which had once been consecrate by its dedication to the deities was afterwards unfit, because too holy, for human use. He next inspects the gardens, cross or glad, as the scribe's tale has been one of failure or success. He visits the vineyards and the orchards and the wine-press. If it is the vintage-time, he wishes that his wine could be procured without all those naked feet being first bathed in its ruddy drops: the custom of "treading out the grape," though so universal, displeases his aristocratic mind; and he wishes that the gods had made him a genius (in his language a prophet or a priest), and so he might invent some better and more cleanly mode of wine-making. He then selects those of the young kids which his overseer points out as most fit to browse off the superfluous buds and shoots of the growing fruit-trees; and he believes, poor harmless puppet, when he obeys the directing mind of the scribe with such solemn inanity as makes the very agent smile in secret at his master, that he himself has been the originator of such-and-such ideas, the organ of such-and-such commands. Poor dandified land-owner that he is! He knows infinitely more of precious stones, and fine linen, and handsome women, than he does of the rougher details of a farm-yard.

Having given his orders slowly and deliberately he prepares to visit the preserved and well-stocked fishery on his property. The river is to the Egyptian what the moor is to the European. There he takes his sport both singly and *en battue*.

The byblus boat is launched (it is so light that it can be carried on the shoulders and removed from place to place like a folding-stool); the gamekeeper attends; fish-hooks, nets, and spears are thrown into the boat; and slings and stones and curved or straight sticks show that he intends to diversify his day's sport. Worst of all, a faithless bird, taught by her captors one of their own vices, flies to the boat's-head, where she

stands to lure her unsuspecting kind into the same power as that which has enslaved herself. Faithless bird, with thy tender cries, thy voice of pity and of prayer, thy fluttering wings of entreaty, thy bending head of caressing love; false, lying, treacherous bird! thy deceitfulness hath passed into a proverb which, originated beneath the shadow of the pyramids, has come down in all its force even to us, northern barbarians of the island of the far West!

Our young heir is far too deeply steeped in luxury and idleness to venture on the rougher chase of the hippopotamos, or of the crocodile. He is too foppishly staid to disturb the stern serenity of his appearance by that vigorous throw of the barbed spear and the rapid cast of the noosed rope which such chase requires. Why, he would ruffle his garments, discompose his flowing hair, disarrange his flowery garlands, and make himself excessively hot and uncomfortable for no good! No; the gentle sport of angling, the tranquil cast and drag of the net, lazily and sleepily, or at most the stronger exertion of bringing down the water-fowl by means of the slings, stones, and sticks before mentioned, these are the utmost efforts of which his energies admit. And these weary him soon and long. And there he sits, while his slaves row the light boat, or keep her steady against the bank, or moor her to the strong reeds which grow up in a marine forest about him; and lying thus beneath the shadow of the awning, or within the protection of the high gunwale, he watches the stealthy steps of his trained cat and favourite ichneumon as they plunge among the game, or he lazily listens to the cries of the decoy-bird as she calls her wilder kind to come admire her nest of eggs, or come help to feed her brood of young. Perhaps if not over-stupified by luxury he makes some internal reflection on her treachery; then turns away thinking that all is good, even an ichneumon's craft, and a decoy-bird's falsehood.

The sun shines down through the tall reeds and water-plants; his glossy hair runs thick with perfumed oil; his servants bring him fruits in small baskets covered with leaves and flowers to make the purple figs and golden grapes yet more tempting; and some fan away the flies which crowd in myriads from the marsh, or lower the awning chequered with bright colours, which screens away the sun: and he lies in that byblus bark the ideal of Egyptian luxuriousness. We will not ask his thoughts as he thus rests, holding the line and rod so carelessly; we will not inquire what fair form his visions take, as he wraps his linen robe decorously graceful about him, and composes himself to sleep with the thick rushes bending over him. Be she some proud Isiac priestess, regal in her birth and glorious in her beauty, or be she some simple country maid, worshipping at the shrine of his refinement, and loving him with that intense unasking love which only women feel, and which women of every land and faith and climate do feel, be she loveliest dancer or sweetest songstress of the choir whom to love with devotion would be a stain on his gallantry, be she high or low, rich or poor, patrician or plebeian, he were no true man if she did not fill his dreaming thoughts as he rests there within his byblus bark on the dancing waters of the blue river!

The fish are caught, the birds struck down in sufficient quantities; the sun rides high, and our dandy must away to the gay banquet to which he has invited his guests this noon-day. His boatmen pull the lord of

all this wealth back to his own domain: again he traverses his well-kept farm, passing through orchards rich in fruit trees, and through gardens gay with flowers, cooled by water-tanks and fountains all about; and once again he enters that ancient *cottage ornée* of old Egypt, while his car is harnessing to bear him back to the grandeur of the Eternal City of the Gods.

Surely we must admire that elegant and graceful chariot. Where can we find a lighter shape? where a more gorgeous equipment? The large wheels are bound with metal; the sides are painted, gilded, and carved; the beautiful bow-case, richly ornamented, hangs with studied negligence from the rail of the frame; the harness is embossed, painted, and studded; the horses are trapped with magnificent caparisons, gay plumes float over their proud heads and mingle with their flowing manes; the bronze nails set every where in the harness and the car flash and glitter in the sun; and the whole equipage is one of beauty, elegance, and colour unequalled throughout all Mizraim. The Nubian horses too, large, black, and powerful, might well make the Cushite dandy proud as they fly with him through the broad paved roads, and make the simple peasantry compare him to some god on a rainbow-meteor, passing swiftly through the air.

After the bath, after fresh ointments are poured over his supple body and a whole alabaster vase of precious oil is lavished on his false tresses, after he is wreathed with young flowers, gay chaplets, garlands, and loose bunches all before him, after he has put on other and more costly garments, and changed the fashion of his jewellery for gems more brilliant even than those he now wears, after, in a word, he has exhausted all that Egyptian gold can buy, and all that Egpytian luxury can command, he repairs to the gorgeous chamber where his expected guests would assemble.

The furniture of this room surpasses all that we have yet seen. The linen is the finest which Egyptian looms can produce; the tapestry came from Babylon; the carpets are Lydian; the tables are of expensive foreign woods, or if of native, then brightly painted and thickly gilded; the chairs are hung with gold and scarlet and deep blue; their frame-work is a very study of elegance in design. Some are massive, covered throughout with rich drapery; others are light, with lotus buds and flowers, volutes, scrolls, and ornaments, forming the sides; some have captives, others birds, gazelles, lions, and goats, as their supports; all are rich, elegant, and splendid; all suit well with the heavy Egyptian luxury. Each smallest box is a gem for artistic beauty; each vase and cup and basket of gold, or porcelain, or the true and the false murrhine, (the last is the production of Theban workshops), is a thing to be examined for ever; while those of the "pigeon's neck" manufacture, that strange substance of such varied dyes which change in every light till you may not tell what the original hue, are sure to attract crowds of the idly curious to gaze and still gaze on the wonders of light and colour. Splendid lamps of glass and porcelain; statues of ivory, stained wood, false emerald, and vitrified pottery; the coloured ceiling, where the eye is lost in the maze of scrolls and arabesques and many-shaped borderings; the massive columns with their painted lotus-capitals; all these, and more than we can enumerate, speak of the Mizraimite's wealth, and luxury, and

taste. And many a fair maid among the gathering guests would not be ill pleased were the owner of so much beauty to call her "sister."*

Wine is handed round, after each guest has received from the slaves the usual courtesies of water, ointments, lotus-garlands, and sweet nosegays. The wine, and that undressed cabbage in a glass dish, are to stimulate the appetite; and even dainty female lips do not refuse their provocatives.

The banquet passes, while singers trill out their sweet melodies, and buffoons repeat their merry tales and racy jests; while jugglers perform their magic feats, and dancing girls flit like young goddesses about the halls; while mirth and gaiety, love and beauty, enchant the dazzled senses, those grave staid guests carry out their hours. Oh, believe me well, life in Ancient Egypt, despite all the gravity of the nation, was filled with the same passions and allurements as now! We do but change the fashion; the thing remains the same.

And hours pass on, until the near approach of the evening and the latest meal separates the revellers. Some are bound homeward to the still duties of domestic life, in strong contrast to the pleasures tasted now; others to scenes perhaps more free, more burning in their delights than these. Our dandy is one of this class. Another banquet made up as this has been of wine and perfumes and dainty meats, of sweetmeats, flowers, fruits, and vegetables, of music, the dance, and the song, and the jest, and, dearest of all, of women's beauty and of woman's love, succeeds the departure of his guests, and closes the day so deliciously spent. And then our Egyptian commends himself to his gods, to the Ibis and the bull, and the cynocephalus, and the crocodile, and the onion; and once more sleeps beneath the scented linen of the chased bronze bedstead, to rise on the morrow, and pursue the same round of vacant pleasure.

He sleeps. Hush! let the gods of his faith, nay, let the One God of the Universe watch over him; for he is man, therefore equal participator with all men in the love of the Awful Name. Let his sins of frivolity in a life so full of earnest things be pardoned; let him sleep, to waken in another world to a truer knowledge of the value of being. Gently leave his bed. Vain and harmless, a thing of folly not of crime, we may well spare thee, frail son of Khemi! Thou hast nobler brethren—men whose lives are of thought and action—men who know what life demands, and of what awfulness are its requirements—men who have left behind them eternal monuments of their power and majesty; but even among all this majesty, all this power, we have space in our regard and place in our love for thee! Sleep! sleep! thou art the child of our common Father; and though erring, blind, and wandering now, thou hast long since wakened to the light of truth and to the reality of the hereafter!

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* A synonome with wife; perhaps from the early customs of fraternal marriages.

MY FRENCH GOVERNESS.

BY DOCTOR DRYASDUST, F.S.A.

Part I.

It was my fortune a few years ago to be on terms of intimate acquaintance with a French gentleman of high literary attainments and some singularity of character. He had fully developed the first in the arduous prosecution of severe antiquarian studies, the reward for which had at length reached him in the shape of a professorship of languages at one of the royal colleges in the South of France; and whoever was thrown much into contact with him became perfectly satisfied of the existence of the last.

Similar pursuits at a former period had led to a regular correspondence, which, however, related entirely to literary subjects. We were in the habit of communicating any matter of interest to our mutual pursuits; the discovery of a curious manuscript, the progress of a long-undertaken work, what the philologists of this place were engaged in, and what occupied the antiquarians of another, asking occasionally for the collation of certain passages and, in short, going through a complete interchange of literary civilities.

It was many years since we had met, and the whims and oddities of my friend never exhibiting themselves on paper, save when he pushed some favourite theory a little too far (a pardonable eccentricity to which we are all somewhat prone), I had forgotten how frequently he used to excite my surprise by the adoption of the most out-of-the-way projects, when one morning about the beginning of the year 18—, as I was seated at breakfast, leisurely discussing my muffins and coffee while my eye wandered over the pages of the metrical version of "Le Roman du Saint-Graal," then only just published, I heard the postman's double knock at the door of my chambers, and found that he was lingering for the payment of a foreign letter. This was an unusual occurrence, for we whose pursuits are antiquarian generally contrive to find an official medium of communication, an ambassador's bag, the Minister of Public Instruction, or some such channel, a most justifiable evasion of the tax on letters, as all who are familiar with the nature of our correspondence will at once admit. Here, however, was a letter of this description unpaid, and the address was in the hand-writing of my learned friend Professor Panurge of Bordeaux. With something akin to a sigh, I dropped the amount into the postman's hand and returned to the breakfast-table, inwardly speculating on the cause of this unaccustomed mode of proceeding.

It is, I believe, within everybody's experience, if the superscription of a letter be in an unknown hand, how, instead of at once opening it and satisfying one's curiosity as to the writer, one turns it over and over, examining first the seal and then the postmark, and wondering all the while who it can possibly come from. I was in no such doubt about the missive from Professor Panurge, but I acted much in the same way with respect to its contents.

"What can possibly have made him write again so soon?" I asked myself; "it is only a month since I heard from him; he can't have finished his essay on the long-toed shoes of the fifteenth century in which he clearly intends to prove that the Vidame de Chartres could not possibly have worn the *poulaine* when he gave the Damoiseau de Soubriac that famous kicking which was one of the most striking events of the history of that time; has he settled the disputed question about the *Reine Pédauque*,

(who in my opinion was called "goose-foot" because she waddled in her gait); or has he discovered the precise period when pocket-handkerchiefs were first introduced, subjects which, I know, interest him deeply? I wonder what he can have written about?"

So saying, I replaced my spectacles, and holding the letter at arm's length, as is my custom when I read MS., I broke the seal and perused its contents.

Had any body been by at that moment he would have seen that I was considerably agitated by them. It was, however, no interesting discovery that was the cause; it had reference neither to the Vidame de Chartres, nor the Reine Pédauque, nor in fact to any of the themes which were at once my study and my delight. Instead of an elaborate disquisition closely written and accurately punctuated, as was his wont, I beheld only two or three brief sentences which ran as follows:—

"No. 10 Aux Fossés Rouges à Bordeaux
"Ce 14 Fevrier 18—.

"Mon cher ami,—Ce petit mot est pour vous avertir que vers le 20e. de ce mois débarquera au port de Londres, une jeune personne, bien née et parfaitement instruite, en route pour l'Ecosse où elle va se fixer pour soigner l'éducation de la famille d'un riche propriétaire de ce pays.—Son séjour à Londres ne sera par de longue durée, mais, dans tous les cas, je compte sur votre amiabilité de lui être utile et en même temps de lui offrir ce qu'il y a d'agrémens dans votre belle ville.—Cette jeune personne n'est pas avide du plaisir,—cela ne conviendrait pas à son état,—seulement elle est passionnée pour le spectacle. Vous en êtes amateur, ainsi, je ne pourrais m'addresser mieux qu'à vous.—D'ailleurs, vous êtes le seul homme que je connaisse en Angleterre dont le cœur répond à l'esprit,

"Toujours à vous,
"Theophile Panurge,
"Bachelier ès lettres."

Like the unhappy Marino Faliero, "the misty letters vanished from my sight" and the epistle itself dropped from my hand as I came to its close.

Here was I—a quiet, unobtrusive, studious, middle-aged man (of fifty), suddenly hampered with the care of a volatile, frivolous Frenchwoman, "not greedy of pleasure but passionately fond of theatrical amusements," I, who never went near a theatre—except it were the remains of a Roman one, in the shape of some questionable embankment on the Yorkshire hills or Wiltshire downs, and then only for the sublime purpose of discovery—and to be thus called upon to act as *cavalière servente* to a strange sort of God knows what, with every kind of illegitimate temptation about it! The very idea made me shudder.

The care-hardened man of the world may, perhaps, sneeringly ask, why the thought of the lady's arrival should cause me so much embarrassment? I might, if I pleased, refuse to answer, but I will not entrench myself behind the simple austerity of my position as a man of letters, and let that suffice; I will at once state why the intimation conveyed by Professor Panurge was of a nature peculiarly distressing.

At the period of which I am now writing, that excellent individual and most enlightened companion, the present Mrs. Dryasdust (she is hemming and felling one of my most intimate garments on the opposite side of the table at this very moment), was then the object of my most sedulous attention; not, I can assure the reader, on account of the three

per cent stock of which she was the owner, but for personal and mental graces which, apart from the setting, rendered the stone of unapproachable value.* It was my daily practice to devote not only every evening to that fair lady's company, her tea-table being enlivened by a genial, and, it may be, instructive conversation, but a considerable part of each morning was also placed at her service, when we either walked in the parks, or beguiled a few hours at the British Museum, Westminster Abbey, the Museum of Economic Geology, or some other equally lively place of amusement; so that I was by no means a free agent, even had it consorted with my inclination to dance attendance upon this perilous importation—to say nothing of the consequences if I had been caught in the manner.

I do not mean to say, that the mere fact of paying the ordinary attention to a letter of introduction would have been productive of any thing unpleasant, but to accompany a strange lady to the play, and that lady a Frenchwoman—the thing was an absolute impossibility. I inwardly devoted Professor Panurge to all the gods he did or did not worship.

After the first shock occasioned by his letter was over, I began to consider the case more calmly. It was just possible the vessel from Bordeaux might never reach London. I said to myself, with Shylock, "Ships are but boards—there are the perils of waters, winds, and rocks;" and, however unchristian the thought, I confess I should not have been inconsolable if the entire venture had gone to the bottom. The date of Panurge's letter put it wholly out of my power to write to him to prevent the threatened visitation; in all probability the vessel had already sailed when he wrote, and if his calculations were correct, in forty-eight hours or thereabouts, her precious freight would be on my hands. Nothing, therefore, was left for me but to "entertain my fate and die with decency."

The next two days were rather anxious ones. I tried to console myself with Lady Macbeth's philosophy, that "things without remedy should be without regard;" but in spite of every effort, the vision of a smart, coquetish damsel, with an extremely neat *chaussure*—"cheveux peignés et lissés avec soin—(as is, I believe, the custom with French governesses) a very winning smile, dark eyes, brilliant teeth, and what they call a *tournure ravissante*, would keep floating before my eyes, very much to the exclusion of every other object, and greatly to the surprise of my intended, who could not at all understand the cause of my abstraction. I explained as well as I could that my mind was occupied by a very difficult inscription, which had been forwarded me to decypher from the Royal Academy of Sciences at Heligoland, and that I was uncertain whether the characters were Runic or Persepolitan;—(had this been true and the letters arrow-headed, they could scarcely have given me more pain than Panurge's communication). My explanation was somewhat coldly received, the only observation made by the present Mrs. D—— being, that "there was a time for all things."

The 20th of February came,—and went as it came,—with nothing to disturb me but the vague apprehension by which I was haunted. It was an odd thing, but during this period of expectation I could by no means settle to my usual occupations. I abandoned the glossary I was writing to a new edition of "The Ship of Fooles," to think of the ship that was

* Note to the Printer.—Set this paragraph out in as conspicuous type as you can, that it may catch Mrs. D——'s eye—but take care not to print this instruction at the same time, as she frequently has a fancy for reading my articles.

on its way from Bordeaux, and instead of the books to which I commonly resorted for recreation, such as Dugdale's "Monasticon," Rymer's "Fœdera," and such like, I found myself constantly engaged in the perusal of a handful of French novels, which I had procured from my friend Mr. Jeffs, of the Burlington Arcade,—amongst which were "La Jolie Fille du Faubourg;" "La Pucelle de Belleville;" "Jenny la Bouquetière;" and "L'Amoureux Transi," of Paul de Kock; "Le Mariage et l'Amour;" by Madame Elise Voiart; and "Une Liaison Dangereuse," by Jules Lacroix.

For what purpose I read these volumes I could not satisfy myself, but I had a kind of idea that by doing so I should probably acquire a style more suitable in conversation with a modern French woman than the Norman French of "Percival le Gallois," "Gerard de Nevers," or the "Chevalier au Cygne," with which my studies had made me more intimately acquainted than with the lighter productions of the day. Upon whatever *terrain* we were to encounter, it behoved Dr. Dryasdust to meet his fair antagonist. Fair did I say? Why should my thoughts revert to outward embellishments? Did not a thousand personal graces (to say nothing of mental ones) adorn my Tryphæna (the baptismal name of Mrs. D.)?

There is a strange inconsistency in the nature of man; the 21st, the 22nd, and the 23rd of February arrived, and there were still no signs of the consignment which had been promised me, I began to be impatient —must I add,—disappointed! "O navis!' sighed I; "quid agis?" and I added emphatically: "Fortiter occupa portum." Had the cargo been the best vintage from Pauillac, and destined for my own cellars, I could scarcely have felt more anxiety. This, of course, was occasioned merely by common feelings of humanity, lest the vessel should have foundered. My sentiments had strangely altered,—I trust no one will believe for the worse!

However, on the 24th of February,—a day as memorable in my calendar, as in that of certain high personages, the expected event took place.

I had slept rather uneasily,—a circumstance I ascribe to the fact that the "Liaison Dangereuse," which, I was reading the night before, had slipped from under my pillow and got between my shoulders,—and it was only as the morning drew on that, having removed the book, I fell into a sound slumber, though not so sound as to prevent me from dreaming. To say the truth, as nearly as I can guess, about half-past eight, A.M., I was in the act of enjoying a very agreeable vision, such a one as Virgil feigns issues from the ivory portal, when a smart rap at my bed-room door awoke me. To my inquiry, "Who was there?" the voice of Mrs. Lynx, my laundress, made answer:—

"If you please, sir; there's a forring lady wants to see you. She can't speak no English, but has got your name plain enough from a bit of paper she's a holding in her hand!"

"Ah! c'est ici la porte!" exclaimed a shrill voice almost before Mrs. Lynx had ended,—"je suis bien heureuse de l'avoir trouvé chez lui!"

Her hand was already on the handle of the door, and in another moment she would have penetrated into my *sanctorum!* I darted out of bed just as I was, and rushed to the door, shouting, with all my might,

"Mais,—madame,—mademoiselle,—on ne peut pas entrer!"

"Pourquoi ça, monsieur!" demanded the shrill voice.

"Parceque—parceque, mademoiselle,—je n'ai pas encore mis mon—enfin, je ne suis pas habillé."

THE VEGLIA.

COUNTRY LIFE IN ITALY.

By L. Mariotti, Author of "Italy Past and Present."

Lass ruhn die Todten.—Lenore.

There are one hundred and fifty stalls in the great cow-house at Gainago, and not one is untenanted. Stable-boys, milk-maids, and dairymen are in constant attendance; men and beasts equally engaged in the manufacture of Parmesan cheese.

The stable itself is a master-piece of architecture. It has a central nave and two aisles, like any Gothic minster. Its lofty roof rests on five-and-seventy massive pillars, on either side. Between every two pillars one cow has her home. All along the stalls, from behind, there are minor alleys for the passage of the cattle. The middle avenue, never trodden by quadrupeds, is paved with bricks, and so carefully swept, that the Lombard boor declares himself ready, at any time, to eat his Indian porridge off the floor. During the winter months that central nave, or by whatever name the main walk may be designated, is converted into a magnificent saloon, and answers the manifold purposes of a common workshop, a lounge, and assembly-room for the villagers.

The establishment at Gainago belongs to an order of things which is daily becoming obsolete in Italy, since the abolition of the law of primogeniture has given rise to an indefinite division of property. The lands of this extensive estate are in possession of a wealthy Benedictine monastery; but they were given out to a farmer on a long lease of five-and-twenty years, renewable at pleasure, and transferable to his family and heirs. Farmer Campanini had, in fact, died years since, and the management of his vast enterprise devolved on his widow, a tall, commanding person, to whose qualification for empire the "good memory" of her husband might bear ample witness.

For the rest, the agricultural system at Gainago was sufficiently simple and uniform. Scarcely one-tenth of the whole estate was tilled, and this merely as a home field, intended to supply the labourer with bread and *polenta*. The rest was one wide-stretching meadow. Those prodigious Lombard flats, aided by a well-contrived system of irrigation, yield three and even four crops of hay yearly. Manuring in winter, mowing in summer, constitute the whole extent of field labour. The great business of the farm is in-doors. The cow-house and dairy absorb all attention, besides the scanty produce of the mulberry trees, long rows of which, miserably gnarled and stunted, and utterly stripped in early spring, hem the borders of the prairies, in dull, monotonous nakedness.

Altogether, this district is far, indeed, from answering the glowing picture the mere name of Italy never fails to conjure up in the reader's imagination. The manners of the peasantry, however, are not far removed from patriarchal simplicity, and, on a fine October morning, when the cattle wind leisurely along the foot-path, every blade of grass glittering with dew, every leaf of the poplar branches blushing with its autumn tints, and the tinkling bell of "The Lady of the Herd,"* keeping time with the rustic strains of cowherds and milk-maids, even the landscape around is not without its peculiar charms. Its very tameness and evenness give it

* La donna della Torma."—*Dante.*

an air of ineffable repose. "For man's neglect we love it more." There is no villa in sight with its tawdry verandah, its trumpery arbour or summer-house—no tampering with Nature—no painting and patching, none of the pitiable toilette tricks to set off her homely attire.

But it is not in their summer avocations that we purposed to study the manners of the humble inhabitants of Gainago. We will see them at home—their common home, the cow-house. Their private huts, kitchens, and dormitories are mean and squalid enough. They care not for that, nine months out of the twelve the open air is their element. During the short, but sharp winter season they gather together in the stables. These are a kind of club-house, the conveniences and luxuries of which reconcile them to the meanness and wretchedness of their lodgings.

The winter is cold in North Italy, whatever poets may say to the contrary, and fuel is scarce. The genial warmth of his cattle make up to the Lombard boor for the want of fire-side comfort. The household merges into the community; domestic affection expands into social cordiality.

Here they are: all of them. The whole of Gainago, above two hundred souls, one happy family; from the *Casaro*, or head-dairyman, well to do in the world, who attends mass of a Sunday in all the consequence of a long-tailed coat and double watch-guard and seals, down to the cow-boy, whose home is a hole in the hay-loft.

The parish-priest, the surgeon, and other dignitaries of the place, nay, the dowager queen of the farm herself, with her strapping boy, fresh from college, will occasionally grace the *Veglia*, or village-wake, with their presence. The country people, however, thankful as they profess themselves to be for the honour intended, are only at ease by themselves. It is only when released from the crushing condescension of the "great folk," that the spindles twirl lustily and the peals of laughter ring merrily.

The peasant of Lombardy, whatever may be said of his southern brethren, is never idle himself, never countenances idleness in his family circle. Confined to his stables by three feet of snow, he is busy at his tools or at basket-work; and as to his females, the sun in all its round path sees no more inveterate spinners. A stray fiddler or piper may for once or twice in a year make its way into the cow-house and create a passing sensation by a few notes out of his crazy instrument. One of the light-heeled couples may be enticed into a step or two of the stately *Monferrina*.* The spectators, however, need not "look on with their hands" (their own phrase), and even the performers are soon reminded that life is "all work and no play."

Eyes do not spin, however, nor do tongues knit, nor do the mysteries of basket-weaving call forth the faculties of the mind and heart to any considerable extent. Talking goes on briskly, therefore, all the while, and talkers are in great demand; grave talk and small talk, with a considerable amount of bantering and jeering, ogling and flirting.

A spindle will also fall to the ground now and then (not but that is voted a *very* naughty trick by the matrons), a spindle will fall from a careless spinster just as naturally, as accidentally, as a cambric handkerchief, or ivory fan is dropped at Almack's. There will be a scuffle among the rustic swains, striving to pick it up, and a pretty compliment paid in the act of handing it to the artful *coquette*. A spindle thrice dropped to the same individual is a mark of preference very remarkable indeed.

For the rest, the absence of mystery renders love and courtship tolerably

* A graceful dance, originally from the vine-clad hills of *Monferrato*.

insipid among these primitive people. "Love, smoke and—" (I beg the reader's pardon) "and itch admit of no concealment" is the proverb amongst them. Declared lovers are incontinently left to themselves. The dullest of companions to any body else.

Young people licensed to "speak" (that is the Italian for love-making) to each other, play any thing but a conspicuous part at a village wake. Professional talkers, story-tellers, and crackers of good round jokes, alone command a respectful attention: travelled people above all, pedlars, itinerant musicians, jobbing mechanics.

Gainago is only eight miles from Parma, and yet not one out of a hundred among its simple indwellers have stretched their observations so far. The vast majority hardly ever ventured beyond the limits of the parish. It is not so much poverty, perhaps, not so much hard assiduous work, as apathetic, unenterprising stolidity that roots them, like trees, to the spot where they grow. It is the *Bifolco*, or drover's business, to take the cattle to market. The *casaro* has to go to town twice a month to settle scores with his mistress. The fagging journeyman has no holiday, and if ever unemployed, he is too happy to stretch himself on the grass in the shade, and give the world and its toils and cares to oblivion.

The mountaineer in the Apennines is a wide-awake and stirring being. He undertakes his pilgrimages to the shrine of Fontanellato where he manages to combine trade with devotion, or he hires himself out in the *maremma* or in Corsica, and acquires information even as he turns an honest penny, by his yearly rounds. But the bumpkin of the plain is dead to curiosity; and the talk at the *veglia* ministers quite enough to such thirst for knowledge and love of adventure as may harbour in his dull brain. There is a *guardia campestre*, or rural constable, here at Gainago, a weather-beaten, awfully scarred veteran, who has, as he expressed it, "been at the fire" under Napoleon in Germany and Russia, though for what reason, or in whose pay, he never was at the trouble to ascertain. He is an oracle, however, with his warlike exploits; his prodigious recitals are stored up in an awful jumble in the noddles of the gaping rustics, and their southern imagination works at those incongruous materials, till it rears a fabric that would put the most gorgeous castles of chivalrous minstrelsy to the blush.

It was this worthy who acted now as an orator. It was on a brisk, frosty night, in the Christmas season, and the peasants had all drawn up in one speechless group around him. All the hemp in the distaffs was used up; the stock of osier waxed low; the four wicks in the brass lamps burnt dim. Midnight was almost striking, and no one gave the signal to break up. The *guardia* was at the climax of his story.

"It was as light as noon, I tell you," quoth the narrator, with his fist clenched, and eyes glistening; "the moon shone in its full, and I was never so wide awake in my days. It stood by the side of Micco's grave, and looked the very image of my poor comrade as he used to lay by my side at the *bivouac* fire!"

Old Micco, 'the fowler,' as his towns-folk by courtesy called him, an arrant poacher, an irreclaimable character, ever since he had come back from the wars, had met with an untimely end in a nocturnal affray with the gamekeepers in the ducal park or "woods" at Colorno. Out of charity, his native parish of Gainago had dug him a grave and raised a red cross to his memory; an act of kindness which the spectre of the

departed did not fail to acknowledge by sundry antics and gambols on the green sward of the cemetery. It was an encounter with this troublesome neighbour that the *guardia* was now treating his village friends with.

"He seemed to melt away in thin mist, as I gazed," he continued, "and he became white all over, whiter than the sheet in the rector's yard hard by, and it grew taller and taller as he withdrew, and I saw the moonbeams pass through the hollow sockets of his eyes."

Here the ghost-seer's narrative was interrupted by a merry ringing laugh.

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated a young *contadina*, a tidy-looking lass with a smart cap and smooth apron, "and it was the rector's gray mare after all, I dare say."

This sceptic explanation of the terrific vision was received with no favourable murmur.

"The rector's old mare has been dead these three months!" "Mortal mare's eyes give no passage to the rays of the moon!" "The *Campo Santo* is haunted—notorious fact—has been so from time immemorial!" "The monk with two heads!" "The lady with gory locks!" "Old Micco, the fowler!" "No man's bones, it is proved, find rest in a bloody grave!"

Old Micco's ghost was one of the religions of the place; it was a phantom of recent date. The good rustics would put up with no joke on the subject. The two-headed monk himself was hardly a safer theme for merriment, and the profane damsel could hear some half-muttered observations about "town-bred impudence," and "forward minxes wiser than their elders," with which some of the venerable cronies of the community visited her anti-demonological presumption.

The town-bred girl shook her head with impatience. She was a nut-brown beauty, with bushy ringlets, and eyes "as large as a sixpence." She had been brought up at Parma, as an humble attendant on the farmer's widow, and had won the good will of that lady's "strapping boy fresh from college," who had imparted to her not a little of his scholastic lore. She was now at home for the holidays. She had been "smoothed and varnished," the villagers remarked, petted and flattered in town. She could read and write, gave herself airs, and did not scruple to laugh their old fashioned notions to scorn.

She had her abettor and partisans, nevertheless; none so ardent as the *casaro* himself, a widower aged fifty, who was very sweet upon her during his periodical visit in town, and at whose expense the truant girl had many a hearty laugh, when *tête-à-tête* in her studies with her mistress's "strapping boy fresh from college."

The poor *casaro* had lost his sleep. That saucy cut of her cap, her ribbons and flounces, bewildered—the scent on her bushy ringlets inebriated him. Every month, on the recurrence of his visits, Marcella's piquant large eyes, sent a fresh arrow through the good widower's fustian waistcoat, so that had men been able to see under that particular part of his garment, his heart would have been discovered bored through and through, and in as sad a plight as that of "The Virgin of the seven Sorrows," with her seven villanous knives stuck up in her boddice.

"You are a big man, watchman," the girl argued, "and a tough one. If it was old Micco's ghost that you met, wherefore did you not walk up to him with a hearty halloo? Was it not your old crony? And were you afraid he would bite you?"

The *guardia campestre* drew himself up to his full grenadier height, and looked down upon her with an air of conscious dignity.

"You mind your flounces and furbelows, you pretty gay doll, will you? Wait until your ill luck brings you face to face with a *soul* (the Italian for ghost), and I promise you, your tongue, sharp and nimble as it is, will stick to your throat till you can't say boh! to a goose. Hoity, toity!" he continued, in a tone of contemptuous indignation, "What shall we have next? Shall there be no more souls in the world? Are we men, or are we heathens?"

"A heathen, I must be for one," retorted the town-spoiled beauty, "since assuredly I am no man. But if it be manly to take a midnight walk to the churchyard, and speak out one's mind to the scarecrow that frightened a big fellow like you out of his poor wits, by Heaven! I am the one to do it."

"The Lord bless us!" resounded on every side. "The girl is mad!" "Less mad than wicked!" and the whole parish group crossed themselves as fast as if the ghost itself had suddenly stood up amongst them.

"Hark'ee, my pretty wench!" again interposed the veteran. "Hark'ee —I am an old soldier, and have seen fire, and have been all but hacked to pieces by those incarnate fiends, the Cossacks. I am an old stager myself, and think little of a night stroll by moonlight, in discharge of my duty. I keep to the main road, nevertheless, and as for grave-yards," he said, lowering his tone, and his face grew dark as he was speaking, "as for grave-yards, I make it a point to keep as wide aloof from them as old Nick from the christened bells on the church steeple. Only you see last night I came out of the 'Bettolino,' at Colorno—and—"

"Now is the cat out of the bag," said Marcella, with her loud laugh, "and the flasks at the 'Bettolino' had been too many for you, and you saw double as you made your way home."

"Well, well, my valiant lass," said the watchman, with an eloquent shrug of the shoulders, "that is as it may be. But yonder is the door, and yonder across the threshing floor, lies your way. We are on the stroke of midnight, and old Micco is beginning to rub his eyes, and take a turn in his bed. You make the trial, that's all, and if you do not hurry back much faster than you set out, ere you are a hundred rods on your way, I am content never to see the inside of the 'Bettolino,' never to skim off the oil from a wine flask again."

"Done!" shouted the maid. "Martin, mark my words; I'll make you a sober man for all the rest of your life."

"You'll set out, I dare say," retorted the old soldier, testily. "You'll go as far as the hay-stack, and there crouch down for half an-hour, and then come back and have it all your own way."

"Ha! say you so?" said the girl. "Well, then, here is my spindle: whoever will go to the grave-yard to-morrow, at daybreak, will find it stuck up on the sods over old Micco's grave."

There was an awful pause. The rustics looked at each other in sore dismay. The old watchman put on a grin of incredulity and defiance. The enamoured dairyman was the first to recover from his stupor.

"I'll be there at daybreak, and look for it," quoth he. "I will pluck the girl's spindle from the old fowler's grave; I'll bring it back from the churchyard; and by all the ghosts that roam by night! the brave wench that can do such a feat, shall not go unrewarded; I will go before the priest, and claim the fair owner of the spindle for my own."

"A bargain! a match!" cried the youngsters of the company, with one voice, delighted, in the midst of their alarms, with the romantic turn matters were taking. "Marcella and Domenico!—a match!—look out for sugar-plums!"*

Marcella blushed till the colour on her cheeks outshone the flaming ribbons of her cap; for as much of her heart as she ever was aware of, was far away in town, and the "strapping widow's son, fresh from college," had it in his keeping. He had vowed he would make a lady of her, some time or other, and the ambitious peasant-girl laughed at the pretensions of the mature *casaro.*

Marcella was motherless. Her father, also a house-servant, was away with her mistress in town; the parson deep in his slumbers; no one present had a right to exercise any control over her. The *casaro,* the most important authority now present, had been won over to her cause. She rid herself of the importunate remonstrances of some of the elderly dames. She had offered to go, and go she must.

She laid down her distaff, and stuck her spindle into her girdle. She drew up her *Polonaise* hood over her head, smoothed down her apron, and shook the ringlets off her brow.

As she stood up, the old church-clock tolled heavily the hour. It was twelve o'clock—ghost-time all over the world.

Marcella stood up, as if that bell had tolled a signal; she stalked up to the door; turned round, with a wicked smile, to take her farewell of the rustics, who looked at her with very long faces. She passed the threshold, and her footsteps were soon lost in the distance.

Outside, the night was bright and somewhat frosty. The moon had not yet risen. All the stars twinkled in the firmament, but there was that slight wintry haziness, which, without obscuring them, seemed to remove their light and influence millions of miles away from the earth. Not a breath of wind was astir; or rather, none fanned the nut-brown cheek of the girl, as she hurried breathlessly on, but the loftiest summit of the bare poplar-trees were seen to quiver uneasily, and there was that faint moan in the air, which betokens a commotion in the elements, far away in the upper regions. The ground was white with hoar-frost; and a few crisp, dry leaves cracked underneath her feet.

More than once, as the brambles from the hedges caught hold of her trailing garment, did the startled girl impatiently anathematise her town-made petticoats, and wish herself clad in the less cumbrous *jupon* of her simpler village friends.

She walked on with admirable steadiness, nevertheless. She looked intently before her, without suffering any of the innumerable, indefinable, ineffable voices of the night to divert her attention. A smile was on her lips; but it was a dim, dismal smile; an exaggeration of self-command and composure; a putting on a bold face upon what was, unquestionably, a very hazardous game.

For, be it remembered, poor Marcella's scepticism was of a very recent date. It was the result of petulant assurance rather than well-wrought conviction; the confidence of pride, not of considerate valour. All along that walk her spirit was in a flutter of conflicting emotions.

"The dead never return," was the easy doctrine of her young collegian in town; and we may say, the agreeable manners of the instructor made up for the want of soundness in his arguments. But, "The dead

* *Confetti,* or sugar-plums, are used instead of bride-cake, all over Italy.

live a life everlasting," had been, from her childhood upwards, thundered from the pulpit. "Souls are immortal, and God omnipotent. In His hands are the portals of the grave. And may they not yawn and give up their prey, whenever it suits His eternal designs? And may it not be His pleasure, now, to depart from the course of Nature's laws, to confound a rash girl's stubborn unbelief, and chastise her presumption?"

With these harrowing thoughts to keep her company, Marcella made the best of her way to the churchyard.

The church of Gainago was not more than three quarters of a mile away from the farm-house. There was a short cut across the home-fields. This led to some extensive ruins, mantled over by a thin shrubbery, and still thinner plantation of poplar-trees. This meagre strip of woodland alone obstructed the view of the church. Hard by the house of worship stood the solitary parsonage; and between the two edifices lay the *Campo Santo*, or *Sagrato*, the consecrated ground where,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet slept.

The industry of the good pastors had long since encroached upon the last resting-place of the departed, and a good slice of the churchyard had been converted into a kitchen-garden, fenced by a stone wall. Faithful to the horror the Italians everywhere evince for the relics of mortality, the rectors of Gainago had further entrenched themselves behind several rows of cypress and yew trees, which effectually screened their windows from the melancholy view beneath, and increased thus the gloom and desolation of the "city of the dead."

The church itself was a crazy old fabric. It dated from the time when the Benedictines constituted an industrious community, and took the management of their lands upon themselves. In those remote ages one of their minor *cenobiums* was established here; and the wide-strewn ruins on one side of the churchyard had once been their cells and cloisters. Some of their monumental stones, much damaged by time, were still discernible; and contrasted rather strangely with the rudely-carved crosses, red, white, and black, with which the poorer rustics attempted to secure the memory of their dead against oblivion.

Altogether the place was as weird and lonely as heart might desire; and almost close to the steeple, behind the church, in a corner by itself, was the dreaded red cross, under which the remains of the ill-fated Micco, the poacher, had been devoutly deposited.

Marcella had left the home-fields behind her, she had threaded her way across the brushwood with which the ruins of the cloisters were overgrown. A broad ditch separated them from the churchyard, and a narrow plank was thrown athwart.

A cold shiver ran through her veins as that frail bridge swung and quivered beneath her weight. For one instant she reeled right and left; but, by a brave effort, she recovered her balance and sprang in safety ashore.

Here was the battle-field. She cast one look around. The ground was clear before her. The undulating turf, heaving with its ominous mounds, bristling with its hundred crosses, so carefully shut out on all sides from human view!

Marcella paused: she was alone with the dead. The delay was involuntary. Her heart urged her onwards, but the limbs refused their office.

She fell on her knees. She muttered a *requiem*, one of those Latin

prayers which to the ignorant Catholic convey no meaning, but to which, from the very circumstance, he attaches all the importance of a magic spell. She rose with renewed energies. She pressed her hand on her heart and bade it be still. She then took the shortest walk across the "God's acre," and reached the threshold of the church. She had to walk round it, her business being in the solitary corner behind the steeple.

She glanced, as if stealthily, over her shoulder. That she could not help. The vagueness of her danger was more demoralising than the actual presence of the most terrific object. She felt a vague suspicion, as if the inhabitants of the nether world would not be satisfied with the advantage their intangibility gives them over mere flesh and blood, but must needs have recourse to the ungenerous stratagem of an assault from behind.

There was something like uneasy trepidation as she walked round the church—a breathless suspense till she reached the lonely recess.

She came in sight at last. The ground was clear. With a convulsive grasp she drew forth her spindle.

In that very emergency a loud, rattling, whizzing noise resounded throughout the church within. The crazy steeple trembled as if in labour. Marcella gasped for breath. It was only the clock about to strike the half-hour!

Marcella smiled bitterly. Her recovery from that panic had something hysterically wild. It was a smile of exultation and defiance. Her brave heart had won her the victory!

She stood before the solitary grave. The soil was bare around it. No rain of heaven had power to smooth, no blade of grass was suffered to mantle the turf that weighed on the malefactor's remains!

Marcella walked up to that forsaken mound, and laid her hand on the cross. Anxious as she had hitherto been she could not help tarrying awhile as if to enjoy her triumph. She turned all round, and took a deliberate survey of the place. The back of the church and steeple, and a high fencing wall enclosed it on all sides.

"The monk with two heads!" she exclaimed, with a sneer. "The white lady with blood-streaming locks! ha! ha! ha! Young Valentino, in town, was right, after all, and the dead never return!"

With this she stooped hastily down: she drove the spindle deep into the ground, right at the foot of the red cross.

As she was rising to depart her dress was caught hold of and dragged forcibly down.

She uttered a piercing shriek and sunk down insensible.

Her cry was heard miles off. The *casaro* heard it from the casement of his bed-room, where he was making ready for his night's rest, and he crossed himself with pious horror. He did not sleep at all that night, but all his love and boding apprehension could not inspire him with courage to go forth to the rescue.

On the morrow, at daybreak only, he summoned some of the stoutest rustics to his side. Spirits, it is a matter of faith at Gainago, have no power against numbers, no power by daylight.

In a body they hastened to the burial-ground. They found Marcella deep in her swoon, stiffened with cold, lying in a heap on the spot desecrated by her foolhardiness.

She had run her spindle through the skirt of her dress, and pinned it down to the ground.

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

Let us go forth from our old home for ever!
 Why should we linger on this crowded spot?
Think how I've striven, yet with a vain endeavour
 Year after year, and yet how poor our lot!
Far from this land where wealth alone has power
 Where honour, worth, and genius, but decay—
Or live the idol of the fleeting hour,
 Let us go forth—from hence—far, far away.

Let us go forth! I know no ties are stronger
 Than those which bind us to our native land;
But my crushed spirit can endure no longer,
 It pines on some untrodden path to stand;
E'en while the roots of the old tree may perish,
 Its boughs, transplanted, may for ages grow;
So every thought and feeling that we cherish
 In other climes may flourish—let us go!

Let us go forth—a light is round me breaking,
 A star of hope points brightly to the west;
Others have gone before—they now are making
 The quiet homesteads where their sons shall rest;
For thousands more there is a mighty space
 Of fertile plains whereon no corn-fields grow;
Here in life's future not *one* hope I trace,
 There is the land of promise—let us go!

Let us go forth—behold our children's faces
 Radiant with joy—without a mark of care;
A few more years, when time has left his traces
 On those bright forms—no smile will circle there;
The same dull round that we have run before them
 Must be their future if we linger still,
Let us the freedom they should know restore them,
 Hence from life's valley—let us climb the hill!

Let us go forth—a moment look around us,
 The land, o'erpeopled, is alive with crime;
Unstained as yet the weary hours have found us,
 As yet our steps are free as yon bright clime;
My arm is strong, but my firm heart is stronger;
 I know the toil we all must undergo;
Here let us rest in poverty no longer,
 Labour has sweet reward, so let us go!

Let us go forth! 'tis but the pang of leaving
 Each old home scene familiar as the day;
Think of our friendships, lost, with scarce a grieving,
 How many ties are severed ev'ry day!
God made the earth for man, his wants to cherish,
 For man he made all living things to grow;
Nor man made He amid a crowd to perish,—
 To lands of boundless space—there let us go!

LEAVES FROM A LEVANTINE LOG.

BY MAHMOUZ EFFENDI.

I must rid all the sea of pirates.
Antony and Cleopatra.

August 26, 1846.—Hurrah for the East! Now take we our departure from Scilly.

* * * Let me hurry over this part of my log; *voyons*—in nine days we made Cape Finisterre.

Sept. 2.—Off Lisbon; next day doubled Cape St. Vincent; on the 5th made Cape Trafalgar, and ran through the Gut of Gibraltar same night. On the 7th, with a westerly breeze, passed Cape de Gat (Spain), and thence stood east by south, sighting several turtle and shoals of flying fish. * * *

Sept. 8.—This day the mountains of Africa have been visible from the deck, and to-morrow we expect to be abreast of the city of Algiers, where the aggressive French "have had enough of it" since June, 1830.

Sept. 9.—Algiers distant seven leagues. Caught a hawk in the fore-rigging, which we christened "Binnacle Jack." * * *

* * * "Algerine piracy," said Millerby, one forenoon, "is now at an end, but in my opinion it will not be equally easy to put down piracy in the Levant. In that respect Otho's subjects are as bad as Malays."

"True enough," added Knighton. "When Karabusa was captured in '27 by the squadron under Sir Thomas Staines, some good was, we must admit, effected; but now, without half-a-dozen men-of-war—brigs, or sloops, *constantly* cruising between Candia and Mytelene, we shall never succeed in keeping these rascally Greeks in order. Every man-jack of them seems born a pirate. A frigate at Athens or Smyrna does but little good; it strikes no terror into their guilty souls."

"Nearly twenty years have now elapsed since Karabusa was taken," said Mac Cuming, "and scarcely a single year has gone by without its authenticated tale of plunder and murder. The Grecian Archipelago has indeed many a nest of cut-throats."

"Then," exclaimed Webster, "we ourselves may yet fall in with an adventure before we conclude our passage into the Sea of Marmora."

"Like enough," replied Millerby, "though I admit I have no stomach for such incidents. Pirates may be acceptable subjects to the novelist or the poet; they are, perhaps, well enough as food for the imagination, but in stern reality they are ugly customers to deal with. Some day I'll relate to you what befel me when a much younger man, and I had the misfortune to be carried into Napoli di Romania by a corsair. I must now go on deck to take the sun." And here Millerby, quadrant in hand, ascended the companion-ladder.

"How long," asked Webster, "is it likely we shall be before sighting Candia or Cape Matapan?"

"If this westerly breeze hold," replied Mac Cuming, "we may reach the Cape in about a week. Less than a week is a common passage from Malta to Cerigo."

"The breeze is fresh enough at present," said Knighton, "the schooner must be going seven or eight knots. Few pirates could catch her now."

"They seldom attack vessels under sail," said Mac Cuming; "formerly they had no objection to do so, but the present fashion of the Klephts appears to be to wait till a craft brings up, and then to board her at night. The *Margaret* was taken in this way in September, '36."

"Where?" asked Knighton.

"Off Cape Janissary," replied Mac Cuming, "at the mouth of the Dardanelles, on the Asiatic or Trojan side, almost in face of Tenedos."

"Did they plunder the vessel?" asked Webster.

"No; the *Margaret* was in ballast, but the rascals murdered the man who had the anchor-watch, and, unfortunately, and notwithstanding the unremitting exertions of the English consul, Mr. Lander, who is since dead, the pirates were never discovered. Three weeks afterwards another piracy was committed near the very same spot. I was in the Dardanelles at the time."

"What was the name of the second captured vessel?"

"The *Hellespont*, commanded by an old friend of mine, of the name of Longridge. The affair made some noise among the merchants, and on our reaching Constantinople led to many former cases being raked up, of which I had not previously heard. I took a few notes of them, as they were from time to time mentioned at Stampa's, or appeared in English papers, and I rather think I have the memoranda on board. After we've determined our latitude I'll overhaul my writing-desk and search, but I must now join Millerby on deck, the sun should be nearly up."

"Who's Stampa?" asked Webster of Knighton, as Mac Cuming left the cabin.

"Stampa—the glorious Stampa—is as well known in the Turkish capital as the sultan himself," replied Knighton. "His rank, it is true, is but that of a ship-chandler, of which useful class there are but two or three notables in the place, Stampa and Proctor, and, I think, another, but I can't recollect his name. Of Greek and such-like ship-chandlers there may be shoals for aught I know to the contrary, but the English, as a body, patronise Stampa. He was the original in the trade, has lived safely through revolutions, plague, and fire; was on the spot when the Janissaries were suppressed, or rather 'smashed into smithereens' in '26, and at the present moment is said to be as rich as a Jew, though it is right to say the old boy is a Christian, and one not only in name but in character. His shop is situate in the suburb of Galata, and is the grand resort of English skippers and travellers, where they quaff grog and pale ale, smoke the best tobacco, pick up the news, arrange excursions into the country, and trips to the Mussulman side of the harbour, to the tcharshees, baths, bazaars, and so on. The shop itself is what is vulgarly called an *omnium gatherum*, containing every thing, from vinegar to attar of roses, trinkets, cheeses, and hams, walking-sticks, ladies' slippers, and God knows what; order what you will it is obtainable through Stampa, the honest Genoese, in the turn of a handspike, or before you could say Jack Robinson. I'll introduce you, my boy, as soon as we set foot on the shores of the Golden Horn."

Three raps with a handspike were at this moment suddenly heard on deck, following the cry of Mac Cuming,

"Twelve o'clock, there!" "call the watch!" "heave the log!" "sound the pump!" "strike the bell!" And as soon as the third rap was given, a seaman's rough voice exclaimed,

"Starboard watch ahoy! below there! do you hear the news? Twelve o'clock, you old salts—tumble up!"

Though this was simply addressed to the forecastle, Knighton and Webster, the two passengers in the cabin, also went on deck to look around them.

"Eight bells, gentlemen," said Millerby.

"Now, steward, bear a-hand with the dinner," added Mac Cuming.

"Ay, ay, sir," was the reply from the smoking cabouse.

"E.S.E.," said the man at the wheel, to him of the starboard watch, who came aft to relieve him. And on an E.S.E. course the schooner was accordingly kept.

"Seven knots, sir," said the apprentice, as he hauled in the log-line, which was immediately rewound upon its reel.

"Any thing in sight?" asked Webster.

"A French steamer, probably bound for Algiers," added Millerby. "And a felucca standing in, close-hauled, for the Sicilian coast—nothing else."

"What's our latitude?" inquired Knighton of Mac Cuming, who was pencilling four or five lines of figures on the weather bulwark.

"Exactly thirty-eight north," was the answer.

The party now fell into a quarter-deck walk, and after a few turns, during which the cabin-boy had laid the cloth for dinner, the steward received—*inter alia*—our favourite dish, a baked sea-pie, from the cook, and then having deposited it in due form below, announced that dinner was ready, whereupon Mac Cuming, Knighton, and Webster dived into the cabin upon gastronomic thoughts intent, while Millerby remained on watch, the whole of the men, the helmsman excepted, being also sent below to their salt junk and potatoes.

By-and-bye the whole party were again on deck, taking their wine and grog (Millerby having been relieved for half-an-hour by Mac Cuming during the hour's dinner-time) and the conversation shortly turned again upon piracy. Mac Cuming had fortunately found his notes, and by these it appeared that on the 5th of October, 1836, the brig *Hellespont*, already alluded to, when at anchor off Cape Greco, on the European side, at the entrance of the Dardanelles, was at 9h. 30m. P. M. boarded by pirates from a boat that dropped stealthily alongside. The only person on deck was a boy, the crew having all turned in. A crowd of Greeks at once took possession of the brig, the boy, after receiving a blow from a musket, escaping below. The carpenter then tried to gain the deck, but was beaten back into the forecastle. The pirates remained on board an hour or two, loaded their boat with all the stores and provisions, and sails, and rope, on deck, did as much damage to the vessel as they could with their swords, and ultimately left her, having taken the precaution of battening down the hatches to keep the crew below as long as possible after their departure.

"This piracy of the brig *Hellespont*," continued Mac Cuming, "occurred in October, '36, and passing on to '37, I find by my notes that in

that year three piracies were committed; one in June, '37, one in August, '37, and one about Christmas, '37. The first case was that of the *Thomas Crisp*, an English merchantman, boarded and plundered when at anchor between Tenedos and the main; the third case in order of date was that of the *Hope*, of Glasgow, boarded at the same anchorage, the mate of the *Hope* being wounded; and the second case happened more to the southward, namely near Candia. This second case appeared in most of the English newspapers. It occurred on the 31st of August, '37. The unfortunate vessel was a Greek saccoleva, commanded by one Stamati Cocchina, bound from Canea, in Candia, to Spezzia, between Napoli di Romania and Athens. The pirates surprised the saccoleva off Candia, under the pretence of being custom-house officers. The crew, four in number, the captain, and five passengers, were all murdered except two! The vessel was scuttled and went down, but the two survivors managed to swim ashore, and five of the pirates who had gained no less than 20,000 dollars by this capture, were ultimately taken, and after a delay of twelvemonths, executed at Zante on the 27th of November, '38.

"Notwithstanding this example, the years '38 and '39 were not without their piracies. In the former year, on the 1st of September, the *Hendrika Elizabeth*, a Dutch merchant-brig, was taken near Scio; and in '39 an Austrian brig, the *Bocchese*, was attacked under sail near Tenedos. In the year '40 there *appears* to have been a lull; I have no notes of piracy in that year," continued Mac Cuming, "though probably our consuls at Smyrna or Salonica, Syra, Athens, or Napoli di Romania, could tell a very different tale. Speaking of Napoli, I may remind you that this was the place where the guillotine was first used in Greece (soon after Otho's accession). The culprit who suffered was a pirate who had assassinated, first the captain of a caïque, then the servant of a passenger, next the passenger himself, and then to crown all he had seized the passenger's wife, carried her to an unfrequented islet, whence after some little time she was miraculously rescued by some passing ship, and the assassin brought to justice."

"Had he been taken down to Malta for trial," said Knighton, "the chances are he would have been acquitted. There seems to be a most unaccountable mania at Malta for acquitting pirates. A mixed court might be established at Tenedos to try such criminals."

"The Yankee fashion is the best," said Millerby. "A drum-head court-martial and a swing at the yard-arm, an hour after capture. Or 'give 'em the stem' if they attack you under way."

"Our humanity-mongers won't allow that," said Webster. "There would be a fine outcry in Exeter Hall. They'll never consent to that."

"Not till some pious nobleman's yacht is taken, and his family experience the tender mercies that animate the classic bosom of the *regenerated* Greek! D—n the Greeks, say I; they're the greatest rascals under the sun, and those only who have lived among them a year or two, can understand the extent of their rascality. Sorry enough we ought all to be that England ever helped them against the Turks. Navarino was indeed an 'untoward event.'"

"But how about this piracy near Scio?" inquired Webster of Mac Cuming, thus bringing back the conversation to the point whence it had for a moment diverged.

"The case near Scio," said Mac Cuming, "was that of the *Hendrika Elizabeth*. The *Bocchese*, as I said just now, was attacked under sail

near Tenedos; the *Hendrika* when becalmed near Scio. The *Bocchese* was armed, and the Austrians killed several of the pirates in beating off the two large boats in which they attacked her. This was on the 7th of January, '39.

"The *Hendrika* was taken on the 1st of September, '38, and an account of this affair immediately appeared in the *Journal de Smyrne.* The circumstances were these:—'Hailed by a country boat, rowed but by two men, she was about to supply them with the water they pitifully requested, when several armed fellows started from their hiding-place under the half-deck of the boat, fired a volley upon the brig, wounded three of her crew, ran alongside, and boarded. Compelling the Dutchmen to proceed to Ipsara they there hove-to behind the island, sent all hands below, bound the captain's arms, filled their own boat with plunder, and then scuttled the brig! On the departure of the pirates the crew and captain, after much trouble, fortunately regained the deck, but all their efforts at the pumps were of no avail; the vessel continued to fill with water, and at last she heeled over and sunk when about two leagues to the northward of Scio. All hands fortunately reached Smyrna in one of the brig's boats, but as to the pirates nothing more was heard of them. This was in '38, the Bocchese affair was in '39, six months before the death of Sultan Mahmoud.' "

"Pray continue your yarn," said Webster, "it interests me much."

"As far as my own information goes," said Mac Cuming, "there was, as I said just now, a lull among the pirates in 1840; it is true I was not in the Mediterranean in that year, and therefore not exactly in the best position for news, but the 16th of June, '41, proved the 'water-rats' to be again out of their holes. On that day two piratical vessels, a schooner and a cutter, chased a large Turkish caïque from Tenedos to Cape Baba, opposite Mytelene—the birth-place of Barbarossa—and ultimately they gained so fast upon her that to escape she was compelled to run ashore. During the chase a continual fire of musketry was kept up. These were probably the same vessels of which the Countess Grosvenor speaks in her 'Narrative of a Yacht Voyage,' by stating that Mr. Lander, the English consul, warned her on the 23rd of June, '41, against two piratical craft cruising off the Troad and Mytelene. Her ladyship's yacht, however, the *Dolphin,* did not fall in with them. When the news of the attack on the caïque reached Smyrna, H.M.S. *Dido* put to sea."

"But caught no pirates," said Millerby, "though an Austrian brig of war accompanied her."

"Our government," said Knighton, "seeing the number of English vessels trading between Liverpool, London, and Constantinople, ought always to keep a smart sloop-of-war on station at Tenedos, and also an armed steamer cruising among the islands. Too many of the fleet are kept idle at Malta. Here already are cases enough to attract ministerial attention in the *Margaret, Hope, Hellespont,* and *Thomas Crisp,* in addition to the foreign vessels that have been taken or attacked. And doubtless scores of cases are never reported or known in England at all."

"Like enough," said Millerby, "and dead men tell no tales. I remember that at the close of '41, when the Candiotes fruitlessly rose against the young sultan, who had then not reigned two years, several vessels were fallen in with in the Arches,* abandoned and plundered, and

* "Arches" is the term generally used by sailors to indicate the Grecian Archipelago.

it was conjectured that the craft, ostensibly fitted out in the Greek islands to assist the Candiote insurgents, had in reality turned pirates. It is well known that they were well provided with arms and ammunition, and they probably plundered and murdered in all directions."

"Well," said Webster, 'as pirates seem to continue so much the fashion in Greek waters, we had better exercise all hands at the great guns the very first calm we fall into. I think I could nearly hit a beef-cask myself, wind and weather permitting; but, after all, a rifle is the best piece to pink a pirate with."

"We have two six-pounders," said Millerby, "as you know, but, perhaps, you are not aware our owners have actually sent us to sea without a single shot! Of powder there is galore, more than enough. So far we are in luck."

"As for shot," said Mac Cuming, "we'd soon find a make-shift, by cramming the guns with any thing; with nails, bottles, coals, and junks of wood. Besides we have a few bullets."

"And pirates," said Millerby, "are frequently to be beaten off by bullets and a little pluck. A French brig, *Le Petit Matelot*, beat off some of the rascals when at anchor off Scala Nuova, near Ephesus, on the 5th of May, '42, and you have already heard that the *Bocchese* did the same in January, '39, near Tenedos, when under sail."

"True enough," said Mac Cuming, "yet the success of *Le Petit Matelot* in May, '42, must still be contrasted with the unfortunate affair near Smyrna but a few weeks afterwards. The pirates were probably the same in both cases."

"What was that Smyrna business?" inquired Webster.

"On the 19th of July, '42, a boat with a crew of eight," replied Mac Cuming, "was off Kara Bournu, bound out of Smyrna to Calymnos, having on board a sum of money received for a cargo of sponge which they had just landed at the former port. Pirates attacked them in the night, and murdered seven men out of the eight on board, plundering the craft of every thing as a matter of course. The villains are now seldom content with plunder; they seem to delight in blood."

"'Tis a strange thing," said Webster, "that a Turk is seldom, if ever, found on board these pirate craft in the Levant."

"The majority of the crews," replied Mac Cuming, "are invariably and indisputably Greeks, with frequently a few Sclavonians, and occasionally a Maltese or two. Albanians seldom show their noses out of the Adriatic, in which sea the Austrian marine is tolerably vigilant. Piracy, however, occasionally occurs among the Ionian Islands."

"Never mind the Adriatic or the Ionian Islands, as we're now bound to the Arches. Give us another case or two, Mac Cuming. Your last was in July, '42. I had no conception piracy yet existed to such an extent."

"The countless isles of the Ægean," said Mac Cuming, "afford so many places of concealment, that very many years may elapse before a trip through the Arches will be unattended with danger. The chief rendezvous of the celebrated Hugo Crevelier, who flourished as a pirate for twenty years, is said to have been Paros—there is a long account of that worthy in the second volume of 'Emerson's Letters'—but Paros is but a poor hiding-place now in comparison with others I could myself point out, and some of which are fortunately known to our surveying officers."

"The rascally Corsairs come westward sometimes," said Knighton. "A case of piracy that occurred in '43 I happen myself to remember; it was perpetrated on the 2nd of December in that year, on a spot we recently passed. In this instance a sharp, black, polacca brig, coppered, with an ordinary figure-head, very light, and having no appearance of ports, sailing fast, according to every account, boarded a brig and a barque off Malaga, kept possession of the barque a whole night, and the next morning scuttled her. The brig reported that about thirty men, apparently Greeks, were seen in the pirate, whereupon one of the consuls at Malaga wrote down to Gibraltar, and H.M. St. *Locust* was sent in chase, but never came up with the pirate. She had as bad luck as H.M.S. *Dido* at Smyrna."

"What became of the crew of the barque that was scuttled at Malaga?"

"I never could ascertain," replied Knighton.

"The western case you have just mentioned," said Mac Cuming, "occurred in December, '43, not three months after Kalergi's useful revolution at Athens, and I find that in the preceding October or November, a Greek pirate schooner captured a Levant country vessel, near Rhodes, murdering nine persons. The two leaders of the pirates were here recognised, but never actually brought to trial, so far as I have yet heard. They were called Yani Zanni and Spano. This was not the first known instance in which the former had shown himself an assassin."

"The pirate schooner to which you have just alluded," said Millerby, "was ultimately taken at Samos and sent to Rhodes. She was called the *Santa Trinità*. All the pirates but five escaped, and these five, when taken, made some horrible confessions at Rhodes to Hassan Pasha, who would willingly have struck off their heads, but as his prisoners were Greeks, he was compelled to write for instructions to Constantinople. I therefore presume the fellows were ultimately forwarded to Athens. What became of them I know not."

"What disclosures did they make?" asked Webster.

"They confessed," said Millerby, "about a dozen cases of piracy, in each of which they had murdered their victims; and they acknowledged having taken from one of their prizes a young girl of eighteen or nineteen years of age, of surpassing beauty, and confessed that during the three days she was kept on board the pirate, she was assaulted by all the crew, and forced to abandon herself to their guilty passions. This done, they cut off her beautiful tresses, and were about to decapitate her, when she requested to be thrown into the sea instead of undergoing the knife, and overboard she was immediately thrown."

"Infernal monsters!" exclaimed Webster.

"For those fellows," said Knighton, "even impalement were too easy a death; or horizontal crucifixion on the sands, to drown by inches as the tide rose."

"Or frying to death over a slow fire," added Millerby.

"In '44," continued Mac Cuming, "Mediterranean piracy seemed much on the increase; a pirate schooner, a pirate brig, and a pirate barque were frequently reported, and it began to be believed that the ruffians occasionally changed their rig as well as their station. Several

foreign vessels were ransacked about the month of April; on the 2nd of March, the *Clipper*, Captain Hammond, from Liverpool to Malta, and Smyrna, was chased off Cape Passaro by a very suspicious bark, which at one time was within a mile of her; she had a small heart, painted white, on her stern, showed no boats, and from the rapidity of her movements Captain Hammond believed her to be well manned. It was afterwards ascertained that while this vessel was chasing the *Clipper*, two small craft left Sicily for Malta with specie, but they reached not their destination. One was never heard of; the other was a few days afterwards picked up at sea, abandoned, with water-casks emptied and other signs of having been plundered."

"By that confounded barque, doubtless," said Knighton.

"I hold the same opinion; and about the same time a French vessel, the *Jean Baptiste*, Captain Martin, was dodged by a piratical-looking craft near Ivica, a spot towards which the pirate was like enough to have proceeded from Malta, for to remain long in one place was no part of the rascal's plan."

"In July or August, '44," said Millerby, "a Neapolitan war steamer captured a corsair off Calabria, manned, it was said, by sailors of all nations. I read that in the *Nautical Magazine* at the time. I think the volume is still in my berth. 'Tis a great pity our consuls and naval officers do not furnish that periodical with *every* case of piracy that occurs."

"The capture by the Neapolitans did not suppress piracy nevertheless," said Mac Cuming, "for about September or August, '44, I was at Athens when some pirate-boats appeared in their old haunt, the Doro Passage, inside the island of Negropont, captured two merchant vessels and one of Otho's armed cutters with 16,000 drachmas on board, putting the crews to death. Some of their headless bodies washed ashore at Andros, where no less than twenty were picked up on the beach. Two French steamers started after the pirates from Athens, but as usual the villains were not to be caught. A few weeks afterwards, in October, a party of Palichars seized a small vessel in a creek near Atalanti, and thence set off on a piratical cruise. Near Skyros they commenced operations by taking three boats laden with general merchandise, but God knows what became of them afterwards. However, there was piracy enough in the Arches at the close of the year '44. In '45 the ruffians were rather more quiet."

"But," said Millerby, "in this very year of '46 in which we are now cruising, as sure as we have just finished dinner, and got a fair wind—"

"There's no doubting *that*," said Knighton.

"Certain as that is," continued Millerby, "it is equally certain the pirates are still at their old tricks, now in 1846, for just before leaving Liverpool I received a letter from Smyrna, dated July 31, stating, that on the 19th of July, two boats manned by thirty-two pirates, landed at Nicero, near Rhodes, attacked the magazines of the island and carried off all the valuables they contained. They also boarded a craft belonging to Yacopo Nicolaide, whom they ill-treated, and also despoiled of his property, which they carried down to Nicaria, below Scio, and there disposed of. After which they set sail and were last seen near Patmos. Now this, mind you, occurred in July '46, comparatively but a few weeks ago,

so we ourselves must keep a sharp look-out if becalmed among the islands."

"Sail, ho!" shouted the look-out, stationed on the port-bow.

"Where away?"

"Right a-head, sir, on the larboard tack, close-hauled."

"You should have seen her before, Savage, she's not a couple of miles from us."

"She's a fruit schooner," said Millerby, putting down his spy-glass after taking a good look at her hull and canvass.

"Show our number," said Mac Cuming, which was accordingly done, and after the flags had fluttered aloft for about five minutes, the stranger made them out, hoisted Marryat's answering pendant at his mainmast-head, and showed the red ensign of Old England from the peak. In a quarter of an hour he tacked, showed his own number at the main and Marryat's telegraph flag at the fore. On referring to the code we found our friend to be the *Bantam*, and his telegraphic message was simply this,—"Boats—of—H. M. S. *Syren**—have—recently—taken—60—pirates—at—Stanchio—with—their—4—craft."

"It's devilish odd," said Knighton, "that such a signal should be made just as we were speaking of pirates. 'Talk of the devil, and his imps appear,' is, however, an old proverb. 'Quand on parle du loup, on voit la queue, dit-on.'"

"Syren's exploit has, however, lessened our own chance of a 'brush,'" said Webster.

"Why, Web," exclaimed Knighton, "you seem earnestly bent on battle with these brigands afloat! By the holy poker! thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies! There's a Shaksperian touch for you, my boy; as for myself I've no great ambition to cross swords or pull triggers with a petticoated palikar. The saints defend us from their fierce attacks. Hollo! the fruiter's about, and will fetch within hail of us. Aft with you, she'll pass under our stern, and her skipper there in the lee-rigging, looks as if he had something to say."

But why should I pester the reader with the words that came down to us from the *Bantam's* skipper, as that smart craft passed under our stern to windward? It may be more serviceable to inform him, that each and all the cases of piracy recorded above are really and truly FACTS NOT FICTION.†

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* *Vide Nautical Magazine* for 1846, page 551.

† The following letter was recently despatched by Count Sturmer, the Austrian Internuncio at Constantinople, to the government at Vienna. Some of the pirates alluded to carry seven guns of a side.

"Constantinople, 4 July, 1848.

"I beg leave to inform you that the Sublime Porte has despatched a fleet, under the command of Maschouk Pasha, towards the Turkish coasts, beyond the Dardanelles, for the purpose of protecting merchant-vessels against the attacks of pirates, who are making their appearance *more frequently than before*. The Porte having invited me to support these measures, taken in the interests of trade, I have requested the Austrian consuls at Smyrna, Salonica, Beyrout, Cyprus, and Candia, to afford the commander of the fleet, Maschouk Pasha, all the assistance he might be compelled to claim according to the maritime laws and existing treaties." (Signed)

"COUNT STURMER."

TICK;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD ETON BOY.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT, AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE COLONIES; OR THE ADVENTURES OF AN EMIGRANT."

CHAPTER XXIX.

I DON'T believe the jolly major had any hand in this nefarious proceeding; indeed I rather think he thought the better of me for my staunchness at the bottle—setting down the effect of my susceptible weakness on the occasion to my youth and inexperience which time and practice would remedy. The plot was Peter's; and unhappily for me it succeeded too well!—I was supported, as I have described, by his insidious help to the drawing-room, and having been placed on the sofa by the side of Miss McDragon, I was left to my own resources.

I have heard say by some who have the malice to pry into the secrets of the human heart, that women sometimes like the men to be a little fresh; that is to say, on particular occasions, when it is desirable that the present bachelor and expectant Benedict should be supplied with sufficient courage to "pop the question;" and it is averred by close observers, that, in such cases, where a man has been shilly-shallying for a provoking long time in his hesitating courtship, the circumstance of a few extra glasses of wine has so braced up his nerves, that, in a moment of enthusiasm he has come to the point with a conclusive declaration, to the extreme relief of the lady and the satisfaction of the papa and the mamma.

Such was my case; but with this important difference, that I had gone beyond the few glasses of "extra," and had arrived at the few glasses "too much;" and as the consequence of neglecting the Terentian rule of "ne quid nimis," (facetiously translated by the Rev. Mr. St. Simon "don't over-do it"), is as fatal in love as in wine, it was my fate on that evil night to suffer from my error in the one as well as in the other.—What I said; what I did; how it was that I came to make love to the aunt as well as the niece; and what extravagances I committed, I have never been accurately informed, and it was a subject which, in after-times, I never had any particular inclination to recur to. But that I made a great fool of myself there is no reason to doubt; and it is equally certain that the wicked Miss McDragon and her artful colleague Peter, took special pains to draw me out, and to cause me to make myself as ridiculous as possible in the eyes of the shocked Lavinia and her reproving papa. I don't like to confess it; but, I am afraid the truth is, that I challenged both Peter and the major to fight that very night, with pistols, swords, or fists as might be preferred by each respectively, insisting on the old gentleman being my second, and clapping him on the back in a manner more vigorous than agreeable to encourage him to be hearty in my cause.

But it is not necessary that I should expose further the follies of that wretched night! It was with difficulty that I was got to bed, where I was placed by the footman and the groom; Peter assisting in my disgrace exultingly, and the major declaring, as I was afterwards told, that I was

a promising young fellow, and, in time, I should be as staunch a cock at the bottle as any man in his regiment; and further, that he would venture to swear that in a few years, I should never go to bed sober; all this being said good-naturedly in my praise to Lavinia and her father, the aunt and Peter chiming in by way of chorus; but I think I may say, I afterwards had my revenge—but I will not anticipate.

It is impossible for me to describe the agony of my sensations when I awoke the next morning and came to a sense of my situation. The mental torture which I suffered was aggravated by my bodily sickness; I had a dreadful headache; and oblivious as I had been the night before, I had a provoking remembrance of some of the foolish acts which I had committed during my state of vinous perturbation. I felt so humiliated that I actually groaned aloud! To have been so exposed before her to whom of all others in the world I most desired to appear in the most favourable light! and before her father too!—I was undone; utterly lost! And then came over me the abasing reflection that I had been outwitted too! outwitted by Peter—the creature whom I had despised! It was a plot; clearly a plot; that is, as clearly as my still confused senses would allow me to penetrate. I had gone forth to do battle, and the subtile Peter, by wile and stratagem, had circumvented—played with—vanquished me.—It was I who had to exclaim in a vice-versary sense to that of the conqueror of Gaul, "veni, vidi, *bibi!*" Like Hector I prepared myself vain-gloriously for the combat! and then! "quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!" I had been cast down prostrate by my enemy and dragged by my heels to bed! jeered by the attempted witty observation of the would-be facetious Peter, that, "after all I was a very sober person, for whereas I had already been drowned in water, now I was drowned in wine which balanced the account per contra, so that, taking the average I had only been drinking wine-and-water!—Such was the shoppy witticism of the city brute.

But my thoughts were at that time otherwise employed. What would Lavinia think of me? that was the tormenting thought! What did I think of myself? Should I hang myself, drown myself, or shoot myself? That was the question. Lavinia, I feared, was lost to me for ever! She never would forgive me! I never could forgive myself! What a fool I had been! And it had all happened from that confounded bill! Tick was at the bottom of it all! Was I for ever to be the victim of Tick! And there was that cursed bill to be paid still! But that humiliation was nothing compared to the present!—I had lost—I must have lost Lavinia's favour—and all else was nothing!—The world now had lost, for me, its salt and its savour! There was nothing henceforward left for me to do in it! Even to shoot Peter was now not worth while! What would it benefit me? Whether Peter was living or dead or I was living or dead—what did it matter now that Lavinia was dead to me!

Humiliated—confounded—racked with pain—and tortured with mental anguish indescribable, I lay for some time a prey to the bitterest repentance. But at last the shame of encountering the faces of the family at the hour of breakfast—and above all of meeting the cold—perhaps the disgusted countenance of the reproving Lavinia, roused me. I determined to make my way home before the inmates of the house were up. I tried to make out what o'clock it was—but my watch had stopped; by the gray light of the morning, however I knew it was early. I huddled on my clothes, as well as I could, and stole ignominiously out of the

house; went to the stable, roused up a groom; was helped on a horse; and escaped.

I said nothing at home of the reason of my early return; but I took occasion the same day—during the whole of which I was in mortal fear of a visit from the hateful Peter—to state to my father my excessive desire to return without delay to college in order to prepare myself for my degree; a resolution which he commended, "not," as he said, "that he ever knew a man to be the cleverer for having taken a degree—he had never taken the trouble to take one himself—but he saw no harm in it; and reading at least kept a young man out of mischief."

The next day I set out.—I will confess to a weakness, if it was one, before I left the country; I took some bye ways to the vicinity of the green mound which has played its convenient part in this faithful history, with the hope of once more seeing Lavinia—even if it were only at a distance. I was not long in galloping to the spot; but Lavinia did not appear; so that all that I had to do was to sentimentalise a bit and trot prosaically back again.—Still the scene which witnessed our first acquaintance dwelt fondly in my memory! and more than once before I rode away, I turned back to gaze on the spot which my obstinate heart cherished so dearly; to describe myself by a slight paraphrase of a line of Virgil

Aspicit et dulces fugiens reminiscitur "agros!"

The mellifluous sentiment of this celebrated verse, however, was quickly changed into a different feeling, when to my mortification, I beheld the visage of the aunt suddenly raised over the hedge as if to reconnoitre the approach of an expected enemy. I no sooner caught sight of those awful spectacles than I ignominiously fled; and, as Linden parodied the line which I have already quoted,

Effugit et vitreis fugientem conspicit "Argus."

Which, for my further improvement, and to cure me, as he said of my insufferable disposition to sentimentalism, he was pleased to render into the following unsympathising couplet:—

Just as the sighing swain gave love's last kick—
He twigged the barnacles!—and cut his stick!

Chapter XXX.

It is curious how time mellows the severest griefs as it does old pictures, smoothing down the asperities of sorrow, and diminishing by distance the too prominent features of events which startle and shock the mind by their first roughness and proximity; the observation is not remarkably original, but I am induced to make it for the purpose of illustrating my own condition. My removal from the scene of my late disasters, by degrees, softened the painful feeling of humiliation and despair which at first possessed me. I had determined never to see Lavinia again; for I felt that I could not brook her eye cast on me in scorn and coldness! but gradually that sensitiveness of anticipated repulsion wore away; and I began to view the matter in a different light and to consider, that, after all, my transgression was of a venial description.

If my offence had been one of *lèze majesté*—against my allegiance to Lavinia—a breach of the exclusive devotion which in such cases is considered the right of the lady, the difficulty of accommodating matters would have been proportionably great; but, after all, as I said to myself,

"what had I done?" I had been seduced—inveigled—into drinking a few extra glasses of wine! which the heat of the weather, and the particular state of my constitution (from the excessive cold-bath taken a short time previously) had produced an unfortunate effect on my system! There was not so much in that! And as to my challenging Peter and the major to fight—that, I argued, was only one of the secondary consequences of the offence already set down against me, and for which it was not fair to make me accountable. It was enough, as I endeavoured to persuade myself, to be amenable for the primary error without being made responsible for all its unpremeditated and accidental consequences.

For, as I reasoned, take the case of a gentleman slightly overcome with wine, and who in consequence loses his balance and falls out of a window; in falling out of the window he smashes a fat gentleman and his wife passing accidentally beneath, falling partly on the one and partly on the other in nearly equal proportions. The fat gentleman and his wife are prostrated by the concussion to the damage of each respectively; but the consequences do not end there; they quarrel, each accusing the other of being the cause of the mishap; the husband swears that if the wife had not crawled on so slow (as she always did) they should have got past the spot before the collision; and the wife insists that if the husband had not galloped along so fast (which he always would do) the fall would have taken place before they had reached the spot, so that it was all his fault (as it always was). They dispute upon this, of course, all the way home; there, in the freedom of domestic privacy, the dispute grows warmer;—disputes between man and wife are always to be deprecated on their own account, although for some wise purpose (as a state of trial perhaps) to be revealed hereafter they do seem to occur more between parties in the matrimonial state of proximity than all others;—the dispute continues after supper—(a simple repast—only toasted cheese and bottled stout)—each persists in his and her own opinion—that it was the other's fault; the one says she will die rather than give up her opinion—the other that he will be——before he will give in; the contention waxes hotter and hotter; the husband gets into a tremendous passion—the wife goes into a fit; she bursts into an hysterical flood of tears—he bursts a blood-vessel. The coroner decides that it is a natural death; the jury (who are married men) agree that it is natural enough that man and wife should quarrel, and that the husband could not but be naturally enraged at his wife's obstinacy. The widow now mourns her lost husband with a grief unquestionably sincere (their income having consisted of a life-annuity which expired with the deceased), and mentally vows that should it please the Lord to send her another husband she will be very careful not to anger him, in the same way, again; in the mean time, as widows without jointures do, she mourns incessantly and takes to cherry-brandy. And all this from the circumstance of a gentleman having taken a few extra glasses of wine!

But for all these secondary and remote consequences is the wine-drinker to be made responsible? If so, then, to carry out the argument to its legitimate extent, it would be his duty to marry the widow! a fate which the severest advocate of retributive justice would shrink from imposing on him.

Now this was my own case: I had got a little tipsy; there was the offence; but that was the beginning and the ending of it; that was the offence for which I was to be judged; the vagaries which I after-

wards committed were the secondary consequences for which, as I logically demonstrated to myself, I could not be considered responsible. Then, as I argued, what was it after all? a trifle! nothing! it was what was done every day. A man who could not or would not take his glass occasionally, or his bottle (more or less), and be sociable and a good fellow like others, was a milksop. Now I was sure Lavinia would not like a milksop; I felt confident that such a character was not at all to her fancy; but, if she did not like a milksop, then, according to the rules of logic, she did like its opposite, and that antagonistic liking fitted me exactly. By this ingenious process of scholastic ratiocination, I arrived at the satisfactory conclusion, that, the act in question which I at first considered a fault, was, when properly stated, a merit; and I became more easy and comfortable in my mind accordingly.

Thus reconciled to myself, the point next to be considered was how to re-open communications with Willow Lodge; to re-instate myself in the good graces of the papa; to circumvent the wily Peter; and to baffle the vigilance of the dragon who guarded the golden fruit in the modern garden of the Hesperides.

Chapter XXXI.

Having come to the satisfactory conclusion, which I have expressed in the last chapter, my thoughts began to dwell on the image of Lavinia with increased fervor; and as nothing cherishes the tender passion more than absence from the beloved object,—provided always that the absence is not too long, for then the heart, in its instinctive desire for some substantial attachment, is apt to turn to the comeliest or nearest object at hand,—mine increased in intensity,—to make use of the technical language with which my worthy tutor endeavoured to familiarise me,—according "to the square of the distance;" in short, it was evident from various signs and tokens that the gentle youth, Leander, was, or fancied himself, violently in love. I grew pensive, solitary, and lack-a-daisical; the amusements in which I had been wont to take delight no longer interested me; boating, betting, shooting, and horse-racing had lost their charms. In a short time the complaint broke out in a copy of amatory verses, and there was danger of my falling into a decline of a desponding and poetical character. My effusions, however, were coloured with the irregularity and flightiness of my wayward imagination, which abundantly appeared in my diversified productions.

For the information of the curious, I subjoin some of the effusions and confusions to which my love-sick state excited me; and which are so far instructive as to show the effect of the corporeal feelings over the intellectual—the melancholy influence, in this our mortal state, of matter over mind.

I find some disjointed thoughts "on reading the 22nd Ode of the first book of Horace," which it seems were written during a temporary illness, when I was dieted on toast-and-water:—

> Integer vitæ sceleris-que purus;"—
> That is, when vices don't wear virtue's hood;—
> But there's a golden mean, as some assure us,—
> Virtue looks best when in a moderate mood;
> For if we were to be so very good,
> People would not be able to endure us;—

Don't be stiff-laced—but rather *versâ vicé*,—
The women like the fellows that are spicey.

* * * *

Some have their amiable imperfections—
A fact that's contradictory, but true;—
We all admire virtuous predilections,
But all like others to have errors too;
A truth that leads to serious reflections,
And teaches us proud feelings to eschew;—
To do right—like a sum in Conic Sections—
Is sometimes not a pleasant thing to do;
But when it must be done, its best to do it
With a good grace,—or we may chance to rue it.

* * * * *

And what is Life? What is it? That's the question?
To think that the immortal soul should be
Subjected to our good or bad digestion!
Is a sad thing, with which I can't agree;—
There is no joy in life without molestion—
Why people live at all has puzzled me!
In this there seems a general insanity—
But—as was said by some one—all is vanity!

* * * * *

What's Friendship but a bye-word for a sham—
With which our fellows their indifference cloak;
Ask a *friend's* help? Give you a hearty d—,
And when you seek his shelter, sport his oak!
I sometimes wish I was not where I am—
Man's selfism is enough to make one choke!
And what is Love? A fiction—froth—a bubble—
The women give us all the greatest trouble!

The following exhibit the different states of mind, in which, imperfect beings as we are, most people are "before" and "after" dinner:—

BEFORE DINNER.

In vain the tortured lover seeks for rest!
In vain o'er wastes and wilds I cheerless roam!
I feel an aching void within my breast!
And faint with GRIEF I sadly wander home!

AFTER DINNER.

Earth has its sorrows—but its comforts too—
Stewed carp are not so bad—(we sometimes fry 'em)—
Do then what Horace teaches us to do—
Enjoy life while you can—and "Carpe diem."—

The next sample that comes to my hand, is inscribed:

LINES WRITTEN AFTER DRINKING COLLEGE ALE;—
(How much is not noted.)

I.

Fast flows the river's glassy stream
Through the enamelled glade;

While I of lost Lavinia dream,
  Beneath the willow's shade.

II.

That stream the emblem is of life!—
  The morn of life is ruddy!
But when it meets with care and strife,
  It's waters soon grow muddy.—

III.

But of all griefs mankind that ail,
  The pains of love are worst!
And I, in numbers, must bewail
  My own, or I shall burst!

IV.

The cocks and hens that scratch the leas—
  The geese that cackle by—
The birds that warble in the trees—
  Are happier far than I!

V.

For every cock has got his hen,
  And every drake his duck;—
(I see them courting now and then!)
  But I have no such luck.—

VI.

The birds, with every one its mate,
  In plural numbers sing!
But I lament in Selkirk state,
  Unblessed with anything!

These verses, it must be confessed, partake somewhat of the homeliness of the drink from which they emanated; another speciment, stained with college port is of a more fiery character:—

The mourning lover roams from pole to pole,
But still his grief lies clinging to his soul;—
And now the torrid sun scorches his brain!—
Then Arctic ice-bergs cool it down again!
He scales the Alps—but bears his care behind him—
He dives down mines—but there his sorrows find him—
He scours the plains—but there his fate is surer—
For, still, "post equitem sedet atra Cura!"

Champagne, again, had a different effect; I found the following stanzas twisted round the neck of one of the empty bottles:—

I.

And thus they wandered in that shady grove,
  Hand-locked-in-hand from morn to dewy e'en;
They looked—but neither dared to talk of love;
  What their lips breathed not in their eyes was seen;
That love nor youth nor maiden sought to prove—

They felt it in each other's hearts I ween;
While the bright visions of that summer-day,
In their fond hopes seemed born to last for aye!
* * * *

But see! Oh horrid change! The girl's a flirt!
She longs for rank, and hankers after riches;
She scorns her former peasant youth like dirt!
Marries a lord, and boldly wears the breeches!
At this the scouted lover is much hurt,
He wails by moonlight, while the night-owl screeches!
How could the maid treat the fond swain so shabbily?
Fœmina semper varium et mutabile!

The next was written after supper (eggs and bacon, followed by Welsh rabbit) and will speak for itself:

All nature frowns in darkness; and the skies
Glare luridly; while clouds on clouds arise!
My eyes grow dim; and my distempered brain
Is racked with horrid visions! And, in vain
I struggle; for a fiend in horrid shape
Sits on my breast! Nor can my limbs escape
Its thraldom! It grows bigger! and more big!
And in the likeness of a monstrous pig
Squats on its hams—and—would I were mistaken!
Reproaches me for eating his fried bacon!
* * * *

"A change comes o'er the spirit of my dream!"
Fantastic forms that are not what they seem,
Creatures so strange I wonder how I dreamt 'em!
Monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum
Swarm round my head and flit before my eyes;
While eyeless ghost with bony spectre vies
In frightful aspect—grinning!—gibing!—mocking!
With fleshless jaws! But sight still more shocking!
That form that seems so real! and yet I cannot seize it!
(Obstrepui steteruntque comæ et vox faucibus hæsit!)
My heart's blood curdles! and my senses freeze!
Methinks I see Lavinia eating cheese!!!
I can no more.—

Brandy punch, it seems, to judge from the following irregular effusion, had a sort of Pindaric effect:—

Fling sorrow to the winds!
Who minds?
Shall I endure her airs!
Who cares?
Toujours Perdrix! That's loving to satiety—
There is no fun in life without variety!
Tied to an apron-string!
A pretty thing!
Hen-pecked, and no latch-key!
Never a spree!
Hang feasts of reason and the flow of soul
Fill up the bowl!

Reason the joys of drinking mars—
Light your cigars!
Who sings a song?
Don't let it be long—
But mind that it's rich and uproarious!
Sing of women and wine,
With cheers nine times nine,
And we all will be happy and glorious!

It was plain that this state of things could not last; in a short time I should have become a public nuisance. The walls of my room were scrawled over with scraps of poetry and odds and ends of rhymes and verses. I had already startled my tutor by exclaiming in the middle of a problem of Euclid that Lavīnĭă made a capital dactyl! The worthy man reproved me gently; and reminded me that Lavinia was the wife of Æneas (what had become of his wife Creusa, he remarked, had always been a problem with the learned, but Æneas lost her somehow, before gas-lights were invented, in the dark, (notwithstanding Troy was in a blaze) in turning round a corner;) Æneas, he proceeded to remind me, was married to the young lady (whether by bans or broomstick he could not tell) at Latium, after having overcome his rival Turnus, as was the custom in those days, (but now nobody fights for a wife—it's all the other way) in single combat.

I seized this latter idea with avidity, and remembering that even with the son of the Goddess of Love the course of true love was a little roughish, I became reconciled to my own crosses: with the fixed determination however, that as the prosaic Peter was my Turnus his presumption should be punished in the same way;—with this difference only, but whereas "pater" Æneas is graphically represented in the picture as hacking his enemy to pieces by main force with a sword curiously resembling a huge kitchen carving-knife, I would shoot mine scientifically by means of the modern invention of the pistol—a discovery which enables gentlemen to settle their differences without heating themselves, and to despatch one another with a fortiter in rê and a suaviter in modo in accordance with our improved ideas of good breeding and politeness.

The fermentation of spirits which these thoughts produced rapidly caused me to take a very different view of my position towards Lavinia from that which had at first possessed me; I now viewed myself as the injured party; and it was while my thoughts were suddenly turned in this new direction that an adventure befel me which gave rise to a very awkward perplexity in its unexpected consequences.

Chapter XXXII.

I was one evening taking a solitary walk, and absorbed in my musings I had insensibly strayed some miles into the country, without being conscious of the time or the distance. The dusk was drawing on; and reminded by the increasing shade that the hour was getting late I turned back and began to walk briskly homeward in order to effect my return before the closing of my college gates.

As I had no time to spare I endeavoured to make a short cut over a low hill and through a thick copse of trees in a part of the country not very inviting and with which indeed I was but imperfectly acquainted, for it had never happened to me before to extend my excursions in that

direction. I had not proceeded far before I heard, as I thought, an odd cry on my right; and while I was wondering what animal it could proceed from, an unequivocal scream made me aware that it was a female voice, at the same time that it bore instant evidence that some violence was in the act of being committed.

This roused me at once; and without losing a moment I made my way as fast as I could to the spot, and it seemed just in time; for I beheld a woman on the gronnd struggling with a man of the common sort and meanly clad, who, as it afterwards proved, had taken advantage of her being alone to rob her of her purse and watch; and she in her fright and in her attempt to resist had fallen to the ground, and it was in that position that I found her. 'Fortunately I had a stout stake in my hand, with which Orlando-like I was making my peregrinations; but the man, at sight of me, without waiting to make a fight of it, made off with his booty, and as I was too much occupied with the lady to follow him, he made his escape.

Now there was something exceedingly romantic in all this particularly calculated to take hold of the imagination; the time—the dusk—the solitariness of the place; the imminency of the peril; all conspired to make it a striking adventure; there was a distressed damsel in extremity, and an unlooked for succour precisely at the critical moment; I was the knight-errant; which of course gave a personal zest to the affair exceedingly impressive.

The lady smoothed her dress, and as even in that agitating moment, womanlike, she could not lose sight of the attention necessary to her becoming appearance, she hastily arranged one or two curls that were out of order and pinched up her bonnet a bit, and then broke out into exuberant expressions of thankfulness at the opportune rescue which I had afforded her. I raised her up respectfully, and in so doing could not fail to observe that she was uncommonly handsome, and of a beautiful figure; this increased the satisfaction which I felt at my good fortune in having been the means of saving her from further violence from the ruffian who had assailed her. As she still trembled and was very nervous she thankfully accepted the assistance of my arm to her mother's cottage which was at the distance of about half a mile in a nook under a hill, so sequestered and shut in with trees that it might escape the discovery of all but those previously acquainted with its locality.

The mamma was looking out for her daughter anxiously; she had been somewhat alarmed at her non-appearance; and was still more surprised to see her accompanied by a stranger and in a state of agitation which required explanation. The story was told in few words; the young lady had been on a visit that day to a friend about a mile from the house; had stayed late; and, fearing no harm, had been tempted to make the same short cut as myself in order to reach her home more quickly: the attack of the man and the robbery was the affair of a few seconds only; when as she said "this gentleman happily came to my assistance and I was saved."—Some hysterical tears followed this brief recital which I thought made her look more lovely.

Profuse thanks, as might be expected, were poured forth by the mamma; and I was informed in a few words of her whole history; that she was the widow of a naval officer; that she had one son, who was then at sea, but whose return she expected every day; and that she was living in retirement with her daughter in the neighbourhood of her early youth;

then she repeated her thanks, and the daughter repeated her's also again and again; and somehow the thanks of the daughter came sweeter to me than those of the mother, although they were timidly expressed; and I began to feel embarrassed.

For the sake of saying something, I made known my own name, making a short allusion to the position of my father in the county where his estate was situate; a communication which, I observed, gave the mother a particular sort of satisfaction as conveying the assurance that her daughter had been assisted by one of unquestionable rank as a gentleman; but when I further mentioned that I was then at the university, I fancied that a certain sort of alarm became visible in the mamma's countenance; and shortly afterwards by a skilful manœuvre which was executed in an apparently indifferent manner but with admirable strategy, she contrived to place herself between her daughter and myself in a protective position. The reason for this did not occur to me at the time, but it afterwards struck me that it was from an instinctive dread of the "young gentlemen of the university" who at that time had the reputation of being very ardent and not very scrupulous in their researches after the sublime and beautiful.

The cottage was about nine miles from the town; the night was getting dark; as one robber had been abroad that evening, it occurred perhaps to the ladies that more than one might appear under cover of the darkness; and it seemed not only a duty of hospitality and politeness, but a positive obligation of gratitude not to expose me to the murderous attacks of midnight marauders on such an occasion. Such I guessed were their thoughts; and I perceived that the mamma was suffering under the very awkward dilemma of seeming to turn me out of doors, on the one hand, in a dark night, or of harbouring within her domestic walls so dangerous an inmate as an unknown and juvenile member of the suspicious university.

I saved her from the painful feeling of seeming ungrateful and of violating the laws of hospitality at the same time, by expressing the necessity which I was under of returning the same night; a communication which I perceived relieved her immensely, and which inspired her with so much good-will and confidence towards me, that in expressing her extreme and most painful regret that I could not allow her the opportunity of showing further at that time how grateful she was for the service which I had rendered to her daughter, she ventured to add that if at any time I should be passing that way, she hoped I would afford her the pleasure of repeating her thanks, in which she was sure her son, the lieutenant, would join not less sincerely than herself and her daughter Emily.

Emily said nothing, but kept close to her mamma.

And so we parted, the mamma shaking hands with me cordially, and Emily courtesying, and then putting forth her hand timidly, which I pressed respectfully. I thought Emily's hand felt very soft and warm; and I fancied it trembled a little; but that was natural, from her recent alarm; besides I was a stranger; and as to whether it felt soft or hard or warm or soft that was nothing to me, because my heart was engaged.

The next day I considered a good deal whether it would be expected of me to call and inquire after the young lady. The distance I thought was sufficient excuse for staying away; besides, there was no particular reason why I should call; they were strangers to me, and the meeting was quite accidental; moreover, my calling on them in such a hurry

might look as if I was seeking for more thanks, and making a fresh draught on their gratitude; so I concluded that, for that day at least, I would take my ride in another direction; however, as the day was fine, and as my staying away might be thought a want of proper respect, and a mark of ill-breeding, I thought I might as well ride that way as any other; so I went.

Now, I declare, that in paying this visit, and many others that followed, I had no other thought than of being polite and attentive; but when I was there, somehow I felt at a loss for something to talk about; and when a young man is in the habit of seeing one of the opposite sex of his own age, although in the present case the young lady was not of my own age, for I was more than twenty, and she was not seventeen; I say that in such cases it is difficult to avoid paying compliments; and sometimes, perhaps, more is said than is intended. I am sure I meant nothing. But somehow, I don't know how it was—it was by insensible degrees—I became very—what shall I say—?—in short a good deal of intimacy sprang up—unavoidably, indeed—for we were only there in company except on rare occasions—between me and Mrs. Navis's daughter. I forgot to say, that their name was Navis; her son's name, as she often told me, was Frederick.

A good deal of intimacy, as I say, sprung up between me and Emily; there was no love in it, but a friendly familiarity and confidence. She certainly was a most lovely girl; and, excepting Lavinia, I had never met with one so calculated to absorb my affections. But, as I say, there was no love in the case at all, neither with her nor with me. I believe she liked me very well as an acquaintance of her mamma's, and it was natural that she should entertain a strong feeling of gratitude towards me for the service I had done her which of course I never mentioned, although she often did as a reason for her good wishes towards me and the confidence and familiarity with which she was pleased to honour me. For my part, I don't mean to say that I was altogether insensible to the attractions of a very lovely girl; I felt a high esteem for her character young as she was; and certainly I always felt happy in her society; but her mamma seldom left us alone.

It was an odd complicated feeling that I had, and I candidly confess it; when I was present I was almost in love with her; but when I was absent I felt that I was in love with Lavinia.

While I was thus employed alternately in my college studies and in making visits to Mrs. Navis, for whom I conceived a great esteem, I received several letters from my mother, in all of which Lavinia was more or less alluded to. This cherished my passion; and the expression in one of her letters in particular made a lively impression on me, for it seemed that she had met Lavinia in one of her drives, and that Lavinia had made particular inquiries after my health, &c., desiring also to know when I should return home, &c., &c.

This letter and these inquiries agitated me very much. I meditated on them continually. From some feeling of embarrassment I refrained for some days from visiting Mrs. Navis. I was certainly violently in love. I did not know what to do or what to think; my predominant idea was to see Lavinia. Soon that idea became so powerful that I could not resist it. I determined to return home on some pretence, and, at all risks, to have a decisive explanation with her. While I was absorbed and agitated with this irresistible impulse I received a letter which

though from a humble quarter and expressed in homely language, contained news of such deep and distracting import that it roused my jealousy to a maddening degree and added a fresh and decisive stimulus to my determination.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THIS alarming letter was in the following terms :—

"Honerd sir, Acordin to your wishus Muster Leander I rite to tel you al the noos about yur favrits and in partiklar Miss Jinny she got over her couchment very wel and my wife paid her the greatest of atenshun as if it was her own sulf wun brown black nose ears tidyish wun brown and white long ears white spot on his nose not much of a tail wun same very curly looks suspishus others rather mongrel looking but Miss Jinny takes to em kindly and licks em all over very tender and my wife says it does her hart good to see it and makes her think of you Muster Leander when you was a babby I mean to bite off all their tails myself tho my wife is agin it and says it is agin natur so you may depend on everything bein dun as if you did it yursulf tim the ratkitcher as is jist cum in sais theres niver a tarrier as he knowed as is ekal to Miss Jinny for buty for why becoz she's so ugly and sich a little rough un as is proper to the breed and that theres not another in the hole county round fit to hold a paunch to her and he promises to worm the yunguns careful for they are alays onsteady and are ful of all sorts of wims and vagaries and their tungs are niver right partiklar the female uns till they are wormed reglar which is my opinion tim is right for Ive alays seed Master Leander as those pups as isnt edikated proper are niver worth nothing and reason why becoz its al owin to training in horses and dogs and what not and if so be as you dont get the worm out of em when they are yung when they are old and grow up to be dogs they alays turn to mis-chif and some of em are puppies all their life a scampring here and a scampring there arter evrything they see and consikence is they niver cum to no good please to say if I am to give a pup to the yong lady at the lodge who is going to be put in harness with a genalman from the city of lunnon I seed him promis-cus red fore-lock wall-eyed uncommon round in the barrel and very ontidy about the heels dont think much about his breed so as I thout youd like to hear about the young bitch and her pups I rite these limes acordin master and missus out of sorts and the old cuch horse is but poorly from yur afeckshunate humbel servant ruspectfully thomas whippy."

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which I should have been inspired for "Miss Jenny's pups" on any other occasion, the only part of the communication of my ancient friend and stable preceptor the coachman that struck me at the moment was the astounding news of the "putting in harness" as my friend professionally expressed it, of the young lady at the Lodge with the "genalman from Lunnun with the red firelock" &c., and whom I at once recognised as my enemy Peter; although, as it seemed to me, the she-dragon must have made quick work of it; and, I thought, too, that Lavinia was rather precipitate in acquiescing in such a matrimonial arrangement without deigning to inquire how far such a consummation might be disagreeable to myself. On the other hand I considered, that, from the circumstance of my having quitted the county without making any attempt, as she might have supposed, to see her, was likely to have piqued her pride, and to

have made her think that I had treated her with indifference, and indeed with a want of common courtesy.

Then I got into my head that she had been constrained into a consent to this wretched union as I chose to consider it; and that she was pining in despair at my neglect of her and anxiously waiting for some communication; and all this time it never occurred to me that not only had there been no explanation on either side, but that there had not been even a declaration on my part nor the slightest formal assent on her own; but somehow I had acquired the conviction that there was a mutual understanding between us which although not expressed in words was perfectly intelligible to the parties concerned, and was a tacit engagement. In short I came to the conclusion that as I was honourably committed, it was my duty to effect her rescue from the unworthy Peter in spite of all the dragons in the air or on the earth or under the earth. With this resolve, I determined immediately to repair to the scene of her despair, with certain contingent plans and contrivances in my head in the event of difficulties; and which will develope themselves in due order.

As if to assist me at this anxious moment, I received a letter from my mother, which rather to my surprise, made no mention of the matter which was most interesting to me, and which I attributed to a tender solicitude on her part to spare my feelings; but it communicated to me the distressing information of my father having a touch of the gout which I forthwith insisted was of an alarming character, and which justified, and indeed rendered imperative that I should return home without delay, which I instantly did, showing by my excessive haste and speed how anxious I was to comply with the dictates of filial duty.

My arrival at home was at all times gratifying to my affectionate mother; and my father, whom I had the pleasure to find unusually hearty, was pleased to consider on this occasion that I had done well in coming. There was not a word said about the family at the Lodge; although I endeavoured dexterously, several times, to incline the conversation in that direction. I was burning to hear some news, but as I found a great awkwardness in forcing the subject, particularly as the affair of the "bill" was mixed up with it, I was obliged to devour my impatience and wait for the solution of the question till I could investigate the matter *in propriâ personâ.* As I had travelled all night I had the whole day before me; and after I had satisfied the various inquiries as to my health and occupations which it was natural to expect under the circumstances, I determined to make the best use of my time; evading therefore, an intimation from my father that I might accompany him in his walk over the corn-fields and pastures, and quietly eluding my mother's affectionate attempts to detain me, I mounted a horse, and presently found myself, after a hard gallop, close to the spot where I had first met Lavinia.

While I was speculating how I should obtain an interview with her, to my great joy I suddenly beheld her emerge from behind the celebrated mound of green turf, and with a melancholy air seat herself before it, gazing with her cheek on her hand on the bright waters of the stream which flowed swiftly and silently before her. For once, thought I, the gods are propitious! In a moment I dismounted from my horse, threw his rein over the bough of a tree, and clearing the hedge at a bound, I stood before her.

PAQUERETTE: THE STAR OF A NIGHT.

A STORY OF PARIS LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHANTILLY," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

"THE maiden was in raptures at sight of the garland, and said that she knew she should be inspired while its shadow fell upon her brow. She then seated me in the arm-chair by the fire and unrolling her long tresses she came and knelt low at my feet, declaring playfully that she who could imagine such beauty—such poetry, must be the only one capable of playing it to perfection; and then, in spite of all my resistance, for I knew no more of hair-dressing than the veriest scullion, insisted upon my playing it for the performance. I could not refuse, for she said that it would bring her good fortune, and accordingly I set about the task, exerting myself to the utmost I was able, and I may say, without vanity, that I succeeded to a miracle; but then, Paquerette's hair was so very beautiful, and I was *so* anxious to set her off to the best advantage.

"It was while I plaited and smoothed the rich tresses which, as she knelt swept the very ground, that the old confidence which she used once to have in me returned. She told me that the dark close wrought web of her destiny was about to be unravelled; that poor old C., the professor who loved her like a father, had mentioned her name to an illustrious princess, his pupil; that her highness had been so interested in her sad story, that she had wept outright at the bare recital, even though told with all sorts of blunders through the medium of C.'s Germanised French, that she had taken such an interest in her fate, that she intended to come incognito to the theatre to witness her *début*. She said too, that dear old C. had given way to a wild and foolish hope that the interest he had thus excited might lead to some yet greater, and that he might live to salute her Lady of Fontenay.

"'And why not, Paquerette?' said I, in answer to the cold, wan smile with which she spoke the words. 'Others, who have less right than thou, dearest, have been restored to their possessions, even the emigrants have for the most part returned to claim their own. Why then should it be impossible thou shouldst have less success than they?'

"'Because,' replied she, quickly, 'when the sap is withered the tree will die and can no more be transplanted. What is life, and why should I wish to live, a thing of chance and change, the toy—the plaything of the lover.' She suffered her clasped hands to fall low before her, and added mournfully, 'How have I prayed that this bitter cup which I must quaff to-night might pass untasted from my lips! How have I put off this day, in hope—but it was not to be, and I, the daughter of a long line of nobles, am forced by fate to become an actress—an outcast for the short space which now remains ere I become as nought.'

"She held up one thin pale hand before me as she uttered these words

of bitterness. The fire light shone with a ghastly glare through the worn corpse-light fingers, and I shuddered to see how thin they were.

"'And Louis,' I said, endeavouring to divert her gloomy thoughts and to give her courage.

"She fixed her full earnest gaze upon me, as she answered slowly,

"'Nay, Georgette, thou art surely mocking me. Thou canst not but have perceived that all our early love is but a dream. He hath returned to the world from which he has wandered to hold communion for that brief time with me. Why should I grieve? He hath chosen by far the wiser path, and if I cannot follow him so swiftly in his downward flight it is no fault of his.'

"I was terrified at the calmness of her manner, and remembering the exertion she would in so short a time be compelled to make, I sought to raise her hope and spirit by every means in my power. I greatly fear that I was wrong. I know not to this hour; but who could foresee the event?

"'Thou thinkest far too lightly of thyself, sweet Paquerette,' said I, in a cheerful voice, while yet I was scarcely able to refrain from tears. 'Louis loves thee more than ever, but then 'tis with a more proud and manly love. Fear not, he feels that thou art worthy other sentiments than those he felt ere he had mixed with men. He seeks now not merely to admire but to deserve thee.'

"She slowly arose from her kneeling posture, and fixed a steady gaze upon my face. Her large dark eyes seemed to grow yet larger—to expand like those of the wild, the desert-born antelope.

"'Speakest thou truly, Georgette?' said she, 'Do I hear aright? I know not, in truth, for thy voice seems unlike thine own. I could almost fancy it the echo of some music which I had heard long ago, thy words have found such quick response within my heart. See now, how weak and foolish I become. Thy simple speech hath made me almost forswear my long-cherished hope. Could I but believe thee, my only friend—but—no, no, it must not be, or I should dread to die!'

"She gazed mournfully into the fire. The log upon the hearth just then broke in two, and rolled among the embers. Its bright yellow blaze flared up for a moment, and showed her pale features as clearly as in day, and then sank into darkness. She seized my hand, and pressed it with a convulsive grasp. I am sure she looked upon this incident as a omen of her fate.

"It was just at that very moment that the dresser of the theatre came to announce that the hour for attiring was arrived. It was fortunate, for it broke the spell which seemed to have bound us both. I busied myself in lighting the lamp, and in arranging every thing which would be wanted for her toilet, making these little offices each and all last as long as I could, ere I dared turn my face to hers, so much was it stained with tears.

"I roused myself by an effort, and endeavoured to cheer her spirits; and as I proceeded to assist her in dressing, succeeded, by dint of perseverance, in winning from her now and then a sickly smile. Thus encouraged, I talked once more of Louis. I told her (alas! that I should say it) of the bouquet of purple *bruyère!* She seemed to take courage while listening to all my specious reasonings in his favour; and said, with a return of her own tranquil manner, that she would try and chase the gloomy

thoughts which for ever followed her, and would endeavour to recall the trust and faith in him which she had felt in bygone days, when they had nought to love but each other.

"As the hour for the opening of the theatre approached, I grew far more excited than herself, for my words had soothed her agitation. I shall never forget the effect which the first burst of the full orchestra produced upon us both as we had sat quiet and silent for a few moments in that little chamber. It was like the thunderbolt. Paquerette raised her eye to heaven, and I threw myself upon her bosom in speechless agony. As the overture proceeded, she followed each note, beating the measure with her tiny foot, and humming each bar distinctly, although the tears were ready to gush forth. She needed not the warning of the call-boy to arouse her attention; for as the piece of music drew near to its close, she kissed me hastily, and by a strong effort, rushed through the door into the coulisses. I remained behind leaning against the door-way, panting and breathless; and all I can remember now is, the fact of hearing the voice of dear kind old C. calling in a loud tone, 'Be quick here—be quick—a tumbler of *eau à la glace* for the *débutante*, or she will faint before the curtain rises!'

"I live in hope that the Lord will forgive me, but at that moment I forgot the time—the place—the when—the where—the occasion which had brought me there—in short, all but Paquerette—there in that unhallowed spot, amid the emblems of unholy things by which I was surrounded, did I sink upon my knees, and cross myself, and pray with such yearning fervour for the success of the poor orphan, that those who saw me kneeling there, between those painted side scenes, as deeply absorbed in prayer as if I had been alone in my own village church, might have deemed me overcome by sudden madness, and I cannot wonder at the roars of laughter which burst from the whole band of thinly-clad Coryphées who were gazing upon me from the coulisse opposite.

"The music of the opening scene—a sylvan chorus of village maids and foresters—bold, yet flowing and harmonious, succeeded greatly in restoring the calm to my spirit, and I arose, soothed and quieted, just in time to behold Paquerette gliding softly from the side scenes unto the stage. Her entrance called forth no applause. Not the slightest murmur of encouragement greeted her appearance. On the contrary, it would have seemed as if each one held his breath fearing to break the charm—the gliding of that spirit-like form across the stage. There was a slight pause, even in the orchestra—but it was unobserved—the whole audience seemed beneath the influence of some magic spell, and sat watching that ethereal figure, dim and shadowy like a half-forgotten dream, as if, like the sybils of ancient days, the first notes she uttered were to be pregnant with the fate of some one among them.

"She began at length—I almost fancied that from where I stood I could hear her deep drawn respiration, but as she proceeded in her part, fear gave way to inspiration. Her genius took wing, and ere long soared above all the trammels of minor considerations, and, on the falling of the curtain at the close of the first act, the applause was most enthusiastic.

"How glad she was to breathe once more free and unconstrained upon my bosom, and to tell me of all her newly-born sensations, and to receive my words of hope and comfort. She seemed in better spirits than I had

anticipated, and thanked me many times for the exertions I had made to encourage her before the performance.

"Louis escorted Melanie from the box where we had all been placed to the tiring-room, to congratulate Paquerette upon her well-merited success. I was struck upon this occasion with the singular sadness of Louis, and the extreme high spirits of Melanie. This did not look natural. It should, methought, have been just the contrary. For none could doubt that Melanie, even though possessing the patience and courage of a martyr, must necessarily feel some little degree of envy while comparing the sudden rise in the fortune of Paquerette to her own deficiency, for she was not as yet deemed perfect enough to venture to meet the public; while Louis, what cause could he have for appearing sad and dejected? He had never once opposed the step which Paquerette had taken, even when she would rather that it should have been so, quite the reverse, he had urged and encouraged it by every means in his power, and therefore it was more remarkable that he should thus damp, by his silence and low spirits, the moment when all were so full of hope and joy. But just then I did not give much heed to the suspicion which at times pressed upon my mind concerning him, for I was too much engrossed by the delight which the unlooked-for good fortune of the maiden had inspired, and when she once more appeared upon the stage to go through the second act, which was the final one, I withdrew to join the friendly trio in the side-box, armed with my beautiful bunch of violets, which I had arranged in the peculiar manner which she loved so well, and enjoying the first feeling of real content and happiness which I had experienced for many a long day. These feelings were, however, destined to be but short-lived, for on advancing to the front of the box to take my seat beside Melanie, I perceived that my beautiful bouquet of *bruyère*, which I had made with so much pains and with so much self-complacency, had been parted by some rude hand, and that the half of its purple blossoms now adorned the ample stomacher of Melanie. I said nothing, but I looked first at Louis and then at the remnant of the flowers which he held in his hand, then again upon those which shone forth upon the tall maiden's crimson dress. Her self-satisfied smirking almost drove me frantic. I could have strangled her!

"The opera proceeded, and each air which Paquerette sung alone, or any in which she joined, was encored with enthusiasm, and at the concluding piece the applause was deafening. Flowers and crowns of flowers fell in a shower all round her as she stood with her arms folded over her bosom, looking the very picture of meekness and modesty. She raised her eyes to where we sat. I knew there was yet something wanting. But Louis had retired behind us, and his face was turned aside. I pulled him roughly forward, and saw with surprise that his face was bathed in tears. He threw his bouquet of the violet heath blossoms over the edge of the box. It was flung with such unsteady aim, or may be it was that his sight was dim, that it fell, far short of the place where she stood, into the orchestra—and the musician upon whom it fell, perhaps already wearied with the pelting he had undergone, flung it with a jerk of impatience beneath his feet! I trembled lest Paquerette should have seen the accident, for—did I not know her implicit faith in omens?—I plucked, with a nervous effort, the bunch of flowers from the bosom of Melanie

exclaiming, with a movement of rage for which I could scarcely account myself.

" 'Nay, I have wrought for Paquerette alone this day ; she alone ought to enjoy the benefit of my handywork. To her—to her only be it given, and to none beside.'

" I flung the flowers with such violence, and with such nervous aim, that they fell at her feet. She uttered a low cry of delight, which I alone perhaps could hear, and stooping to pick them up, instantly placed them to her lips, while her eyes were lighted with beams of joy, such as I had seldom seen reflected there. I turned to witness the effect of the scene on Louis. He had disappeared, and Melanie was rushing after him into the lobby, exclaiming that he was surely seized with a sudden fit of madness, for that he had shrieked aloud when I had snatched her bouquet, and that while yet she was laughing at the seriousness with with which he viewed so small a matter, had burst open the door and was gone.

" A vague dread of something terrible seized upon me ; I, too, hurried from the box without a word, and flew down the stairs to the room where Paquerette had by this time retired. The door was closed and the shouts of the pit, the noise of the stamping feet, the din of the retiring audience, reached even there. I was not surprised, therefore, that she returned no answer to my repeated knocks and summonses for admittance. I entered softly, my heart beating the while as I found the silence still unbroken even after I had repeatedly called her by her name. She was standing motionless in the midst of the chamber. Her dress was in disorder and her hair had fallen from its confinement, and hung with the mockery of the tattered flowers on her bared neck and shoulders. Her eyes stared wildly upon me as I approached, and somehow I could not meet that cold and deadly gaze. My bunch of heath blossoms was in her hand, but she had wrung it with such violence within her grasp, that it was crushed to atoms. A thrill of alarm ran through me, as I beheld that wild and stricken glance still rivetted in utter unconsciousness upon me, and to all my questions and to all my soothing a few muttered sentences, detached and incoherent, were the only answer I could obtain, while ever and anon she would wring and crush the flowers in her hand with all the strength of her frame, until at length they had almost wholly disappeared, and then she flung the remnant from her with disgust and trampled it beneath her tiny feet, while a madly echoing peal of laughter burst from her pale lips, and she sank into the arm-chair by the fire to give utterance to such loud wailing sobs that I dreaded lest the life should have forsaken her with each violent effort. I called no one to her aid ; I raised not my voice above a whisper and endeavoured, while I chafed her clay cold hands and bathed her burning temples, to utter words of consolation when I even knew not the cause of her despair. Animation returned at length in some degree, but I am inclined to believe that perfect consciousness never did. She gazed at me in silence as upon some lost friend whom she had not beheld for years, and placing her arms about my neck, suffered the warm tears to trickle slowly and softly upon my bosom. I spoke not a word, for I was still at a loss to divine the real subject of such violent grief. I deemed at first that it might be owing to excitement or to the nervous agitation incidental to her *début*, and knew that the best cure in such a

case would be the quiet and repose to be found in her own little chamber.

"'Paquerette, dearest love,' said I, soothingly, 'we had best go home. Thou hast need of a few hours' rest.'

"'Whither thou wilt I am ready,' replied she, in a hoarse voice, and rising mechanically to reach her shawl, she drew it over the gauze and silver net of the wood-nymph's, while she tossed back the long hair which, still braided with the flowers I had so freshly woven there, fell in thick masses down her back.

"The sound of footsteps descending the narrow stone stairs leading from the stage to the little room seemed to arouse her into consciousness. She seized my arm hurriedly, and exclaimed in a voice scarcely audible,

"'They are coming! They are coming! Oh do not let them find me here! Let us hasten, Georgette; quick, let us begone.'

"I obeyed the impulse and hurried to do her bidding. She burst open the door in frantic eagerness to escape, for the footsteps were now close at hand, and the voice of dear old C— pronouncing her name mingled with that of the princess who had that night honoured the theatre with her presence, was distinctly heard. She clasped my arm all the more firmly to her side, and ran through the long, dimly-lighted corridors with all the eagerness of one seeking to escape from certain death, nor relaxed in her step until we had reached the street. Once or twice I had fancied that I had heard footsteps behind us as if some one were seeking to overtake us in our flight, but at the moment my whole care was centered in Paquerette, and I thought but of the means of conveying her swiftly home. I was fortunate enough immediately to procure a vehicle, the only one stationed at the door by which we passed. As the driver opened it, I heard a low sob almost close to my ear, and a voice breathed forth in tones of woe 'Lost, for ever lost—a curse has lighted on my head!'

"Paquerette's foot was on the step—she, too, had heard the words, for she turned slowly round and gazed over my shoulder and uttering a long loud shriek of despair, she sank forward on the cushions of the coach—she had fainted!

"I had turned to see the cause of this sudden emotion and perceived a retreating form hurrying through the arcades which surround the theatre. I could not, of course, distinguish its identity amid the darkness, but my fancy struck me with a most painful conviction, that the figure was that of Louis Girardot!

"I brought the poor maiden to a deserted home, for none of the family had as yet returned from the theatre. It was well that by the time we had reached our destination, she had in some degree recovered her senses, for an old woman whom Françoise had left in charge of the lodge was the sole occupant of the mansion. I hurried Paquerette as well as I was able up the stairs without giving utterance to a single word, for I now *felt* that her despair was such as to refuse all consolation.

"She seemed grateful for this silence, for she gazed at me with affection, and once or twice kindly pressed my hand. She suffered herself to be seated without resistance in her old carved chair, and presently overcome as I thought by fatigue and by all the sore trials and emotions of that eventful night, she leant backwards and sank into a kind of stupor from which I should have deemed it cruelty to arouse her. My eyes were well-nigh blinded by my tears as I stood watching by the side of that

beauteous maiden. The dark shawl had fallen to her feet, and her snow-white neck and shoulders shone out ghastly in the dim light, her long raven hair had fallen like a mourning veil over her pallid features, while the glittering spangles on her dress, and the flowers with which she was still adorned, gave her the look of a corpse already tricked out for the grave. I watched long and sadly by the maiden; at least, the time seemed long and tedious enough to me. I listened with intense eagerness for the grating hinges of the gate to give notice of the return of some one on whose assistance I could rely, for my alarm began now to increase with each moment as I saw the time pass away and the maiden still moved not nor uttered a single sound. At length, to my unspeakable relief, I heard a carriage stop at the gate. I opened the casement and looked out. The moon was shining, cold, and pale, and I saw plainly, as by daylight, the portly figure of the kind-hearted old professor traverse with hobbling step the wide court to gain the staircase leading to Paquerette's chamber, and I instantly seized the lamp from the chimney and hastened to light the stair.

"As I left the room, I turned to gaze once more at Paquerette. She was still reclining as before. Nought save the slight heaving of her bosom betrayed that she still existed. I hastened down stairs with something like joy at the arrival of old C——, whom I knew to possess in so great a degree the gratitude and affection of Paquerette, and whose presence I thought might soothe her anguish and arouse her from her lethargy. Poor dear old man! his progress was but slow up that endless stair, for he was heavy with gout and rheumatism, and was compelled to pause at each step to gather breath and courage. He chuckled with delight as he beheld me descending to replace the old woman who acted as his guide, and as soon as he drew near, he exclaimed, pinching my ear rather sharply, as was his wont when he was more than usually pleased—

"'Well, my pretty bouquetière, and what think you of our sweet flower of to-night?'

"I could not answer; for his mirth grated harshly on my ear. I merely told him not to laugh, for Paquerette was ill; but he continued as he came puffing and blowing at each step,

"'Well, I am not surprised—we are always so after our *début*, especially when we have been smothered with flowers; but I tell you, girl, I must see her; I could not sleep if I did not embrace the dear child before I went to bed, and, besides,' here he laid his finger on his nose, and tried to look arch, 'the little gipsy, you know well enough, has a proud heart, and I have news for her will make it swell and swell until it shall grow too big for her bosom.'

"He paused, and leaning against the banister, looked in my face, while his own was beaming with delight, and added, cheerily—

"'Now, did I not tell you that the little witch needed but to be seen to captivate the princess? Ha, see you that? Ask her now if I am dreaming—if I am led away by my love for a poor orphan?' imitating, as he spoke, the soft tones of poor Paquerette, who had used these expressions when he had spoken to her of his hopes.

"We were drawing near to her chamber, and I endeavoured to repress his mirth, by warning him that the maiden slept, overcome by fatigue and emotion, but he only laughed the louder, and struck his cane with a more violent jerk against the floor, as he exclaimed—

"'What, the little ungrateful traitress! did she think to escape me

thus ?—Did she think to rest before she had embraced her poor old professor ? No, no, I heard her fly as I approached her room at the theatre; but, old as I am, she shall not escape. Besides, she owes me some sort of reparation for the sorry figure she made me cut, when I returned to tell the princess, who had despatched me to fetch her, that she was already gone. Ah, well, good fortune will surely overtake her, let her run never so fast. Shall I tell you my secret while yet I have breath, for this cursed stair will very soon have it all out of my body—her highness has declared to me that her imperial brother shall have no rest till the Lady of the Woods of this night becomes the Lady of Fontenay in the face of day ! There now, think you she will be sorry to be awakened by such news as this ?'

"My heart beat strangely at these words. A sudden hope arose within me, for I knew that whatever the cause of the cruel anguish which seemed so suddenly to have overcome the soul of Paquerette, this announcement would be in some degree as a healing balm to her sorrows, and while the poor professor puffed heavily up the remaining stairs, my pace could scarcely keep with his, so great was my impatience to be the first to break the news to her.

"At length, however, as might have been expected, both strength and courage failed the poor old man at sight of the last steep-winding flight of stairs, which as he gazed upwards, seemed to terminate in nothing but the roof, and he sat himself down in utter despair of being able to continue his progress for some time, while I, all impatience and happiness, placed the little lamp by his side, and hastened forward alone.

"The door was open as I had left it on descending, and I entered softly and with uncertain step, for the moonbeams no longer shone in as before, and the room was darkened I knew not why ; I paused ere I advanced, for the low soft murmuring tones of Paquerette fell upon my ear. Finding thus that she had awakened, I remained motionless, fearing to alarm her, and listened attentively, thinking that perhaps she might be calling me to her side. But—these were the words she uttered in a hurried and broken whisper, as of one speaking in a troubled dream, and despite of the mysterious terror which they called up in my mind each one fell distinctly on my ear amid the tomb-like stillness which reigned around :—

"'The hand of death is then upon me,' murmured she, 'they say that 'tis an hour of dread, of terror, and despair. They speak false who call it so—'tis one of joy, of hope, of rest from sorrow. But I must not act a selfish part—I must not die thus with calmness and content for my portion, leaving him nought but remorse and grief for his, for I know well that he will sink with misery and despair when I am gone ; neither would I have him deem that he has caused my death, for he has a gentle heart, and would perish at the thought ; but, moreover, it is not so,—long, long, has my soul been yearning for this hour. Then in compassion will I go and seek him, and tell him that I forgive him all, and that from the place to which I am now hastening, I will watch over him, and pray that he may live long and happily, and that he may rejoice in his love. Did I not go in secret once before when *he* was departing, and *I* remained ? Did I not bend over him and bless him as he slept, and was it not my blessing which brought him back unharmed and scatheless ?—and shall I shrink from going now to say one last farewell, to breathe one last word of blessing and forgiveness ?'

"Now did I perceive with dismay that she was standing on the sill of the open window. It was no form which darkened the light from without. My God! she was seeking to step upon the parapet as she had done before—she had forgotten that it had been removed since that day. I sprang forward with a loud and frantic shriek! There was a sudden spring, a crash, the darkness disappeared, and the moonbeams glared into the empty chamber with a fierce and lurid light! Oh, do not urge me further—I was too late, the torn remnants of the green and silver gauze of her woodland dress remained in my extended hand; 'twas well I looked not from the casement, for my burning brain already reeled. I rushed from the chamber, and flew down the stairs, making the long corridors ring with my frantic shrieks. C— has told me since that he used almost violence as I passed him to compel me to stop, but I recollect it not! I know not how indeed I reached the court; I remember nought but stumbling over the broken fragments of the geranium, and falling upon the lifeless bosom of her whom I had loved with more than a sister's love.

"When my senses returned, I found myself still lying there and surrounded by Françoise, and Melanie, and the old professor, whose low bursting sobs and falling tears mingled with those of the two women. They were awaiting the arrival of the commissaire ere they dared remove the body, and stood gazing in mute agony upon that pale face turned upwards to the cold moon. Not a feature was disturbed from its calm repose—you might have thought her sleeping, but for the thin crimson stream which trickled slowly from her parted lips, and soaked with ghastly contrast the gauze and spangles in which she was attired. She was covered with the leaves and blossoms of her loved geranium, which had in mysterious sympathy accompanied her in her fall. I stooped and gathered up the branch which had fallen next her heart. As the commissaire entered, I seized her cold thin hand and carried it to my lips in token of a last farewell:—as I replaced it wet with my tears by her side, the fingers unclosed, and a paper fell from their loosened grasp, which I picked up and placed within my bosom, but it was not till long after these events, and Paquerette was laid in her lonely grave, that I found courage to examine its contents."

The poor *bouquetière*, whose words had grown scarcely audible as she ended her sad story, here made a dead pause, and hid her face in her hands, while neither of her listeners could find heart to urge her to resume, although there was yet much left unexplained. I turned to R—, he was drumming with his fingers upon the marble counter, and I thought I saw a tear fall upon his hand; but I may have been deceived, for my own vision had grown dim while I gazed upon the wreath of newly-woven "paquerettes" which still lay unfinished before the narrator of the tale.

When the good old lady raised her head, she took the wreath and kissed it fervently, and then looking up, renewed with more composure, although in a graver and more melancholy tone than she had as yet assumed.

"It was a dark—a mournful fate for one so young and beautiful! and her rude undeserved destiny seemed to pursue her even when it would have been natural to suppose that all must have been accomplished. All the influence which the kind princess had promised to exert to restore to Paquerette de Fontenay her birthright, was now required to obtain for her—so angel-like and pure—even the last rites of Christian burial in

hallowed ground, because, forsooth, she had died as it were in the very exercise of her unholy calling. She lies buried in the most lonely corner —beneath the southern wall of the Champ du Repos—you will know her grave without much pains, although no marble marks the spot, for I, who knew and loved her, have raised the monument which I knew would be most pleasant to her, and flowers—dear flowers, the flowers she loved best, still bloom upon her grave the whole year long. I had gathered together, as well as I was able, the remnants of her geranium. I would have loved to have possessed it as a memorial of her, and did my best to keep it, but it would not grow with me, it would not blossom, and pined away when, with superstitious faith, I planted it by her side. There it has grown and spread, and flourished until it has become the wonder of all who behold it. It needs no removal in the winter—it needs but to be screened from the northern blast. The guide, who will show it to strangers as one of the marvels of the place, will tell them 'tis the dryness of the soil, and the heat of the southern wall, which has brought it to its beauty; but I know that it is not so, and will not suffer the arguments of work-a-day philosophy to shake my belief in that mysterious sympathy."

She paused again, endeavouring to resume the train of her recollections, and continued.

"Our first care after the catastrophe, when we could think of aught besides Paquerette, was for Louis Girardot. A messenger was despatched in all haste to his lodgings, but he came not, and the messenger returned to say that he had not appeared at home that night. He had long before this event obtained leave of absence from his regiment, and no tidings could be procured of his retreat. I saw soon after, that his regiment was ordered to the south, thus years, long and weary years, had passed away ere I beheld his face again.

"The grief of Melanie for the fate of her old companion was loud, and I verily believe sincere, while it lasted; for, from the bottom of my soul, do I acquit her of any knowledge or even suspicion of the truth. But she was not one to lose time in grieving, and soon resumed her old habits and her old affections, and sought again the love of the trombone-player and the second tenor's double. She was fortunate enough soon after this to procure an engagement at one of the theatres. Her fine showy person and amazingly powerful voice soon rendered her a general favourite, and she advanced with rapid strides on the road to fortune. I loved her well enough—for she brought back the memory of my soul's darling, and was fond of seeking her society with the usual inconsistency which makes us seek to look upon what sometimes gives us pain, until I one day heard her laugh heartily (the old laugh which used to make me so nervous) as she described the rage into which old C——, the professor, had been thrown upon overhearing one of her admirers exclaim, when she had finished singing with powerful effect one of her best bravuras; 'that she must have surely caught the mantle of Paquerette as it fell!' I could not bear her after that speech.

"The good kind Françoise died not long after, and she was the only one who ever had any suspicion that all was not quite clear in the manner of Paquerette's death, and who maintained that the general belief of her having overbalanced herself while endeavouring to gaze from the casement, was improbable and absurd. At the death of her mother, Melanie accepted a lucrative engagement in one of the large provincial

towns, and poor Paquerette was seemingly forgotten by all save the professor and myself. But I rejoiced in the belief that there was yet another one, if in life, must remember her with tears of anguish and remorse. Often when returning from my visits to her grave, would I re-peruse the billet which I had stolen from her death-cold hand, and which had entered like a poisoned dagger into her very soul to deprive her of life and reason. It was, as you may have already guessed, in the handwriting of Louis Girardot, and ran as follows, for I have read it so often that each word is graven upon my memory.

"'You ask me, dearest girl, what it is hard to grant. How shall I be able to break the truth to Paquerette? once so fond and so confiding. How shall I dare to tell her that she is no longer loved, and that another has usurped her image in this heart once so entirely her own? Think, Melanie, once more, and retract thy determination, for think—that Paquerette cannot possibly suspect as yet that all my love for her has, I know not why, changed into awe, all my confidence into dread of her displeasure, and now, after the success which cannot fail to attend her to-night, this feeling will surely increase more and more. She already holds herself at too great a distance from me, and forgets, to use a simile which she would understand—that the topmost flowers of the tree require a bolder hand to gather them, and often wither while yet they are waiting to be plucked. No, believe me, it were far more prudent to act as I proposed this morning. Fear not, weariness and disgust will ere long grow upon *her*, and then I shall be spared the necessity of taking the painful step thou wouldst impose upon me; for, notwithstanding her ardent melancholy nature, she is of a resolute uncompromising disposition, and would scorn to tamper with herself, or to deceive me. Even now it is not *me* she loves, it is the memory of what I was when innocent and generous as herself, I knew nought else, besides she cannot love me long, as I have now become the hard-minded, pleasure-loving soldier, and will be the first to break—rely upon it.

"'You will now see why I bade you so earnestly keep the bouquet of *bruyère* which I have separated from the one that Georgette has made to throw to Paquerette. The bouquetière will be furious, I know, but she little dreams that 'tis her own constant watching and suspicious listening to all we say, which have rendered it necessary to hit upon some secret method of communication.'

"It was this precious piece of weak-minded eloquence, of dastardly compromise, which had killed my sweet Paquerette—alas, alas, that it should have been me who loved her best on earth who had thrown the bouquet at her feet! But it was a decree of Providence! Who could have foreseen that such would have been the issue? It was, indeed, a fatal chance, for, had the letter borne the name of her for whom it was intended, the poor maiden would most probably have been ignorant to this day of its contents, but the superscription was dubious, smacking of the garrison elegance and gallantry which the writer had of late adopted—'To the Lady of my Thoughts—my Soul's delight!'—Had it not been for this she would most probably not have opened it; but, vulgar as it was, and especially unsuited to her, yet, in Louis' handwriting she must have imagined it intended for no other but herself.

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* * * * *
* * It was many years after this, and all the

actors in this drama seemed to have passed for ever from the stage. I had grown rich and respected, and was considered at the very head of my profession, when the new opera was opened with great pomp and *éclat.* Many first-rate singers were engaged, and among the rest, one Madame Michelini was announced to eclipse all others, and great, therefore, was the excitement produced by her arrival from Italy.

"It was on the very day of the anniversary of the death of Paquerette, and I had, as usual, been to perform my little pilgrimage to the Champ du Repos, when, on my return, Babet informed me, that a footman in splendid livery had been sent by the new singer about to appear that night to command a lot of bouquets for the claqueurs to throw upon the stage at the falling of the curtain. Now as this is a stale, a very stale trick, indeed, it excited no astonishment, and I should probably have set about executing the order as I had before done many of the same nature, without notice or comment, had not Babet left part of her message unexecuted, and I was, therefore, compelled to go myself to the lady, to hear her intentions explained more fully. The address was in a fashionable street of the Chaussée d'Antin, and thither I repaired accordingly. The door was opened by a little negro page, in a turban all flaunting with scarlet and gold, who informed me that madame was at her toilet, but that if I would just step into her boudoir, she would be visible with as little delay as possible. I traversed the marble dining-hall, the gorgeous saloon, close at the heels of my nimble conductor, little dreaming of all the painful emotion I was to experience ere I returned through them, and soon found myself stationed in one of those snug retreats where our Parisian belles love to display all the taste which nature may have given them to the best advantage.

"As I entered, a small finikin lady's-maid was passing in haste, bearing on her arm the befeathered and bespangled crape skirt in which her mistress was to appear that night as a Mexican princess. She was followed by a little dog, who was gnawing and nibbling to his heart's content all the smart gold ornaments of the dress, as the careless Abigail let them trail after her upon the ground.

"Presently the door of the inner chamber opened, and Madame Michelini entered. She was a large showy woman, very tall and very stout, but her whole appearance redolent of the neglect and disorderly taste of those of her profession. Her hair was already dressed for the evening's performance with a circlet of gold binding her forehead, an aureole of feathers sticking upright all around her head, and with this she was attired in a large-patterned dirty morning wrapper, open to the waist, and disclosing a rather red and bony neck and bosom. She advanced with a dancing pace, dragging after her the faded red slippers, in which her feet were meant to have been encased, and addressing me as 'Ma chère,' and expressing her pleasure that I had come myself upon her business, she advanced to the window, and drew aside the heavy curtain which had screened the light, and sank herself backward with a loud 'puff!' into the eider-down cushion of the fauteuil which stood ready to receive her. I stared with surprise as she executed this movement. The light fell full upon her face—I could not be mistaken, those features could not be forgotten, the sight of them gave me such a pang at my heart that I could have sobbed outright. Madame Michelini was no other than Melanie Michel, the daughter of poor old Françoise! the kind friend and protectress of Paquerette de Fontenay! Poor old soul!

even had she lived to see that day she would most certainly have died with joy at sight of her darling Melanie's good fortune. I had command enough, however, over my countenance to suffer none of my surprise to escape, and she proceeded in her explanations and derivations perfectly unconscious that my mind was far away, both from her and her success, and that I had heard not a single sentence of all the instructions she was at so much pains to bestow upon me. She was, however, as in days of yore, endued with the same happy consciousness of her own perfections, and all the time she was talking to me her face was turned towards the large mirror where she had ample food for occupation, in examining if all her feathers bobbed the right way, and in coaxing and patting the *accroche cœurs* beneath the bandeaux, in order to induce them to keep close to her blooming cheek, which, from their wiry nature, the little rebels seemed but ill disposed to do.

"It appeared that she had raised some difficulty with herself concerning the distribution of her flowers, which, of course, I was unable to solve, never having paid the slightest attention to any thing she had been saying about the matter, when I was aroused to a sense of where I was by her suddenly rising and exclaiming, 'that as I seemed so much embarrassed, she must consult the general, whose taste none could dispute.' She accordingly opened the door of her apartment, and calling 'Mon ami!' proceeded to explain, in a loud voice, the cause of her dilemma, to an individual who was seated with his back to the open door, writing letters upon the lady's toilet table.

"'*Mon ami*' stuck his pen into a rouge-pot, in order to answer the summons, and seemed to listen with much respect and deference to the exposition of the fair one's difficulties, and when she had ceased speaking, he turned suddenly round and exclaimed—

"'But what says the good lady who furnishes the bouquets, mon ange? she must be the best judge, methinks.'

"Now I had not trembled nor turned pale, nor felt, in fact, any emotion beyond that of a momentary surprise at the sight of Melanie, but at the sound of those few words, uttered in that deep male voice, a chill crept over my whole frame, a trembling seized upon every limb, and if I had not clung for support to the marble console near which I was standing, I should have fallen to the earth. But my more than human efforts to appear calm were not without a happy result. As I grew more composed, indignation was the only feeling which moved me, and when in answer to the debate, I found myself, at length, compelled to make some observation, I replied, without even knowing the point which they had been disputing together—

"'Perhaps M. le General will prefer the purple *bruyère*, or a bunch of the bright scarlet geranium.'

"'*Mon ami*' started from his chair at these words, and after gazing at me for a moment, he wiped his gold spectacles upon his India foulard, and, placing them upon his nose, walked to the door, and indulged in a long deliberate stare. But my glance met his without quailing; I feared not recognition, for the years had been long and sorrow heavy since I had beheld him last, and presently, as I had expected, he desisted. He shook his head and resumed his seat, while I could see that he hid his face with both his hands, and that he continued to drum the heel of his boot against the carpet during the whole time that I stood there, but he spoke no more.

"I hastened my departure as much as possible, for I dared not overtax my firmness, and I had already read a tale of weakness and of folly in that short visit which I cared not further to unravel.

"As I passed hastily from the apartment, madame's bell was rung with violence, and presently the finikin maid rushed past me, screaming at the top of her voice for hartshorn and warm water and M. Antonio, the valet-de-chambre, for that M. le General was seized with one of his most violent fits—a dreadful one—worse, in fact, than the one by which he had been attacked on the morning when he had flown into such a rage at poor Batiste, for awakening him out of bed by singing 'Pauvre Jacques,' while he was blacking the shoes under the bed-room window. And then I thought of my grandmother, and of her prophecy, and of Louis Girardot, the poor and friendless painter, and of her who was mouldering in the grave.

"I saw them no more after this—neither the one nor the other of this worthy pair—and even the memory of this day had almost passed away like a dream, when the year after, being again on my way from visiting the grave of Paquerette, and slowly descending the hill of the cemetery, my course was impeded by the entrance of a magnificently plumed and escutcheoned hearse, with a long train of mourners coming up the acclivity. I turned aside to let the train pass by just as the roll of the muffled drum burst upon the ear, and I heard one of the bystanders ask whose was the brilliant funeral. The reply struck to my heart. ''Tis that of General Girardot, *notre bon general*, one more of the emperor's darlings—they are all going one by one now that he is gone—but what have they better to do than to follow him?'

"I could not help turning after this to watch the procession as it slowly passed by the spot where slumbered poor Paquerette de Fontenay. Just then, a bunch of the rich ostrich feathers fell aside from the coffin, and while they paused to arrange it, one of the soldiers, attracted by the beauty of the scarlet blossoms which overshadowed, like a canopy, the head of the tomb, thrust his hand through the iron-grating, and plucked one of its brightest clusters. I was struck with a feeling of awe, for which I dared not stop to inquire the cause; when, a moment afterwards, I saw the self-same bunch of flowers fall from the soldier's hand when he fired into the grave, upon the richly-gilt and chiselled coffin-lid. It was a strange, a startling coincidence. Perhaps the last farewell of pity and forgiveness of that pure and gentle spirit to its first and only love.

"Madame Michelini, whose success upon the Paris boards grew, after some little time, rather doubtful, having inherited the wealth of 'Mon ami,' the general, married, after all, the trombone player, and retired from the stage, and she is living or rather languishing in her snug little picturesque villa at M——.

"My story is concluded," said the bouquetière, endeavouring to resume her cheerful manner. She looked at us with a smile, although the tears were trembling in her eyes, and said archly; "and now, gentlemen, shall I give you another? Come, a merry one, hey—all about—"

"No, no," we both exclaimed in a breath, "not to-night—not to-night—we can endure no gaiety just now."

I coughed; R—— blew his nose very loud indeed—and, without saying another word, we quitted the shop arm-in-arm, and took, in silence and in sadness, the road to our hotel.

PHILIP AND HIS POODLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Philip arrived on the following morning at the station of the railroad, and inspected the bill, he was delighted to find that a train about to start in a few minutes would pass through Eccleshall, the residence of his contemplated father-in-law. Rendered cautious by his last misadventure, he looked out for an empty carriage, in which he might immediately ensconce himself, an object, however, in which he could not succeed, but coming to one with only a single passenger, he jumped in, drew up the glass, and shrunk into a corner, so as to escape observation from the people on the platform. In another minute he was in rapid motion, his confidence reviving as he knew that he was whirling further and further from London, and speeding towards a remote and somewhat obscure locality, where there was hardly a possibility of his being recognised. Anxious to gather some information about the town where he was to win his once known, but now totally unrecollected heiress, he inquired of his companion, apparently a decent tradesman, at what hour the train would reach Eccleshall. After stating the time, the stranger added—"What, are you going to Eccleshall? We don't often get visitors to our quiet town."

"Are you, then, a native of that place?" inquired Philip, delighted at the thought of better qualifying himself for the part he was about to act by a few searching questions.

"Not a native, but I've lived there, man and boy, going on for five-and-twenty year."

"Then you doubtless know Mr. Samuel Gibbons."

"Know him! Should think I did: play bowls with him every Saturday at the Magpie."

"I am not acquainted with him myself, and indeed have never seen him. I am merely going down on a matter of business in which he is concerned. Pray, what sort of a person is he?"

"Oh, he's a good little creature as can be, to play bowls or smoke a pipe with, but, poor fellow! as to any thing else, he baint much better than a Tom Noddy, or a born natural. Some call him 'Silly Sam,' and others, 'Goose Gibbons.' I've heard say he's got a softening of the brain, but, for my part, I shouldn't ha' thought he ever had much brain to soften."

"And Mrs. Gibbons?"

"Rest her soul! she ha' been dead this seven or eight year."

"I think I heard there are some children living?"

"Only one, a girl, that's to say, a young woman now; for Susan must be two,—let me see, ay, upwards of two-and-twenty years old, and a kindly, stout-hearted, strait-forward lass she be; that's what she be!"

"Is it true, or did I dream it, that she has a handsome fortune of her own?"

"Don't know what you call handsome, but her uncle, old Matt. Ruggles, the miller, lately left her a matter of seven thousand pound, hard money, and that I call something better than handsome."

"Oh! clearly, clearly, I quite agree with you," said Philip, in an absent manner, his thoughts being entirely engrossed by the anticipated possession of the nice, kind-hearted lass and her fortune, the compromising and the silencing of the forgery affair, and his inflexible determination to become thenceforward one of the most honourable men and devoted husbands in all England. There was no hypocrisy in this: his good intentions were always sincere at the moment, but unfortunately he was too weak and vacillating to give them consistency. One all-important point remained to be ascertained, and he now inquired whether Susan's fortune were entirely at her own disposal.

"To be sure it is," was the reply; "what would be the use of leaving it to silly Sam? Bless your heart! he baint fit to be trusted with money. Susan manages every thing and settles every thing, and she's not the girl to be choused and cheated, I promise you."

This latter averment was not quite palatable to his auditor, who ceased not, however, to renew his interrogatories, and to gather such information as might be useful to him until they arrived at Eccleshall, when he left the train, and betook himself to an inn, that he might digest the information he had received, so as to make it support, in the most plausible way, the character he had assumed. The more he considered the difficult and perilous part he was about to play, the more nervous he became, and feeling the want of some support and stimulus, before his *début*, he called for a plate of sandwiches, and a bottle of champagne, the contents of which he tossed off with a rapidity that soon changed his misgiving mood into one of comparative recklessness. Without being intoxicated he was highly excited, his spirits recovered their habitual buoyancy, his innate love of banter, and hoaxing, and cajolery revived in all its force, and under the confused notion that he was about to act a part in a farce, he proceeded to the house of "Goose Gibbons" with a full determination to have some fun with him in the first instance, whatever might be the ultimate result of their interview.

The door of a neat cottage, on the outskirts of the town, having been opened by a maid, the visitant was ushered through the house into a trim, formal garden, where he found the proprietor, a little vacant-looking bald-headed old man, employed in watering one of the beds, for the more comfortable performance of which duty he had laid aside his coat and hat. On the appearance of the stranger he ceased, and gazing with a bewildered air first on the watering-pot, next on the ground, and then fixing his eyes accusingly on the former, he exclaimed,

"Why, I do declare you've gone and watered the radishes instead of the flower-beds. How funny! Only to think! I wonder what Susan will say? What's this? a letter for me, and waiting for an answer: here's doings! Just step into the parlour, sir, and we'll see what it is. I'm sorry Susan's gone to market, for she answers all my letters. Never was such a clever managing girl as my Susan."

To the parlour they accordingly adjourned, when after taking out and deliberately wiping his spectacles, the old man adjusted them to his nose,

which seemed to have undergone a gradual enlargement, probably because he always talked through it.

"Samuel Gibbons, *Esquire*," he ejaculated, as he stared at the superscription. "Bless my heart! I'm no squire. I was born plain Samuel Gibbons, and have been so ever since."

True enough in one sense, thought Philip, as he replied,

"Nay, sir, that might have been the case formerly, but now that your daughter has received such an accession of fortune—"

"Well, that may make a squire of her, and I don't deny it, but it won't make a squire of me, will it? Only to see how dreams do come to pass. I dreamt that I was sitting at my window, and I saw a jackass come to the house, and he brought me a letter."

"I feel infinitely obliged by the implied compliment," said Philip, bowing to the ground, "but you know, sir, that dreams go by contraries."

"To be sure they do, to be sure they do: let me see, how should we stand then? Why, in that case I do declare the letter would be brought to the ass—he! he! so it would; how very funny! Any way it makes out my dream. I dreamt of a letter, and here is a letter! Wonderful!"

This interjection was repeated two or three times during the perusal of the missive, at the conclusion of which he again wiped and replaced his spectacles, and after scrutinising his visitant from head to foot, exclaimed,

"Sure-*ly* you don't mean to tell me that you're Augustus Davis, little pale-faced Gus that was, the son of my old friend Gabriel?"

"The same, sir, at your service, and at the service of your fair daughter, if I may be so far honoured."

"Why, Gus was very short, and almost as dark as a gipsy, while you are tall, and fair, and florid. To be sure boys do change when they grow up to be men, and a few years will sometimes—"

"My dear sir, don't talk of years; this metamorphosis was not the work of time, but effected in a few days by that frightful illness which brought me to death's door, and completely changed my constitution and appearance."

"You don't say so. I never heard of it. What was it called?"

Gladly would Philip have supported the professional character he had assumed by pouring forth, according to established usage, a cento of long-winded medical terms; but not having any at command, and relying implicitly on the ignorance of his hearer, he put his law vocabulary in requisition, and replied with much fluency, and a very profound air,

"Mine, sir, was a complicated case, first manifesting itself in a severe attack of *mandamus*, which rapidly turned to a *nisi-prius*, accompanied by *fieri-facias*."

"Shocking! why, your face is fair enough now. Something of a nettle-rash, I suppose?"

"No, indeed, no—a genuine case of *præmunire*, though Doctor Addlehead seemed to think that it might have originated in *habeas corpus*, with a latent tendency to *certiorari*."

"Poor fellow! how you must have suffered with all these terrible complaints?"

"Tortures, sir, tortures! One day I gave such a terrific scream that it broke a rummer in the next house, stopped the clock, and set all the bells ringing."

"Only to think, what fun! I should like to have heard it. And what did you take to cure you?"

"In the first instance the doctor gave me a strong decoction of *qui tam*, but I cannot say it did me much good. The *Banco Regis* pills allayed the pain, and enabled me occasionally to get some sleep; but I attribute my cure to my taking large and repeated doses of *tales de circumstantibus*. After such an illness, and such a course of medicine can you wonder at the change in my appearance?"

"La dear, no! I only wonder that you lived—I'm sure I shouldn't. I couldn't have swallowed half those hard words; they would have stuck in my throat, and choked me. Why do you always give Latin names to your physic?"

"Why, sir, we of the faculty consider it more appropriate that our prescriptions should be written in a dead language."

"Well now, very like it may—you know best, you know best. But talking of medicine, our milkman's little girl has got a nasty tumour on her arm, and he was asking me this morning what he had better apply to it."

"Why, sir, I should say a cataplasm."

"La, dear! you wouldn't surely put a cataplasm on such a very little girl, would you?"

"Well then, she may take a kittenaplasm, if she's so small."

"And so she may, I do declare, and so I'll tell her father. And now I must say a word about myself, for I don't feel quite so well as I ought, and I do verily believe I have got something in my head: isn't it funny?"

"Let me feel your pulse, if you please; every thing depends upon that; it is, in point of fact, the *coram nobis* of the whole system." Here he drew out his handsome gold watch, followed the hand till it had completed sixty seconds, looked particularly sapient, and resumed. "My good sir, don't be uneasy about your head; depend upon it there's nothing in it; only a case of *non compos mentis*, nothing that a little medicine will not cure; as to the particular prescription we must reflect a little. What says the 'Pharmacopeia?'"

"La, dear! how can I tell? I don't know Farmer Copeer."

The sham apothecary appeared to be deeply cogitating, and then suddenly cried, for he thought he had said enough to establish his professional knowledge: "Sad thing the death of your brother-in-law, Mr. Ruggles, the miller! a very worthy man."

"Poor Matt.! he was, indeed, and such a boxer! took lessons of big Bob. Well, I hope he's happy, but I can't help thinking that if he *should* want to square his elbows, it must be far from comfortable to find them pinioned down by the sides of the coffin. La, dear, how funny!"

"But you have told me nothing about your father, my old friend Gabriel."

"Why, sir, you see by his letter that he's a sad invalid. In point of fact, he suffered so frequently from *felo de se*, that we began to think nature had come to a decided *Nolle Prosequi*. However, he was mending when I left home."

"And your relations, the Figginses. How's your uncle Sam, the dyer?"

"Oh, poor fellow, he was so fond of his business that he went one day and died himself."

"No, sure! What colour?"

"I mean that he became a corpse, and so we thought we had a fair excuse for burying him."

"Funny enough, only to think! Well, I *am* sorry you've lost poor uncle Sam."

"Nay, we've not lost him; we know perfectly well where to find him, only he's dead."

"Well, I call that losing him, but I won't be positive, I may be wrong. And your cousin Tony, what's become of him?"

"Tony went to Spain, where he got on so famously, that he has been made harbour-master and port-admiral at Madrid."

"Only to think! And little Kit?"

"He went to Venice, and has lately been made master of the horse to the doge. Kit drives his own four-in-hand now, and a famous splash he makes when he gallops them over the Rialto."

"Well, I'm not much surprised at that, for Kit was always fond of horses. And Mrs. John Figgins, whom you used to call fat aunt Fanny?"

"Oh, she has done the best of all, for she is now monthly nurse to the queen's maids of honour."

"Blessings on us, here's grand doings! How these Figginsees *have* got on!"

"Yes, they have," said Philip, beginning to think he had done quite enough for the aggrandisement of his unknown relations, and that it would be safer to change the conversation. "They certainly have, but after all, ambition has its drawbacks, and I question whether any of them are half so happy as you must be in this charming cottage, which is really the prettiest I ever saw, and what a profusion of flowers! I suppose you are a botanist."

"La, dear, no! Susan and I are fond of flowers, but neither of us know their fine names: isn't it funny?"

"We of the profession, on the contrary, are obliged to be great botanists, as we use so many flowers in the preparation of our medicines. Indeed, my father and I grow several of the more useful, and our little garden at Bloomsbury contains some very choice specimens of Delirium tremens, Aurora-borealis, and Georgium Sidus."

"Goodness gracious! What fine flowers they must be to have such grand titles. I should like—Aha! there's a ring at the bell. That must be Susan come home, and I'll go and let her in. La, how funny."

With these words, the little old man left the parlour, nor was Philip sorry to see him depart, for, as the exhilaration produced by the champagne gradually subsided, he began to get tired of hoaxing his feeble-witted companion, and to feel half ashamed of the tomfoolery in which the manifest imbecility of his victim had tempted him to indulge.

Chapter IX.

If the vacant, inane, yet somewhat self-satisfied aspect of the father might well provoke a merry banterer to make him his butt, the gentle,

intelligent, and modest expression of the daughter were not less calculated to awaken in her favour an involuntary feeling of respect. Not that Susan was handsome, for though she had the fair skin, light hair, blue eyes, and blooming cheeks that characterise our Saxon damsels, her features were not very delicately moulded, her face was partially freckled, her well-rounded arms had assumed the hue of the rose rather than the lily, and her figure, though not deficient in symmetry, was too substantial for elegance. But her countenance was irresistible. Its expression was so amiable, so beaming, so genial, that to see her was to love her : and so completely did it sober Philip's recent exuberance, that he already regretted his treatment of her father, who, as he feared, might repeat some of the ridiculous buffoonery to which he had given vent.

She entered the parlour in her shawl and bonnet, bearing on her right arm a large basket, the weight of which had imparted a glow to her features which was still further deepened as her father said—"Susan, dear, who do you think this is ? Of all the birds in the air and the fishes in the sea, it's neither more nor less than Mr. Davis, the little Gus, you know, that you used to play with. Isn't it funny?"

Her eyes were cast down for a moment, and then raising them and slowly surveying her visitant with a smile of surprise, she exclaimed,—"Pray forgive me if I seem astonished—I should never have guessed—why papa, you told me that Mr. Davis was—"

"And so he was, my dear, as swarthy and dumpy a little fellow as you could wish to see ; but la ! only to think ! he was quite transmogrified by an attack of half a dozen illnesses, with names as long as my arm ; Gus —I beg his pardon, Mr. Augustus Davis will be good enough to repeat them. But don't do it if it makes your jaws ache. Dear heart ! it would put mine out of joint, that's what it would do."

"Miss Gibbons, I'm sure will excuse my reverting to such a painful subject. We of the faculty are apt to be a little too technical, and I fear that I must have wearied her good father with my Latin nomenclature."

"Latin, was it Latin ? I'm sure it was all Greek to me. So were the long names you stuck to the flowers. Just like a kite's tail they were. Oh, Susan, Gus—I mean Mr. Davis, is *such* a botanist!"

"And you, Miss Gibbons, are very fond of flowers, as I see by your window sills and your garden; but you do not trouble your head, I hear, about their botanical names."

"No, indeed; in the first place I should never recollect them, and if I did it would sound in my ears as if I were making strangers and foreigners of my native play-fellows. I don't care about exotics. The commonest flowers and even wild flowers are my chief favourites : and I dare say you will smile—of course you will as a learned botantist, when I add that in their commonest names I find a certain charm, though I cannot exactly say why. What, for instance, can be so pretty, and what can awake such pleasant thoughts as the words heartsease, forget-me-not, traveller's joy, lords and ladies, three-faces-under-a-hood, wake robin, lady's mantle, rest-harrow, columbine, and eyebright, to say nothing of butter-cups and daisies, and violets and primroses ?"

"Ay, Susan," cried the old man, "and bachelor's buttons, and love-in-idleness, and jump-up-and-kiss-me. You left them out, did you, you sly little puss ! He, he, he, my Susan's so shy, isn't it funny ?"

"Several of those you have mentioned have valuable medicinal proper-

ties," said Philip, seeing that Susan seemed a little disconcerted at her father's silly remark.

"Very likely, but I don't want to think of nasty physic when I'm looking at sweet and beautiful flowers. What I do value in them is their being such cheerful company, and calling up such pleasant recollections by their names and odours. Why, the very smell of primroses and violets makes me a little girl again and sets me running over the fields, and up and down the slopes and dells where I used to gather them; and when I read the mere names of others I can almost fancy that I hear the lark twittering in the sky, and Robin the ploughman whistling as he takes his team to the plough, and can see the sun peeping over the hill, fronting the house in which we used to live before we came to Eccleshall."

"I'm delighted to find that you are of such a romantic turn."

"And I am sorry to disappoint you, but really I am not in the least romantic unless the flowers have made me so; at all events, I never read a romance in my life. Until my poor uncle died I had no time, and since we came here I have been too busy in furnishing and fitting up our cottage."

"And hasn't she done it beautifully? Never was such a notable girl as my Susan! Manages every thing, settles all the accounts, looks after the garden; the queen herself could not make nicer pies and puddings, and between you and me, Gus, she makes shirts, and darns stockings exactly like an angel. Isn't it funny? La, child, you needn't look so sheepish! it's every word true. Here's blushing, and all about nothing."

"It's carrying that heavy basket, papa, that makes me flush so."

"Why of course it's heavy when we've got friends coming to dinner. Why didn't you get a boy to bring it? I'll take it up to the window-seat yonder, to see how you've marketed, and you and Gus—la! I shall never call him Mr. Davis—can chat together as if I wasn't in the room. You know what he comes about, and if you don't there's his father's letter to read. What, blushing again! Ah, slyboots, have I found you out? Well, well, never mind; girls will be girls. Only to think!"

Gladly did Susan, to escape from this idle raillery, betake herself to the perusal of the paper handed to her, while Philip, well aware that success in his bold enterprise could only be accomplished by a *coup de main*, resolved to lose no time in enacting the character he had assumed. To remove all doubts as to his identity, though none such were entertained either by the father or the daughter, as well as to excuse a precipitation which might otherwise have appeared indelicate, he displayed upon the table the various notes and letters which he had surreptitiously obtained, and urging the absolute necessity of his quick return to London, since his father's health prevented his attendance on their numerous patients, earnestly, yet most deferentially, implored pardon from his auditress, if he waived ceremony, and proceeded at once to the all-important object which had brought him to Eccleshall. In further defence of his apparent precipitation, he reminded her that they were in reality old friends, and that as their respective families and circumstances were well known to each other, there was neither necessity nor time for a lengthened courtship. Having thus broken the ice, he proceeded to pay his addresses in due form, but as all love-making is proverbially dull, except to the parties immediately concerned, we shall only record such portions as derived an interest from the interposed, though unheard, mutterings of the old gen-

tleman who sat in the distant window, conning over the bill of fare for the dinner, which he had written in the morning, and cataloguing the contents of the basket as he successively took them out. These intercalary soliloquisings we shall distinguish by placing them in brackets.

"I can assure you, Miss Gibbons, that I feel the awkwardness of my situation in thus abruptly—indeed, I am quite overcome—I want courage to—"

("What comes first? La! I'm glad to see this. The dog wants a bit of pluck. I'll put this paper aside for him.")

"From our short conversation before you came in I know already what I shall find in your worthy father."

("A calf's head at top.")

"He seems to be a truly estimable and friendly man."

("And a goose at bottom.")

"What I was as a boy, he will doubtless have already told you."

("A little pickle.")

"And, on the other hand, I know what you were as a child."

("A nice little chicken.")

"With an excellent heart."

("And a very fine liver and gizzard. La! here's a rabbit, too.")

"Should I be fortunate enough to become one of your family—"

("We'll have him smothered in onions, that's what we will, won't we, Susan, dear?")

"Established in such a respectable business as ours, I need hardly assure you that my views are perfectly disinterested."

("A bit of gammon.")

"I have not made any allusion to your fortune."

("That's the cheese!")

"Upon that subject I can confer with your good father."

("Where's the mint for sauce? Nobody takes lamb without mint sauce. Oh, there it is. Well, you do know how to go to market. How funny!")

"Pray do not imagine that in seeking your hand it is my object to obtain—"

("A hand of pork, a pound of sausages, a bottle of soy, three lemons, two pieces of Windsor soap, and a box of lucifer matches. Goodness me! what a head Susan has; never forgets any thing, and I never remember any thing. But I've settled all my dinner, except the dessert. A cake to be done brown, and afterwards cut up, that's my dessert; and so I'll leave the lovers to themselves, and carry the basket into the kitchen.")

A FEW MONTHS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

By Lieut.-Colonel E. Napier.

THE KAFFIRS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

"I used the words 'irreclaimable savages' advisedly; they convey my mature opinion, and I am neither disposed to modify nor to retract it."—*From Sir Benjamin D'Urban's Despatch to Lord Glenelg, dated Cape Town, June* 9, 1836.

The conclusion of the last chapter brought the reader to the period, when, in 1795, the colony of the Cape of Good Hope fell into our possession.

Sir James Craig, the first English governor, was in 1797, succeeded in that office by Lord Macartney, who, finding the Eastern Province still exposed to the insults of the Kaffirs, and consequently in the same disorganised condition as heretofore—his secretary, Mr. Barrow, was despatched thither for the purpose of investigating the state of affairs, and coming, if possible, to some sort of arrangement with the Kaffir chiefs as to their future relations with the colony.

The result of this mission was the re-establishment of some kind of order amongst the frontier Boers, and the promise on the part of the Kaffirs to retire within their own boundary beyond the great Fish River; their usual excuse of the fear of Gaika, being obviated by the successful mediation of the British commissioner.

The eastern frontier was found to be in the same disordered state, in which it had been left at the conclusion of the peace of 1794; being now in the exclusive occupation of the Kaffirs, who made it the starting point for fresh encroachments, which they had carried to such an extent, that some of their plundering parties had even penetrated as far west as the neighbourhood of Swellendam.

In consequence of this state of things, the Zuureveld had been entirely abandoned by the colonists; a "circumstance, no doubt, that induced the Kaffirs once more to transgress the fixed boundary. So long as they remained in small numbers in these forsaken parts, and during the confusion in the affairs of Graaf Reynet, little notice had been taken of their encroachments; but of late they had poured over in such multitudes, and had made such rapid advances towards the interior and inhabited parts of the district, levying at the same time, contributions of oxen and sheep on those colonists, whose habitations they approached in their passage through, the country, that the affair was become seriously alarming."*

* * * * * *

Mr. Barrow took advantage of his mission to form a treaty of alliance with Gaïka; one of the stipulations of which was, that no Kaffir should pass the boundary of the Great Fish River; but notwithstanding this agreement, and the promise above adverted to, to evacuate the Zuureveld, the Kaffirs immediately afterwards renewed their depredation,

* See Barrow's Travels, vol. i., p. 112.

with redoubled audacity, and Congo, the chief of the Genookaquas, advanced to the Sunday River, where he formed a connexion with the Ghonaquas,* and many vagabond Hottentots, and thus strengthened, not only refused to retire, but treated with the greatest insolence the messengers sent to that effect.

Shortly afterwards, the Boers—uncontrolled by the presence of any British troops, as well as unprotected from their savage neighbours, rose into open rebellion against the English government; and this unsatisfactory state of things induced General Dundas (the successor of Lord Macartney in command at the Cape) to despatch in 1799, a considerable force, under General Vandeleur, to the Eastern Frontier.

This force, consisting of some English infantry, part of the 8th Dragoons, and a body of disciplined Hottentots, since known as the "Cape Corps," soon reduced the Boers to a state of submission. Far different however, was their success with the Kaffirs. An interview having been obtained with Congo, he of course engaged to retire with his followers beyond the colonial border; but experience had not then taught us duly to appreciate the dependence to be placed on Kaffir faith, and Kaffir promises. General Vandeleur, thrown off his guard, and deeming himself at peace with these savages, was treacherously attacked by them near the Bushman's River, and however this contest with the Kaffirs, may—as in many subsequent similar instances—be attempted to be glossed over, it ended in neither more or less than our defeat. The British force was obliged to retire on Algoa Bay; in so doing, a detachment of the 81st Regiment, under Lieutenant Chumney, was, including that officer, cut off nearly to a man. General Dundas now came in person to the frontier, and filled our cup of humiliation and disgrace to the very brim, by patching up a "peace as it was called," with these barbarians, "and then quietly returned to the seat of government at the Cape."†

Such was the result of our first collision with the Kaffirs! It commenced with treachery on their part, it ended with defeat and disgrace on ours!

These events happened half a century ago—during this long period there is scarcely another portion of the globe which has not been marked by British valour and British wisdom; the former insuring victory to our fleets and armies, the latter securing the oft hard-earned advantages obtained by both. Kaffirland alone, with its barbarous hordes, has during that time been the only permanent defacing blot on our bright escutcheon; and if, in the repeated contests provoked by the aggressions of these savages, the British lion has not been always bearded by the Kaffir wolf, the few transient successes of our arms against these savages have never terminated in beneficial results; for even when beaten in the field, strange to say, they have through our own folly, backed by their ever-recurring duplicity, always worsted us in the "cabinet!"

But to return from this digression and resume the course of my narrative:—

On the conclusion of the "treaty of peace" entered into by General

* The Ghonaqua was a mixed race of Kaffirs and Hottentots. The Genookaquas of Congo might, from their appellation, be supposed to have a similar origin; but Colonel Collins, who makes particular mention of this tribe, states that he could not ascertain the source of its denomination.

† See Col. Collins' Official Report.

Dundas, a block house was erected at Algoa Bay,* which was garrisoned by a small detachment, but the rest of the troops were all immediately withdrawn from the Eastern Province.

The Kaffirs only awaited this movement as a signal for their renewed depredations, which were then carried on with the most relentless barbarity, chiefly by the tribes of Congo, of Olela, and Habana, who were subsequently joined by T'Slambie and his followers; and in their career of murder, plunder, and incendiarism, they were backed and ably abetted by hordes of Hottentot banditti, led on by brigand chiefs, such as the Stuurmans, Boosac, and other adventurers of the same stamp and description.†

Meanwhile the remonstrances of the farmers were not only disregarded, but they were even threatened with the severest penalties should they presume to leave their habitations; however, such was the state of insecurity of life and property, that in spite of these prohibitions, nearly the whole of the Zuureveld was again abandoned, and its inhabitants reduced to despair, rose up in arms against the government, to whose neglect they attributed all their misfortunes, and whose supineness and weak measures had then, as they have often since done, most undoubtedly encouraged the barbarians in their wanton aggressions.

Mr. Maynier, the Landdroost of Graaf-Reynet, whose misrepresentations had greatly influenced the conduct of the British government in all their recent transactions, and who still advocated conciliatory measures towards the Kaffirs, was at first placed in charge of a "commando" against the marauders, but was shortly superseded by a gallant Burgher of the name of Van der Walt, who seems to have been well qualified for the trust. This commando consisted of such of the farmers as had not joined the disaffected, and Van der Walt advanced against the united Kaffirs and Hottentots, with such promptitude and energy, that he inspired confidence in his own people, and struck their opponents with terror. The Kaffir chiefs held a council of war, and were on the point of retiring, when the commandant was suddenly called away to the neighbourhood of the Camtoos River, where the Hottentots were causing great disturbances—in quelling which he met with his death from a musket-ball, whilst penetrating a dense thicket, and the colony thus lost the valuable services of a most energetic and able man. ‡

The death of Van der Walt appears to have been the signal for the dispersion of the commando assembled under his orders, and the enemy meeting with little opposition, soon scoured the country with impunity in every direction; whilst one party under David Stuurman, the Hottentot leader, penetrated as far as Plattenberg Bay, in the district of George, where they fell in with a large party of farmers with their families, who abandoning these scenes of rapine and murder, were proceeding towards the Cape; these poor people were mercilessly put to death, but their wives and children, "contrary," says Colonel Collins, "to their practice on some other occasions," were sent away uninjured.

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* See Barrow, vol. ii. p. 86.

† The losses of the colonists in the year 1802, are stated as amounting to 858 horses, 4475 oxen, 35,474 cows and calves, 34,023 sheep, and 2480 goats.—See "Lichtenstein's Travels," pp. 302, 382.

‡ See "Colonel Collins' Official Report, 1809."

Such was the state of the colony when the treaty of Amiens restored it, in 1803, to the Dutch, but ere it was taken possession of by them, General Dundas deemed it necessary to conclude a second humiliating treaty with the Kaffirs. "This was done upon no other condition than that each party should retain possession of the cattle that had fallen into their respective hands," which, of course, was tantamount to purchasing a peace of these barbarians, with the spoils of the colony, and this disgraceful arrangement, entered into by a British official, was afterwards confirmed by the Batavian government.

Most truly has it been observed, that all our relations with the Kaffirs have been from first to last, a series of military and political blunders!

A strange fatality, an injudicious choice of men and measures, want of success to our arms, followed by humiliating treaties, have usually attended our warlike and political transactions with these barbarians, who —from the times of Vandeleur and Dundas, to those of Maitland and Pottinger—have, with but few exceptions, ever baffled our generals, outwitted our statesmen; in short, as has been before remarked, generally defeated us both in the field and the cabinet!

May the spell at last be broken! may the gallant soldier now in command at the Cape of Good Hope, be left to deal with these savages according to the dictates of his own judgment and experience! for if unshackled by those bonds, the result of misrepresentation, faction, and calumny, most assuredly will he dissipate that ominous fatality, restore the tarnished lustre of the British arms, and amply repair the errors of his predecessors, or rather under those instructions under which they were obliged to act.*

* * * * *

On the evacuation of the Cape of Good Hope by the English, General Janssens was appointed by Holland to the chief command of that colony. As soon as the state of affairs would admit of his absence from the seat of government, he proceeded to the Eastern frontier, and not content with confirming the ill-advised treaty concluded with the Kaffirs by General Dundas, he, with most unaccountable fatuity, not only conferred marks of approbation on the Hottentot rebel and brigand, Klaas Stuurman (who by his alliance and co-operation with the Kaffirs had been the cause of so much mischief to the colony), but in a manner acknowledged his independence, and made him a grant of land on the little Camtoos River, near the spot where only a year before, the gallant Van der Walt had been killed by the followers of this ruffian, the recital of whose atrocities would, to use the words of Colonel Collins, "render these sheets too voluminous and too disgusting."

Klaas Stuurman was not, however, long destined to enjoy the fruits of his crimes, and of the weakness of the Dutch government, for he was shortly after killed by his brother David, who became the nucleus around which now assembled every vagabond from the western parts of the colony. He likewise increased his force by the addition of Kaffirs and Ghonaquas, and then formed an alliance with Congo, whom he was about

* The above was written ere intelligence of the submission of the Kaffir chiefs to Sir Harry Smith had reached England.—*Author's Note.*

to join for the purpose of invading and pillaging the interior districts, when in the course of these nefarious transactions he was arrested, sent to the Cape, and finally banished to Robben Island, from whence he effected his escape, was recaptured, and eventually transported to Botany Bay.

Such was the man who, under the high-sounding title of the "Last of the Hottentot Chiefs," is represented as an object of sympathy and commiseration, by one of that lengthened string of mendacious writers, whose calumnies, falsehoods, and fictions have so long misled the British public, and encouraged in a certain class that spirit of mistaken philanthropy, the cause of so much subsequent waste of blood and treasure.

To revert to the visit of General Janssens to the Eastern frontier; after having invested Claas Stuurman with the bâton of office, and establishing him, as has been seen, on the Camtoos River, he next obtained an interview at the Sunday River, with T'Slambie, Congo, Habana, and other chiefs of those Kaffir tribes, who had now to all appearance permanently located themselves in the Zuureveld. The General clearly pointed out this infringement of the treaty which had fixed the great Fish River as the boundary of the two countries; and after exhorting them to retire in peace beyond the colonial limits, threatened in the event of non-compliance, to have recourse to compulsory measures.

The fear of Gaïka was as usual, urged as an excuse, but this difficulty was removed in a subsequent conference with that chief, who promised to offer them no further molestation, and the invaders then agreed to return to their own territories.

The Zuureveld at this period, in consequence of Kaffir encroachments had been—as already stated—abandoned by its former colonial inhabitants, who, on the strength of the recent arrangements, were now under penalty of forfeiture, enjoined to repair to their respective locations; but the Kaffirs were there before them! In fact, T'Slambie had never quitted the province, and the Dutch government, embarrassed by a fresh war with England, possessed not the power of carrying into execution their threats of forcible expulsion.

Such a succession of robberies and murders were now constantly committed, that those colonists who had returned to their dwellings were again obliged to seek safety in flight; and in 1806 (when the Cape of Good Hope again became an English possession) the Eastern province was once more apparently occupied by the tribes of T'Slambie, Congo, and other Kaffir chiefs, who seem at that period to have established themselves in undisputed possession throughout the Zuureveld.

In 1811, Sir John Cradock, having a considerable force at command, and wearied by their continued and repeated depredations, determined on making a grand effort to eradicate these barbarians from the colony. Colonel Graham was accordingly placed at the head of some regular troops, and aided by a large commando of Burghers, succeeded during the course of the following year, in driving the Kaffirs beyond the established boundary of the Great Fish River.

In the performance of this duty, Colonel Graham displayed a stern decision and firmness of purpose, which by the "Exeter Hall" party has often been falsely and unjustly stigmatised with inhumanity and cruelty; nay, persons bearing the name of Englishmen, have, in their injudicious advocacy of the Kaffirs, been so completely lost to all sense of decency

and shame, as even to palliate a most treacherous massacre* of the colonists, which took place in the course of this war; and so unmindful of truth as to implicate, not only the settlers, but also British soldiers in the "indiscriminate slaughter of *women* as well as men, whenever found, and even though they offered no resistance."†

This base calumny as regards the British soldier is beneath notice, whilst Sir John Cradock's proclamation, issued in 1813, would appear fully to justify the colonists from so foul an imputation, for in this document the governor of the Cape of Good Hope declares "his heart-felt satisfaction that he had not discovered amongst the inhabitants *any one instance of cruelty, oppression, or prevailing misconduct.*"

The severe lesson they had lately received from Colonel Graham, was however, lost upon these "irreclaimable barbarians," for under the administration of Lord Charles Somerset, who succeeded Sir John Cradock in the government of the Cape, the Kaffirs again proved so troublesome as to require his lordship's presence at the frontier, whither he repaired in 1817, had an interview with Gaïka, with whom a treaty of alliance was formed, on the express condition that all the cattle and horses stolen from the colony should be immediately restored.

Shortly after this event, Gaïka being attacked by his uncle, and old enemy, T'Slambie, was defeated with great slaughter at the Debe Flats, when the latter immediately renewed his depredations on the colony.‡ This irruption, coupled with Gaïka's application for assistance from the British—an expectation founded on the late treaty with him—caused the hostile expedition, which in 1818 was sent into Kaffirland under Colonel Brereton, the result of which was the capture of 23,000 head of cattle, 9000 of which were given to Gaïka, and the rest distributed amongst the frontier colonists, as a slight compensation for recent, and former unpunished robberies committed on them by the Kaffirs, chiefly belonging to T'Slambie's tribe.

The commando of 1818 has, by those enemies of their fellow-countrymen, those writers who so falsely apply unto themselves the misnomer of "philanthropists," been stigmatised as a wanton act of aggression, and as fully justifying the great Kaffir invasion of 1819; whereas, if the circumstances which led to Colonel Brereton's expedition be duly considered, it can only be regarded in the light of a pure act of retributive justice, equally called for by the repeated and unceasing aggressions of T'Slambie, Congo, and other tribes in alliance with them, as well as in consequence of the appeal made to us by Gaïka, with whom we had so lately contracted a friendly alliance.

"That the policy of the colonial government at this period was of a mild and benevolent cast may be proved from a variety of sources," which, if referred to, will fully tend to show such allegations against the British government, the colony, and colonists in general, to be false and groundless.

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* That of the Landdrost Stockenstrom, who with his followers was murdered by the Kaffirs, after having been invited by them to a friendly conference.—See the Missionary Brownlee's account of this transaction, in appendix to Thompson's work on Southern Africa.

† See Pringle's "South African Sketches," p. 95.

‡ See Dr. Philips' "Researches in Southern Africa," vol. i., p. 257, which Mr. Pringle *misquotes* in order to justify the Kaffir invasion of 1819.—See Pringle's "South African Sketches," p. 96.

The above opinion, repeated nearly verbatim in a very recent work* on the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, as applicable to our then existing relations with the Kaffirs under Lord Macartney's government, is equally relevant to all our subsequent transactions with that people; however, time and dearly-bought experience but too clearly prove, that our future policy in dealing with this turbulent and dishonest race, ought to be, to use the words of the author above quoted, "inflexible, prompt, and decisive,"—for that, according to Kaffir interpretation,—"forbearance is weakness, indecision a want of courage, and liberality a want of understanding."

To return to the course of our narrative: scarcely had the troops composing Colonel Brereton's expedition been withdrawn, than the united tribes of T'Slambie, Congo, and Habana, with many of Hintza's people, poured anew into the colony in such overwhelming force, that the smaller military posts were abandoned, two detachments of the 72nd, under the command of Captain Gethin and Lieut. Hunt were cut off, the missionary stations were burnt, and the whole Eastern Province was over-run and devastated as far as Algoa Bay.

The Kaffirs on this occasion were nominally commanded by Dushani, the son of T'Slambie, but in reality led on by an impostor of the name of Makanna, who, assuming pretensions to supernatural knowledge and power, together with the character of a prophet, promised shortly to drive the English into the sea.

At the head of 10,000 Kaffirs, Makanna next made a desperate attack upon Graham's Town, which was resolutely defended by Colonel Willshire,† with about 250 British troops and a few Hottentots. Colonel Willshire repulsed the assailants with considerable slaughter, and followed them into their own country; nor were any proposals of peace listened to, until the surrender of Makanna, and the abandonment by the Kaffirs of the territory between the Keiskamma and Great Fish Rivers, appeared to have insured for the colony some degree of future peace and tranquillity.

This "ceded" territory was, by the terms of the treaty, to be occupied by neither colonists nor Kaffirs, but exclusively appropriated for such military posts as we might there choose to establish, forming thus an intervening belt between the industry of civilisation, and the plundering habits of the most matchless barbarism; nor can the least doubt be entertained of the perfect justice of such a precautionary measure, and of what

* Bunbury's "Journal of a Residence at the Cape of Good Hope." Thompson, the Missionary Brownlee, and the Poet Pringle appear to have been this author's chief authorities in the relation of our transactions with the Kaffirs, and they have caused him to take perhaps rather a one-sided view of the question, which he seems to admit in the following passage:—"In what relates to disputed questions of colonial policy, and especially to the character and treatment of the Kaffirs, some inconsistency may be observed between the opinions expressed in my journal and those in the chapters subsequently written. I went out to the Cape strongly prepossessed in favour of the views entertained on those subjects by what is called the 'religious' party, or that of the missionaries; and it was only by degrees that my prejudices yielded to a more intimate knowledge of the real state of affairs, and to the influence of subsequent events." It is only to be regretted that in the compilation of this very interesting work, the author should not have referred also to such writers as Moody, Godlonton, Chase, and others, who would have afforded him a very different view of affairs.

† Now Major-General Sir Thomas Willshire, who so greatly distinguished himself at Khelat.

may be considered as a rightful acquisition of territory in a purely defensive warfare.

Owing to the constant recurrence of outrages and depredations on the part of the Kaffirs, the whole Eastern frontier, and more particularly the Zuureveld (now called Albany), was at this period, again nearly denuded of colonial inhabitants, and notwithstanding repeated assurances of protection for the future, backed by the additional safeguard of the "Neutral Territory" intervening between them and their plunderers, no persuasions could induce the Boers again to occupy their oft-abandoned locations.

To prevent, therefore, this fine extent of country from becoming a desert, as well as to provide a population, which—by constituting its defence would likewise prove a shield to the rest of the colony—the scheme of sending out large numbers of British emigrants was now suggested; and shortly afterwards carried into effect under the administration of Sir Rufane Donkin, who, during the temporary absence of Lord Charles Somerset, had been invested with the government of the Cape.

Not only was this emigration sanctioned and countenanced by the authorities at home, but Parliament granted the sum of 50,000*l.* to carry it into execution, and during the course of 1820 nearly 4000 settlers were landed at Algoa Bay.

"From the tenor of the government circulars, it was generally supposed by the emigrants that they were to be settled around the port, but on their arrival, to their annoyance, they learned that their ultimate location was fixed above 100 miles in advance, a discovery more particularly unpalatable when they found that their transport thither was to be at their own cost."*

It is therefore evident that the emigration of 1820, was intended as a future safeguard against Kaffir invasion, and those who found themselves thus thrust unawares and contrary to their expectations into the breach, surely had a right to claim every protection and encouragement from the government which had placed them in such a precarious position.†

Far different, however, was the case; and every expedient which an ill-judged policy could devise, appeared to be brought into play to ruin the infant settlement and blast the hopes of the colonists.

The great mistake was made at first starting, of considering the territory of Albany as adapted for arable purposes; under this erroneous impression, small lots of ground were assigned to the settlers, who lost much capital, time, and labour in endeavouring to raise corn on ground only adapted for rearing sheep and cattle; next, the frontier was denuded of troops, and consequently of protection against the Kaffirs, who readily availed themselves of this circumstance to renew their depredations, whilst government, most unaccountably swayed by the false representations of the religious party and miscalled philanthropists, issued

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* From Chase's "Cape of Good Hope," p. 81. See also "The State of the Cape of Good Hope" (1822), by a Civil Servant.

† The Chancellor of the Exchequer on the 12th of July, 1829, made the speech depicting this land of promise, which led to the emigration of 1820, when Mr. Hume went so far as to say that, "If men, under certain circumstances (meaning able-bodied paupers), were unwilling to emigrate, it might even be advisable to transport them without their consent."—See "State of the Cape of Hope in 1822." By a Civil Servant.

the most absurd decrees, prohibiting all sort of retaliation on the part of the colonists, as well as any attempts to retake by force, the property of which they were constantly deprived by these incorrigible banditti; in short, whilst withdrawing military protection virtually abolishing its only substitute: the "commando system."

Meanwhile the so-called "religious," but in reality canting, hypocritical party was, at home, so completely in the ascendent, that backed by the mendacious representations of a set of traitorous coadjutors in the colony, they succeeded in causing a deaf ear to be turned by the authorities to all the just complaints of the settlers; and the latter period of Lord Charles Somerset's administration was marked by the most puerile system of policy and concession, together with the most ridiculous and contradictory enactments as regarded the nature of colonial relations with their barbarous neighbours—all emanating from those calumnies and misrepresentations, so unaccountably listened to and believed at home, and which had so completely blinded the authorities as to the real nature of existing relations with the native tribes.*

Nor was the least of the many errors committed at this period, that of allowing some of Gaïka's Kaffirs, under his sons Macomo and Tyalie to occupy—although on sufferance—part of that ceded territory, which had—as I have already shown—been wrested from the Kaffirs as a punishment for the depredations they had committed on the colony in 1819, subsequently proclaimed by Sir Rufane Donkin as a portion of our territories, and wisely appropriated for the establishment of military posts and as an intervening barrier to prevent the otherwise unavoidable collision between the colonial population and their pilfering neighbours.

At the time of the final departure of Lord Charles Somerset, the pernicious system above alluded to was in full force. He was in 1829 succeeded in the government of the Cape of Good Hope by General Bourke, whose special instructions appear to have been still to act towards the Kaffirs on the "soothing" system, which he the more readily fell into, from being himself of a particularly mild and forbearing disposition.

Amongst other "conciliatory" measures now in vogue, was that most baneful one of making periodical presents to the chiefs, on the restoration by them of any plundered colonial property. This species of tribute, instead of acting as a prevention to cattle lifting, proved, on the contrary, a most effectual encouragement to the same, as the chief, in order to be entitled to the promised reward, was naturally prone to encourage the commission of the theft.

The prohibition on trade and intercourse between the colonists and Kaffirs was now abrogated,† and whilst our traders were allowed to enter Kaffirland for the purpose of traffic with the natives, the latter had free access to the colony, whither they flocked in numbers, under the plea of offering their services to the farmers, whom they, however, generally in the end, robbed with impunity, under the safeguard of a late decree, prohibiting the latter from making use of fire-arms, or other deadly weapons in the recovery of stolen cattle!

* See Godlonton's "Account of the Kaffir Irruption of 1834—35;" also Chase's "Cape of Good Hope," pp. 84, 85, &c.

† By an unrepealed old Dutch ordinance, the penalty incurred by the infringement of this prohibition was no less than death.

Whilst the Kaffirs so injudiciously admitted into the colony, were thus protected from the consequences of their misconduct, the enactments referring to our traders in Kaffirland, instead of being framed for *their* protection, were exclusively in favour of the savages!

We cannot, whilst on this subject, refrain from quoting the author of he Kaffir irruption of 1834—5.

"To such an absurd excess was the system of forbearance carried at this riod,* that it became a matter of doubt whether the owner of property could be legally justified in recovering it by force from the hands of the robber; preposterous as this may appear, yet the question to this effect was actually proposed by government to the attorney-general of the colony, and the reply of that officer will show the length to which principles that are in themselves humane and benevolent may be carried, when persons lose sight of common sense for refined and new-fangled Utopian notions. To those who know the Kaffir and his method of conducting his plundering expeditions, the reply in question will appear most extravagantly ridiculous. The following extract will sufficiently prove this. The learned attorney commences with becoming gravity by premising that 'no general rule can be laid down applicable to all cases,' but that 'when any theft or other serious crime has been committed by these savages, or when they are seen with arms in any considerable numbers, they may be pursued with hue and cry.' 'The best way,' he continues, 'of proceeding in such cases is to give immediate information to the nearest field cornet, whose duty it is then to raise all the neighbouring inhabitants, or at least such a number of them, as from the information given to him, he may deem sufficient for the purpose of apprehending them without bloodshed.

"'Should the parties succeed in overtaking the marauders, the person commanding the party should adopt such measures and give such directions as are best calculated for their apprehension, without loss of life on either side. In no case should fire-arms or other deadly weapons be used until all other measures have proved abortive.'"

Had the learned limb of the law who gave utterance to this most sapient effusion, ever been in hot pursuit of a band of armed Kaffirs walking off with that part of his property, consisting of what is to them the greatest and most desirable of all riches, and in defence of which they are ever ready to risk their own lives, or to sacrifice the lives of those who may endeavour to wrest from them their ill-gotten prey; had the same learned attorney-general ever found himself in such a predicament, how far would he have been likely to put in practice, what he so wisely laid down in theory?

At the very period when these pacific enactments were issued by an individual whose person and property were in perfect safety, and 600 or 700 miles from the scene of robbery and plunder, the Kaffirs were perpetrating the most cruel murders, one within six miles of Graham's Town; whilst a set of banditti, composed of Bushmen, Hottentots, and runaway slaves, established themselves in the hills at the head of the Mancazana, from whence they with impunity carried on the most extensive depreda-

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* See "Introductory Remarks" to Godlonton's account of the Kaffir irruption of 1834—5, p. 44.

tions; for no one would now undergo the responsibility of putting a stop to these robberies; a farmer having been incarcerated on the charge of shooting one of the brigands whilst in defence of his own property!

Not content with adopting such weak and mistaken measures towards the Kaffirs, the course of folly was now made quite complete by the promulgation of that preposterous decree, notorious in colonial annals as the "50th ordinance," which, by placing the Hottentots of the colony on a footing with the white population, and removing every wholesome restriction on this idle and vagabond race, became the source of irremediable evil results, discontent, and confusion.

* * * * *

Our "faithful friends and allies," the Kaffirs, strenuously called upon us at this period (1828), to assist them in a dilemma which threatened them with instantaneous and universal destruction. I allude to the appeal which they made to the British government for protection against the Fetcani, a numerous and ferocious horde of savages, who themselves, driven from the far N. E. by the Zoolahs, had—after devastating and entirely depopulating the banks of the Caledon—crossed the Stormberg mountains under their bloodthirsty chieftain, Matiwana, and threatened to make a clean sweep of every thing in Kaffirland.

The appeal thus made was readily responded to, as much on the score of policy as on that of humanity. Colonel Somerset and Major Dundas were despatched to the assistance of the Kaffirs, defeated the Fetcani, and entirely cleared Kaffirland of these devastating hordes. This humane intervention and its successful results, have nevertheless been eagerly seized upon and distorted into a subject of animadversion and abuse by the class of "philanthropist" writers before alluded to, who, in their usual strain, do not scruple to stigmatise it as an act of wanton cruelty, and unheard of barbarity on our part!*

They severely censure and comment on the great slaughter which took place on the occasion of the Fetcani defeat; however, this chiefly occurred *after* the latter had broken and fled before our troops, and was then perpetrated by the very Kaffirs whom these godly hypocrites, on every occasion so strenuously support, and who, although standing well aloof during the combat, which they left exclusively to their allies, no sooner witnessed the flight of the enemy, than they commenced an indiscriminate system of butchery and rapine, which it was found impossible to put a stop to;—and such was the sense of gratitude evinced by them towards their deliverers, that during the course of the same year (as proved by the official returns) they plundered the colony of upwards of six thousand head of cattle, besides sheep and horses!

* * * * *

The trimming and conciliatory system towards the Kaffirs, having thus been so long tried with such unsuccessful results, a new leaf was turned, or rather only partly turned over, on the appointment, in 1828, of Sir Lowry Cole to the government of the Cape. He annulled that ordinance indiscriminately admitting Kaffirs into the colony on pretence of seeking service,—restored the commandos to their full power of action,—authorised such of the colonists as might be plundered of their cattle,

* See on this subject the works of Bannister, Kay, and Pringle.

and who could trace it to a Kaffir kraal, to retake it, if necessary, by force,—caused to be hanged, in the presence of the chief and of his whole tribe, a Kaffir who had been convicted of robbery and murder within the colonial boundary,—and finally, expelled Macomo from his location at the Kat River, in the "Ceded Territory," as a punishment for his turbulent conduct, robberies, and encroachments on the colony.

On the death of Gaïka, which took place in 1829, the government of that portion of the Hahabee Kaffirs, now generally known as the "Gaïkas," devolved on his infant son, Sandilla; who,—in right of his mother Sutu, the "great wife"* of Gaïka,—was entitled, according to Kaffir usage, to the chieftainship, in preference to his elder half-brothers Macomo and Tyalie, who were, during Sandilla's minority, entrusted with the regency, and then openly assumed so hostile an appearance towards the colony, as to require the governor's presence on the Eastern frontier.

Sir Lowry Cole succeeded in allaying for a while the long-boding storm, which, however, shortly after his resignation (in 1833) burst forth with such unrestrained fury, as to call into immediate action all the energies and skill of his successor, Sir Benjamin d'Urban.

The foregoing outline of our transactions with the Kaffirs has brought us to the eve of their devastating irruption of 1834; and although the limits of this paper do not admit a relation of the many immediate causes which gave rise to that disastrous event, and to the consequent war of 1835;—of that system of traitrous tampering by a set of mischievous and meddling individuals, which so excited these barbarians, that thus urged to avenge imaginary wrongs, they, without warning or provocation, precipitated themselves in overwhelming masses on this ill-fated colony;—of their subsequent well-merited chastisement and forfeiture of territory to the British crown;—of the shameful intrigues and misrepresentations which set aside the just and advantageous treaty of Sir Benjamin d'Urban, removed that gallant veteran from his command—and by establishing the "Stockenstrom" system of policy, eventually led to the last ruinous war of 1846—7;—though want of space permits me not to enter into all these details, they are fully given in the undermentioned writings,* to which the Reader is referred for ample information on the subject.

* See "Authentic Records of the Cape," compiled by Donald Moodie, Esq.; "Account of the Kaffir Irruption of 1834—5," by the Editor of the "Graham's Town Journal" (Godlonton) with the "Introductory Remarks" to the same; also Chase's "Cape of Good Hope." But, above all, the reader is referred to Sir Benjamin d'Urban's admirable letter of justification to Lord Glenelg, together with Colonel, now Sir Harry, Smith's communication to the former both in the "Blue Book," containing "Parliamentary Correspondence" for 1836—7, relative to the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. The letters above alluded to, are in themselves a history of the Kaffir war of 1835, together with that of its origin and causes; clearly exposing at the same time the fallacious system then pursued with respect to the Cape of Good Hope, together with the intrigues and misrepresentations which led to such misgovernment;—in short, these documents should be perused by every one interested in the affairs of this important colony—doubly important at a moment, when so likely to become the grand focus of emigration from the Mother Country.

THE ADVENTURES OF MADAME DU BARRI.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

PART II.

The Château de Luciennes—How Louis XV. passed his Time there—Madame du Barri's Costume—The Contrivances of Ledoux—The Baigneuse—Madame du Barri's Portraits—Louis the XV.'s Breakfasts—The Favourite's Freedom of Speech—The Parc aux Cerfs—"Mon cher France"—Fine Situation of Luciennes—The Library—The Blue Bed-room—Madame du Barri's Cook—Bouret's Surprise—The Visit to Chantilly—The New Year's Gift—The Parody on the Lord's Prayer—Dismissal of the Duke de Choiseul—Madame du Barri's Marriage Project—Voltaire's Compliments—The Abbé de Beauvais' Sermon—The Governor of Luciennes—The Midnight Fêtes—The King's Illness and Death—The Lettre de Cachet—Madame du Barri's Seclusion—Her Pardon—Her Gratitude—Betrayal—Execution.

OF all the presents made by Louis XV. to Madame du Barri, the pavilion of Luciennes expresses most clearly what were the frivolous and ruinous tastes of the royal lover and his beautiful mistress; it is, moreover, the only one that has survived their guilty intimacy. Luciennes was built after the image of the fantasy which inspired it. The magnificent tenderness of Louis XIV. for Mademoiselle de la Vallière created Versailles; the sensual and faded passion of Louis XV. raised the pavilion of Luciennes; the former has the grandeur of a sentiment,—the latter, the *petitesse* of a caprice. If of the works constructed by Louis XIV. there only remained the Orangery and the Baths of Apollo, they would alone suffice to represent the calmness and majesty of his reign; were Luciennes the sole vestige of the follies of Louis XV., it would serve of itself to give a complete idea of the corrupt manners of his time. To describe Luciennes, is, therefore, to wipe off the dust from a picture which may serve hereafter to compose the history of the eighteenth century.

The Pavilion of Luciennes, or Louveciennes, was built by the famous architect Mansard for the Comte de Toulouse, the legitimised son of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan. At his death, his son, the Duke de Penthièvre, became the possessor of this charming domain, and resided there for a considerable period, but on the death of *his* son, the Prince de Lamballe, he took an aversion to the place, and offered to sell it to Louis XV., who bought it for his mistress, and she occupied it, not only during her career of fortune, but up to the time of her tragical death in 1793. It was at Luciennes that the Terrorists came to seek and conduct her to the Abbaye, and from thence to the scaffold.

The grounds which surround the château are of limited extent, and owing to their being shut in by the Seine on one side, and the high road from Marly to Versailles on the other, could never have been susceptible of much extension. From this want of space there resulted an inconvenience which the clever favourite knew how to turn to advantage. The inconvenience was this, that the king, when he came to pay his visits, ran the risk of being met within its narrow precincts by some courtier, or of being seen by some intrusive servant. It was necessary to avoid this at whatever cost, for without some degree of mystery there is no pleasure, a truth felt even by Louis XV. When Madame du Barri took

possession of Luciennes, she shut out the stables and all the offices beyond the walls, and suffered nothing to be seen by her royal lover but the château which she occupied and the celebrated pavilion in which she received him. But her system of isolation did not stop here. During the whole time that she remained alone, her only attendants were her negro Zamore and one *femme de chambre*. Not a valet or servant of any description was visible, and the solitude was as complete as the approaches to the seraglio at Constantinople; nor was it less dreaded. In the retreat of Luciennes nothing troubled the impenetrable calm or the egotistical happiness of the two lovers, who gave themselves up, without witnesses, to their unalloyed pleasure in this terrestrial paradise.

To give a perfect account of Luciennes it is necessary to describe the manner in which a single day was passed there by Louis XV.

On his arrival, the king went directly to the château, in which he only remained just long enough to adjust his dress, a little out of order, perhaps, from the exercise of travelling or hunting. This toilette took place in the large saloon, which is on a level with the terrace. Here Zamore dressed his hair, brushed and powdered him, and handed him easier shoes to walk in the park. In summer the king changed his coat; and after taking off his waistcoat and sword, put on a light linen jacket, and, if the heat was great, washed his face and hands in a rich silver-gilt ewer. This saloon, which was very lofty, was most luxuriously fitted up: on the walls were four large pictures, by Vernet; and on the chimney-piece, of exquisite workmanship, were vases of Dresden china of the most delicate fabric, which, at a later period, when Luciennes was dismantled, found their way to London. On leaving this apartment, Louis XV. proceeded to the pavilion of his mistress, through an avenue of limes. These trees have disappeared, all except a small double alley, still very pretty, which enables the visitor to reconstruct the whole plan.

At the same moment that the king descended the steps of the château, Madame du Barri set out from the pavilion to meet him. Affairs were regulated after this fashion, though etiquette was not very rigorously observed at Luciennes, and this was but a fair compromise on either hand, Louis XV. being King of France, and Madame du Barri the handsomest woman in his dominions.

Summer and winter, Madame du Barri wore at Luciennes loose dresses of coloured cotton or white muslin, which permitted her arms and beautiful shoulders to be visible; her waist was confined by a *cordelière*, and her whole appearance may be imagined by recalling the most charming figure in one of Watteau's pictures. To this invariable costume, of which the king was passionately fond, she added a broad-brimmed straw hat, ornamented with corn-flowers and poppies, and in this guise she welcomed her royal guest to the pavilion, which gleamed like one of the marble temples of old Greece, through a grove of orange trees, taken from Marly to adorn Luciennes. These robberies committed upon Marly were of frequent occurrence; whatever was rare or beautiful there soon found its way to Luciennes, in spite of the remonstrances of the old gardeners, who rigidly adhered to the old *régime*.

The pavilion of Madame du Barri was in the form of a temple, of miniature size, and was perched on the brink of a miniature precipice, of which the steep declivity was covered with the softest turf, where its

terrors were not hidden by clumps of rhododendrons, laurels, laurestinas, and many flowering creepers. It was built in the course of three weeks by the architect Ledoux, who was at infinite pains to satisfy himself and the capricious beauty who had ordered its erection. Amongst the many plans which he conceived, one is still extant. He had an idea of raising in front of the pavilion a colossal arch of red brick, broken at one of its extremities. Through the opening of this arch would have been seen at a distance, and as it were at the end of a telescope, the pavilion of Lucionnes, with its dazzling façade, its four columns of opal, and its airy gallery. This was a thought worthy of Italy, even with the architect's own embellishments, but the climate, little better than our own, and affected by its proximity to the Seine, afforded him little scope for indulging in long perspectives, and renouncing his arch, Ledoux contented himself with constructing the pavilion such as it remains to this day, with its graceful form and fluted Ionic columns, crowned by an open gallery.

It is a temple dedicated to any of the goddesses—Venus, Juno, or Diana—but not a regular dwelling, for it requires more than a complaisant imagination to see in it a habitable house, though it contained a dining-room, saloon, bed-room, kitchen, cellar, and even a garret. But these domestic denominations wrought no change in the character of the building, which is perfectly Greek within as well as without, and therefore very unfit for people of the present day. All the principal rooms are circular. This graceful form—very ill-adapted, however, for modern furniture, is the sole beauty which they have preserved after the lapse of half a century. There is no longer any gilding—no glasses, no pictures remain—all have disappeared. The walls alone have remained, and owing to the pavilion having been almost always occupied, are in good preservation. Between the brilliant *fêtes* of Madame du Barri and the dramatic *soirées* given by a contemporaneous member of the Chamber of Deputies, the last occupant of Luciennes, there intervened to its detriment only the dark days of the reign of terror, the place having always been the property of wealthy and distinguished people.

Right and left, on the outside of the pavilion, were two admirably executed marble statues of Allegrain; one represented a nymph leaving the bath, the other Diana surprised by Actæon. The poet Guichard wrote the following distich on this charming group:—

> Sous ce marbre imposteur, toi que Diane attire,
> Crains le sort d'Actæon, tu vois qu'elle respire.

The statue of the baigneuse attested no less strikingly the taste of Madame du Barri in the selection she made of the works of art which she placed at Luciennes before the eyes of the king. Hear how Diderot speaks of this nymph, writing of it 1767:—"Belle, belle, sublime figure, la plus parfaite figure de femme que les modernes aient faite. La critique la plus sévère est restée muette devant elle. Les belles épaules! qu'elles sont belles! comme ce dos est potelé! quelle forme de bras! quelles precieuses, quelles miraculeuses vérités de nature dans toutes ces parties! comment a-t-on imaginé ce pli au brâs gauche? Ce sont des détails sans fin, mais si doux, qu'ils n'ôtent rien au tout, qu'ils n'attachent point au dépens de la masse; ils y sont et ils n'y sont pas; que de choses que l'on sent et qu'on ne peut pas rendre! J'ai dit que la sculpture, cette année, était pauvre. Je me suis trompé. Quand elle a produit une pareille figure, elle est riche. Cette statue est *pour le roi.*" He should have said for

Madame du Barri. Diderot has said much more on the subject, which we have not space to transcribe here, but he has not gone beyond the truth, and posterity has confirmed his opinion. Many an English traveller has no doubt often stood before this statue, now in the sculpture gallery of the Louvre, lost in admiration of the lovely *baigneuse*, ignorant of whence it came, and, haply, imagining that he was gazing on one of the marvels of Greek art. The Louvre, however, ran the risk of losing this treasure only a few years back, for one of the heirs of Madame du Barri commenced a law-suit for its recovery, but it either failed or Madame de Neuville, the claimant, received an equivalent, for the statue is still in the gallery.

In the peristyle of the pavilion was a fine bas-relief by Lecomte of Bacchanalian children, of exquisite grace and harmonious proportions.

The apartments of this abode are few in number, but sufficiently spacious to allow of the display which was demanded by furniture richer than was ever seen at Trianon, at Marly, or even at Versailles. Before we speak of the interior, it is but just to say that Madame du Barri royally rewarded the architect. Ledoux was named inspector of the salt-works in Franche Comté, with a salary of 8000 livres. The vestibule, which served as a dining-room, was ornamented with pilasters of gray marble, and round it were ranged four galleries for the musicians of the countess on her gala days. In the same hall were several fine pictures by Greuze, who was commissioned to paint them by Madame du Barri—her full-length portrait by Drouet, and her bust by Pajou. Madame du Barri must have been surpassingly lovely; we may believe so without difficulty, since her enemies—and no man or woman ever had so many—who have attacked her birth, the virtue of her mother, the reputation of her father, and of her husband, who have, in short, libelled her in every possible way in every public print in Europe—all, even the executioner, into whose hands she fell at last, unhesitatingly admitted her beauty. And how beautiful she must have been! Those who have not seen her portrait, may fancy the original from the following description by Madame le Brun:—

"Elle était d'une taille moyenne; des cheveux cendrés et bouclés comme ceux d'un enfant, descendaient le long de son visage d'une coupe admirable. Sa gorge était très forte, mais très belle, et ses yeux allongés, jamais ouverts, lui donnaient quelque chose d'enfantin."

The portrait of Madame du Barri by Drouet (or Drouais) is incontestably a *chef-d'œuvre;* Vandyke has few superior to it. It bears the stamp of a perfect likeness, and this merit is heightened by an incomparable sweetness of drawing and colouring. The eyes and mouth have all that sleepy air ascribed to them by Madame le Brun; the forehead is high and fair, and the graceful figure is enveloped in a species of polka, (or Rhingrave, as it was then called,) which partially opens in front, reveals a lace frill, and a snowy bosom. There was also a fine portrait of her by Madame le Brun herself, which is still at Luciennes.

Madame du Barri was not only beautiful, but her beauty was enduring. In 1781, at six-and-thirty years of age, she produced an impression on the Comte d'Allonville—never very favourably disposed towards her—which he thus describes in his Memoirs:—"I saw Madame du Barri at the time of her going into Normandy to pay a visit to the Duke de Brissac. As I examined her appearance, I could not at all reconcile what I had read of her and what her countenance expressed: not the slightest

trace of her former condition (*son ancien état*) was observable in the decency of her air, the grace of her manners, and that refined bearing equally remote from pride as from humility, from license as from prudery; the sight of her alone sufficed to refute all that had been said against her. Moreover, she appeared to me extremely agreeable, and it would have caused me no surprise to learn that she had awakened new passions, as it is the fact that she has acquired many real friends."

The king and Madame du Barri delighted in breakfasting in the vestibule, from whence they obtained a magnificent view of the country in the direction both of Versailles and St. Germain. The king was a great *gourmand*, and ate much and frequently; he was passionately fond of champagne, and put little stint on his enjoyment of Bordeaux, a wine which, though long known, had only recently been brought into fashion by the Duke de Richelieu. Zamore, the young negro, waited at table in the costume of an African of the Opera Comique, with a head-dress of feathers of divers colours, and bracelets and anklets of solid gold. The name of Zamore was given to him by Madame du Barri, to flatter the vanity of the author of "Alzire;" he was very handsome, and scandal, which was so rife with regard to the favourite, affirmed that he was one of the numerous caprices of his mistress. Almost all the dishes that were served up to the king at these breakfasts were flavoured with amber or musk,—a secret in cookery introduced by the Duke de Richelieu, but now forgotten. It very seldom happened that these repasts ended without the king bestowing some rich present, a *parure* of diamonds or pearls, or some magnificent jewel, on his mistress. Though deficient in the grandeur and generosity of his grandfather, Louis XV. was a perfect king in the eyes of the women on account of his gallantry in small matters. He it was who set the fashion of making presents of portraits, snuff-boxes, services of china, rings, medallions, watches, and all those pretty objects which decorate the person or ornament the boudoir.

One charm there was about Madame du Barri full of novelty for the king during the first part of their intimacy, namely, a freedom of speech and manners which was a perfect relief to the insipidity of his former mistresses of quality, the Chateauroux and Pompadours, and consoled him for his monotonous pleasures at the Parc aux Cerfs. He was enchanted with the *laissez-aller* of this fearless beauty, who spared no one as she passed in review the Court of Versailles. All were mercilessly shown up,—princesses, duchesses, countesses, every one of whatever rank who by their jealousy and envy declared themselves her rivals. She revealed the names of all their lovers and exposed all their intrigues, having acquired the knowledge of these things from the police at a somewhat high price. The king listened eagerly to every *piquant* detail—with which he regularly entertained his chosen friends at her *petit lever*.

We have mentioned the Parc aux Cerfs,—a few words only are necessary in making further allusion to it. For thirty-four years Louis XV. kept up this strange establishment, the mere name of which can scarcely be uttered without shuddering; he kept it up to the period of his death, notwithstanding his numerous mistresses, notwithstanding the latest and loveliest, Madame du Barri, who never spoke to him on the subject, a proof at any rate of her tact. The Parc aux Cerfs was a remote, isolated, melancholy place, whither Louis repaired alone at night, to indulge in pleasures, or rather, commit crimes, which he at last brought

himself to think he fully atoned for both towards God and man by the pensions he bestowed on the victims of his appetite. The cost of this hideous den was nearly three hundred and seventy thousand francs a month, or, for the time it lasted, upwards of six millions sterling!

Louis XV. was excessively fond of the strawberries and raspberries of Luciennes, which are still so celebrated in the Parisian fruit markets. In summer, when he came to visit her, Madame du Barri always gathered him a plate-full as an accompaniment to the coffee which she prepared herself for him whom she called *her dear France*, the name she had chosen to give him. After breakfast the king adjourned to the *salon*, and there, seated in an easy-chair, enjoyed the magnificent view which lay spread at his feet beyond the waters of the Seine. The scene before him was calculated to awaken a thousand associations. On the horizon the château and terrace of St. Germain's were visible, with the recollections attached to them of Louis XII., of François Premier, and Louis XIV., who was born there. On the right rise the white walls of Bougival, the burial-place of that famous engineer, Rennequin Sualem, who invented the marvellous machine at Marly, which carries the waters of the Seine through the air to shower them in the bronze basins of Versailles. To the left is Maisons, the residence at distant periods of Voltaire and Jacques Lafitte. A little nearer is Malmaison, where Delille translated the Georgics, and whither the Empress Josephine retired after her divorce; Ruel, where her ashes rest, and where Richelieu had a château, is also visible. Nanterre, too, the native place of Ste. Geneviève, and Vaulx, where Francis I. was suckled; besides a hundred other places, all of which have their celebrity, and are intimately connected with the history of France during a period of 300 years. Nor were the treasures of art within the saloon less attractive,—at least to the lover of Madame du Barri,—than the charms of external nature. It was distinguished from all the royal apartments by the exquisite choice of all the *objets* with which it was decorated. The glasses, floors, walls, pictures, statues, mouldings, tables, chairs, hangings, cabinets, and china, were all of the most elaborate workmanship and of the finest taste. All the models and types were destroyed as soon as the copies were created, for the object was that these *chefs d'œuvre* should become priceless, and so, in fact, it has happened, for the name of Madame du Barri has exercised a magical influence in the market of curiosities, the value of every thing that once belonged to her having increased a hundred fold. The ceiling of the saloon, as well as of the bed-chamber and library, was covered with rustic pictures by Fragonard and Briard, and the innumerable statuettes were the workmanship of Pigalle and Pajou. In this fairy apartment, all the ornaments of detail,—the chimney-pieces, the bolts, the chandeliers, the cornices, the keys and the handles of the doors, were all wrought of or embellished with the finest goldsmith's work; and where less precious metals, such as iron and copper were employed, the skill bestowed on their manufacture has made them of as much value as gold.

When the king had sufficiently amused himself at the windows of the saloon, he entered the library, which was on the right hand side, and was fitted up with the same magnificence as the rest of the château. It was adorned with several choice pictures and some fine sculpture: amongst the latter were two small statues by Vassé, one at each extremity of the library; the first represented Love, the second, holding a mask, was

Deceit. Numerous allegorical bronzes on ebony pedestals, the work of Goutières, were scattered through the apartment.

The fittings up of this splendid room were of the richest kind, and the wood employed in the construction of the shelves and bookcases was entirely of cedar—the real cedar of Lebanon—the same sacred wood that Solomon used in building the Temple; all the exterior decorations were of pure gold, incrusted and wreathed in the most graceful forms. The contents of the library itself were characteristic of the owner. The licentious literature of the eighteenth century needs no description, and here it was enshrined. Amongst the least reprehensible were the *Réligieuse* of Diderot, the Poems of Boufflers and Piron, the *Pucelle* of Voltaire, the *Portefeuille d'un Dragon*, and the Tales of Voisenon and Grécourt; the nature of the rest may easily be divined. They were all superbly bound, and the most favourite were enclosed in covers of silk and velvet, strewn with fine pearls and embroidered with the cypher and coronet of the countess! The cost of these precious works was rendered still more costly in the eyes of the lovers of curious collections by an additional refinement of luxury. Instead of the engravings which appear in ordinary copies, Madame du Barri caused to be inserted the original drawings from which the engravings were made—the designs of Boucher, of Chardin, of Lancret, and of Watteau, a style of decoration which greatly augmented their value. In her hours of leisure, the Sultana of Luciennes, reclined upon a divan, and was wont to beguile the time till her royal slave came to her feet by reading *Zadig*, or *Candide*, out of a copy worth, perhaps, 10,000 francs. The tempest of the first revolution has not entirely destroyed these books of a class which has been rightly named the *Bibliothèque Infernale;* from time to time they find their way to light, and are eagerly bought up by those in whose eyes the beauty of the ornament which surrounds them is an attraction that outweighs all other considerations.

The sleeping-room was on the other side of the saloon, and, like the library, faced the river. Here all the decorations—the bed, the curtains, the furniture, the carpet, were of azure velvet; the ceiling was painted by Briard, and represented with exquisite skill the charms of a country life; the fire-place, which took the form of a golden tripod, stood out in bright relief against a chimney-piece of blue porcelain—of the tint which is only given to it at Sevres. It was in this chamber that Madame du Barri conquered the last show of opposition which the king sometimes made to her requests;—here he could refuse her nothing. It was in this room that she obtained for the Duke d'Aiguillon the privilege of succeeding Monsieur de Chaulnes in the post of commandant of the *chevau-légers*, an appointment in some respects as useful to the holder as that of minister, for it afforded the opportunity of private audiences of the king. The Duke de Choiseul strongly opposed this nomination, but his star was every day growing paler before that of Madame du Barri, until it was finally eclipsed.

It was on this triumphant battle-field she put that daring question to the king, *à propos* of a new cook whom she had resolved to send away, although master of his craft, because he resembled the minister.

"Sire," said the countess, "I have sent away my Choiseul; when do you mean to dismiss yours?"

The minister's time was now at hand; all the notabilities of the court, who foresaw his fall, began to rally round the mistress. She was on the

best terms with the Countess del' Hôpital, the Marquise de Montmorenci, the Duchess de Mirepoix, and the Duchess de Valentinois, and her influence was so great that she had nearly accomplished a marriage between the Duke de Bouteville and Mademoiselle du Barri, sister of the *roué*, her husband's brother!

Even more infallible augurs than courtiers of ministerial changes—the financiers, passed over to the side of Madame du Barri. Bouret, the famous *millionaire*, gave her royal *fêtes* at his beautiful pavilion in the forest of Sénart, and after a noble stag hunt, at which she figured, as if she had been a queen, he prepared for her the gallant surprise of showing her a statue of Venus, executed by Coustou, and destined as a present from the financier to the King of Prussia, the features of the goddess being the portrait of Madame du Barri. The Prince de Condé was almost the only one who stood neuter, and his neutrality at the coldest assumed the form of compliment. There is one story told of him which belongs entirely to the eighteenth century.

The prince was very anxious that the king should pass a few days at his château of Chantilly, and his majesty agreed to go. The difficulty was, how to send out the invitations to the ladies, who by their rank and position were invariably included in the royal visits. To invite to the same *fête*, in the same château, the princesses of the blood and Madame du Barri was an outrage at once on etiquette, on rank, and birth;—not to invite the favourite was a formidable peril. To invite Madame du Barri and leave out the princesses altogether was still more dangerous! In this situation, one of the most difficult to deal with that, perhaps, ever befel a courtier, the Prince de Condé begged the king to make out the list himself of the ladies whom he wished should accompany him to Chantilly.

"Invite whom you please," said Louis, who probably guessed at the cause of his embarrassment.

Condé was in despair, but at last a lucky thought struck him. The princesses only were officially invited, but in the evening at Chantilly the king was joined by Madame du Barri, who returned to Luciennes early the next morning. This courtier-like manœuvre pleased Louis so much that he went several times to Chantilly, though not over fond of the Condés, but he dispensed with his former reserve, being publicly accompanied by the favourite, who travelled in a carriage that had cost nearly two millions of francs, and was followed by two others of equal magnificence,—all three drawn by six horses.

We have already adverted to the kindness of disposition which characterised Madame du Barri. The king never left her in an ill humour, for her exactions were not of a nature to ruffle his temper; all she ever asked for, beyond the dismissal of her enemy De Choiseul, was a place or a pension for one or other of her friends. She had it in her power, seated in the azure alcove where she governed the man who governed France, to crush the Comte de Lauraguais, who, having picked up a mistress at the house of Madame Gourdan, paraded her from Paris to Versailles, and from Compiègne to Fontainebleau, under the title of Comtesse du Tonneau; but instead of this she preferred asking the pardon of a poor girl condemned for infanticide, and that of the Count and Countess de Louerme, condemned to death as rebels.

In this chamber, which was so rich in furniture of ebony, rosewood, and ivory, in pictures and in china, the very nails employed by the workmen cost, it is said, a hundred francs a piece! In fact, no prodi-

gality of the most inventive imagination could exaggerate the luxury which was squandered on these apartments, and for this reason, that the favourite asked for every thing she thought of, and the king, who had only to put his hand into the state coffers, never refused her any thing.

On the 1st of January, 1770, Madame du Barri asked, as a New Year's gift for "les loges de Nantes," that is to say, a pension of 40,000 francs a year, which had previously been enjoyed by the Duchess de Lauraguais. This the king refused, and the favourite got angry; her natural character declared itself, and she cried out,

"The devil take me if ever I ask you for any thing again!"

The king smiled.

"You begin the year badly," said he; "however, I can't help it; I am sorry for Madame de Mirepoix, to whom you wish to give this present, but it is already promised."

"And to whom, sire?"

"To yourself, madame; it was the New Year's gift I had reserved for you."

Such were the king's refusals!

But pleasure was not always the only guest at the Château de Luciennes. Serious affairs were sometimes discussed there, and then the Chancellor Maupeou was sent for. It was there that the famous *coup d'état* was decided on against the Parliament of Paris, which was about to try the Duke d'Aiguillon, on a charge of extortion, preferred by the Parliament of Brittany, whereby the duke's life was endangered. At the instance of Madame du Barri, the king cavalierly, and without any form, intimated to the Parliament that proceedings had been taken in the matter, and that they need not trouble themselves further about it. It was in this way that the privileges of the Parliaments were invaded; —they loudly and vehemently resisted, and the king was told, and truly told, that Madame de Grammont incited them to rebellion. From that moment Louis XV. never spoke again to the Duke de Choiseul out of the council. While these injudicious steps—the sure forerunners of the revolution, were being taken, the people were dying of hunger. It was a year of famine, and there were many of them in France in the eighteenth century. The suffering consequent upon it originated a burlesque upon the Lord's Prayer. It ran thus:—

"Notre père qui êtes à Versailles, votre nom soit glorifié! Votre règne est ébranlé. Votre volonté n'est pas plus exécutée sur la terre que dans le ciel. Rendez-nous notre pain quotidien que vous nous avez ôté; pardonnez à vos parlemens qui ont sontenu vos intérêts, comme vous pardonnez à vos ministres qui les ont vendues. Ne succombez plus aux tentations de Du Barri; mais délivrez-nous du diable de chancelier. Ainsi soit-il."

All, however, that could be spoken, written, published, or combined against the favourite, failed to harm her; her authority remained unshaken; and finally all who had opposed her, except one, were brought to her feet—and she pardoned all, even the Duchess de Grammont, who was content to sound the base-string of humility.

We have said there was one exception,—this was the Duke de Choiseul, whose hatred, and it is the most honourable fact of his political life, was as immoveable as it was intense. Long and vainly the favourite tried to effect his overthrow, but the duke's honesty and upright dealings pleaded strongly for him with the king. At length

Louis yielded. One night, in this very azure chamber, where he who now pays it a visit, at a distance of nearly eighty years, cannot find a chair to sit on, in the midst of more than Oriental luxury, the blandishments of the countess prevailed over the king. She placed a pen in his old, feeble hand, and said to him, "Write!" And the king thus wrote to the Duke de Choiseul:—

"My Cousin,—The discontent which your services cause me oblige me to exile you to Chanteloup, whither you will repair within twenty-four hours. I should have sent you further off, but for the particular esteem I have for Madame la Duchesse de Choiseul, in whose health I am much interested. With this, I pray to God, my dear cousin, that he may take you into his holy keeping."

All Paris was excited at the news of this disgrace; according to custom every one declared that there never had been a greater, a more useful, a more national minister than the Duke de Choiseul, now he was no longer in office. Two hundred thousand persons lined the roads on the day of his departure, and expressed their regret by the loudness of their acclamations. His exile was a perfect triumph, greater than the accession of his rival the Duke d'Aiguillon, the favourite's favourite.

We have not yet quitted this famous room, where opposite the bed hung a portrait of the king, in a frame which alone had cost ten thousand francs. Beside it was a portrait of Charles the First of England, by Vandyke, purchased from the Comte du Thiers by Madame du Barri for eighty thousand francs. It was said that she had this picture placed here in order that Louis might be reminded by the sight of it of the fate that was in store for him if ever he yielded to the Parliaments.

As soon as the Duke de Choiseul was displaced, the mistress, or rather her brother-in-law, reigned in his stead, and the first act of Jean du Barri was to appropriate to himself the marquisate of Lille, the revenues of which amounted to a hundred thousand livres. The countess herself made councillors, generals, bishops, and, finally, a minister, her dear Duke d'Aiguillon, that famous statesman during whose ministry the partition of Poland took place!

It has been conjectured, and certain mémoirs of the time countenance the idea, that Madame du Barri entertained at this period the design of being married to Louis XV. Whether this be the case or not, there is one fact with regard to it which few are aware of. This is her request, addressed to the Châtelet, to be separated *de corps et de biens* from her husband, Guillaume du Barri; a record of this application exists amongst the secret archives of the Sainte Chapelle; it was made twice: in the first instance to the Châtelet, in the next to the Parliament.

Her demand to be separated, which was addressed to the Châtelet, was worded as follows:—"That it would please it (the Court) to order that she should be authorised to live apart from her husband, to avoid the ill-treatment which she had reason to fear on his part, and further to see that she should be and remain separated in person and dwelling from the said Comte du Barri, prohibiting him from using violence towards her." There is no likelihood whatever in her alleged apprehension of ill-usage;—it is much more probable that this was an affair got up between them to avoid the scandal of a double consent. The Châtelet decreed the following judgment:—

"After having deliberated on the articles preferred by the parties, we declare that the party of Château (the name of Madame du Barri's advocate) shall be and continue separated, in person and dwelling from Bégon (the name of the advocate of the husband), prohibiting the said party of Bégon to haunt and frequent her; we condemn the party of Bégon in costs. Done in the Chamber of the Council, this 27th of March, 1772. (Signed)

"DUFOUR, Lieutenant Civil."

By the brief interval of time between the decree and that of the Parliament, on the husband's appeal, at a period when judicial forms were proverbially slow, the pressing motive which Madame du Barri had in obtaining a sentence of separation may fairly be judged of. At the expiration of a month only, the Parliament, which was the final court of jurisdiction, pronounced the following sentence:—

"The Court, having regard to the proofs resulting from the inquiry made by the party of Rimbert, (the name of Madame du Barri's advobate), and doing justice to the appeal, nullifies the same, and orders that the appeal shall be of none effect; condemns the party Delignoux (the husband's advocate) to a fine of twelve livres and to the costs in the appeal."

This scandal upon the dignity of the crown, happily, was never realised; the king's steps were fast hastening towards the grave, though without any reform in his morals.

Madame du Barri's morning receptions at this period of her greatness, were such as might have become a princess of the house of the Medici. While chancellors, and nuncios, and cardinals attended her behests as she sat in bed in a charming *deshabille*, she carefully examined some picture brought in by Greuze or Vernet, or discussed the design of an *aiguière* with her engraver. Her *ruelle* was crowded with musicians, poets, and painters, and it was with no small pride she read to them such a letter as this, which she had received from the philosopher of Ferney:—

"Madame,—M. de la Borde m'a dit que vous lui aviez ordonné de m'embrasser des deux côtés de votre part.

> "Quoi! deux baisers sur la fin de ma vie!
> Quel passeport vous daignez m'envoyer!
> Deux! c'est trop d'un, adorable Egérie:
> Je serais mort de plaisir au premier.

"Il m'a montré votre portrait; ne vous fâchez pas, madame, si j'ai pris la liberté de lui rendre les deux baisers.

> "Vous ne pouvez empêcher cet hommage,
> Faible tribut de quiconque a des yeux.
> C'est aux mortels d'adorer votre image;
> L'original était fait pour les dieux!

"J'ai entendu plusieurs morceaux de la *Pandore* de M. de la Borde; ils m'ont paru bien dignes de votre protection. La faveur donnée aux véritables beaux-arts est la seule chose qui puisse augmenter l'éclat dont vous brillez.

"Daignez agréer, madame, le profond respect d'un vieux solitaire dont le cœur n'a presque plus d'autre sentiment qui celui de reconnaissance.

"Ce 20 Juin, 1773."

Although Madame du Barri never attained the regal dignity which, probably, she aimed at, her power, while it lasted, was supreme, and Louis XV., setting all reserve aside, associated her publicly in all the ceremonies of the court, where, in common with himself, she shared the congratulations and respect offered by the nobles, the clergy, and the magistracy. When, for instance, the inauguration of the bridge of Neuilly took place, she sat with the king under a velvet canopy, in the absence of the dauphiness, Marie-Antoinette, for whom the *fête* had been prepared, but who absented herself from it when she knew that Madame du Barri was to be present.

The favourite's triumph at court was complete, but there were some beyond its pale, not venal or anonymous scribblers, who dared to speak their minds about her. The most courageous was a certain Abbé de Beauvais, who attacked her boldly in a sermon which he preached on Holy Thursday in the chapel at Versailles, in presence of the whole court. The little abbé told the king that he resembled Solomon, not on account of his wisdom but his licentiousness, and pursuing his theme reproached him with having passed from one degree of vice to another till, to use his own words, "*il avait fini par disputer aux passans les restes de la corruption publique.*" Louis, conscience-stricken, refrained from punishing the courageous abbé; he even rewarded him, bestowing upon him shortly afterwards the bishopric of Senez.

We have described a great part of the day as Louis passed it at Luciennes; before it draws to a close—as well as the long reign with which he cursed his country—we shall add one or two features. In front of the château rose a noble lime tree, a century old, beneath whose branches a dozen persons might shelter; here the king always took tea or coffee, and it was under its shade in a moment of gaiety he named Zamore the negro servant of Madame du Barri, Governor of Luciennes, with a salary of 1200 livres, and the Chancellor Maupeou was obliged to affix his official seal to the appointment.

It was on this spot that the evenings of summer were spent, and when the hour for separation arrived the king returned to the château, put off his costume champêtre, resumed his royal attire, and preceded by his Kislar Aga, the black governor of Luciennes, and leaning on the arm of the countess, walked slowly to the park gate, where his carriage was in waiting, and there bade a final adieu to her who had assisted him so well in bearing the heavy load of the day, for like his illustrious predecessor, Louis XV. was not easily amused in his old age. As soon as he was gone, the countess welcomed her liberty with open arms,—the gilded portals of Luciennes were thrown wide open, and the festivities of the court of Luciennes began; the park and château were one blaze of light, and mirth and revelry were prolonged till morning. Then were realised the fairy scenes which Watteau, and Lancret, and Bouché, have painted, conferring immortality on those who figured in them. It was a pleasant life this, and lasted for six summers, but at length the much dreaded and long apprehended day came; Louis XV. was attacked by the malady which his prophetic fears assured him would prove fatal.

The death of his bosom friend, the Marquis de Chauvelin, who was of his own age, and had been the companion of all his pleasures, wrought a vague sense of terror in his mind, and predisposed him for the disease—the small-pox, which, according to Voltaire, he caught from mere apprehension, though others affirmed his pleasant vices at the *Parc aux Cerfs*,

were the accidental instrument of his punishment. The favourite clung to the couch of the dying monarch, foreseeing plainly what would be her fate when her royal lover was no more, and for five days after the mortal sickness struck him, and long after all hope was over, she lingered by his side. Then, at his desire, she left Versailles for Ruel, the château of the Duchess d'Aiguillon, where, the comedy being not yet played out, she found the beds too hard, and sent the following morning to Luciennes for softer mattresses. The same scene was witnessed now as had been exhibited in the dying moments of Louis XIV.; when the king was a little better, the courtiers flocked to Ruel to pay their court to the countess, when unfavourable symptoms returned, the road to Ruel became a desert. At last the curtain fell. The king died, and on the same day the Duke de la Vrillière, Madame du Barri's best friend, was the bearer to her of a *lettre de cachet*, exiling her to the abbey of Pont-aux-Dames, near Meaux. Philosophy was not one of the attributes of the countess's character; her language on the occasion, which we do not venture to translate, was energetic, but coarse:—

"A pretty reign this is like to be," she cried, "which begins with a *lettre de cachet!*"

Her brother in-law, Jean du Barri, saved himself incontinently by flying to Switzerland; her husband, Count Guillaume, was not so lucky; he was assailed by the populace in Toulouse, and nearly beaten to death. The D'Aiguillons were overwhelmed with disgrace.

But the severity shown to Madame du Barri was less real than apparent; it was rather a consolation than a punishment. In addressing the order for her exile, the tender-hearted and indulgent Louis XVI., wrote that "he was not ignorant of the attachment of his grandfather for her, that he would care for all her wants, and that she need have no fear for the future." But, however the blow might be softened, it was too heavy for the favourite to bear with equanimity, and it was with tears of the bitterest sorrow she bade adieu to Luciennes, to bury herself in a cloister at the age of thirty-three!

The reception she met with at Pont-aux-Dames was a kind one; the king's orders had ensured her every attention. Her arrival was a marvel to the young *pensionnaires* who were being educated there; their curiosity was indulged, and they flocked to see the woman whose name had penetrated even to the recesses of a convent.

"This, then, is Madame du Barri," they exclaimed, with clasped hands, staring eyes, and open mouths; "it is really you, Madame?"

"Yes, children, it is I indeed," she replied, extending her white hand to be kissed, as had been her wont while still the favourite. She soon became friends with all around her, and that her natural disposition was good may be inferred from the fact of her so speedily acquiring the confidence and regard of the pious recluses. It was while in this solitary abode that she wrote the following letter on some matter of business, which we give *verbatim* as a specimen of her style and orthography. The original is in the collection of the Marquis de Dolomieu.

"Du Pont-aux-Dames, le 17.

"J'ai recu votre lettre monsieur et je suis tres sensible a tout ce quelle contient d'obligant je prie M. du Fauga qui vous remetra ma lettre de vouloir bien ce charcher de retirier tous les mois la some que vous me

mandez devoir me revenir que j'enverai ensuite retirer ches lui lors qu'il ne cera plus a Paris j'enverai tout bonement chez vous ou come vous le dites je tirerai des mandats sy jen et besoins je renvoye le modele de votre quitance que jai copiee exactement.

"Jai l'honneur d'ètre avec une parfaite estime monsieur votre tres humble et obeïssante servante.

"DUBARY."

The conduct of Madame du Barri while at the convent of Pont-aux-Dames was perfect. She performed all her devotions scrupulously, and listened to the remonstrances addressed to her with exemplary submission, and after a year's residence succeeded in completely edifying the good sisters. The abbess was so touched by her fervour that she permitted the fair recluse to have a cell fitted up for her by the ingenious architect of Luciennes; Ledoux was delighted at being again employed by her, and executed his work in a way to charm the Chevalier Parny and M. de Boufflers, who paid a visit to its inmate. The king and queen were told of Madame du Barri's new pavilion, and smiled; they had no enmity in their hearts against her, and, after a short continuance of her detention she was liberated, and left the convent of Pont-aux-Dames, loved, cherished, aud regretted by the pious sisters. She never forgot them, but as long as she lived continued to send them marks of her affection and gratitude. Her liberty, however, was not her elevation. The king restored her all her property and pensions, and even paid her debts, but the gates of Versailles were never opened to her again. Here, therefore, her history may be said to close, for such is the condition of those who live on royal favour that its withdrawal is the extinction of their life in the eyes of the world. Although as rich, or nearly so, as under Louis XV., and still more beautiful, for the beauty of intelligence was now added to the merely physical charms, she was almost entirely forgotten during the nineteen years of the reign of Louis XVI.

After quitting the convent she purchased, partly with the money given by Monsieur for her house at Versailles, a property at Saint-Vrain, situated between Orleans and Paris, whither she went to live with the Duke de Cossé-Brissac, her most faithful friend, and the friend to whom she was most faithful. But she did not continue to reside at her new abode. She yearned for her old home and the atmosphere of the court. She wrote to M. de Maurepas, and the king's permission was obtained for her to return to Luciennes. With what eagerness she returned thither need not be told. Her position was changed, but she was still a beauty and passably rich, and she did not lack society. At Luciennes were again gathered together La Harpe, and Marmontel, Boufflers, Colardeau, and Beaumarchais, and hither also came newer guests, the philosopher Franklin, the quack Cagliostro, the Emperor Joseph, and the ambassadors of Tippoo-Sahib. But the pleasures of Luciennes could not suffice for her who had reigned at Versailles, and towards Versailles her humid eyes were constantly turned.

"When, when shall I return to Versailles?" was her constant exclamation.

"And to what purpose?" asked De Cossé. "The queen is calumniated there as much as you were yourself. The notables are there scraping with their nailed shoes the marble flags where your feet have so lightly trodden. Perhaps you are ignorant what a notable is! He is

one who wishes to examine the affairs of the country, whose desire is that the king shall not govern, the queen have no lovers, and her consort no mistresses."

"Is it possible! Oh mon Dieu!" sighed the fair countess in astonishment.

"Quite true," replied De Cossé: "and now, do you still wish to go to Versailles?"

"Mais oui," was the constant reply.

Madame du Barri, however, never went there, though the Duke de Choiseul was dead. The political horizon wore an aspect of deeper gloom than had ever been seen before; the revolution was at hand. The dinner of the gardes-du-corps took place, and such as were not massacred, remembering Luciennes, sought shelter there. Madame du Barri gave it freely, and the generous act by which she endangered her own safety, disarmed whatever lingering sentiment of dislike that still dwelt in the bosom of Marie Antoinette. She sent to thank her, and Madame du Barri wrote in reply:—

"These young men feel no other regret than that of not having died for a princess so worthy of all homage. What I have done for these brave men is much below their deserts. I console them, and I respect their wounds, when I think that, but for their devotion, perhaps your majesty might have ceased to exist. Luciennes, madam, is yours; is it not your kindness that has restored it to me? All I possess came from the royal family, and I have too much gratitude ever to be unmindful of it. The late king, with a sort of presentiment, compelled me to accept a thousand precious objects before he sent me from him. I have had the honour of offering you this treasure at the time of the notables; I now eagerly renew that offer. You have so many expenses to meet, and so many benefits to confer. Permit me, I conjure you, to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

The queen did not accept this offer, but from that moment every shadow of enmity was banished from her bosom.

The two last scenes of Madame du Barri's life now arrest our attention; the robbery of her diamonds,—and her visit to England, whither, it was said, she went in search of them. Some have believed, and many still believe in this robbery; others, both royalists and republicans, deny it altogether, and affirm that she only went to London to distribute money amongst the emigrants. The last version is the only true one. She made four journeys successively to England, and, on the third occasion, all her friends, English as well as French, advised her not to return to Paris, pointing out the danger she incurred.

"You are safe here," they said, "and have enough to live in affluence; remain with us till a better time arrives."

But she was deaf to their prayers, and quitted England. She had one strong motive, it was true, for visiting France; her lover, the Duke de Brissac, was still at Luciennes.*

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* In the recently published "Letters of Horace Walpole to the Countess of Ossory," we have the following anecdote of her presentation to George III. Writing on September 30, 1791, he says:—"I have scarce a newer anecdote to send you, madame, but that *old* Q—— presented Madame du Barry to the king on the terrace at Windsor, and the King of England did not turn the same side that the late King of France used to turn to her, but the reverse, as he told Lord Onslow himself."

The fatal year 1793 was at hand. One evening, while she was at Luciennes, listening beneath her myrtle groves to the sinister murmurs of the capital, collecting all the rumours that flew past Mont Valerian, she heard footsteps, voices, and shouts of laughter; she was afraid, and called for Brissac.

"Here he is!" cried a voice; "take his head first!"

And immediately at her feet was thrown the bleeding head of her lover, the Duke de Cossé-Brissac. He had first been assassinated at Versailles by those who were sent to conduct him to Orleans, where he was to be brought to trial.

Will it be believed that this woman, who has been accused of so much weakness and timidity, had the courage to go a fourth time to England to carry money to the emigrants, and the still greater courage to resist the strenuous efforts which were made to retain her there? It was this last expedition that compromised her. She had been followed by spies, who had discovered her intrigues with the royalist party, and witnessed her interviews with M. de Calonne. She recrossed the sea, and returned to Luciennes,—now, alas! without a charm in her eyes. Moreover, all the inhabitants of the commune, whom she had fed and clothed for the last fifteen years, were her enemies. The treacherous black-faced and blacker-hearted slave, Zamore, who owed his very existence to her kindness, excited the terrorists against her, and an Irishman, named Grieve, denounced her at the instigation of the infamous negro. She was imprisoned for ten weeks in Sainte Pélagie before being brought to trial, but that trial was brief enough. She appeared before the revolutionary tribunal on the 17th Frimaire (7th of December), 1793, and her case was brought on at the same time with that of the three Dutch bankers, Vandenyver, father and sons, accused of some of the crimes which were laid to her charge. The examinations lasted during three sittings. Her counsel was Chauveau Lagarde; the act of accusation was drawn up by Fouquier-Tinville. She was condemned to death together with the Vandenyvers. In the sentence it is stated that she was in her forty-second year; this is an error which has been frequently repeated. She was born in 1744, and, being executed in 1793, had attained her forty-ninth year.

When she heard the sentence of death pronounced, she uttered a terrible cry, and fainted. It was eleven o'clock at night. On the following morning she was thrust into the common cart, the "tombereau d'égalité," as it was called, to be taken with the bankers to execution. She was pale, trembling, and half dead with fright; and, as she past through the crowd of savage people collected for the daily hecatomb, she supplicated them for pity. This has been made a subject of reproach to her, as if the fear she felt was a token of cowardice. It was not death she feared, that she had shown when she devoted herself for her friends, but what she dreaded was the manner of it. Take away this fear from a woman, and what remains but a hideous Amazon? This sentiment completes the picture of one so tender-hearted as Madame du Barri. It pursued her to the last; even on the scaffold she cried out to the executioner:—

"Encore un moment, Monsieur le Bourreau! . . . . Encore un moment, monsieur!"

A VISIT TO THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF CRESSY AND AGINCOURT.

IN LETTERS ADDRESSED TO H. F. SMITH, ESQ.

BY H. L. LONG, ESQ.

LETTER III.

THE BATTLE.

According to the manuscript of Froissart, preserved in the library at Amiens, and cited by M. Rigollot, the army of Philip of Valois was composed of 20,000 men-at-arms (*armures de fer à cheval*), and upwards of 100,000 infantry, represented as troops of an inferior description—citizens, levied in haste, and peasants, compelled by fear to range themselves under his banners; besides these, there was a strong body of Genoese cross-bowmen, variously stated at from 6000 to 16,000 men. Great expectations seem to have been formed of this corps; they had the reputation of being the best marksmen, as well as the best sailors, in the world; and, under their commanders, bearing the great names of Doria and Grimaldi, were intended as a match for the terrible archers of England. In addition to the attendant kings, auxiliary princes, and a tumultuous rabble of nobles, there appeared in arms, according to the fashion of the times, sundry priestly warriors—John of Vienna, Archbishop of Rouen, brought up all the ecclesiastical troops of that city; while such was the martial energy of Hugh, Abbot of Corbie, that he appeared at the head of 500 men, although bound by the service of his abbey to furnish the humble contingent of merely *deux sommiers estoffés des sommes, sacs et bahuts.*

At the first dawn of morning, on the fatal 26th of August, Philip celebrated mass and received the sacrament in the church of St. Stephen, at Abbeville, and then caused the gates of the town to be thrown open to his impatient army. The distance before them in order to reach the English camp might be about twelve of our miles—and we may dispense with the imagination of some writers, who make Philip, under the impression that his enemies were still in the direction of Blanquetaque and La Crotoy, describe a circuit by way of Noyelles and Le Titre.—It is inconceivable that Philip, halting a whole day at Abbeville, could have been uninformed of the march of Edward from the Somme, and of his subsequent position at Cressy—upon Cressy, therefore, the movements of the French forces were directed with a precipitation and want of discipline which may be noted as the first of many errors committed during the day. Philip's immense army had too many chiefs, and more individuals than soldiers; and his recommendation, delivered overnight to his barons, to preserve courtesy and unanimity one towards another, was as little regarded as his other orders by a set of turbulent seigneurs, full of feuds, and jealous of each other to a degree. "There was no man," as we read in Hollingshed, "though he were present at the jornie, that could imagine or show the truth of the evil order that was among the French party,

and yet they were a marvellous great number." This tumultuous army was marshalled, if we follow the authority of the "Chronique de Flandres," like that of the English, in three battles or divisions, exclusive of that of the Genoese archers. The king's brother, the fiery d'Alençon, led the first, the other two were arrayed under John of Hainault and the king—of these, if there were two, it seems that Philip in person commanded the second.

The Sires of Aubigny, Beaujeu, and Noyer, together with a distinguished cavalier, Le Moine de Basèle, had been despatched by Philip to reconnoitre his adversaries, or, in the quaint words of Froissart, "pour *regarder sur le pays.*" Basèle informed the king that the English army instead of being, as many believed, in full retreat, was drawn up in good order, and awaited his approach with a firm appearance. He strongly urged the necessity of postponing the action until the ensuing day, in order to allow of time to the troops for the purpose of refreshment and repose. Nor was Philip himself averse to follow this sage counsel. Orders were despatched to stop the march of the advanced guard, which, from impatience or mistake, had already put itself in motion. But it was vain to call halt "in the name of God and St. Denis." The Count d'Alençon, who followed, burning with ardour to begin the engagement, continued his progress; the advanced guard, which had halted, resumed their movement on perceiving Alençon's corps still marching, under an impression that the order had been countermanded; and now the "grand seigneurs" displayed their foolish vanity in attempts to outstrip each other. The crowd became perfectly unmanageable, and arrived in the face of their enemies in the greatest possible disorder. It does not appear that any line of battle was formed regularly, but there is sufficient reason to believe that after turning the source of the Maye, and following the "Chemin de l'Armée," the French troops took up a position with Estrées les Cressy in the rear of their centre. The chroniclers have been careful to note the circumstance of an extraordinary flight of crows which hovered over both armies. Ravens and carrion crows do not assemble in such numbers; and rooks, as far as I could perceive, are not to be found in that part of the country, so that this "corvorum exercitus" is unquestionably marvellous; although as an augury "nothing came of it," to use Dr. Johnson's expression, for it was impossible to say which of the two armies was the object of the omen. A more important phenomenon was an eclipse of the sun which took place at the time; but even that prodigy passed away unheeded by the combatants; unlike that "kind of night-battle" between the Lydians and Medes, six centuries before our era, when an eclipse of the sun struck terror into the contending armies, and separated them in mutual consternation.

A third event is recorded, of common occurrence, indeed, but on this occasion greatly serviceable to the English army. The day was uncommonly hot and sultry, and a thunderstorm burst immediately over the field of battle, and the rain descended in torrents. The unfortunate Genoese were inundated, and their bowstrings rendered almost unserviceable, while those of the English archers had been carefully preserved from wet by being placed in their helmets. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, the storm passed off, and the sun shone forth fiercely, darting his beams immediately into the eyes of the Genoese, while they fell harmlessly upon the backs of the English. Philip, rendered perfectly

furious at the sight of a hostile army upon the soil of France, gave orders for an immediate attack, and the Genoese crossbows, who were in the front line, were commanded to begin the assault. Exhausted with heat and hunger and the fatigue of a long march, they implored a moment of repose, "saying to their constables, 'we be not well used in that we are commanded to fight this day, for we be not in case to do any great feat of arms, we have more need of rest.'" These words came to the hearing of the Earl of Alençon, who said, "A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, that faint and fail now at most need." It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and, to continue the extract from Hollingshed, who is expressive and animated, and by his old language increases the zest of his description, we read, "When the Genoese were assembled together, and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry, to abash the Englishmen, but they stood still, and stirred not at all for that noise. Then the Genoese the second time made another leap and huge cry, and stepped forward a little, and the Englishmen removed not a foot. The third time again the Genoese leapt and yelled, and went forth until they came within shot, and fiercely therewith discharged their crossbows. Then the English archers stepped forth one pace, and let fly their arrows so wholly and so thick together that it seemed to snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows piercing their heads, arms, and breasts, many of them cast down their crossbows, cut the strings, and returned discomfitted. When the French king saw them flee away, he said, 'slay those rascals, for they will let and trouble us without reason.'"

Philip himself here stands charged with the crime of having issued this rash order—other writers, with greater probability, ascribe it to the Comte d'Alençon. The king was in a remote and much lower part of the field, whence, unprovided with a watch-tower like Edward's, it would have been difficult to perceive what was passing in the advanced guard; and besides, the command was more in the style of the furious temperament of Alençon.

"Then ye might have seen the men of arms have dashed in amongst them, and killed a great number of them, and ever the Englishmen shot where they saw the thickest press; the sharp arrows ran into the men of arms, and into their horses, and many fell, horse and man amongst the Genoese, and still the Englishmen shot where they saw the thickest press, and when they were once down they could not recover again." The French accounts describe the prodigious quantity of arrows sent forth by the English archers, "que *ce sembloit neige*;"—while Villani launches forth into the tremendous effect of the cannon upon men, and particularly upon horses, and compares their terrific noise to that of the thunder of the Almighty. Whatever these pop-guns may have been, it is by no means unlikely that they occasioned some attention, more by their novelty than by any real effect they could have produced in the action.

I have not ventured to change the orthography of the "Vallée des *clercs*;" but the tradition you heard upon the spot, that it is more correctly the "Vallée des *éclairs*," and owes its name to the lightnings of the English artillery, appears extremely likely to be correct. "Vallée *des clercs*" speaks nothing to the mind in connexion with the battle; and if it is the true name, it must have been much corrupted from its original source. This valley was, at all events, the scene of the slaughter of the Genoese,

as well as of many of the French men-at-arms; "the throng was such that one overthrew another; and also among the Englishmen there were certain of the footmen with great knives—(these were Welch)—that went in among the men of arms, and killed many of them as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and esquires."

Thus perished the miserable mercenaries who were to have annihilated the bowmen of England. It formed no part of the conditions of their engagements that they were to be cut down at the caprice of their employers, and they might therefore justly complain of perfidy and cruelty; but their trade was in blood—they had sold themselves to fight—not in their country's cause, but in a quarrel in which they had no concern whatever, and therefore it mattered little from which party they received the natural reward of their vocation.

This was the second grand error of the day; the utter absence of all order and discipline was, as we have seen, the first. The second, their murder of the Genoese; but the third, resulting, indeed, from a better source, that of impetuous valour, was the last, for it was decisive and fatal to those who committed it. Thus the centre of the French army was thrown into a hopeless mass of confusion; without attempting to restore order, the fiery Alençon determined at all hazards to attack the Prince of Wales. The last columns of his division were come up with the nobles of his household, arrayed under his banner, which was borne by a distinguished knight, Jaques d'Estracelles, but after the failure of the first attack it was judged imprudent to renew the action until the arrival of Philip; however, the rash and imperious Alençon brooked no such delay; he determined to commence the assault at the very instant, and commanded Jaques d'Estracelles to lead on to the attack. This warrior, renowned for numberless proofs of courage, had availed him of a momentary interval of repose to remove his helmet, and was reviving himself with a little fresh air, for the heat was oppressive in the extreme; he represented to the prince that any attempt to expel the English from the intrenchments with cavalry would inevitably expose him to destruction, but d'Alençon refused to listen to such advice, exclaiming impatiently,

"Remettez votre bacinet; et marchez!"

"Puisqu'à la bataille sommes venus," answered Estracelles, "je le mettrai, mais jamais ne sera osté par moi!" and he immediately advanced with the division under his banner against the Prince of Wales. This movement must have taken place on the extreme right of the French army, and according to all likelihood on the top of the plateau. Hollingshed thus relates the particulars of this second attack of the French: "The Earl of Alençon came right orderly to the battle, and fought with the Englishmen, and so did the Earl of Flanders on his part. These two lords coasted the English archers, and came to the prince's battle and there fought right valiantly a long time. The French king perceiving where their banners stood would fain have come to them, but could not by reason of a great hedge of archers that stood betwixt him and them. This was a perilous battle and sore foughten: there were few taken to mercy, for the Englishmen had so determined in the morning. Certain Frenchmen and Almains perforce opened the archers of the prince's battle and came to fight with the men-at-arms hand to hand. Then the second battle of the Englishmen came to succour the prince's battle, and not

before it was time, for they of that battle had as then enough to do, in so much that some which were about him, as the Earl of Northampton and others, sent to the king, where he stood aloft on a windmill hill, requiring him to advance forward and come to their aid, they being as then sore laid to of their enemies. The king hereupon demanded if his son were slain, hurt, or felled to the earth.

"'No,' said the knight that brought the message, 'but he is sore matched.'

"'Well,' said the king, 'return to him and them that sent you, and say to them that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth so long as my son is alive, for I will that this journey be his, with the honour thereof.'

"With this answer the knight returned, which greatly encouraged them to do their best to win the spurs, being half abashed in that they had sent to the king for aid."

The French authors make the danger of the prince to have been extreme; according to them, Alençon's charge carried all before it. The French troops overturned every thing which opposed their passage, and penetrated up to the prince himself. Surrounded and thrown to the earth, he would infallibly have fallen into their hands, had it not been for a knight of Norman origin, named Richard de Beaumont, who carried the great banner of Wales. This knight threw his vast standard over the prostrate prince, "Mit ses pieds dessus, prit son espée à deux mains, et fit si bien qu'il empêcha son petit maître d'être tué," so says the "Histoire des Mayeurs d'Abbeville;" but the anecdote seems at variance with the answer of the knight to the king's inquiry.

Harcourt, to whose experience Edward had principally confided the prince, apprised Arundel of the critical position of the heir of the crown. Arundel, at the head of the second corps, advanced to his assistance, and succeeded in forcing the French from the hill, which they were vainly endeavouring to turn, into the valley, already encumbered with the massacre of the Genoese, and the bodies of innumerable horses dead or wounded. Fresh combatants advancing in disorder augmented the confusion; many were overwhelmed and suffocated in the pressure. The English arrows told upon the mass with tremendous effect; among their victims fell the brave d'Estracelles, never again to unlace his helmet.

"The Englishmen," says Hollingshed, "never broke out of their battles to chace any man, but kept themselves together in their wards and ranks, and defended themselves ever against such as came to assail them. When the Frenchmen were clearly overcome, and those that were left alive fled and gone, so that the Englishmen heard no more noise of them, King Edward came down from the hill (on which he stood all that day with his helmet still on his head), and going to the prince embraced him in his arms and kissed him, saying,—"Fair son, God send you good perseverance in this your prosperous beginning. You have nobly acquit yourself. You are well worthy to have the governance of a realm committed to your hands for your valiant doings." The prince inclined himself to the earth in honouring his father as best he could. This done they thanked God, together with their soldiers for their good adventure."

The forward movement of the English army at the close of the day must have been mainly directed towards the left wing of the French, which they appeared to have turned sufficiently to intercept all retreat towards Abbeville; as to an organised retreat there was none.

The fugitives fled towards the Authie, to the passages of that river at La Broye and Ponches. The Duke of Savoy, in particular, appears to have taken the latter route, probably following the old Roman road; he sought refuge in Montreuil, where he maintained himself a few days afterwards against Edward, who, on his way towards Calais, attacked Montreuil, and fired all the suburbs. The same cause which drove the wreck of the French army away from Abbeville, prevented all tidings of what had occurred from reaching that city, and proved fatal on the succeeding day to some reinforcements coming up from that quarter. That day, which was densely foggy, the result of the depression of temperature in the atmosphere caused by the thunderstorm, was devoted by Edward to attendance upon the wounded, and to the long and melancholy task of an enumeration of the slain.

There were found on the field of battle eighty banners, and the bodies of eleven princes, 1200 knights, no less than 30,000 common men, and one prelate. Froissart gives the loss of the English at only three knights and fifteen archers. Whatever it might have been in truth it was no doubt marvellously small, a fact which receives support from the results of many battles fought about that period. "Thus," says Hollingshed, "was the whole puissance of France vanquished, and that chiefly by forces of such as were of no reputation among them, that is to say, the English archers, by whose sharp and violent shot the victory was achieved, to the great confusion of the French nation. Of such price were the English bowes in that season, that nothing was able to withstand them; whereas now our archers covet not to draw long and strong bows, but rather to shoot compass, which are not meet for the wars, nor greatly to be feared, though they come into the field."

ANACREONTICS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF DON JUAN MELENDEZ VALDES.

By John Oxenford, Esq.

[Melendez, who was born in 1754, and died in 1817, holds an eminent position among the more modern Spanish poets. His Anacreontics are remarkable, not for originality of thought or imagery, but for a certain natural gaiety in the expression, in which they are scarcely to be surpassed. They are in the common dimeter catalectic of Anacreon, the *rima asonante* being, of course, employed. In the following translations, rhyme is substituted for the *asonante*, and the original measure is preserved, though the two short lines are written out in a long one, on account of the absence of rhyme in the odd places.]

THE SNOW.

Come fill the cup, Dorilla,—and quickly hand it me,
I cannot choose but shiver—when yonder snow I see.

The flakes are light and fleecy—as through the tranquil air,
They float, the earth to cover—with vest of ermine fair.

Oh, sheltered by our cottage—'tis pleasant, after all,
To see those countless feathers—so slowly whirling fall.

The trees bend down their branches—with weight of snow oppress'd,
And seem, with all their glitter—in candied sugar dress'd.

A raiment bright of crystal—o'er hill and mountain-side
Is spread that with that cover—their bareness they may hide.

The streamlet there is swelling—with added waters strong,
It mocks at ev'ry fetter—and gaily bounds along.

The rustic views with sorrow—the loss of all his labours,
Poor man! which is his *own* field—and which can be his neighbour's?

The birds, no longer singing—sit trembling in their nest
Or seek 'mid human dwellings—a doubtful place of rest.

The timid flocks are trembling—within the sheepfold pent,
And with their timid bleating—are craving nourishment.

The snow goes on increasing—now right and left 'tis cast,
The winter north-wind twirls it—in circles with his blast.

The clouds are heap'd like mountains—the sky begins to quail
And quickly folds about it—a darker, thicker veil.

The snow may fall, Dorilla—while we the goblet quaff,
And light and gaily jesting—at winter's rigour laugh.

Yes, let us drink and sing, love—for Zephyr soon will bring,
The flow'ry month of April—upon his gentle wing.

SCIENCE.

In search of truth, to science—one day I turn'd my mind,
And thought for all my evils—a remedy to find.

Oh, what a vain illusion—what hours of useless pain,
I gladly seek my verses—and joyous sports again.

What, does not life afford us—troubles and cares enough,
That we should swell their number—with such perplexing stuff.

I bind myself to Bacchus—he's always kind and good,
True wisdom by the sages—is little understood.

What matter if the sun, love—is set like diamond bright,
In yonder sky, Dorilla?—I care but for his light.

They say the moon is peopled—well, peopled let it be,
With living folks by thousands—no harm they'll do to me.

Away, with looks of history—let Alexander go
And plant victorious banners—where Ganges' waters flow.

'Tis nought to us, Dorilla—our flocks at will may feed,
One half of this small valley—is, surely, all they need.

"The study of the law, though—" A goblet without fail,
The name of that same goddess—has made my spirits quail.

The sapient folks who study—a thousand cares annoy,
Small sleep, a store of silence—much sadness, little joy.

What is their prize? Why, doubts, love—and these beget a string
Of other doubts in turn, love—which other studies bring.

'Tis thus they pass their life, love—a gay life that must be,
A life of hate and squabble—with folks that ne'er agree.

So fill the cup, Dorilla—while I have store of wine,
These songs thall ne'er be ended—these joyous songs of mine.

THE TURTLE-DOVE.

No more the silent forest—disturb, thou, gentle dove,
By telling doleful stories—about thy hapless love.

Cease, cease, that dismal cooing—and seek the open sky,
'Tis folly in thy sadness—from other birds to fly.

No use is in thy wailing—death's gloomy gates enclose
The lover, whom thou mournest—he cannot hear thy woes.

Would'st flatter him with sorrow? Ah, those that are asleep,
Within the tomb so chilly—care nought for those who weep.

No, no—there fate confines them—with cruel, constant care,
The only use of sighing—is just to shake the air.

Vain are thy lamentations—whither would'st take thy flight?
Why seek these shades so gloomy?—why shun the blessed light?

Return to joy, thou sad one—banish this widow's grief,
And in some other passion—seek for a sure relief.

Clouds from thine eye removing—adorn thy gentle neck,
Let plumage, now neglected—thy form with radiance deck.

Learn that a happy passion—the heart of grief beguiles,
And changes grief and mourning—to sunny laughs and smiles.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Whence is it that thou comest—thou messenger of joy,
Enlivening all the valleys—thou sportive butterfly?

How is't no flow'r can tempt thee—from wandering to rest,
Tempt thee to sip her perfume—couch'd on her purple breast?

I gaze on thee with envy—I watch thy fickle flight
From flower to flower thou boundest—more rapidly than sight.

Thou gaily hov'rest round them—caressing one and all,
Still seeking, shunning, touching—and kissing great and small.

And then what gallant raiment—thy gaudy wing displays
When freely 'tis extended—against the sun's bright rays.

Thy neck with pride is swelling—thy feathers all are spread
Thou curl'st thy horns and bendest—the crest upon thy head.

A gorgeous play of colours!—no purple is so fine
How pearl, and gold, and azure—to paint thy form combine!

The sun, with changing radiance—thy plumage loves to grace,
Charmed when he gazes on thee—to see his own bright face.

The zephyrs ever court thee—the roses all delight
Their tender leaves to open—thy love they would invite.

But thou art ever restless—art ever coy and free,
Their bosom and their fragrance—in vain they offer thee.

Thou light and daring rover—thou toyest with them all;
They all alike amuse thee—but none thy heart enthral.

The charming bell thou kissest—now wandering thou art seen,
Courting the coronilla—or love-lorn jessamine.

The pink thou lightly stirrest—thou seek'st carnations fair,
And from the lily's bosom—thou pluckest a treasure rare.

Then to some brook thou fliest—and in its waters clear,
While on a light bough balanced—thou seest thy form appear.

The sportive wind awakes now—the bough is wavering
Now to the streamlet stooping—it wets thy painted wing.

So off again thou fliest—scared from thy resting-place
Seeking the open valley—which flowers of April grace.

Oh happy, happy wand'rer—thou drinkest morning's smile,
Art able with fresh pleasures—each moment to beguile.

Thou brightest gem of summer—that in thy fickle flight
Across the flowery meadow—find'st ever new delight.

Alas, alas, still greater—my happiness would be
If Lisis were but like thee—in thy inconstancy.

JOHN KEATS.*

It was the misfortune of Keats as a poet, to be either extravagantly praised or unmercifully condemned. The former had its origin in the generous partialities of friendship, somewhat obtrusively displayed; the latter in some degree, to resentment of that friendship, connected as it was with party politics, and peculiar views of society as well as of poetry.

An interval of more than a quarter of a century has fully entitled a brother poet, to come forward as the biographer of John Keats to dispel alike illusions and prejudices. Keats, it is now acknowledged, was a true poet; he had the creative fancy, the ideal enthusiasm, and the nervous susceptibility of the poetical temperament. If, it has been justly remarked, we consider his extreme youth and delicate health, his solitary and interesting self-instruction, the severity of the attacks made upon him by his hostile and powerful critics, and above all, the original richness and picturesqueness of his conceptions and imagery, even when they run to waste, he appears to be one of the greatest of the young self-taught poets. Michael Bruce, and Henry Kirke White cannot for a moment be compared with him: he is more like the Milton of "Lycidas," or the Spenser of the "Tears of the Muses."

"With the works of Keats," says Mr. Monckton Milnes, "I had always felt a strong sympathy, accompanied by a ceaseless wonder at their wealth of diction and imagery, which was increased by the consciousness that all that he had produced was rather a promise than an accomplishment; he had ever seemed to me to have done more at school in poetry, than any man who had made it the object of a mature life. This adolescent character had given me an especial interest in the moral history of this Marcellus of the empire of English song, and when my imagination measured what he might have become by what he was, it stood astounded at the result."

The presenting to public view the true picture of a man of genius, without either wounding the feelings of mourning friends or detracting from his existing reputation, obliged his biographer to consider what course was most likely to raise the character of Keats in the estimation of those most capable of judging it.

I saw (says Mr. Milnes) how grievously he was misapprehended even by many who wished to see in him only what was best. I perceived that many, who heartily admired his poetry, looked on it as the production of a wayward, erratic, genius, self-indulgent in conceits, disrespectful of the rules and limitations of Art, not only unlearned, but careless of knowledge, not only exaggerated but despising proportion. I knew that his moral disposition was assumed to be weak, gluttonous of sensual excitement, querulous of severe judgment, fantastical in its tastes, and lackadaisical in its sentiments. He was all but universally believed to have been killed by a stupid, savage, article in a review, and to the compassion generated by his untoward fate he was held to owe a certain personal interest, which his poetic reputation hardly justified.

When, then, I found, from the undeniable documentary evidence of his inmost life, that nothing could be further from the truth than this opinion, it seemed to me, that a portrait, so dissimilar from the general assumption, would

* Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats. Edited by Richard Monckton Milnes. 2 vols. Edward Moxon.

hardly obtain credit, and might rather look like the production of a paradoxical partiality than the result of conscientious inquiry. I had to show that Keats, in his intellectual character, reverenced simplicity and truth above all things, and abhorred whatever was merely strange and strong—that he was ever learning and ever growing more conscious of his own ignorance,—that his models were always the highest and the purest, and that his earnestness in aiming at their excellence, was only equal to the humble estimation of his own efforts—that his poetical course was one of distinct and positive progress, exhibiting a self-command and self-direction which enabled him to understand and avoid the faults even of the writers he was most naturally inclined to esteem, and to liberate himself at once, not only from the fetters of literary partizanship, but even from the subtler influences and associations of the accidental literary spirit of his own time. I had also to exhibit the moral peculiarities of Keats as the effects of a strong will, passionate temperament, indomitable courage, and a somewhat contemptuous disregard of other men—to represent him as unflinchingly meeting all criticism of his writings, and caring for the Article, which was supposed to have had such homicidal success, just so far as it was an evidence of the little power he had as yet acquired over the sympathies of mankind, and no more. I had to make prominent the brave front he opposed to poverty and pain—to show, how love of pleasure was in him continually subordinate to higher aspirations, notwithstanding the sharp zest of enjoyment which his mercurial nature conferred on him; and above all, I had to illustrate how little he abused his full possession of that imaginative faculty, which enables the poet to vivify the phantoms of the hour, and to purify the objects of sense, beyond what the moralist may sanction, or the mere practical man can understand.

To effect these objects, Mr. Milnes deemed it best to act simply as editor of the Life which was, as it were, already written. Few of the remains of the poet had escaped the affectionate care of Mr. Charles Brown, a retired Russia merchant, at once a devoted friend and protector of John Keats. Even the preliminary arrangements for giving these documents to the world, were actually in progress, when the accident of attending a meeting on the subject of the Colonisation of New Zealand altered all Mr. Brown's plans, and led to his collections of Keats's writings, accompanied with a biographical notice, being transferred to their present editor.

John Keats was born in London, October 29th, 1795 (not 1796, as generally recorded), in the house of his grandfather, the proprietor of large livery stables on the Pavement in Moorfields. He was a seventh month child, but his constitution is said not to have exhibited any peculiar signs of debility during childhood. In due time he was sent with his brother George, older than himself, and Thomas, younger, to a school at Enfield, then in high repute. It was not, however, till after he had been some time at school, that his intellectual ambition suddenly developed itself: he determined to carry off all the first prizes in literature, and he succeeded. The quantity of translations which he made during the last two years of his stay at Enfield is said to have been surprising.

On the death of their remaining parent, the young Keatses were consigned to the guardianship of Mr. Abbey, a merchant. John was apprenticed for five years to Mr. Hammond, a surgeon at Edmonton. At this time his friend and literary counsellor was Charles Cowden Clarke, in whom the poet found a companion capable of sympathising with all his highest tastes and finest sentiments, and his powers gradually expanded in so genial an atmosphere. Spenser, Chaucer, and Byron were his especial favourites, and the strange tragedy of the fate of Chat-

terton, the "Marvellous Boy, the sleepless soul that perished in its pride," so disgraceful to the age in which it occurred and so awful a warning to all others of the cruel evils, which the mere apathy and ignorance of the world can inflict on genius, is a frequent subject of allusion and interest in his letters and poems written at this time.

Upon removing to London, professedly with the view to walk the hospitals, one of his acquaintance, and one who had much influence upon his subsequent career, was Mr. Leigh Hunt, at that time alike eminent for his poetical originality and his political persecutions. The heart of Keats leaped towards the persecuted poet in human and poetic brotherhood, and the earnest Sonnet on the day he left his prison riveted the connexion. Through Leigh Hunt he also became intimate with Hazlitt, Shelley, Haydon, and Godwin, with Mr. Basil Montague and his distinguished family, and with Mr. Charles Ollier, a young publisher, himself a poet, who, out of sheer admiration, offered to publish a volume of his productions. This little work, the beloved first-born of so great a genius, scarcely touched the public attention. It is not surprising, therefore, that Keats attributed his want of success to the favourite scapegoat of unhappy authors—an inactive publisher—and incurred the additional affliction of a breach of his friendship with Mr. Ollier.

In the previous autumn Keats was in the habit of frequently passing the evening in his friend's painting-room, where many men of genius were wont to meet, and, sitting before some picture on which he was engaged, criticise, argue, defend, attack, and quote their favourite writers. Keats used to call it "Making us wings for the night." The morning after one of these innocent and happy symposia, Haydon received a note inclosing the picturesque sonnet

Great Spirits now on earth are sojourning, &c.

Keats adding, that the preceding evening had wrought him up, and he could not forbear sending it. Haydon in his acknowledgment, suggested the omission of part of it; and also mentioned that he would forward it to Wordsworth; he received this reply :—

My dear Sir,—Your letter has filled me with a proud pleasure, and shall be kept by me as a stimulus to exertion. I begin to fix my eyes on an horizon. My feelings entirely fall in with yours with regard to the ellipsis, and I glory in it. The idea of your sending it to Wordsworth puts me out of breath—you know with what reverence I would send my well wishes to him,

Yours sincerely,

John Keats.

It should here be remembered that Wordsworth was not then what he is now, that he was confounded with much that was thought ridiculous and unmanly in the new school, and that it was something for so young a student to have torn away the veil of prejudice then hanging over that now-honoured name, and to have proclaimed his reverence in such earnest words, while so many men of letters could only scorn or jeer.

The little congeniality of the profession to which Keats had been brought up, and the career opened to him by his literary success and connexions, became every day more manifest. He was soon convinced that he was unfit for the line of life on which he had expended so many years of his study, and a considerable part of his property, and he records in a letter to Reynolds, how he first repaired to the country in the pursuit of health, and, by Haydon's advice, to brace his powers by undistracted study.

My dear Reynolds,—My brothers are anxious that I should go by myself into the country; they have always been extremely fond of me, and now that Haydon has pointed out how necessary it is that I should be alone to improve myself, they give up the temporary pleasure of being with me continually for a great good which I hope will follow; so I shall soon be out of town. You must soon bring all your present troubles to a close, and so must I, but we must, like the Fox, prepare for a fresh swarm of flies. Banish money—Banish sofas—Banish wine—Banish music; but right Jack Health, honest Jack Health, true Jack Health. Banish Health and banish all the world.

Your sincere friend,
John Keats.

He first repaired to Carisbrooke, in the Isle of Wight, where he amusingly describes himself, in another letter to the same invaluable friend, as unpacking his books, putting them in a snug corner, pinning up Haydon, and Mary, Queen of Scots, and Milton with his daughters, in a row. In the same letter (dated April 17, 1817), he announces his intention to forthwith commence his "Endymion." It appears that the sojourn in Primrose Island, as he called it, with its alleys, copses, and quiet freshes, did not answer his expectations. In a letter to Mr. Hunt, written in the early part of May, from Margate, he says:—

I went to the Isle of Wight, thought so much about poetry, so long together, that I could not get any sleep at night; and moreover, I know not how it is, I could not get wholesome food. By this means, in a week or so, I became not over capable in my upper stories, and set off pell-mell for Margate, at least 150 miles, because, forsooth, I fancied I should like my old lodgings here, and could continue to do without trees. Another thing, I was too much in solitude, and consequently was obliged to be in continual burning of thought as an only resource. However, Tom is with me at present, and we are very comfortable. We intend, though, to get among some trees. How have you got on among them? How are the nymphs?—I suppose they have led you a fine dance. Where are you now?

This letter is signed John Keats, *alias* Junkets, an appellation given him in play upon his name, and in allusion to his friends of Fairy-land. It appears that, notwithstanding his migratory fever, that he was at this time advancing with his poem, and had come to an arrangement with Messrs. Taylor and Hessey respecting its publication. The following letter, which is so highly characteristic of its author, indicates that these gentlemen gave him tangible proofs of their interest in his welfare.

Margate, May 16th, 1817.

My dear Sir,—I am extremely indebted to for your liberality in the shape of manufactured rag, value 20*l.*, and shall immediately proceed to destroy some of the minor heads of that hydra the Dun; to conquer which the knight need have no sword, shield, cuirass, cuisses, herbadgeon, spear, casque, greaves, paldrons, spurs, chevron, or any other scaly commodity, but he need only take the Bank-note of Faith and Cash of Salvation, and set out against the monster, invoking the aid of no Archinago or Urganda, but finger me the paper, light as the Sybil's leaves in Virgil, whereat the fiend skulks off with the tail between his legs. Touch him with this enchanted paper, and he whips you his head away as fast as a snail's horn; but then the horrid propensity he has to put it up again has discouraged many very valiant knights. He is such a never-ending, still-beginning, sort of a body, like my landlady of the Bell. I think I could make a nice little allegorical poem, called "The Dun," where we would have the Castle of Carelessness, the Drawbridge of Credit, Sir Novelty Fashion's expedition against the City of Tailors, &c. &c. I went day by day at my poem for a month; at the end of which time, the other day, I found my brain so

overwrought, that I had neither rhyme nor reason in it, so was obliged to give up for a few days. I hope soon to be able to resume my work. I have endeavoured to do so once or twice; but to no purpose. Instead of poetry, I have a swimming in my head, and feel all the effects of a mental debauch, lowness of spirits, anxiety to go on, without the power to do so, which does not at all tend to my ultimate progression. However, to-morrow I will begin my next month. This evening I go to Canterbury, having got tired of Margate; I was not right in my head when I came. At Canterbury I hope the remembrance of Chaucer will set me forward like a billiard ball. I have some idea of seeing the Continent some time this summer.

In repeating how sensible I am of your kindness, I remain, your obedient servant and friend, JOHN KEATS.

This habit of following out an idea into all its most fantastic ramifications, rollicking in the fun of the thing, without much regard to a perfectly correct diction or imagery, is amusingly pourtrayed in the following extract from a letter written from Oxford, whither he repaired in September.

Give my sincerest respects to Mrs. Dilke, saying that I have not forgiven myself for not having got her the little box of medicine I promised, and that, had I remained at Hampstead, I would have made precious havoc with her house and furniture—drawn a great harrow over her garden—poisoned Boxer—eaten her clothes-pegs—fried her cabbages—fricaseed (how is it spelt?) her radishes—ragouted her onions—belaboured her *beat*-root—outstripped her scarlet-runners—*parlez-vous'd* with her french-beans—devoured her mignon or mignionette—metamorphosed her bell-handles—splintered her looking-glasses—bullocked at her cups and saucers—agonised her decanters—put old P—— to pickle in the brine-tub—disorganised her piano—dislocated her candlesticks—emptied her wine-bins in a fit of despair—turned out her maid to grass—and astonished B—— ; whose letter to her on these events I would rather see than the original copy of the Book of Genesis.

Of Mr. Dilke, he says, in the same letter; "Tell him to shoot fair, and not to have at the poor devils in a furrow; when they are flying, he may fire, and nobody will be the wiser." To Reynolds he writes at about the same period; "So you are determined to be my mortal foe—draw a sword at me, and I will forgive—put a bullet in my brain, and I will shake it out as a dew-drop from the lion's mane—put me on a gridiron and I will fry with great complacency—but—oh, horror! to come upon me in the shape of a dun!—Send me bills! As I say to my tailor, send me bills and I'll never employ you more."

The first three books of "Endymion" were finished in September, and portions of the poem had come to be seen and canvassed by literary friends. With a singular anticipation of the injustice and calumny he should be subject to as belonging to "the Cockney School," his biographer remarks, he began at this time to stand up stoutly for his originality whatever it might be, not being marred by the assistance, influence, or counsel of Hunt, or any one else.

In November, Keats was at Leatherhead, and his correspondence from thence contains many touches that do credit to his head and heart. "To a man of your nature," he says, in a letter to Mr. Bailey, "such a letter as ——'s must have been extremely cutting. What occasions the greater part of the world's quarrels? Simply this: two minds meet, and do not understand each other time enough to prevent any shock or surprise at the conduct of either party. As soon as I had known —— three days, I had got enough of his character not to have been surprised at such a letter

as he has hurt you with. Nor, when I knew it, was it a principle with me to drop his acquaintance; although with you it would have been an imperious feeling. I wish you knew all that I think about Genius and the Heart." In a letter to Reynolds, from the same place, he says, "why don't you, as I do, look unconcerned at what may be called more particularly heart-vexations? They never surprise me. Lord! a man should have the fine point of his soul taken off, to become fit for this world."

"Endymion" was finished at Burford Bridge, on the 28th of November, 1817, and Keats passed the following winter at Hampstead gaily enough among his friends; his society it appears being always much sought after from the delightful combination of earnestness and pleasantry which distinguished his intercourse with all men. His health does not seem at this time to have prevented him from indulging somewhat in that dissipation which his biographer intimates is "the natural outlet for the young energies of ardent temperaments." His bodily vigour too must at this time have been considerable, as he signalised himself, by giving a drubbing to a butcher, whom he saw beating a little boy, to the enthusiastic admiration of a crowd of bystanders.

Keats does not appear to have felt himself at home in fashionable society, and railed at it accordingly. Speaking of a dinner he had with Horace Smith, his two brothers, and Hill, and Kingston, he says,

> They only served to convince me how superior humour is to riot, in respect to enjoyment. These men say things which make one start, without making one feel; they are all alike; their manners are alike; they all know fashionables; they have all a mannerism in their very eating and drinking, in their mere handling a decanter. They talked of Kean and his low company. "Would I were with that company instead of yours," said I to myself! I know such-like acquaintance will never do for me, and yet I am going to Reynolds, on Wednesday.

It was probably from the same feeling that he intimates in the same letter that he has just had two very pleasant evenings with Dilke. Writing to his brother a month afterwards, he says, in allusion to Hunt's critical objections to the first book of "Endymion," "The fact is, he and Shelley are hurt, and perhaps justly, at my not having showed them the affair officiously; and from several hints I have had, they appear much disposed to dissect and anatomise any trip or slip I may have made. But who's afraid? Ay! Tom! demme if I am." A month more and he writes also to his brother—"Honours rush so thickly upon me that I shall not be able to bear up against them. What think you—am I to be crowned in the Capitol? Am I to be made a Mandarin? No! I am to be invited, Mrs. Hunt tells me, to a party at Ollier's to keep Shakspeare's birthday. Shakspeare would stare to see me there." Another month, and one of his letters contains a passage upon which his biographer justly remarks never have words more effectively expressed the conviction of the superiority of virtue above beauty, never has a poet more devoutly submitted the glory of imagination to the power of conscience:—

> I am quite perplexed in a world of doubts and fancies; there is nothing stable in the world; uproar's your only music. I don't mean to include Bailey in this, and so I dismiss him from this, with all the opprobrium he deserves; that is, in so many words, he is one of the noblest men alive at the present day. In a note to Haydon, about a week ago (which I wrote with a full sense of what he

had done, and how he had never manifested any little mean drawback in his value of me), I said, if there were three things superior in the modern world, they were "The Excursion," "Haydon's Pictures," and Hazlitt's depth of Taste. So I believe—not thus speaking with any poor vanity—that works of genius are the first things in this world. No! for that sort of probity and disinterestedness which such men as Bailey possess does hold and grasp the tip-top of any spiritual honours that can be paid to any thing in this world. And, moreover, having this feeling at this present come over me in its full force, I sat down to write to you with a grateful heart, in that I had not a brother who did not feel and credit me for a deeper feeling and devotion for his uprightness, than for any marks of genius, however splendid.

The correction and publication of "Endymion" were the chief occupations of the first half of 1818, and naturally furnish the chief matter of his correspondence. There are some fine examples of criticism in some of these letters. For example:—

1st. I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity; it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a resemblance.

2nd. Its touches of beauty should never be halfway, thereby making the reader breathless, instead of content. The rise, the progress, the setting of imagery, should, like the sun, come natural to him, shine over him, and set soberly, although in magnificence, leaving him in the luxury of twilight. But it is easier to think what poetry should be, than to write it. And this leads me to

Another axiom—That if poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all.

On getting down to Teignmouth in the spring of the same year, he once more allowed his imagination to riot in the froliesomeness which appeared to be natural to it, in its healthy tone.

Buy a girdle, put a pebble in your mouth, loosen your braces (he writes to Reynolds), for I am going among scenery whence I intend to tip you the Damosel Radcliffe. I'll cavern you, and grotto you, and water-fall you, and wood you, and water you, and immense-rock you, and tremendous-sound you, and solitude you. I'll make a lodgment on your glacis by a row of pines, and storm your covered way with bramble-bushes. I'll have at you with hip-and-haw small-shot, and cannonade you with shingles. I'll be witty upon salt fish, and impede your cavalry with clotted-cream. But ah, Coward! to talk at this rate to a sick man, or, I hope, to one that was sick—for I hope by this you stand on your right foot. If you are not—that's all—I intend to cut all sick people if they do not make up their minds to cut Sickness—a fellow to whom I have a complete aversion, and who, strange to say, is harboured and countenanced in several houses where I visit; he is sitting now, quite impudent, between me and Tom; he insults me at poor Jem Rice's; and you have seated him, before now, between us at the theatre, when I thought he looked with a longing eye at poor Kean. I shall say, once for all, to my friends, generally and severally, cut that fellow, or I cut you.

There is a letter almost as playful and of a still more imaginative character, written to Rice from the same place. The vacillation that is almost inseparable from poetic genius, is made peculiarly and yet pleasingly manifest at this same epoch. In a letter to Reynolds, dated April 9, 1818, he says, "I have many reasons for going wonder-ways, to make my winter chair free from spleen; to enlarge my vision; to escape disquisitions on poetry, and Kingston-criticism; to promote digestion and economise shoe-leather. I'll have leather mittens and belt; and if Brown holds his mind, 'over the hills we go.' If my books will help me to it,

then will I take all Europe in turn, and see the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them."

On the 27th of the same month, he wrote to Taylor in a more humble and philosophic humour.

I was proposing to travel over the North this summer. There is but one thing to prevent me. I know nothing—I have read nothing—and I mean to follow Solomon's directions, "Get learning—get understanding." I find earlier days are gone by—I find that I can have no enjoyment in the world but continual drinking of knowledge. I find there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good to the world. Some do it with their society; some with their wit; some with their benevolence; some with a sort of power of conferring pleasure and good humour on all they meet—and in a thousand ways, all dutiful to the command of great Nature. There is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study, and thought. I will pursue it; and, for that end, purpose retiring for some years. I have been hovering for some time between an exquisite sense of the luxurious, and a love for philosophy: were I calculated for the former I should be glad. But as I am not, I shall turn all my soul to the latter.

John Keats's philosophy is not, however, always either very lucid or logical; witness what he says upon his brother George's marriage.

I had known my sister-in-law some time before she was my sister, and was very fond of her. I like her better and better. She is the most disinterested woman I ever knew—that is to say, she goes beyond degrees in it. To see an entirely disinterested girl quite happy is the most pleasant and extraordinary thing in the world. It depends upon a thousand circumstances. On my word it is extraordinary. Women must want imagination, and they may thank God for it; and so may we, that a delicate being can feel happy without any sense of crime. It puzzles me, and I have no sort of logic to comfort me; I shall think it over.

An agreeable diversion to his somewhat monotonous life was afforded this summer, by a walking-tour through the Lakes and Highlands with his friend Mr. Brown, who has recorded the rapture of Keats, when he became sensible for the first time of the full effect of mountain scenery. At a turn of the road above Bowness, where the Lake of Windermere first bursts on the view, he stopped as if stupified with beauty. In writing to his brother Tom, he says, that in the ascent of Skiddaw, he felt as if he were going to a tournament. Keats, however, loved mankind better than any of the other works of nature.

After Skiddaw, we walked to Treby, the oldest market town in Cumberland, where we were greatly amused by a country dancing-school, holden at the "Tun." It was indeed, "no new cotillion fresh from France." No, they kickit and jumpit with mettle extraordinary, and whiskit, and friskit, and toed it, and go'd it, and twirl'd it, and whirl'd it, and stamped it, and sweated it, tattooing the floor like mad. The difference between our country dances and these Scottish figures is about the same as leisurely stirring a cup of tea and beating up a batter-pudding. I was extremely glad to think that, if I had pleasures they knew nothing of, they had also some into which I could not possibly enter. I hope I shall not return without having got the Highland fling. There was as fine a row of boys and girls as you ever saw; some beautiful faces, and one exquisite mouth. I never felt so near the glory of patriotism, the glory of making, by any means, a country happier. This is what I like better than scenery. I fear our continued moving from place to place will prevent our becoming learned in village affairs; we are mere creatures of rivers, lakes, and mountains.

Of Burns's tomb, Keats says, it was not much to his taste, though on a scale large enough to show they wanted to honour him. In a sonnet written on the spot, he also intimates that the town, the church-yard,

and the setting-sun—the very clouds, trees, and rounded hills—all seemed beautiful, but cold and strange, and then he beautifully adds,

> Burns! with honour due
> I oft have honour'd thee. Great shadow, hide
> Thy face; I sin against thy native skies.

He, however, wrote a more genial sonnet in the whisky-shop into which the cottage where Burns was born was converted. He also commemorates in simple prose, that "we have now begun upon whisky, called here 'whuskey'—very smart stuff it is. Mixed like our liquors, with sugar and water, 'tis called toddy; very pretty drink, and much praised by Burns."

The pedestrians next passed through the country of Meg Merrilies, and crossed thence to Ireland. Most curious are Keats's reflections upon the chamber-maid in the latter country, who is fair, kind, and ready to laugh, because she is out of the horrible dominion of the Scotch Kirk. He goes on to describe how the kirk men have done good by making cottagers thrifty, and how they have done harm by banishing puns, love, and laughter, and he concludes the argument by saying,

> I have not sufficient reasoning faculty to settle the doctrine of thrift, as it is consistent with the dignity of human society—with the happiness of cottagers; all I can do is by plump contrasts: were the fingers made to squeeze a guinea or a white hand?—were the lips made to hold a pen or a kiss? And yet, in cities, man is shut out from his fellows if he is poor; the cottager must be very dirty, and very wretched, if she be not thrifty—the present state of society demands this, and this convinces me that the world is very young, and in a very ignorant state. We live in a barbarous age. I would sooner be a wild deer, than a girl under the dominion of the Kirk; and I would sooner be a wild hog, than be the occasion of a poor creature's penance before those execrable elders.

Ireland was found to be expensive, and the travellers stopped there but a short time. They returned by Ailsa Crag, immortalised in verse, and Burns's cottage, Inverary, Mull, and Iona, and the account given of these travels in his letters, is characteristic and entertaining. It had been his intention to return by Edinburgh, not to conciliate his literary enemies, the authors of the series called the "Cockney School of Poetry," a thing which would have outraged his sensibility and sense of moral dignity, but an illness brought on by the accidents of travel, obliged him to return at once to London. On returning to the south, Keats found his brother alarmingly ill, and he soon afterwards died, affectionately tended and fraternally mourned. The correspondence of this period contains little reference to the celebrated attacks made by the *Quarterly Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine*. In a letter to his brother, dated October 29th, instead of being "snuff'd out by an article," he says,

> There have been two letters in my defence in the *Chronicle*, and one in the *Examiner*, copied from the Exeter paper, and written by Reynolds. I don't know who wrote those in the *Chronicle*. This is a mere matter of the moment: I think I shall be among the English Poets after my death. Even as a matter of present interest, the attempt to crush me in the *Quarterly* has only brought me more into notice, and it is a common expression among book-men, "I wonder the *Quarterly* should cut its own throat." It does me not the least harm in society to make me appear little and ridiculous: I know when a man is superior to me, and give him all due respect; he will be the last to laugh at me; and, as for the rest, I feel that I make an impression upon them which ensures me personal respect while I am in sight, whatever they may say when my back is turned.

Keats's account of the sensations awakened by her whom he designates as his Charmian, are as full of originality as almost every thing that falls from his pen, but his remarks upon the American intellect appear, in the dearth of space, better worth extracting.

Dilke, whom you know to be a Godwin-perfectibility man, pleases himself with the idea that America will be the country to take up the human intellect where England leaves off. I differ there with him greatly: a country like the United States, whose greatest men are Franklins and Washingtons, will never do that: they are great men doubtless; but how are they to be compared to those, our countrymen, Milton and the two Sidneys? The one is a philosophical Quaker, full of mean and thrifty maxims; the other sold the very charger who had taken him through all his battles. Those Americans are great, but they are not sublime men; the humanity of the United States can never reach the sublime. Birkbeck's mind is too much in the American style; you must endeavour to enforce a little spirit of another sort into the settlement, —always with great caution; for thereby you may do your descendants more good than you may imagine. If I had a prayer to make for any great good, next to Tom's recovery, it should be that one of your children should be the first American poet.

When Keats was left alone by his brother's death, he went to reside with his friend Mr. Brown, and he then began his "Hyperion," a poem written as clearly under Miltonic influence as "Endymion" is imbued with the spirit of Spenser, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, and of which Shelley said, that the scenery and drawing of Satan dethroned by the fallen Titans, surpassed those of Satan and his rebellious angels in "Paradise Lost."

The greater part of the summer of 1819 was passed at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, in company with Mr. Brown, and where they jointly produced a tragedy called "Otho the Great," and Keats wrote his "Lamia," a story taken from that treasure house of legendary philosophy, Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," versified after Dryden. In August Keats removed to Winchester, whose noble cathedral and quiet close was much favoured by the poet. He also alludes in a letter to Mr. Bailey to the library as a great convenience to him. The gloomy tone of his letters and the pecuniary difficulties under which he laboured soon brought back Mr. Brown to him and the friends returned together to London, but a still stronger impulse drew him back again to Hampstead. She, whose name "was ever on his lips, but never on his tongue," exercised too mighty a control over his being for him to remain at a distance, which, says Mr. Milnes, was neither absence nor presence, and he soon returned to where he could rest his eyes on her habitation, and enjoy each chance opportunity of her society. It is a curious circumstance in Keats's life, that just at this moment, when real anxieties were pressing most threateningly upon him, when the struggle between his ever-growing passion and the miserable circumstances of his daily life was beating down his spirit, and when disease was advancing with stealthy progress, to consummate by a cruel and lingering death the hard conditions of his mortal being, that he was actually engaged in his first humorous poem which he intended to have called "Lucy Vaughan Lloyd," from some untraceable association, and which was the last of his literary labours.

One night, on returning home after travelling outside the stage coach, Keats was seized with hæmoptysis, and from his previous studies he knew the blood to be arterial and proclaimed his doom. He rallied a little, removed to Gravesend and Kentish town, and back again to Hampstead,

where he remained with the family of the lady to whom he was attached. No marked improvement, however, manifesting itself, Mr. Severn, who had just obtained the gold medal of the Royal Academy for the best historical painting, at once offered, regardless of his future prospects, to accompany him to Italy. Change of climate now remained the only chance of prolonging a life so dear to genius and to friendship. Previous to his departure he laid open his most secret griefs to Mr. Brown.

I wish to write on subjects that will not agitate me much. There is one I must mention and have done with it. Even if my body would recover of itself, this would prevent it. The very thing which I want to live most for will be a great occasion of my death. I cannot help it. Who can help it? Were I in health it would make me ill, and how can I bear it in my state? I dare say you will be able to guess on what subject I am harping—you know what was my greatest pain during the first part of my illness at your house. I wish for death every day and night to deliver me from these pains, and then I wish death away, for death would destroy even those pains, which are better than nothing. Land and sea, weakness and decline, are great separators, but Death is the great divorcer for ever. When the pang of this thought has passed through my mind, I may say the bitterness of death is passed. I often wish for you, that you might flatter me with the best. I think, without my mentioning it, for my sake, you would be a friend to Miss —— when I am dead. You think she has many faults, but for my sake think she has not one. If there is any thing you can do for her by word or deed I know you will do it. I am in a state at present in which woman, merely as woman, can have no more power over me than stocks and stones, and yet the difference of my sensations with respect to Miss —— and my sister is amazing—the one seems to absorb the other to a degree incredible. I seldom think of my brother and sister in America; the thought of leaving Miss —— is beyond every thing horrible—the sense of darkness coming over me—I eternally see her figure eternally vanishing; some of the phrases she was in the habit of using during my last nursing at Wentworth Place ring in my ears. Is there another life? Shall I awake and find all this a dream? There must be, we cannot be created for this sort of suffering.

Once at Naples his spirits revived for a short time and he somewhat recovered the fatigues of a stormy journey and a vexatious quarantine. The sight of the sentinels on the stage drove him from Naples to Rome, where he had the benefit of the skill and kindly attentions of Doctor, now Sir James Clark. "All," says his biographer, "that wise solicitude and delicate thoughtfulness could do to light up the dark passages of mortal sickness and soothe the pillow of the forlorn stranger was done, and if that was little, the effort was not the less." Pecuniary difficulties came, but Dr. Clark, as all who know him would anticipate, remained the same careful, anxious attendant. At length on the 27th of February, 1821, the scene closed. "He is gone;" writes his excellent friend Severn, "he died with the most perfect ease—he seemed to go to sleep. On the twenty-third, about four, the approaches of death came on. 'Severn—I—lift me up—I am dying—I shall die easy; don't be frightened—be firm, and thank God it has come.'"

What a treasury of intellect have we not in the literary remains of such a man? Such a mine of wealth, such a mass of new, interesting, and truly valuable matter, has not for a long time been added to the existing literature of the country as that now presented to us by Richard Monckton Milnes, and from which it would be but too pleasant to go on stealing sweet snatches, and culling fair flowers, till even so precious a work was itself exhausted.

THE RICHEST COMMONER IN ENGLAND.

Chapter XIV.

TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS.

"Why d—n it, man, you must be dreaming to say you're engaged to Miss Dooey," observed our friend Mr. Rocket, in a deep under-tone of impressiveness, as the waiter retired after replacing his glass and carrying away the pieces of the broken one on a plate.

"No I—I—I'm *not!*" replied Charles Summerley, with confidence.

Mr. Rocket sat silent for a time.

"Ah, I see," said he to himself, filling a fresh bumper of claret in lieu of the one he had just lost in the vehemence of setting down his glass on being told so. "I see," repeated he, little doubting in his own mind that Charles was filling the honourable post of "cat's paw"—an office to which he meant to elevate him on his own account.

"Well," said he, passing the claret jug, "you'll have a devilish fine girl for a wife—an *uncommon* fine girl—and deuced well gilt, I dare say —drink her health," continued he, raising his own glass on high.

Charles did as he was desired, and drank the fair Moley's health with great fervour in any thing but highly-flavoured wine.

The late rapid fire of conversation resolved itself into an occasional observation, and gradually died out altogether, each being occupied with his own thoughts.

Mr. Rocket was indifferent which of the fair sisters he took, so long as he had no reason to suppose that one would have more than the other, but having recently received sundry anonymous letters and hints that Dooey was not "so rich as was thought," he was very anxious to satisfy himself on that point before he committed himself by the irretrievable step of an offer. Indeed one of the letters, written in a fine natural flowing hand, instead of the usual up and down, and backwards and forwards cramped strokes of anonymous authorship—signed "a sincere and disinterested well-wisher"—hinted that Dooey was about due in the *Gazette.*

All these kindnesses are very perplexing to a stranger, especially one not altogether unversed in the world's arts, for it is worthy of remark that people are all far more disposed to promote a bad match than give a hint, a timely one, at least, that may prevent mischief. Nine-tenths of the "hints" that are given, are given after the mischief is done, and often given as a sort of conscience salve to enable parties to say hereafter "I *told* them so—I *told* them so—He *would* do it—He *would* do it." Mr. Rocket was therefore disposed to place more confidence in an admonitory hint than he was in the usual laudations and encouragements that mark all courtships, up to a certain point at least. Laying "that and that" together, he had no doubt that Moley was playing Charles off for the furtherance of their joint views.

The feelings of men with regard to cat's pawing is this—where they are the pawee, if we may use the expression—the party in whose aid the

other party is made the cat's paw—it is all right and proper—the lady rises in estimation in proportion to her dexterity, and the debt of gratitude is increased to her in consequence, but where we are the "paw" it is quite a different matter. Such "work" is denounced in the bitterest, most unmeasured terms, and the woman who can be guilty of such perfidiousness is consigned to the bottomless pit of oblivion.

Mr. Rocket, albeit on pretty good terms with himself, and as little inclined to suppose it possible for any girl to prefer another to him, as most men are, was still a prudent man, and though quite ready to ride up to the matrimonial barrier, was not inclined to charge it without knowing pretty well what was on the far side—what the lady had in fact. He therefore thought as Miss Moley was making so honourable a use of her beau there would be no harm in his applying Charles to the same purpose in extracting if possible—from the only person competent to give it—Mr. Dooey himself—some idea as to his means—or at all events, some idea whether he would give any "idea" on the subject.

Our readers who are in the secret of the Dooey predilections and opinions about matrimony will smile at the thoughts of sending Charles of all people on such an errand, but let them remember the guideless, compassless, sort of situation a man is in who besieges a family with no sort of knowledge or experience than what he can raise by applying former practice and results to present circumstances.

"I'll tell you what, if I were you, I'd have a talk with the old gentleman," observed Mr. Rocket, with a nod and knowing look at Charles, after the dribbling conversation had come to a dead lock for some minutes.

"I—I—I—will—but I—I—I—don't think it would be ad—ad—advisable at present," replied he. "All in goo—goo—good time."

"Good time, my dear fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Rocket, with well-feigned surprise; "good time! You can't do it too soon after you are engaged—it's a *duty* you owe to the lady."

Charles sat silent, looking rather disconcerted. Mr. Rocket noticed his success and continued—

"My dear fellow, if you'll consider the point, I'm quite sure that you'll see it in the light that I do," said he, "you see," said he, working the problem on his fingers; "you've gained the lady's affections, and she has accepted you. Well, that brings the thing to a crisis—you must go on—no backing out after that—you *must* go to the higher powers, and take my word for it, the sooner you go the better."

"I—I—I—don't want to back out!" exclaimed Charles, "I—I—I mean to mar—mar—marry her."

"But you can't marry her without her father's consent," observed Mr. Rocket."

Charles assented to the proposition.

"Well, then, you go to the old gentleman, and the first question he'll ask you will be, when the engagement took place; and if he finds you've been carrying on a clandestine communication in his absence, and without informing him, in all probability, if he doesn't like it, he'll give you a devil of a trouncing, and you'll get the poor girl into a scrape."

That argument told more than any of the preceding.

"Well, but Mrs. Do—Do—Dooey knows," observed Charles.

"Oh, that's nothing," replied Mr. Rocket, "mother and daughter always row in the same boat in these transactions; you'll have to undergo the old gentleman, and the sooner you make up your mind the better. It's just like taking a shower-bath; brace your nerves for the shock, and it's nothing, but sit think, think, thinking, and you'll never venture to go in. *Help yourself,*" added he, with emphasis, passing the claret as though he would screw him up to the effort at once.

Charles, unused to wine, at least to intemperance, had just now got into that confused and happy state that put prudence and reason to flight, and makes a man ready to adopt the views and opinions of any one else. He looked upon Mr. Rocket as a friend—nay, a sort of elder brother, and could not for the life of him see any interest he could have in deceiving him. Moreover the wine had inspired him with confidence, and he only wanted patting on the back to make him courageous.

Mr. Rocket saw how things were going, and determined to take advantage of it.

"If I was you," said he, in a low tone, after a longer pause than usual; "I'd just go and have a quiet talk with the old gentleman to-night. It's not usual to interrupt people with business matters after dinner, but cases of this sort are always exceptions, and I should think he would be rather pleased with your candour than annoyed by the intrusion."

"I don't know," replied Charles, thinking Mr. Dooey was not a man of that sort.

"He seems a good-natured old file," observed Mr. Rocket, "I don't think you have any thing to fear," adding, "if *I* was in your situation, I know I would go."

Charles shook his head.

"You see," said Mr. Rocket, "the quicker and quieter these things are managed the better. If it's a 'go,' it's a 'go;' if it's 'no go,' why, then it's 'no go,' and the sooner each party begins to cast about for something fresh the better. Now, you can just go quietly along in the dusk, nobody will see or know any thing at all about it, you'll find in five minutes how the land lies, and you'll only be astonished with yourself that you should have hesitated for one moment about it. Help yourself, and drink Mr. Dooey's health," continued Mr. Rocket, again passing the claret jug to his guest.

"Well, but wha—a—a—t should I say?" asked Charles.

"Say!" rejoined Mr. Rocket; "say!" repeated he. "Oh, you'll never be at a loss for words on such an occasion."

"Indee—ee—d, but I should," replied Charles.

"Tell him," said Mr. Rocket, "that with his permission, and that of Mrs. Dooey,—or you can leave Mrs. D. out, if you think he'd like it better,—that with *his* permission you'd wish to aspire to the hand of his beautiful daughter—you needn't say which; but in all your palarverment take special care to pay the utmost reverence and respect to him, and if he d—mns you a few, as is not impossible, just submit with the greatest respect and humility—treating him altogether like a parent, and he'll very likely fall into the delusion himself. Chaps who boil up at first are often best to deal with in the end; but whatever you do, don't commit Moley—I mean Miss Dooey; don't let out that she has accepted you without her father's knowledge."

"But then he may s—s—s—say, what reason have I for s—s—sup—*po*—sing that she will have me?" observed Charles.

"Oh, you may say that you flatter yourself your attentions are not disagreeable to her," replied Mr. Rocket; "that means nothing. All women like attention, and never quarrel with men for paying them it; but he'll not say any thing of that sort, that's always taken for granted; and if he hasn't got a lord chalked out for her, he'll fall at once into the mercantile department of the thing,—the feelings are in the female department,—the finances in the men's, and it will be here that your skill will be required; you must get him to lead the gallop, as it were, by declaring what he will come down with; and when once you get the subject broached, it flows freely on, as a matter of course, and you will soon come to an understanding."

"I hope so, I'm sure," observed Charles, with a shudder.

"Be of good cheer!" said Mr. Rocket. "I never knew a man go boldly into a thing who didn't come out successfully. As I said before, it only requires you to make up your mind, and go at it without thinking more about it. Why, hang it! you've been talking about it as long as would have done it twice over. Great things are done in as short a time as little ones. Say the word, and away!"

"Well," said Charles, "if you think I ought, I will; but I confess I have my fears."

"Fears, be hanged," said Mr. Rocket; "what are your fears compared to those of the sweet young lady, whose affections you have engaged?"

Charles was silent, that being the lever to his present action.

The brothers-in-law rose simultaneously, Mr. Rocket proffering to accompany Charles to the dread door.

The evening was cool and autumnal. The streets were quiet and deserted, few people caring to go out who were not obliged. Lights were visible through the blinds of many of the drawing-rooms, while here and there a stronger glare denoted the comforts of a handful of fire.

Mr. Rocket put his arm through Charles's in the determined sort of way a policeman adopts towards a prisoner, and marched him straight to the scene of action.

Without giving him breathing time he seized the knocker, and giving a long continuous tap, elbowed Charles up next the door.

"*Have at him now!*" said he, in an under tone, as he heard the approaching footsteps inside, and gave Charles a parting pat on the back.

Saturday being a *dies non* at the Dooey-house at Glauberend, the footman had locked and chained the door and made the usual signals of safety in front that send easy-minded people comfortably to sleep on the supposition, that things are equally safe in the rear. Great was the astonishment both of "high life" and "low," at the unwonted sound of the somewhat riotous knock.

"Great heavens! who can that be?" exclaimed Mrs. Dooey, looking the picture of despair.

"Nobody for here, I dare say," growled Dooey, who was in the midst of a plentiful repast of crabs, pickled salmon, and oysters.

The young ladies exchanged significant glances.

"Is your master—is Mr. Dooey in?" asked Charles, correcting the

first slip of the tongue, as the footman, having unbarred the barricade, stood with the door three-parts closed in his hand, in a way that as good as said, "the ports are closed for the night."

Some servants have an uncouth, suspicious sort of way of opening, or rather of not opening, a door, just as if they expected a caller would try and force himself in, notwithstanding the ill-delivered "not at home." They as good as say they are telling a lie, which is quite superfluous, seeing that most callers know when they are.

"Is Mr. Dooey in?" asked Charles, as the footman peered at him through the narrow aperture.

"He's at supper, sir," replied the man in an under-tone that as good as said, "you'll not come in if you're wise."

"Well but I—I—I want to see him very *par*—ti—cularly," replied Charles in a tone the very reverse of what he said "do you think you could manage—that's to say—would it be—poss—poss—possible to see him to-night?"

"I don't know, sir, I'm sure, sir; I'll try what I can do, sir," replied the servant, looking very disconcerted, and adding, "perhaps, sir, you'd have the kindness, sir, to give me your card, sir," not wishing to run the risk of the blowing-up that would most likely follow the open proclamation of Charles's name.

Charles fumbled in his pocket, almost hoping he might not have his card-case. Fate ordained otherwise; and having scattered them all in the passage, in the agitation of selecting one, he at length presented the footman with what he wanted.

"Step in here, sir; please, sir," said the footman, ushering him into the dining-room, on whose uncleared table stood the remains of dessert. Leaving him a cauliflower-headed servants' mould, with sundry small coals sticking about it (acquired by thrusting it into the kitchen grate for a light) in a large-bottomed block-tin candlestick, the footman proceeded on his errand.

While all this was going on below, great excitement prevailed among the ladies above as to who could possibly be coming at that time, above all, on a Saturday night. Mrs. Dooey was the calmest, thinking none of the "free list" would be so rash as intrude themselves, and that in all probability it was some of Mr. Dooey's London friends dropping in to give him an agreeable surprise. The young ladies seemed to think differently, and the mantling colour and sparkling eye denoted interest, if not apprehension.

Their curiosity was tantalised by the servant pacing solemnly up to Mr. Dooey and presenting him with the card with the simple observation that the gentleman was waiting below.

"Waiting *below!*" repeated Dooey, in a tone of incredible astonishment, holding the card to his nose, determined that nobody should see it but himself.

Mrs. Dooey looked at Maria, and Maria looked at Amelia, and they all looked at papa. Dooey thrust the card into his black satin waistcoat pocket, and resumed his picking of a lobster claw. A dead silence ensued, relieved only by the noise of his masticators. The servant having delivered himself of his charge without getting his "head in his hand," as the saying is, tripped down stairs much more gaily than he mounted them.

"Master's compliments, sir, and he will be down directly, sir," said the gentlemanly "John" to our friend in the parlour, who was most heartily wishing himself well out of it. John's addition to the message operated beneficially, and somewhat soothed Charles's ruffled nerves; so potent are trifles under trying circumstances.

At the end of some seven or eight minutes, which appeared like an hour, the flop, flop, flop of a pair of slippered feet was heard on the staircase, and presently the *pantoufled* papa-in-law having made the descent, stood before Charles in the parlour, looking like any thing but a gentleman who had been sending his "compliments." They eyed each other in the dim light of the "mutton fat" much as a couple of strange cats regard each other when brought in unexpected collision. To emblazon Charles's chagrin, the footman quickly followed with a pair of *bougies*.

"Well, sir," grunted Dooey, as the footman shut them up on taking his departure, "well, sir," repeated he, fixing his little pig eyes upon Charles, "what's your pleasure?"

"Goo—goo—goo—good morning—that's to say, goo—goo—good evening, sir," he at last stammered out; "I was not here on ple—le—le—sure at all, that's to say, I've taken the li—i—i—i—berty of ca—ca—calling on business."

"Sit down," said Mr. Dooey, motioning him to a chair, just as though he were going to have a deal for some hops.

Charles sat himself down on the corner of a cane-bottomed chair, and began brushing his hat with his sleeve instead of broaching his subject.

"*Well, sir,*" said Mr. Dooey, in any thing but an encouraging tone, which caused our hero to start and place his hat under the chair. "Well, sir," repeated he, "what may be your pleasure with me?"

"I ca—ca—called, sir, that's to say, I ca—ca—came, sir, to ask, that's to say, to inquire—I mean I ven—ven—ventured on rather a de—de—de—licate subject—I—I—feel—that's to say I—I—I am much at—at—atached to Miss Do—Do—Dooey, and I wished to—to—to—say, I should be much obliged if you wo—oo—would be so good as to give us—that's to say, if you wo—oo—would tell me wha—a—t you are wor—r—th and wha—a—at you would de—de—do for us."

"I'll tell you what, young man," replied Dooey, looking as if he would eat him, "I'll *do* for you if you don't take care."

"In—in—*deed!*" exclaimed Charles, adding, "perhaps, then, I'd better be go—go—going."

"*You had,*" replied the indignant Mr. Dooey, ringing the bell for the servant, who was listening at the door. Having slipped along the passage and put on his shoes he speedily returned and showed Charles out, as he felt assured, for the *last* last time.

The young ladies thought it prudent to retire before the old gentleman returned up stairs, the name of the visitor having been obtained from the footman, and little doubt existing in their minds as to the nature of his errand. What *can* a young man want with a papa but to make a proposition?

"Drat him," said Mrs. Dooey, looking the picture of mischief, "but if he's com'd on any such fool's errand after what I said to him but I'll finish him off—I'll make him remember."

"Oh, he's a silly, *obstinate* boy," observed Moley, determined to renounce him, and prevent her sister thinking of him if possible.

"*That he is, Maria,*" rejoined Mrs. Dooey, "I was always sure your good sense would show him to you in that light."

"He's very young," observed Amelia.

"Old enough to know better," snapped Mrs. Dooey, "but here comes your papa," and away scuttled the young ladies.

Up stumped the old gentleman.

"And what d'ye think that—(puff, wheeze)—audacious boy has had the—(puff, wheeze)—imperance to say to—(puff, wheeze)—me," exclaimed Dooey, flop, flop, flopping into the room.

"Nay, I can't guess, I'm sure," replied Mrs. Dooey, adding,—"the imperance of the youths of the present day passes all kalkilation."

"Why, d—n him," roared Dooey, "he wants to—(puff, wheeze) *know what I'm worth!*"

"Know what you're *worth!*" screamed Mrs. Dooey; adding, "I hope you kicked him out."

"I sent him away with a—(puff, wheeze)—flea in his ear, you may—(puff, wheeze)—depend on't," replied her spouse, throwing himself, exhausted, on the sofa.

"Sarve him right," replied she, going for the spirit-stand.

THE HABITUE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

A little Prefatory Gossip—Recent Theatrical Marriages, Mademoiselle Maria—The Montansier Actresses in London—"Tragaldabas:" Frédéric Lemaître—*Banquistes*; Pierson and his Dog—Prospects of the Opera—"Le Morne au Diable;" Mademoiselle Lobry—Mademoiselle Ariel—"Le Chandelier;" Alfred de Musset—The Two Bouffés.

POOR note-book! It is but seldom now a days that thy virgin pages are invaded by the hieroglyphics of pen or pencil. Thou art become almost as useless to thy owner as a blank in a Derby sweep or a complimentary admission to the Opera on a Jenny Lind night! The hereditary grand falconer himself (officially, not individually be it spoken), is scarcely a more unnecessary appendage to royalty than thou art to a theatrical *habitué*, the taking of a note or of a heron being in these topsy-turvy and unchivalrous days an equally uncommon and equally unaccountable event. And yet, as *l'Abbé Galant* says, *Cà ne peut pas durer comme cà!*

Nor has it. Ten days have elapsed since I penned the foregoing lines, and those ten days have worked wonders. Then the busiest Paul Pry might have pursued his dramatic researches even into the heart of the most inaccessible *coulisses*, without gleaning from thence one bit of news,

good, bad, or indifferent—now, the ice is broken, scandal's tongue rattles faster than ever, and Thalia and Melpomene, like two still yawning dormice, waken up from their long lethargy to

Fresh fields (battle-fields ?) and *pieces* new.

No notes did I say ? why here are dozens, scores, hundreds, thousands, millions, plenty as blackberries in September, and all crying, "Come, take me! come, take me !" no notes indeed !

And among them a marriage ; nay, two marriages. *Rien que cà !* M. Lafont, of the Variétés, to Mademoiselle Pauline Leroux, ex-*danseuse* of the Opera, and M. d'Henneville, formerly attached to the Menus Plaisirs, to that black-eyed sorceress, that most arch and eloquent of *mimes*, Mademoiselle Maria. Both, if report speaks true, are old attachments, and therefore better calculated to stand the wear and tear of matrimony. *Ainsi soit-il !*

But, report further adds—and this time the tidings fall less sweetly on our ear—that one necessary consequence of Mademoiselle Maria's marriage is to be her speedy retirement from the stage. If this be indeed the case, if we are really soon to lose the cleverest pantomimic *artiste*, the most intelligent and intelligible *Fenella* that the Opera has possessed for many a long day—if Mademoiselle Maria can say, and without a sigh,

Celui que j'aime aujourd'hui me l'impose,
Sa volonté doit être mon désir,
Ce sacrifice est pour moi douce chose,
Car son bonheur vaut mieux que mon plaisir !

Why, then—we have only to wish M. and Madame d'Henneville, in the words of Gil Blas's archbishop, "*toutes sortes de prosperités !*"

Wo Alles liebt, kann Karl allein nicht hassen !

People may talk as they will about the effect of revolutions, and endeavour to prove that since February last "Paris is no longer Paris," I maintain that they are wrong—unquestionably, undeniably wrong. Politically speaking, the city may have been and *has been* shaken to its foundation ; half its inhabitants are ruined or on the point of being so, trade is at a stand still, and money *introuvable.* All this I allow, but there are peculiar and distinctive features in the French metropolis which neither revolutions nor any other commotion, civil or uncivil, can affect. As long as one stone stands on another, Paris will still be *the* city *par excellence* of pleasure and enjoyment, the head-quarters of all that can embellish or add a charm to life. Its *boulevards* will be, as long as a vestige of them remains, the gayest and most delightful promenade in the world ; its works of art, although unpatronised and unbought, will, nevertheless, still bear away the palm for good taste and ingenuity ; its *fêtes*, its *cafés*, its *petits soupers*—whether under a republican or monarchical form of government—will ever possess, as they ever have possessed, that irresistible attraction which tempts the sober Englishman across the Channel, aye, even though he may have in addition to clamber over a barricade in order to get to them. Happen what may, Frenchwomen will always be the liveliest, most *piquantes*, and most *gentilles*

creatures in the universe; and, what is more, Englishmen will always *think* them so, whatever they may *say*.

And yet, it must be owned that recent events do not quite bear me out in this assertion. How comes it that, during the late visit to London of the Montansier (or Palais Royal) *troupe*, while Messrs. Ravel, Grassot, and Co., were nightly gathering laurels enough to cover a jack-in-the-green with, their fair companions were received from first to last with the most utter, the most stoical indifference! A friend of mine, a great frequenter of the *coulisses*, assures me that he more than once saw *ces belles délaissées* sitting, like so many Ariadnes, with no earthly being to speak to except old Cloup, the *régisseur*.

What in the name of gallantry has become of those gay and privileged loungers, who used formerly to vanish from the stalls on each successive fall of the curtain, and disappear through that dear little mysterious narrow door which the uninitiated regard as the gate of Paradise? Are Mesdemoiselles Brassine, Juliette, and Aline Duval so *very* Medusa-like that they are reduced to set their caps (and very becoming caps they are, Mademoiselle Juliette's especially) in vain? or can some timid dissecting etymologist have been startled at the first syllable of Mademoiselle Brassine's name, or at any fancied and pocket-threatening affinity between Aline and Claud Duval? *Allons donc!*

Joking apart, tho neglected syrens consider their pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James's a *voyage manqué;* not that *I* (*notez-le bien*) should have said a syllable about the matter, if somebody else had not done so before me in the *Siècle;* that somebody being, if I mistake not, neither *gras* nor *sot*. Nor was their return home more propitious; I have it from an eye-witness of the arrival of the last detachment at Boulogne, that they disembarked, to quote the graphic but slightly familiar language of my informant, "in woful plight, particularly little Scriwaneck."

C'est égal, I persist, notwithstanding, in my belief that Englishmen, taken *en masse*, are *not* so ungallant as they appear to be, and I *think* I could find more than one fair exotic who would willingly say as much. But hush—all this is, and must be *entre nous*. Tell it not, reader, I beseech you, in Belgravia! whisper it not, an ye love me, in Brompton!

An exceedingly coarse and rhapsodical production, called "Tragaldabas," has been for some time disgracing the boards of the Porte St. Martin. Its author, M. Auguste Vacquerie, formerly one of the leading *feuilletonistes* of the defunct journal *l'Epoque*, and then, as now, an enthusiastic worshipper of Victor Hugo and his *école romantique*, has sufficient talent to render the more utterly inexcusable such an exhibition of bad taste and *inconvenance* as he has recently sanctioned with his name. Were the *censure* still in existence, "Tragaldabas" would assuredly never have been licensed without considerable abridgment; and even now the nightly protests of the respectable portion of the audience ought long ago to have caused it to be withdrawn. Written with an apparent view of turning into ridicule the *école classique*, it abounds in the most trivial allusions, as offensive to good taste as they are to common sense; its wit is buffoonery, and its humour positive indecency. Jules Janin, Rolle, and indeed every critic *qui se respecte*, have agreed in stigmatising "Tragaldabas" as a disgrace to its author

and to Messrs. Cogniard's theatre, and their unanimous verdict has been fully borne out by the public.*

In it Frédéric Lemaître enacts the principal part, which is the more unfortunate, inasmuch as no small share of the reprobation due to the writer recoils in these cases necessarily on the actor, who is thus unjustly made the scapegoat for the delinquencies of another. Frédéric, however, is one of the few living comedians whom nothing, not even a "Monte Cristo" row, can ever discourage; no matter how bad the piece in which he acts (and nothing *can* be worse than "Tragaldabas"), *cà lui est bien égal,* he will obtain it a hearing, if not for the sake of its author, at all events for his own. Nay, at the close, he will risk all on the *chance* of turning the scale in its favour; and it was with this intent that, while the concluding sentences of M. Vacquerie's ignoble *parade* were being received with a storm of hisses, Frédéric advanced to the front of the stage, and thus apostrophised the public; "Messieurs, combien, intéressés et désintéressés, ne devons-nous pas nous réunir pour crier Vive la République!" The audience first stared in astonishment, then burst into a loud fit of laughter, under cover of which down came the curtain.

This in theatrical *argot* is called *faire de la banque,* which term is generally applied to any attempt at producing effect by out-of-the-way means. Pierson, a clever performer at the Porte St. Martin some fifteen years ago, was a notorious *banquiste,* and used to walk about accompanied by a dog, on whose collar was engraved in large letters, "I belong to M. Pierson, first comic actor of the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, and officer in the National Guard." Another worthy, whenever he accepted a provincial engagement, always had two contracts drawn out, the one stating the sum he was actually to receive as a remuneration for his services, and the other the same amount multiplied by two. This last, not being signed by the manager, was of course valueless, but afforded the actor an opportunity of boasting among his comrades (who of course were not allowed to look *too* closely into the matter) that he was paid at a far higher rate than *they* were.

Messrs. Duponchel and Nestor Roqueplan are unquestionably most indefatigable in proving their adherence to the existing order (or rather disorder) of things in France. Since their accession to power, they have never ceased revolutionising and remodelling the opera *troupe;* and the result of their labours is that at the present moment almost the entire *répertoire* is put *hors de combat. This* opera can't be sung because Bettini is gone, Barroilhet going, and Duprez *en congé; that* ballet can't be danced because Carlotta has been exiled to Geneva, Flora Fabbri to Turin, and Adèle Dumilâtre the Lord knows whither. Roger and Madame Viardot are coming, certainly, but so is Christmas, and it is a toss-up which will be the first to arrive: in short, the hope of the once flourishing Académie de Musique rests, and is likely to rest for some time, with Alizard and Mademoiselle Grimm for opera, and Adeline Plunkett for ballet. Take away Alizard and Adeline, hosts in themselves, and what remains? A *grim* prospect, truly!

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* Since the above was written, "Tragaldabas" has been consigned to the tomb of the Capulets, a new drama, called "Les Libertins de Genève," reigning in its stead.

Like all Eugène Sue's other dramatised novels, the "Morne au Diable," recently produced at the Ambigu, is a complete failure. The same unconnected incidents, the same lack of sustained interest, the same incongruities of plot and dialogue are here visible as in the "Mystères de Paris," "Mathilde," and "Martin et Bamboche." A few striking effects and some really beautiful scenery, aided by the talent of Montdidier and a very general feeling of sympathy on the part of the audience with the actors, who are themselves carrying on the management of the theatre, have secured for "le Morne au Diable" a lingering existence, the insurance of which the most enterprising office would indubitably decline. As for Mademoiselle Lobry, who made her *début* in this piece, all that can be said of her is that she was

At the Gymnase—passable,
At the Variétés—endurable,
and is
At the Ambigu—insufferable.

* * * *

One of the new recruits of the Odéon company is a young actress, possessing the very Shaksperian name of Ariel; her *gentillesse* suggests the hope that, during her dramatic noviciate, she may experience neither storm nor tempest, unless in the pleasing shape of a hurricane of bravos.

It seems as if all Alfred de Musset's *proverbes*, one after the other, were to be transferred in turn from the volume which first introduced them to public notice to the stage. Already, since December last, has the Théâtre de la République brought out three, "Un Caprice," "Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte on fermée," and "Il ne faut jurer de rien;" and now a fourth, "Le Chandelier," has just been added to the *répertoire* of the Théâtre Historique. This last piece, besides being extremely amusing, is written with such peculiar ease and grace, that its very questionable morality is in a measure *gazée* as well by the charm and wit of the dialogue as by the consummate tact and skill with which each of the three acts is *charpenté*. It is to be hoped, however, that the success of these little *chefs d'œuvre* will not induce other authors to favour us with specimens of their "proverbial philosophy," and thus convert the [illegible] and original path so happily struck out by Alfred de Musset, into a common and beaten track. Unless treated with the most exquisite taste and nicety, these light and airy nothings, the plot of which is invariably made subservient to the details, degenerate into the flimsiest and tamest of vaudevilles, *minus* the *couplets*.

Alfred de Musset's style is sparkling and fanciful, his characters, even when mere sketches, are lifelike and natural, and however slight may be the foundation of his pieces, that foundation is never once lost sight of from the first to the concluding scene. "Un Caprice" is a gem that deserves to rank with Scribe's "Geneviève" and "Michel et Christine;" I can award it no higher praise. There are, indeed, many points of resemblance between the two writers; nor, with due deference be it spoken, is the superiority always on one side. If Scribe's works show greater satirical power, and a more profound knowledge of the human heart than those of his less experienced *confrère*, the compositions of the

latter are more deeply imbued with imagination and poetry. It may be a question whether Alfred de Musset could ever have written "La Camaraderie" or "Bertrand et Raton;" but it is equally doubtful whether Scribe, or indeed any other author of the present day, could have enriched French literature with so delightful and original a production as "Les Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle."

* * * *

If the worthy creator of the "Gamin de Paris," "Michel Perrin," and a hundred other marvellous *types*, ever reads the London newspapers, he must have been rarely amused by a paragraph which has recently gone the round of half of them, announcing his intention of undertaking the management of the Vaudeville. Now it is true enough that negotiations have for some time been on the *tapis* (though as yet without any decisive result) between the proprietor of the *salle* and *a* M. Bouffé, once co-director with M. Ancelot of this identical theatre; but from him to *the* Bouffé *par excellence—il y a loin.* It would, indeed, be difficult to imagine two mortals more unlike each other than the namesakes in question; Bouffé, the actor, being thin, pale, delicate-looking, and of a remarkably nervous temperament, whereas Bouffé, the manager (familiarly styled *le gros* Bouffé), is stout and rosy, with a face like a full moon and a body to match. If the latter has a weakness, it is an amiable one, which we should term—were we allowed to coin a word—champagneomania. During his partnership with M. Ancelot, he was accustomed to celebrate every *succès d'argent* by repeated libations, so that if an author wished to ascertain whether his piece was really drawing money to the treasury or not, he had only to ask in the course of the evening, "where is M. Bouffé ?" If the answer was "Il est au café," the author might go on his way rejoicing; his piece was safe to run a month, at least.

Bouffé (I mean the manager), was very popular with his *troupe*, as the following anecdote will testify. About a year ago he was imprisoned for debt at Brussels, and had little hope of effecting his liberation, when he heard of the arrival in the Belgian capital of one of his former lady-*pensionnaires*, to whom he had always shown great kindness.

"Madame ——, est ici!" said he, "donc je suis sauvé!"

Nor was he mistaken; the fair actress in question, on learning his situation, immediately volunteered her services for two nights at the theatre, expressly stipulating that the receipts (after payment of the expenses) should be handed over without any deduction to Bouffé, whose liabilities were in consequence wholly discharged, and who, like the lion in the fable, had thus an opportunity of acknowledging the truth of La Fontaine's maxim,

On a souvent besoin d'un plus petit que soi.

August 22, 1848.

THE EXTINCT KINGDOM OF UPPER ITALY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the enthusiasm and excitement that heralded the insurrection in Northern Italy, and the imaginary triumph obtained by the retreat of the Austrians to the line of the Mincio and the Adige, our own opinions upon the question have never varied. In the *New Monthly Magazine* for May we stated that Field-Marshal Radetzki, not having been willing, or, as it since appears, not having had the means, to bombard the city of Milan, he had *withdrawn* his troops to the central strongholds of Verona and Mantua, with the Adige in front of his line. The reaction that may be anticipated, we added, will be fearful. German Tyrol has risen to a man to repel the spirit of insurrection that has so suddenly animated the not very warlike Italians. The Austrian provinces will send their countless numbers to the struggle to protect those imperial rights that have been guaranteed by treaties innumerable, and ages of possession, many times insured by the spilling of the best blood of Austria on the plains of the Po, the Adda, the Oglio, and the Adige.

In June we remarked that the progress of events in Northern Italy exhibited a singular inaptitude for war on the part of the Italians, that Radetzky had now been too long suffered to occupy his strong positions almost unmolested, and that he only waited to act upon the offensive for reinforcements; and in July we had to remark that while the fall of Peschiera was one step in advance for the Italians, that still that success was a very trifle compared with what still remained to be done, and with the defection of the Italian allies, which threw the whole weight of the war upon the Sardinian army.

The catastrophe which then became inevitable was not long in being foreshadowed.

Padua and Treviso having fallen almost simultaneously with Vicenza, General Durando retired on Ferrara, while the rest of the Italian troops east of the Mincio took refuge in Venice. To the west of the same river the army, after an absurd demonstration on the 14th of June in the vicinity of Verona, retired to its old positions, extending from Goito to Rivoli. It seemed as if Charles Albert was screwed down to the line of the Mincio, and settlements being at that time in active progress on the permanent base of the Adige, it appeared for a long time likely that this war would terminate pretty nearly where it began. Further countenance was lent to this supposition, that at a great council of war held on June 26th, the proposed plan of crossing the Upper Adige and operating against the forts of Verona on the north, was rejected as infeasible.

Negotiations which were opened at Milan towards the end of June for the conclusion of peace were reported to have been broken off, on the grounds that the Provisional Government would not consent to the annexation of Venice to the Austrian dominions, nor take charge of any portion of the Austrian debt, said to amount to 100,000,000 florins. It is even said that the Provisional Government claimed the Italian Tyrol.

At the time of these interrupted negotiations, General Sonnaz defended Rivoli, and observed the Upper Adige and the road from Verona to

Peschiera with 15,000 men. The Duke of Savoy with the reserve—10,000 men—was stationed at Roverbello, and Goito, before Mantua; while the king, with the grand *corps d'armée* (35,000 men) was taking up a position at Isola della Scala, with the view of attacking Legnano on the Lower Adige. The division of the Duke of Genoa had a smart affair on the 2nd of July with the Austrians at the fort of the Montebaldo and the right of the Adige, but no result of importance ensued. Charles Albert had, however, by this time become so sensible of the great fact, that a mere explosion of national enthusiasm was not sufficient to dissipate at once the regular forces of the Austrian government, that he is said to have made an application to Marshal Bugeaud to assume the command of the Sardinian forces. General Cavaignac, however, refused his assent to this arrangement, being naturally apprehensive that a general at the head of a successful army abroad would have an incalculable advantage in public opinion over those who would remain to support the burden and the unpopularity of government at home. Early the same month the National Assembly of Venice voted, by 127 to 6, the immediate union of the Venetian territory to the kingdom of Upper Italy on the same conditions as Lombardy.

Although much marching and counter-marching had taken place, no actual advance towards the Adige had been made up to the 13th of July. It soon became evident, indeed, to the merest looker on, that any actual advance was not possible. The long talked over forward movement was manifestly to terminate in the blockade of Mantua, and King Charles Albert, instead of making the best of his way to Legnano and the Adige, stopped short at Castellaro, a small place eight miles north-east of Mantua.

In the mean time, the Austrians, who had concentrated their forces at Verona, despatched a body of 5000 men to occupy Ferrara, which they did on the 14th of July, without opposition. The Austrian troops crossed the Po at two points, one above, and one below Ferrara, on which city they marched at once, without experiencing any resistance. Their object was to victual and reinforce the garrison of the citadel, which accomplished, the Austrian general engaged to recross the Po within two days, and without committing any hostilities, provided his own march was left free from interruption.

On the 18th of July, General Bava attacked 3000 Austrians, who were intrenched at Governolo, a village on the Mincio, near the confluence of that river with the Po, carried the bridge by a charge of cavalry and flying artillery, and took 450 prisoners, two standards, and four pieces of artillery. This successful affair raised the spirits of the Italian army exceedingly. A slight manifestation attended with no results, had been made the day previous on the Pass of the Stelvio, the scene of so many struggles. The king had removed from Roverbello to Marmirolo, four or five miles from Mantua, which fortress was, by General Bava's success, blockaded on all sides, while at the same time, the only passage across the Lower Mincio held by the Austrians, fell into the possession of the allied army.

An ordinance, issued by Charles Albert on the 11th of July, decreed the immediate union of Lombardy and the provinces of Padua, Vicenza, Treviso, and Rovigo, already voted by the people! These provinces were to constitute part of the imaginary kingdom of Upper Italy.

On the 21st of July, while Charles Albert was blockading Mantua, or in the words of the Italians, "keeping that city and its garrison in awe," the Duke of Genoa was investing Verona with a corps of 25,000 men; and the Duke of Savoy was covering the approach to the Due Castelli. The Austrians repeated their skirmishes upon the Stelvio, but according to Italian reports, the cannon of the allies forced them to retire from the heights of the Rocca Bianca, which they had occupied, and after twelve hours fighting they were obliged to retire on Trafoi. These frequent diversions upon the Stelvio, and the slight demonstrations made along the whole extent of the lines of the allied forces from Rivoli to Soma Campagna, were, however, soon followed by a general movement of the Austrian forces of a far more decisive character. Field-marshal Radetzky having at length received reinforcements, and accumulated a large body of troops at Verona, after having so long acted on the defensive, assumed the initiative as a sequence to the various reconnoissances previously effected in the direction of Rivoli, and the heights between the Upper Adige and Mincio, and which, when effected, were always reported by the Italians as so many attempts made to break their lines, and so many repulses for the Austrians.

The mist of vain-glory which blinded the Italians to the real state of things, was finally dispelled on Saturday, July the 22nd, when the Austrians advanced across the Upper Adige at the foot of the Monte Baldo, a mountain which overlooks Rivoli, and is a kind of guardian giant of the river. This effected, they descended on La Corona, driving before them the Piedmontese stationed there, and after a vigorous resistance they carried the plateau and all the lines of Rivoli; the Piedmontese, who defended them, being driven back upon Soudra, where the head quarters of General Sonnaz had been for some time past established.

Upon hearing of these successes, General Aspre was sent forward the next day from Verona with an Austrian force, 25,000 strong, and advancing by the several roads that lead along the right bank of the Adige, and by the Strada Reale, between Peschiera and Verona, he made a tremendous assault in front on Soma, Soma Campagna, il Bosco, and the whole line of heights which extend from Bussolongo on the Upper Adige, to Vallegio, on the Mincio, and which overlook the vast plain on which the great fortress of Verona and Villa Franca are situated. The force which had been so successful at Rivoli the previous day, made a simultaneous attack upon the right flank of General Sonnaz.. All these positions of the allies, which it had taken them so long a time to secure, were forced by this combined movement, the Piedmontese were driven from all the country between the Upper Adige and the Lake of Garda, and from the plain of Verona and Mincio, across which river they retired to Villa Franca and Peschiera.

The victorious Austrians, after driving the Piedmontese in one day from those positions which it had taken Charles Albert two months to establish him in, covered on Sunday night the 23rd of July, the whole line of the left bank of the Mincio, down to a hill called Monte Vento, two miles from Vallegio, their videttes being pushed within half a mile of the latter place.

On Monday morning, the 24th, General Aspre followed up his successes by throwing a bridge over the Mincio, about three miles to the south of Peschiera. The passage of the river and the pass of Mon-

zambano approaching to it, are said to have been bravely defended; but the Piedmontese were no longer in strength to resist the advancing Austrians, who occupied the same night Ponton, three miles on the right bank from Peschiera. The Sardinians, who defended the river, unable to maintain their ground, fell back on Peschiera, but, it is said, that the commander of that fortress refused to open the gates, even to his own friends, and that a general *sauve qui peut* flight took place in the direction of Dezenzano and Sonato. Thus the left wing of the allies was annihilated, and the centre dispersed on the 22nd and 23rd of July, while the right, under the king's personal command, remained uncertain how to act at Villa Franca.

On the 25th, the right wing of the Piedmontese, under the Dukes of Savoy and Genoa, advanced to give battle to the Austrians, and a decisive engagement took place, which was, according to the Italian reports, carried on till noon of the 26th. During this prolonged struggle, the allies took a body of Austrians, 1200 strong, prisoners at Staffalo, and the Austrians driven from the steep heights of Cutozza, were obliged to retire towards Ponton, on the Adige, till Radetzky brought up further reinforcements, ordering at the same time an attack upon the Piedmontese flanks by the division under General Welden, and the allies were ultimately obliged to retire on Villa Franca—a retreat which was effected in sufficiently good order to enable them to take their prisoners with them. Finding, however, that it would be impossible to hold the position of Villa Franca, the king ordered the entire army to concentrate around Goito. The Austrians did not follow the retreating army, but having re-crossed the Mincio in strong force, they took possession of the heights of Volta, which overlook the position of Goito, whither the king had retired with his beaten army on Wednesday night by the road of Roverbello. On Thursday the 27th, at an early hour, General Sonnaz was despatched to engage the Austrian division that occupied the heights of Volta. It is said, that success attended this movement at first, but certain it is, that the Sardinians were obliged ultimately to retreat upon the main body at Goito. The king upon this gave orders that the head-quarters should be removed to Bozzolo. Charles Albert had previously intimated his intention, in case of defeat, of placing the river Oglio—nearly as wide as the Mincio and running parallel with it—between him and the enemy, and of retreating in case of need to Cremona. That intention was, at once, carried into effect, a brigade having been detached to occupy Asola on the Chiese, to secure the passage, at the junction of that river with the Oglio. The Austrians were, at the same time, directing a train of heavy artillery against Peschiera to effect the reduction of that place—the only remnant of Sardinian ascendancy.

Field-Marshal Radetzki describes in his despatches the affair of the 25th, as the Battle of Custozza, that place being the centre of his operations. The battle was fought under a broiling sun, most destructive and fatiguing to the soldiery, and raged without intermission from ten in the morning till seven in the evening when the Italians fell back upon Goito. The Austrians lost from 500 to 600 soldiers, and 100 officers killed or wounded in this decisive engagement, which the Italian reports prolong to the noon of the 26th.

On the 29th of July the Austrian Hussars having crossed the Oglio, Charles Albert retreated on Cremona. The Italian army was completely

broken up and could no longer be united, although great efforts were made to collect such detachments as had retired to Brescia, and other outposts, and to unite them with the division which was immediately with the king's person, and which consisted of the remains of the brigade of Aosta, of Guarda, of Savoy, and Corry, the major part of the artillery, and about 2000 Lancers. It was in vain for the king to attempt with such a broken up and demoralised force to make head against a victorious army flushed with success, well supplied, and handled with consummate skill.

There is every reason to believe that under these circumstances, the king sent proposals for an armistice to Radetzky, and that the latter expressed his willingness to grant it, provided that the Piedmontese recrossed the Tessin at once, and submitted to a mediation for a definite peace. Charles Albert accepted the latter condition, although he refused at first to accede to the former alternative—an alternative, however, in which he was soon left no choice. The fact of this mediation having taken place before the capture of Milan will, however, materially facilitate future negotiations. Scarely two months had elapsed since the Austrian government had offered to the King of Sardinia terms of the greatest liberality, which would, if accepted, have led to the immediate termination of the war with an equitable division of the public debt of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom. At the same time M. de Hummelauer was sent to this country by the Cabinet of Vienna to endeavour to obtain the mediation of the British Government on the basis of the Adige, since it was obvious that it would be easier for Charles Albert to accede to such terms upon the recommendation of England, than by his own will alone. Lord Palmerston refused, however, to accede to this arrangement, upon the extraordinary, yet possibly wise principle, that the bitterness of defeat and the terror of conquest and subjection were necessary to bring the vain and demoralised Lombardians to any thing that was reasonable and just, and to convince them that the terms offered for their acceptance were far more liberal than any they could attempt to extort by the force of their own arms, from the Imperial generals. Events proved, to a certain extent, the accuracy of these views, and the conduct of the people of Milan to the heroic king, who had so bravely fought for an independence of which they all along showed themselves so unworthy, and whom they never backed with ought but empty shouts and bravados, attested that even at the moment of reconquest, they were neither prepared for, nor equal to, self-government.

Charles Albert having retired on the 1st of August to Codogno, he was there joined by Mr. Abercrombie, the British Minister at Turin, who arrived with new proposals of mediation which must have come not inopportunely. The Sardinians were by this time thoroughly disgusted with their boastful allies—the Lombardians. Since the retreat from Goito not a single Lombard had moved in aid of the army of Liberation.

No sooner did the city of Cremona find that the king was marching in that direction, than the Provisional Government dissolved itself, and the National Guard decamped. No preparations were made for the supply of the troops, they were left without wine and provisions, and to all appearance, they were in an enemy's, not in an allied country. This reception made a profound impression on officers and men.

While affairs were in this untoward condition in Northern Italy, an

incident happened in France which materially affected the future progress of events, tending at the same time in the most remarkable manner to sustain the hopes, at one time almost forlorn, of Europe being preserved from a general war. It became publicly known on the 8th of August, that on the 7th inst. an interview had taken place between the minister of Sardinia and the Marquis of Ricci and General Cavaignac, in which the armed intervention of France in Italy was formally demanded; but that General Cavaignac replied that he had anticipated the demand by opening a negotiation with the British government, the result of which would appear in a mediation to be immediately entered upon. It did honour to the actual head of the French government that, instead of taking advantage of the undoubted pretext which then presented itself for military interference and for plunging France and Europe into the perils and excitement of general war, they adopted a policy of a pacific and moderate character, and openly avowed their wish to settle the affairs of Northern Italy by mediation in concert with the government of this country.

In the mean time, Charles Albert having continued his retreat to Lodi on the 2nd of August, the same night the line of the Adda was abandoned, as those of the Adige, the Mincio, and the Oglio had been previously; and the whole army retrograded upon Milan. Radetzky had rejected Mr. Abercrombie's request for an armistice, the old general was naturally resolved to enter upon no mediations that were not conducted at Milan, the seat of the first insurrection.

Upon the arrival of the Sardinians at Milan, the Provisional Government was superseded by an administrative council, consisting of General Olivieri, Marquis Montezemolo, and Signor Strigelli, and some show was made of getting up entrenchments and other preparations for a definite battle to be delivered without the walls of the city. With this view the Sardinian army was disposed in line, the left resting on villages in front of the Porta Romana, and the right on those in advance of the Porta Ticinese. About two in the afternoon of the 4th of August, the disposition of the Sardinians to oppose the triumphant progress of the Austrians was put to the test, for at that hour a body of Austrian troops, supported by several pieces of cannon and a numerous cavalry, attacked the left of the line, and speedily drove it before them. In consequence of this reverse, an order was given for all the troops to retire into the city. The king took up his quarters in the remains of the ruined citadel, and the troops lined the bastions which overlook and command the country. At the same time the townspeople began very foolishly to erect innumerable barricades.

The same night, at eleven o'clock, two of King Charles Albert's generals repaired, in the company of the French chargé d'affaires and of the British consul, Mr. Campbell, as witnesses, to the head-quarters of the Austrian field-marshal. The party was unfortunately fired at on the way, and Mr. Campbell was slightly wounded. The generals were first admitted, and after an interview, which lasted two hours, withdrew. The consuls then saw the field-marshal, and when they intimated their desire to obtain a forty-hours' truce, Radetzky exclaimed, "For what purpose; why, they have capitulated?" The French chargé d'affaires is said to have spoken openly against such a conclusion to the war. He

declared the king and the army were alike discredited by it. The English consul is said to have wisely held his tongue.

The terms of the capitulation were that the city of Milan should not be injured, that the Sardinians should have free exit, as also all other persons wishing to leave by the road to Turin up to eight o'clock, on the night of the 6th. That the Austrians were to enter at eight o'clock in the morning, and occupy the city by noon. When the fact of the capitulation became public, the populace became so enraged that they overturned the carriages of the king's suite, constituted him a nominal prisoner in the palace where he resided, and compelled him to the subterfuge of a promise to break off the agreement, and give battle to the Austrians. The violence of the crowd was great; the most insulting language was used towards the king, and several shots were fired at him. At three o'clock in the morning, however, the mob was driven out of the contrada by the discharge of artillery loaded with blank cartridge, and the king left the palace for Turin in safety.

The Archbishop of Milan and the new Podesta went out to Field-Marshal Radetzky; and the latter, in conjunction with Count Salasco, chef of the staff of the Sardinian army, and General Hess, quarter-master-general of the Austrians, ratified the capitulation, and the same morning the Austrian army, very strong and in the finest possible order, entered the city, and in a few hours civil and military occupation was established. The utmost silence prevailed during the passage of the troops through the Corso and principal streets. The city had been deserted by all the nobility, many of the better families, and by an immense number of citizens. On the morning of the 7th a proclamation appeared signed by Field-Marshal Radetzky, declaring the city and province of Lombardy in a state of siege, stating that all offences against good order would be tried by martial law, and nominating the Prince Schwartzenburg military governor of Milan.

Such was the dénouement of an insurrectionary romance than which none have ever been spoken of in such boastful and inflated language. Two weeks had not elapsed since the Austrian army was enabled, by the arrival of reinforcenents, to assume the offensive, than the important battles of Somma-Compagna, Custozza, Volta, Cremona, and Pizzighettone had been won, and on the fourteenth day the city of Milan occupied. The wretched and incapable Provisional Government was overthrown, and the imperial eagle once more towered proudly over Milan and all Lombardian cities.

On the 9th instant a convention was concluded between Field-Marshal Radetzky and General Salasco on behalf [illegible] the King of Sardinia. The convention restored the state of things as they existed previous to the insurrection in every respect, and provided for the evacuation of Peschiera and Venice.

As a matter of policy it may, however, still deserve the consideration of the Austrian Cabinet, whether or not it thinks fit to retain Lombardy or rather the Duchy of Milan in its dependence. That province, as has been particularly shown in this campaign, has no military value, and although it has belonged to the Imperial Government for more than a century, it forms no essential part of the empire. Since the success of the Imperial army under Radetzky, it may be abandoned or emancipated without a shade of [illegible]grace, if any political object is to be gained by

such a concession. It would be highly honourable to the Austrian Government to come to this conclusion for the sake of peace, but although Great Britain and France have coalesced to bring about a mediation on such a basis, and which, if unsuccessful, may be followed by a declaration of war on the part of France, still France must remember that after the withdrawal of the Sardinians into their own territory, the advance of a French army would no longer be an act of intervention but an actual invasion; Great Britain should also remember that the rights of Austria are supported not only by a fine army and a victorious general, but by the sympathy of all Germany and the eventual assistance of the Russian Empire, and both should remember that unquestionably, as at present circumstanced, no power on earth has any right to demand that which France and Great Britain has proposed to themselves as the basis of their mediation. It has been justly insisted upon by Mr. D'Israeli in the House of Commons, that while Lord Palmerston has connected himself with the military government of France in a mediation in Italy based on the pretended cause of liberty; that the claims of our oldest ally based upon solemn treaties and established territorial rights, have been overlooked in the enthusiasm created by a temporary success. The question assumes a very different character when that success has by Italian cowardice, ingratitude, and anarchy, been made to assume the character of the severest discomfiture and disaster. Nevertheless, although the facilities for a mediation successful to the Lombards, are no longer what they were a short time ago, it is still to be hoped it will do much good.

Between Austria and Piedmont the war is over, and Charles Albert in recruiting his army, may have objects nearer home to look to than another crusade for the thankless and sordid Lombards. But in other parts of Italy, the advance of the Austrian troops naturally gives rise to questions of great delicacy. If the state of Rome should become more desperate, they may even advance to the defence of the Pope, who is now completely at the mercy of his unruly subjects. In Tuscany the difficulties are great, and that flourishing little state, which was within the last few months one of the most prosperous in Europe, is on the verge of bankruptcy. In all these states, where Austria has no right to exercise any military or political supremacy, the mediation of France and England may be a salutary check to the Imperial generals, who are in reality wanted elsewhere. The insurrection of the Croats, the insubordination of the Tcheches, and the general spirit of rebellion among all the Sclavonian races, give promise of some employment to the Austrian troops elsewhere than in Italy.

The prompt remonstrance of the British minister at Florence has averted the danger of an Austrian occupation of the Tuscan territory as long as peace is preserved there. It is confidently asserted, that Lord Palmerston has received a very recent assurance from the Austrian government, that it accepted the general principle of the mediation with pleasure, and it must not be lost sight of, that the sooner the forces under Radetzky can be withdrawn from Italy, the sooner will a regular government, supported by a competent military force, be re-established in Vienna.

At the imperial city itself, in conformity with the declaration made by Archduke John to the Diet, that the war in Italy was not directed against

the liberal tendencies of the Italian states, but that its object was to maintain the honour of the Austrian arms, with complete recognition of the nationalities, the minister of the interior has stated, that the advance of General Welden's division across the Po, for the purpose of restoring the Duke of Modena to his dominions, was not authorised by the imperial cabinet; and in like manner, his attempted occupation of the Legations and his attack on Bologna, have been promptly disavowed. Such incidents indicate the most extreme moderation on the part of Austria; let there be the same on the part of France and England, and nothing can happen to interrupt peace. Every thing, however, is to be dreaded from France insisting upon terms that may prove irreconcileable with the weightiest interests of the Austrian empire. We shall, in such a case, stand in a false position, for nothing is more certain, than that in the present state of Europe, when it is impossible to tell what strange and terrible events may yet be in store for us, that from Austria we have nothing to apprehend; and further, as it has been justly remarked, that although she is now suffering from the misfortunes of an infirm sovereign, an unsettled cabinet, an unfinished revolution, and embarrassed finances; yet, such is her tenacious vitality, and such the deep-seated resources of her military power, that in the event of more general warfare, Austria would probably still be found, as she has been of old, our safest ally on the continent of Europe, if Europe were threatened by military ambition or the excesses of revolutionary violence.

AN AUTUMN LAY.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

THE evening winds are singing,
  Singing in the trees;
The ripen'd corn is waving,
  Waving in the breeze;
The harvest moon is shining,
  Shining in the night;
Bathing hill and valley
  In floods of golden light!

The summer time is dying,
  Dying in the year;
The autumn nights are coming,
  Coming very near;
Every leaf is fading,
  Fading day by day;
The broad sun sets in crimson,
  And morning tints are gray.

The swallows come together,
  Together from the eaves;
Waiting for the falling,
  The falling of the leaves;
All that made the summer
  Beautiful to see,
Seems to be awaiting
  But the time to flee!

THE OPERA.

We have often grumbled, not a little, at the unhappy way in which the months have been divided, *quoad* the productions at the Opera-house. Just at the beginning of the month some startling novelty has made its appearance, and we have been obliged to repress that burning desire of spreading useful information, which is our honourable characteristic, and after a miraculous effort of patience, to come hobbling in with our old news, and entertain our amiable readers with some "Queen-Anne's-dead" sort of communication. We believe—(we speak under correction, for we are not scientific in this department; we do not know what the central sun is, nor have we a clear notion of what Kepler really found out, when he discovered that "the squares of the periodic times of any two planets are to each other, in the same proportion as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun," nor do we—but we need not go on exposing our ignorance)—we believe, we say, that the moon has something to do with the regulation of the months, and we are the more inclined to believe it, as they are certainly not regulated by the stars, at least not the "stars" of the Opera. Surely the moon might manage better. For instance, what a provoking thing it is that the day on which Mademoiselle Lind makes her first appearance for a season, persists in being the 4th of May. The 4th of May!—there is a pretty day for the editor of a monthly periodical, who has seen his number just launched, and knows there will not be another till the 1st of June, when people will have read all the daily and weekly papers of the metropolis, and have seen every thing with their own eyes, and heard every thing with their own ears, and perhaps will come instructing *him* instead of waiting for him to instruct *them*, which is particularly annoying to a literary man.—

—We just pause to confess that there is one weakness in the literary character, which we inherit from our intellectual ancestors, the old ecclesiastics. The priests of former ages, it is well known, liked to keep all the learning to themselves, and though the modern literary man is not a miser to hoard up his knowledge, he at any rate likes to enjoy a monopoly in doling it out. He does not like, at any rate, to learn from the layman,—that is to say, the non-literary man. Such a state of things seems contrary to the natural order, he begins to feel like a cat, whose coat is rubbed the wrong way—and to think, like the Chorus who witnessed the wrongs of Medea,—

ἄνω ποταμῶν, ἱερῶν
χωροῦσι παγαί.

If you doubt the truth of what we say, honest, unsophisticated reader, just go to a theatre on the first night of a five-act tragedy, and when it is over, thrust yourself into one of the knots of professed critics you will be sure to find in the lobby, and boldly fling into the midst of them your opinion of the performance. We only say, good reader, that if you find your opinion received with that respect which you have anticipated, and which, doubtless, its great soundness deserves, we shall be very much surprised.

But a truce to this! Rochefaucauld says somewhere, that we would rather tell of our faults, than not talk about ourselves at all, and we are misled by the candid, though injudicious propensity to which he refers. Let us see—what were we talking about before we came to the literary man and his weakness. Ah, true! we talked about the bad dis-

position of the months. Could not the moon manage it better somehow or other? If a hymn to Diana would do any good, we are sure we could write a very nice one. We would begin with something quite new,—a comparison of the moon to silver,—and the episode about Latona, which we should introduce, would be most touching.

* * * * *

It's a grievous thing to be informed of one's want of erudition, just as when one has been exposing the deficiency to an assembly, at once numerous and select. After we had gone on committing ourselves, down to that little galaxy of printer's stars, which separates this paragraph from the above, we opened an almanac, and, lo!—we were soon reminded that the new moon has nothing to do with the first day of the month, but that the lunar month is one thing, and the calendar month another,—so that we were about to put up prayers to the wrong goddess. It was just as if Father Matthew began supplicating Bacchus to prosper the Temperance cause. We must, therefore, satisfy ourselves with hymning the manes of Francis Moore, Physician, for if he did not invent the calendar months, we don't know who did.

On this occasion, however, the Operatic season has terminated most kindly for our purpose,—the four extra nights just bringing it down to the 24th of August. A nice day that 24th,—just the sort of day we should pick out if we made our own Operatic almanac. We sit down to write, fired with the enthusiasm with which the last crowded audience took leave of their beloved Jenny Lind. The ocean in the pit with its billows of hats, hands, and handkerchiefs, is not only in our memory, but has scarcely left the retina of our physical eye—we almost see it now. The string of carriages which extended along the Haymarket, and was just lapped round the corner of Charles Street—and the line of gazers, assembled for the mere purpose of seeing the occupants of the carriages as they alighted—all this is a scene which we seem to still behold, and we hear the rattle of the wheels quite as plainly as the man, in the old joke, heard the footstep of the fly on the top of the Monument.

It was a great scene, that leave-taking of Jenny Lind. The audience were so determined, that that little slight *Amina*, whom they had just seen passing over the perilous mill-wheel, should come before them again and again, and hear more plaudits, and receive more bouquets. They loved to see that innocent-looking countenance dart forward from the curtain, and that incomparable trip, with which Jenny always runs towards the salutations of an audience. There was the feeling that she must not go, if one voice could hold her back—that an insupportable blank would be left when she disappeared.

And the Fates were benignant, for soon after Jenny's last curtsey before the curtain, the audience were allowed to see her once again. She sang the last verse of the national anthem, having, on every previous occasion, merely joined in the chorus. She even was encored, and then came a repetition of the former plaudits.

Did we not say, that when Jenny Lind made her first appearance this season, the Queen paid her first visit to the Opera after the Chartist disturbances, that the Swedish Nightingale was welcomed by the same voices which cheered her majesty, and that the names of Lind and Loyalty were associated together by something more than that link of an initial letter, which connected Monmouth and Macedon in the mind of honest Fluellin? And now the freshest impression left on the public mind is Jenny Lind singing GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.*

This work is understood to be the production of Lady Emily Ponsonby, and a better disciplined mind than that of this amiable and accomplished young lady never undertook the task of instructing her sex.

The first illustration of the "Discipline of Life"—the varying love of Isabel Denison—is undoubtedly a true page taken from the book of nature; but we doubt much if it will prove very acceptable. Isabel Denison is the child of a poor curate's daughter, who had been abandoned by her military husband, and at the death of her mother, the young girl was brought up by a precise maiden sister. As a simple-hearted country girl, only yearning occasionally after a father whom she has never seen, she gives her heart and plights her troth to the curate of the village, Herbert Grey, a kind of man and woman hater, who, having in early life met with a disappointment in love, had abandoned the law for the more congenial profession of the church.

Herbert Grey, with his moody, melancholy fits, by no means wins upon the affections; but still it is difficult to imagine why the same unfortunate person should be selected for two outrageous jiltings. Captain Denison returns from India, married, but childless; titled, successful, and rich; and claims his long-neglected daughter. Isabella, in consequence, exchanges country for town life, and is introduced to a new world—the world of fashion. Nor does she fail to succumb to the great temptation; her heart, almost without her own consent, passing into the possession of Lord Clarence Broke, the second son of a duke, and a gallant, handsome, and fashionable young soldier. Fine touches of nature come now into play. Roused by the incident of temporary separation to a consciousness of the precipice on which she stands, Isabel still never wavers between the sacrifice of her affections, and her duty to her plighted troth. But after many trying scenes and affecting situations, the young curate nobly abandons his pretensions, and even performs the marriage service, that is to unite one he has so much loved to another. Such is the first example of a character tried and improved by the common events of life. Herbert can only have felt how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong; and we must with Crabbe add we cannot maintain, that even hearts twice broken never heal again.

The interest of the story of "Country Neighbourhood," like that of its predecessor, is made to dwell upon the change that sometimes takes place in the affections; only in this case the gentleman is in fault, and the young wife is made to suffer for having innocently superseded her friend in the affections of the same person. The "Moat" is a more humorous sketch of the hesitations of a proud and precise old maiden aunt, between protecting and disinheriting two scapegrace nephews. The story is told with a charming simplicity, and there is a truth-like character and freshness pervading the whole work, which gives earnest of the most distinguished success.

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* The Discipline of Life. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

AMYMONE.*

Miss Eliza Lynn is certainly one of the most remarkable writers of the present day. Selecting for her subjects themes of high antiquity, requiring deep research and philosophical investigation, she treats them with all the facility and success of a mature and highly disciplined intellect. Only the other day she revelled amid the wondrous dreams and practices of the old Egyptians. To-day a theme no less ambitious is chosen. Pericles and Aspasia, Xanthippos, the son of the all-powerful statesman, and leagued with Cleon against him; the famed sculptor, Phidias, loving, but without return, Chrysanthe; Socrates, Alcibiades, Sophocles, Euripides, Thucydides, names that adorned the most brilliant epoch of Athenian history; besides the heroine Amymone, her husband Methion; Crethon, their aristocratic patron; Antiphon, a luxurious astrologer, and Xeuxos, a Thessalian sorceress, help to fill up pictures, the outlines of which are supplied by ample reading, the substance by the genius that revives the past.

The moral life of Greece in the times of Pericles is separated from our own by so wide and deep an abyss that it is venturesome even to tread upon the brink. Miss Lynn, in the fervency of youth and love of her subject, clothes Grecian forms with the spirit of modern England, and colours them with the good-will and innocence of her own heart.

Whatever may be the opinion in regard to the education of the eloquent and fascinating Aspasia, it is impossible not to admire Miss Lynn's advocacy of her heart's truth. It is almost impossible to figure to oneself those mental and personal accomplishments which made a pupil of Socrates and a lover of Pericles, and habits of dissipation such as Plutarch has depicted to us. As to the love of the Greeks not being characterised by that mysterious sentiment of intercommunication of soul with soul as with the moderns, the very idea to the contrary conveys absurdity on its face—love may have been idealised by a refined civilisation, but its essence has always been the same.

The varied aspects, public and private, of Athenian life, all the details of ordinary occupations and enjoyments, are depicted with a force and minuteness of which Miss Lynn gave a first striking example in "Azeth." In the present instance she has been even more successful than in her previous work. The strength displayed in the mastery of Athenian mind is only equalled by the careful accuracy with which she delineates manners; and "Amymone" will be treasured as a remarkable work, replete at once with instruction and amusement.

GOWRIE: OR, THE KING'S PLOT.†

The publication of an entirely new work by so distinguished a writer as Mr. James, at a greatly reduced price, and of equal extent, with those usually produced in three volumes, is an event that demands some no-

* Amymone. A Romance of the Days of Pericles. By the Author of "Azeth, the Egyptian." 3 vols. Richard Bentley.

† Gowrie: or, The King's Plot. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

tice; the more especially so, as several of our most popular authors are of opinion that the old and expensive system of the three-volumed novel, might be done away with, to the benefit of all concerned it. Mr. James explains in his preface the motives which have induced him to follow such a course, and we agree with him that the publication of an entirely new work, in a series, may give an impetus to the sale of that collection; but we doubt if it will favour the sale of the particular new work in question; although, with the exception of Mr. James's views in regard to the King's complicity in the Gowrie affair, to which we by no means assent, it is, in most respects, equal in point of interest, and in brilliancy of composition, to any of his previous works. The diminution of price, great as it is, is, we must however add, not sufficient to produce any great effect. To accomplish this, a very marked reduction must take place, such indeed as has already been effected in quarters to which Mr. James has not given credit for the reforms that have been already wrought in cheap publications.

TALES, ESSAYS, AND POEMS.*

It is a modern affectation to write for a purpose. The most common-place fiction or imaginative essay is dressed up in a pseudo-philosophy, and the most discursive and inapposite narrative is allowed to put forth an unanswered claim to the noblest of all objects, "to express the want, in our times, of a true, social education; for the rich as well as the poor —to plead for humane relations between the various classes of society, instead of such as are purely mercenary and falsely styled 'utilitarian.'"

This is a theme now so re-iteratedly disclaimed upon by a certain school, that it has become mere cant—the expression of the thing without the purport—the puppet without the principle of vitality, and it will be the bankrupt-stock of a large firm. Had Mr. Gostick allowed his Essays and Tales to stand simply on their own merits, they might have earned a kindly notice, although most have already appeared in the pages of magazines or minor periodicals, but when so serious a subject as social education for the rich and the poor is illustrated by such feeble attempts at humour, as "Money or no Money," or by the want of common information displayed in the introduction to a "Tale of Peru," the cause is little honoured by its advocates.

A YACHT VOYAGE TO NORWAY.†

This is a book to which we shall return with pleasure. Incidents of a yacht voyage amid the rock-bound coasts of Scandinavia, with their finny and winged tribes to awaken the sportsman's prowess, if told in a straightforward and unaffected manner, cannot but be replete with interest. A glance has sufficed to show us, that we shall not be disappointed, and that we have in Mr. Ross a narrator full of freshness and reality.

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* Tales, Essays, and Poems, by Joseph Gostick, Author of the "Spirit of German Poetry," &c. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

† A Yacht Voyage to Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. A. Ross, Esq. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

OBSERVATIONS ON ANEURISM.*

SUBJECTS of a purely professional character scarcely come within the sphere of our critical labours, but Dr. Bellingham having forwarded a copy of his little work on aneurism, it is but justice to him to say that it appears to be a careful and satisfactory exposition of the subject, and where so important an advantage to humanity is at stake, as the superseding the formidable operation of the ligature by mere compression, it is one that commands attention.

PAUL CLIFFORD.†

AT the period of the first appearance of "Paul Clifford," Sir E. B. Lytton stated, that without pausing to inquire what realm of manners, or what order of crime and sorrow are open to art, and capable of administering to the proper ends of fiction, he had in this peculiar work the objects in view—First, to draw attention to two errors in our penal institutions, viz., a vicious prison-discipline and a sanguinary criminal code—the habit of corrupting the boy by the very punishment that ought to redeem him, and then hanging the man on the first occasion, as the easiest way of getting rid of our own blunders. A second and a lighter object was to show, that there is nothing essentially different between vulgar vice and fashionable vice—that the slang of the one circle is but an easy paraphrase of the cant of the other.

After the lapse of eight years, and upon the occasion of publishing the present cheap edition, Sir Edward B. Lytton says—

> There is in this work a subtler question suggested, but not solved. That question which perplexes us in the generous ardour of our early youth—which, unsatisfactory as all metaphysics, we rather escape from than decide as we advance in years, viz.—make what laws we please, the man who lives within the pale can be as bad as the man without. Compare the Paul Clifford of the fiction with the William Brandon; the hunted son and the honoured father, the outcast of the law, the dispenser of the law—the felon, and the judge; and, as at the last, they front each other, one on the seat of justice, the other at the convict's bar—who can lay his hand on his heart and say, that the Paul Clifford is a worse man than the William Brandon?
>
> There is no immorality in a truth that enforces this question; for it is precisely those offences which society cannot interfere with, that society requires fiction to expose. Society is right, though youth is reluctant to acknowledge it. Society can form only certain regulations necessary for its self-defence—the fewer the better—punish those who invade, leave unquestioned those who respect them. But fiction follows truth into all the strongholds of convention; strikes through the disguise, lifts the mask, bares the heart, and leaves a moral wherever it brands a falsehood.

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* Observations on Aneurism, and its Treatment by Compression. By O'Bryen Bellingham, M.D., Edinburgh. John Churchill.

† Paul Clifford. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., with a Frontispiece from a Design by H. K. Browne, engraved by W. T. Green.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MY FRENCH GOVERNESS.

BY DOCTOR DRYASDUST, F.S.A.

PART II.

It was not apparently without reason that Mademoiselle Eugènie Loriot informed me she was hungry, nor, in witnessing her performance, had I any difficulty in believing her statement, that she had fasted during the whole of the voyage from Bordeaux to London. Surprise had taken away my appetite, which was rather a fortunate thing, for otherwise there would have been scarcely enough, so well did this interesting "jeune personne" play her knife and fork. Consigned to me by Professor Panurge, she might well have borne the name of Gargantua. It is not a faculty which everybody possesses to eat and talk at the same time, but my guest seemed to be perfect mistress of the art, and her tongue and jaws went rapidly in unison.

"C'est un drôle de chose," exclaimed she, making incision in a third mutton chop, "mais je vois bien que tout ce qu'on m'a débité de ce pays n'est pas vrai. Voilà une chose que j'ai découverte,—vous ne mangez pas de la chair crue !"

"Raw meat!" I replied in astonishment, "who could have told you such a thing?"

"Qui !—mais, tout le monde."

"Then you took us all for cannibals?" I observed.

"Pas tout à fait," replied she, coolly ; "Je n'avais pas peur que vous me mangeriez," and she leered wickedly at me with her cross eye as she spoke, the other being steadily fixed on her mutton chop.

"There was little fear of that under any circumstances," said I to myself.

Notwithstanding her crooked glances she appeared to guess my thoughts.

"Dîtes-moi, monsieur," said Mademoiselle Loriot, abruptly. "Comment me trouvez-vous ?"

As every thing that this lady said or did took me more or less aback, I was at a loss to reply. I could not have said "charming" for the world (though a Frenchman would, as a matter of course); and unless I paid her a compliment, it was better for me to hold my tongue. I took the worst course, halting between two extremes, and answered hesitatingly,—

"Je,—c'est à dire,—vous,—je trouve que—que—"

"Ah," interrupted she, "vous voulez dire que je ne suis pas belle. C'est possible ce matin,—je suis tellement journalière, et savez-vous, mon-

sieur, que vous avez ici un climat affreux,—avec un brouillard éternel et la fumée de charbon de terre comment voulez-vous que le teint se conserve!"

I fancied I had by this time recovered sufficient presence of mind to pay her the expected compliment, but somehow or other I always spoil these things before I finish the sentence.

"The French ladies," said I, "have very susceptible complexions." Here she smiled,—after her fashion. "But," I continued, "I did not conceive it possible that the smoke and fog could have spoilt *yours* in the course of a few hours;" here she smiled again,—"I should rather have fancied the result had been the work of time."

The thunder-cloud is not so black as her brow became, nor the lightning more scorching than the glance she shot from her sound eye, when I hazarded this unlucky remark. She paused a moment in the operation of chipping an egg, and opened her lips as if with the intention of making a bitter retort, but apparently she changed her purpose and substituted another smile; lexicographers will pardon me if I have misapplied the term.

"Quel âge me donnez-vous, monsieur?" asked the lady gaily.

"This woman," thought I, "was born to annoy me with difficult questions." This time, however, my good genius came to my aid. Tryphæna had previously asked me the same thing.

"The fact of your uncomfortable voyage must be my excuse, mad—mademoiselle, if I make a mistake on the wrong side. I should say you were scarcely f—f—f—thirty," at last I bolted out.

Forty-five was as legibly written on her countenance as are the characters on the Rosetta stone.

"Vous avez raison, monsieur," replied La belle Eugènie, with a dislocating toss of her head, which strong sinews only could have survived: "je n'ai pas trente ans. Au dernier quinze de Novembre,—le jour de mon patron, Saint Eugène, je n'avais que 27 ans. Voyez donc, monsieur, comme on peut se tromper quand il ne fait pas beau temps!"

"Ah," said I again to myself, "you've seen so much ugly weather in your time that you're fairly inoculated by it." This opinion, however, I refrained from uttering, and merely bowed and sipped my tea in silence.

At last Mademoiselle Loriot finished her breakfast. She threw herself back in her chair, crossed her feet on the rug, and allowing her clasped hands to fall in an easy, negligent way in her lap, she fixed her left eye steadily on me,—the other wandering round the room in the meantime, as if to take an inventory of the furniture, and renewed her conversation.

With that delicate tact which seemed so peculiarly her own she said,

"A ce qu'il parait, monsieur, vous n'êtes pas marié!"

Blushing like a turkey-cock, though I felt it was she, not I, who ought to have done so, and the image of Tryphæna suddenly hovering (a guardian angel) between me and my questioner, I answered,

"Non, mademoiselle—pas encore."

"A la bonne heure," she returned, and then added with a fascinating ogle, "mais sans doute vous avez eu des affaires de cœur!"

This was a little too much. Here was a person of the opposite sex,

far from young, still further from handsome, whose condition of life exacted from her more than from any other, the most guarded and modest expressions, and yet in the course of half an hour's acquaintance, she accosted me with all the familiarity of my oldest male acquaintance,—not that I have a male friend I think who would have said so much. Ovid declares that whether they accept or refuse, women always like to have the question put:—

"Quæ dant, quæque negant, gaudent tamen esse rogatæ,"

and Mademoiselle Loriot appeared to be of the same opinion with regard to men. Observing that I paused, she resumed, laughing,

"Ah,—c'est un secret donc. Eh bien, laissons celà pour le moment,—parlons d'autres choses."

"That, Mademoiselle Loriot," said I, in a grave tone, "is precisely what I wish. There are several questions I am desirous of asking *you.*"

"Eh bien, mon cher monsieur—comment vous appelez-vous—le diable m'emporte si je puis prononcer votre nom,—sans ce petit écrit de notre ami Panurge je ne vous aurais jamais trouvé ; eh bien, qu'est ce que vous vous désirez savoir ?"

"What I wish to know in the first instance," replied I, "is the precise nature of your arrangements with regard to the continuance of your journey to Scotland."

"Et après ?" asked she, beginning to count on her fingers.

"All in good time," I returned ; "answer me this question first."

"Vous me demandez, monsieur, ce que je vais faire à present. Voici ma réponse: Je n'en sais rien."

"You know nothing about it ?" I exclaimed, in a tone of astonishment.

"Non monsieur, j'ai compté entièrement sur vous."

"Ah, true," said I,—"of course, I shall see you to the railway station, and have you booked all the way through, and so forth. You must naturally," I added, with something of hypocrisy in the remark, I must acknowledge,—"you must naturally be desirous of getting to the end of your journey."

"Oh ! quant à ça," said the lady, in a very off-hand way,—"Je ne suis pas pressée. Je suis très bien ici. Enfin, je n'ai encore rien vu à Londres !"

I groaned inwardly. "She is thinking of those infernal theatres," said I to myself.

I was a true prophet. The next observation she made proved it.

"Vous avez ici de forts jolis spectacles et de très bons acteurs,—n'est ce pas, monsieur ?"

I could not deny it, because I gave implicit belief to the play bills which boldly asserted these facts ; had I been in the habit of going to the play myself, she might have heard a different story.

"Je ne comprends pas l'Anglais," she continued, "mais, c'est égal, je saurais bien entendre. Quel est le meilleur théâtre ?"

While she spoke I had been cogitating on the best mode of putting an extinguisher on any play-going scheme she might have formed, and a lucky thought struck me.

"They are all good," I replied,—"all excellent,—all admirable. But, unfortunately, at this moment, they are every one closed."

"Mon Dieu! quel dommage!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Loriot. "Mais comment ça, monsieur?"

"Why, the fact is," said I, making a bold push, and reckoning on her ignorance of affairs in England, "the fact is—Queen Anne's dead—and so—you know,—there's a court mourning,—and—and—while it lasts, it is not etiquette to go to the theatre."

She looked at me very hard with one eye, as if she had some notion that I was telling her a fib,—but I kept my countenance, and she went on:

"Ah! cette pauvre reine donc est morte! J'en suis fachée. Que c'est embêtant de mourir, si mal-à-propos! Comment peut-on s'amuser s'il n'y a pas de spectacle?"

"But, Mademoiselle Loriot," I observed, wishing to put an end at once to this sort of thing;—"I presume it was not for the purpose of amusing yourself that you came to England."

"Et pourquoi pas, monsieur? Faut-il que la jeunesse s'exhale sans respirer le parfum du plaisir?"

It would be difficult to describe the expression of this fair creature's features as she uttered this sentimental apostrophe. I moved uneasily in my chair.

"I shall have her back again," thought I, "to the subject of the affections unless I speak out. Youth," I proceeded aloud—"youth—hem! —certainly not; but you, Mademoiselle Loriot, are the instructress of youth,—in short, madame, if I understand your position rightly, you came to this country to work and not to play,"

"Qu'est-ce-que ça fait, monsieur?" replied the damsel, naïvely; "pour être bien cuite il ne faut pas rester toujours sur la grille. Il y aura bien le temps de me déchirer quand je vais à la campagne, avec ces petits montagnards."

I looked at her and could not repress the thought, that on whatever gridiron she had made the experiment she had been thoroughly done—I might, indeed, say *brown*—if so slang a phrase may find place among the lucubrations of Dr. Dryasdust.

"But," said I,—hesitatingly,—"a course of preparation——"

"Je me fricasse de vos préparations, monsieur," interrupted the fair Eugènie,—"je vous repète ce que j'ai dejà dit—je ne m'en vais pas à la campagne qu'après avoir joui des plaisirs de la ville."

"What a tremendous dragon has been saddled upon me!" I ejaculated.

"Well, madam," I resumed,—"if you are determined to see what life is in London, it is but right I should tell you beforehand that it is rather an expensive process, and I hope you have got plenty of money."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Loriot, "voilà précisément ce que j'allais vous dire. Par exemple, ma bourse est tout a fait vide."

"What!" cried I, "you have no money?"

"Pas un sous," returned she. "Ecoutez,—je vais vous expliquer. Avant que de quitter Bordeaux—où j'ai des parens très riches,—je devais avoir touché une somme assez forte,—n'importe le montant,—mais des circonstances imprevues m'ont empeché de profiter de l'occasion, et toutefois le petit Panurge m'a conseillé de ne pas laisser échapper le moyen de partir par le bateau sur lequel j'avais embarqué mes effets, me disant

que, dans tous les cas, Vous seriez mon banquier,—attendu qu'il y avait des rélations entre vous deux. Je n'ai pas hésité de mettre ses bons conseils à profit; je me suis mise en route,—(maudit soit le jour qui me voyait en pleine mer),—et—enfin,—me voici!"

The coolness and intrepidity with which Mademoiselle Loriot delivered herself of this frank and unadorned exposition of the state of her affairs was, to me, perfectly astounding.

I have all my life been a poor man,—but my great anxiety throughout my course has been to prevent the world from having the slightest inkling of my poverty. For this cause I have pleaded inclination as a reason for not incurring expense where the real excuse was want of means,—acquiring thereby the reputation of a curmudgeon; for this cause I have given my guinea to a literary charity and have omitted my dinner for several days in consequence, and, as my reward, have overheard people say,—"The old fellow has plenty of money, when he pleases;" for this cause I have hoarded my best suit (partly also on thy account, Tryphæna), wearing garments at home that better befitted my name, and have earned the sobriquet of "the old buck," as a matter of course. These things have I done, to put a face on very limited means, and, as if to put my system to the rout, in utter scorn of all concealment, comes a brazen Frenchwoman, with the most unmistakeable signs of poverty about her, brags of intangible wealth, and quietly acknowledges that she never had any other prospect to help her on her way than my unknown resources!

The proceeding was so incongruous and unheard of, that I could not refrain from repeating my former questions in a more precise manner.

"And so you really mean to say, mademoiselle," (the mockery that it was to call her so), "that you are literally without a penny?"

"C'est possible," said she, with an air of supreme indifference; "qu'il y ait quelque sous dans mon sac, mais, pour la reste, je vous avoue franchement que j'ai donné mon dernier écu au cocher qui m'a ameué à l'hôtel. Ne parlons plus de ces bêtises."

So saying, she rose from her chair, turned towards the glass, and affected to arrange her hair, but I rather imagine it was more for the purpose of watching what effect her communication had made on me after her back was turned. Presence of mind is not one of my readiest attributes, but the effect of Mademoiselle Loriot's cool statement had rendered my countenance a complete blank, so that nothing certain could, I am sure, be gathered from its expression. Locomotion is the general source from whence I derive inspiration, whether the subject that occupies me belongs to the present or to the past,—and the only thing I could think of was to propose a walk, trusting that in the course of it, some way to get rid of this HARPY would suggest itself. It was certainly not a very promising day for a promenade, for, besides that the month was February, a cold, gray mist shrouded the sky and threw a gloom on every object. This, however, answered my purpose better than if the weather had been bright and sunny, for there was less chance of our meeting any of my acquaintance. Without committing myself, therefore, to any specific course, I also rose, and, putting on as bland an air as I could assume, I said that as she was desirous of seeing the town, I should be most happy to place myself at her disposition.

The lady yawned, glanced towards the window, looked round the

room, then at me, then at the fire, and then shrugged her shoulders, the invariable resource of her country when there appears to be no choice left.

"Eh bien!" said she, with a long drawn breath, which expended itself in a sneer; "allons voir cette belle ville."

"You shall have reason to say so," I thought, "before we return."

Mademoiselle Loriot then resumed her bonnet and shawl, which she would fain have adjusted in my sleeping apartment, but to this invasion I offered a steady resistance, and the FIEND (I regret very much being obliged to use the word) was baffled.

I have mentioned that I resided in chambers. They were not professional ones, but, situated in the Adelphi, were occupied by persons of various denominations. On one floor was a coal-merchant's offices—on another those of a public company,—a missionary agent paraded his calling on one landing-place, a solicitor on another, and here and there were small suits of apartments tenanted by private individuals like myself.

As I had no very particular desire that Mademoiselle Loriot should be too much enchanted by the architectural beauties of London, I did not at once proceed into the Strand, which would have been my most direct course; but turning down John-street, I led her across Hungerford Market, through Scotland Yard, and taking her through the alleys which skirt the Admiralty, emerged into St. James's Park, at the little entrance near the spot where, in summer, the cows are milked, and idle boys play at leap-frog. At that season of the year the shaded avenue between Carlton Gardens and the enclosure is, as every body knows, a very charming walk; but in the dead of winter, when the black leafless branches are dripping with perpetual fog, the prospect is not quite so exhilarating. A few loungers, and those of the seediest kind, alone occupied the benches; and with an occasional policeman, a stray washerwoman, with her basket of clothes, hastening to or from Pimlico, and some of the more resolute of the London youth, who would rather climb trees and pelt the sparrows than pursue any more laudable occupation, were the only company in this delightful spot, the haunt, as I assured Mademoiselle Loriot, of the principal nobility and the most distinguished persons in the country.

"C'est bien triste," said the ingenuous Eugènie, and in my secret heart I could not but admit that she was right. It certainly could not bear comparison with the Boulevards of Paris, nor did it rival in bustle and liveliness the quays of her more familiar Bordeaux, with its noble theatre, its busy Exchange, its fine rostral columns, and its picturesquely crowded river.

It was, however, indifferent to me whether or not she instituted comparisons disadvantageous to London, my object being rather to collect my own thoughts than to give expansion to hers; and as we pursued our dreary promenade, I continued to turn over in my mind the speediest and most effectual way of disembarrassing myself of my new acquaintance. I came at last to the conclusion that the first loss was the best; and that, although it took money out of my purse, which at that moment I could ill spare, my best plan was to advance the necessary sum to expedite her journey to the north, and wash my hands of her at once and for ever. Having determined upon this, I became more cheerful, and it was time for me to be so, the lowering brow of Mademoiselle

Loriot having shown signs indicative of a coming storm. I have said that her countenance was not attractive when seen in all its detail,—it struck me, as I looked over my shoulder, as even less so in profile, with its very rigid outline broken only by two black lines, one across the brow, and the other, scarcely less defined, shading the upper lip. Even the sinister cast of the eye was not lost in the side view of this remarkable young lady's features; for like that which *Sir Anthony Absolute* insisted upon amongst the personal qualifications of his son's intended bride, the orb possessed as unlimited a power of rolling as that of the bull in Cox's museum.

"Qu'est ce que c'est que ça?" she exclaimed, pointing to a shapeless pile of building, which the recent rains had stained till it resembled wet brown paper. "Est ce là un prison?"

"We are not in the habit in England of converting our palaces into prisons," was on the tip of my tongue, but I contented myself by saying, "That is Buckingham Palace."

"Boquinghin Palais,—ah! Et vous avez aussi un arc de triomphe! Mais c'est étonnant; où avez vous gagné des victoires? Je n'en ai jamais entendu parler. Ah, je vois bien à present, il n'y a rien de sculpté dessus,—vous attendez que les victoires vous arrivent."

I had nothing to say for the architecture of the unfortunate edifice, neither could I deny the fact that the triumphal arch represented nothing at all, but, antiquarian as I am, I am fully alive to my country's glory.

"What, mademoiselle," I exclaimed, "have you never heard of Cressy, nor Poitiers, nor Azincour—to say nothing of the victories of Marlborough and Wellington?"

"Je ne connais pas ces noms là; et dans ce cas," continued she, with the utmost coolness, "je suppose qu'ils n'ont jamais existé. Quant à votre Malbrouk, nous l'avons accablé par une chanson. Je me moque de votre Duc de Vilainton! C'est lui qui a trahi le grand Napoléon."

"He beat him," replied I, quickly,—"if that's what you mean."

"Comment, monsieur,—l'empéreur qui n'a jamais été vaincu! Il vous a écrasé partout; dans la Russie, en Amérique, aux Indes, en Italie, dans toutes les parties du globe."

"Permit me to say, mademoiselle, that you speak of impossibilities."

"Comment ça, monsieur!"

"The English never encountered Napoleon in any of the places you have named."

"Tant mieux pour vous, monsieur, *il vous aurait battu s'il vous avait rencontré*," and she tossed her head with an air of intense triumph.

Woman as she was—to judge by her costume,—I felt very much inclined to let her know what a beating really was, but though I could not remove the feeling of dislike for this person which, indeed, kept every moment increasing, I managed to control my anger.

"It is a pity," I said, "that he did not come to England."

"Il n'était pas possible," was Mademoiselle Loriot's self-satisfied reply.

"You are right," I answered, "it was *not* possible."

"Non!—parcequ'il fallait traverser la mer. Attendez,—je me trompe. Il aurait pu venir par la Russie s'il n'y avait pas eu de la guerre de ce côté là."

"If Mademoiselle Loriot's general acquirements," thought I, "are on a par with her historical and geographical knowledge, she will do credit to Professor Panurge's recommendation." I did not test them further at the moment, and we continued our route up Constitution Hill, where she made the slight mistake of supposing St. George's Hospital to be a Club, in which particular having undeceived her, we turned into Piccadilly, where, luckily, a drizzling rain beginning to fall, I put up my umbrella so as to obscure Apsley House, which I was afraid would have begotten another controversy. To avoid the wet, instead of taking a cab, I hurried my charge under an archway, from whence there was only the view of a dead wall.

"If this," said I to myself, "with the walk I have got in store, doesn't sicken her of London, I don't know what will." But she was not yet disposed to give in.

"It was a very fortunate thing for me," said Mademoiselle Loriot, whose remarks I shall henceforward translate, having hitherto refrained from doing so the better to preserve the tone of her conversation;—"it is a very fortunate thing for me I did not put on my rose-coloured capote and my violet silk dress; they would have been completely destroyed. You see," she added, with one of her most fascinating smiles, "I am entirely in travelling costume."

I assured her,—and with perfect truth,—that what she wore became her, in my opinion, better than any thing else she could have selected.

"You are very good to say so," she replied, with a languid air, and leaning on my arm in a way that made me tremble—for reasons both moral and physical, she leered at me as much as to say, "that obdurate heart is touched at last."

So at least I translated it, and in spite of the season and the cold wind whistling down the archway, I felt my face all at once burning to the very lobes of my ears. This sensation was not diminished by some observations that reached me from a couple of young fellows who were passing by. One of these was a butcher-boy, his hair nourished by mutton fat, curling over his tray in spite of the rain; the other a young gentleman whose head was protected from the inclemency of the weather by an empty basket reversed, as were his shoulders by a potato-sack which was thrown negligently over them.

The butcher-boy spoke first; the class he belonged to rarely furnishes society with models of politeness.

"I say, Bill," he shouted, giving his friend a dig in the ribs with his elbow, "twig the cove hunder the harchway."

"My eyes!" said the other, looking through his hand, opera-glass fashion, "vy he's bin a abductin' of a female babboon, dressed up in petticoats, from Wan Ambug's. I shouldn't vunder if he aint a goin' to marry her."

"I forbids the banns," said the butcher-boy, with a loud laugh. "The parties is too nigh related."

Upon this the green-grocer's boy set up a tremendous roar, shoved his companion into the gutter, and off they both ran as fast as their legs could carry them, leaving me bursting with rage and shame beside my hirsute *protégée*.

It was well, perhaps, for Mademoiselle Loriot's equanimity that she

did not understand the language in which these compliments were paid; but to avoid the repetition of them, which would not have been particularly agreeable to myself, I suggested that we should move on. According to my original plan, I took the first opportunity of quitting the broader and livelier thoroughfares, and, turning into Down-street, conducted my charge through several narrow streets, and across more than one Mews, till we reached Davies-street, and thence into Marylebone-lane, from which locality I steered by as many back-ways as I could find, until we had traversed Portland-place, and were fairly entered into the delightful and artistic region which lies on the western side of Tottenham-court-road. From this point the game was my own, and the districts of Soho, St. Giles's, and Drury-lane, furnished me with the means of exercising the fair Eugènie's limbs, without drawing too largely on her admiration. I had early discovered that the lady had a temper, and our dismal tramp through the wet, dirty streets, did not tend to improve it. She was lavish of every thing but encomiums on all she saw, a thing not much to be wondered at, when it is remembered what she did see. The best words in her vocabulary are scarcely translateable, so utter was the disgust and contempt with which this unique view of London inspired her. I found, too, that she could be bitter as well as coarse. Passing in sight of Marylebone workhouse, she inquired what place it was, and I, who was thinking of something else, mechanically answered, "One of the Courts of Justice." Her reply startled me.

"It looks like it," she said, spitefully; "the people gathered round the door there seem to have got all that justice generally leaves the poor —rags and famine."

After this sally I resolved, as long as she remained under my care, to keep her in good humour, and a fortunate circumstance came to my aid.

One motive in choosing our roundabout, obscure walk, was, as I have intimated, to avoid observation. I was not altogether successful in this endeavour, for let the weather be what it may in London, there are always folks who go abroad, and are to be met with in the most out-of-the-way, unexpected places. Thus I encountered more than one person of my acquaintance, who, I am convinced from the air with which they eyed my dingy yet tawdry companion, were firmly of opinion that I was, as the phrase runs, "after no good;" and the hang-dog look which I felt I wore, as I hastily recognised them, must have confirmed their suspicions. The worst of all was an old lady, a friend of Tryphæna's, whom I unwisely cut instead of openly meeting. She was, after a habit of hers in bad weather, poking about the curiosity-shops, to pick up dreadfully useless bargains, and turning round to examine some object against the light, perceived me coming down the narrow street, with my hard bargain on my arm. I was close upon her before I was aware, and quite unconscious that Mademoiselle Loriot and myself had been within the focus of her large spectacles for nearly a minute. I no sooner saw her than I turned away my head, and began to converse very earnestly with my companion, though of what I said to her I have not the slightest idea. Mrs. Cribbiter—such was the old lady's name—was not to be deceived by this manœuvre, and the way in which she resented it led to a difference between Tryphæna and myself, which at one time assumed a very serious character, and was only allayed by a very full explanation, and the strongest protestations on my part.

All perils of this nature were, however, overpast when we entered the region of Drury Lane, and here it was I stumbled on my good genius. It was in one of the courts abounding in that neighbourhood, down which I had dived with my interesting charge, that I came full upon a very merry fellow of my acquaintance, one Captain Walrus, a rencontre with whom, under the circumstances, did not signify two sous. Had I been disposed to avoid him, the thing would scarcely have been possible, for his bulk was so great as entirely to fill up the narrow thoroughfare; but I had no such intention, and my greeting was perfectly unembarrassed, though I could perceive an inquisitive smile playing in the corners of his mouth, while his eyes were no less mirthfully interrogative. What made me so much at my ease, was the knowledge I possessed of my friend's character. He was one of those men whose pursuit in life had been every thing by turns, but nothing long; he had tried a thousand schemes to make his fortune, and the result may be guessed at from his numerous attempts; but whether his schemes prospered or failed, and the failures greatly outnumbered the successes, his temper and disposition remained unaltered; nothing could ruffle the one or warp the other; he still exhibited the same buoyancy and cheerfulness let whatever might befal. But this was not all, for in the course of his many mutations he had seen so much variety, and had led so many different kinds of life, that nothing came amiss to or surprised him. To meet his antiquarian friend, Dr. Dryasdust, walking with a somewhat equivocal character, excited, therefore, only the idea of something humorous which concealed, perhaps, a pleasant mystery that I might explain or not, as best suited my convenience.

"Well, doctor," said he, laughing; "a nice day this for a retired and shady walk. You have taken the wrong turning; there's no thoroughfare this way."

The passage was so narrow, or his figure so fat, that it was hardly necessary for him to stick his arms a-kimbo as he did while speaking.

"Ah! Walrus," replied I, "notwithstanding appearances are against you, you never stand in any body's way."

"I suppose you think to get round me by saying so," he retorted; "but where *are* you going, and—stay—first of all do me the honour of introducing me to your fair companion."

He had already begun the ceremony; his hat was in his hand, and his bow half accomplished, when I presented him to Mademoiselle Loriot, adding in English, and with all the air of paying a compliment—

"A French lady, whom I am very anxious to get rid of."

"I'll manage it for you, my boy," he answered, "what is it?—an elopement? Hardly that, though, I should think. Never mind—I'll do whatever you like—any thing short of marriage."

All this was spoken interjectionally, and with extreme rapidity, and was merely the filling up of a string of voluble sentences addressed to Mademoiselle Loriot, who simpered and curtsied, with extreme delight.

"I have been showing Mademoiselle Loriot the sights of London," I said to Walrus, winking with my off-eye, an act, unsuitable, I admit, to the gravity of my character, but pardonable, I trust, when the circumstances of the case are taken into consideration.

"And how do you like our city?" asked Walrus, with a light, easy

air, as if he had expected a highly eulogistic reply, though he saw in an instant that the stranger was utterly disgusted.

"Not at all, sir," answered Eugènie; "I find it detestable; nothing but fog and smoke in the streets,—miserable shops, no passages, no boulevards, nothing gay, nothing agreeable; I give you my word of honour, sir, that until now"—and here the grim features relaxed *à la Française*—"I have not seen a single person of respectability; that is to say," she added, correcting herself, though her eyes still gleamed spitefully,—"I mean, except my friend Doctor Drydust."

My fat ally had been bred in that school of philosophy described by Sterne, in speaking of the characteristics of the French nation; he accepted the compliment of Mademoiselle Loriot, and put by the rest. In his turn, he then said something to propitiate the fair one, and it was easy to see he had at once established himself in her good graces. I followed up the advantage he had gained, by asking him to dine with me, and assist in doing the honours, glad under any circumstances to escape from a *tête-à-tête*, which I feared would have been of a formidable character; a conclusion warranted by the morning's experience. He accepted the invitation readily, and agreed, moreover, to meet me at a place appointed as soon as I had deposited the lady at her hotel, that he might learn the cause of my dilemma. This arrangement, as it was discussed in English, Mademoiselle Loriot knew nothing about. He then removed himself from our passage, by backing into an open doorway, and we moved on. No further incident occurred on our way home, save two or three trifling misapprehensions on the part of Eugènie, as, for instance, when she, naturally enough, concluded that Drury Lane Theatre was a prison, and the statue of Shakspeare, that of some notorious criminal, who had been executed within its walls; and when also she took Exeter Hall for a theatre, a very justifiable conclusion, had she witnessed some of the meetings there, where tragedy mops its eyes with a white handkerchief, and comedy laughs in its sleeve, where farces are of every-day occurrence, and the transformations of pantomime are outdone.

Our pleasant walk had sufficiently tired Mademoiselle Loriot to render rest agreeable, and her thoughts once more reverting to *pôtage* (a deficiency of appetite being by no means one of her weaknesses), I recommended her to return to her hotel, while I made some necessary preparations for the dinner, to which I found myself obliged to invite her, suggesting, at the same time, a basin of mock-turtle to sustain her till that hour arrived. This proposition was more graciously received than any it had been my fortune to make since our acquaintance began, and having seen her fairly accommodated with this substantial luncheon, I took my leave till five o'clock, and having settled the momentous question of dinner with Mrs. Lynx, who was as surly on the occasion, as if she had to pay for, as well as get it ready, I repaired to the place where I had appointed to meet my friend, Captain Walrus.

In a few words I told him the particulars of my case. He laughed heartily, as a matter of course, for every thing made him laugh, even his own misfortunes.

"If I hadn't known the constancy of your disposition," said he, "and that there is an attraction elsewhere, I should have fancied the spirit of antiquarianism had pursued you to the very portals of matrimony. There

seems to be some of the true *ærugo* in the rare, old coin that hung on your breast half-an-hour ago, a little battered, perhaps, but a good deal of expression in the head."

"And the metal," returned I, "is undeniable brass. But, however precious," I continued, "I have no desire to hoard so great a treasure. In spite of its antiquity, I must endeavour to get it into circulation."

"If I keep Mademoiselle Loriot in London," I resumed, "until she receives the remittance which she says she expects, I apprehend I shall be eaten out of house and home, to say nothing of the expenses into which, as a matter of course, she will be resolved to run, as she says, 'pour s'égayer!'"

"Where are these remittances to come from?" asked Walrus.

"From the Scotch gentleman in whose family she is going to act as governess."

"What! payment beforehand! Do you think that likely from the north?"

"I confess I look upon it with some degree of doubt, though, ugly as she is (which nobody knows on this side of the water but ourselves), the unfortunate woman has a right to her travelling expenses, and what I advance will of course be repaid me by Mr. Mac Granite; but the more material question is, how to get rid of her at once, for if I wait for Mr. Mac Granite's answer I shall have the benefit of Mademoiselle Loriot's society for the next week at least. Now, how is this to be done?"

"You couldn't say that the cholera is raging just now in London?" suggested Walrus.

"I don't think that would be any use," replied I, "she seems to me to have had everything."

"What do you think of a state of siege?"

"That, I am afraid, is *my* case. Bless you, a Frenchwoman cares nothing about that, it is one of the conditions of existence in all the large towns of France. So far from being afraid of it, I'll be bound she would say, 'Un état de siège,—ah! c'est bien gai!' No, my dear Walrus, we must try something else."

"Why not tell her that business of particular importance obliges you to leave town to-morrow morning?"

"Walrus," said I, impressively, "you have not studied this—this—lady so closely as I; you have had no opportunity of doing so. I am certain her answer would be, 'In that case I can keep house for you till you come back.' It is clear to me that she is a descendant of the Old Man of the Sea; she is 'a sort of burr, she will stick.'"

"Well, then," returned Walrus, we must get rid of her by stratagem. Leave her to me, I'll manage her. When does the mail train start for Scotland?"

"About nine o'clock this evening, I imagine."

"Oh then, there's plenty of time. You must contrive to get her baggage ready unknown to her, and trust me for the rest. We'll treat her to a *coup d'état.*"

"Good!" exclaimed I, rubbing my hands joyfully, and inexpressibly relieved at the thought of her departure; "be punctual,—at five, or a little before."

And so we shook hands and parted.

The remainder of the afternoon was consumed by me in inditing a note to Tryphæna, to account for my non-appearance at tea that even-

ing, and in making preparations to receive my guests, a dinner—especially where one of—I suppose I *must* say—the opposite sex, was concerned, being a rare event in my bachelor apartments. Mrs. Lynx being soothed and stimulated at the same time by the intimation that my female visitor's stay would be so brief, exerted herself very creditably, and shortly before the moment of projection I set out for Mademoiselle Loriot's hotel to bring her in to dinner.

As I was not at all disposed to pay her the compliment with which in the morning she had designed to honour me, I sent a message up to her bed-room to say that I was waiting, and while the chamber-maid was gone on this errand I called for Mademoiselle Loriot's bill, paid it, and desired the porter, as soon as she went out with me, to bring her trunks down stairs and have them ready for her departure by the mail train. I had plenty of opportunity for giving these instructions, as the lady did not hurry herself, but at length she made her appearance, talking with all her might as she came down stairs to the chamber-maid, who evidently did not understand one syllable of what she said. I caught the words, "bassinez mon lit," and this gave me a clue to her conversation. "I'm afraid," said I to myself, "your bed to-night will be warmed by a stoker."

There was a very dim light in the coffee-room which, there being no company in the house at this season of the year, was lit only by a single candle, so that I could not make out exactly what Mademoiselle Loriot had on; but as far as I could discern, she seemed to be enveloped in a large cloak with a *capuchon*, or hood, that came over her head, and as she held a pocket-handkerchief to her mouth to keep out the fog, the beautiful outline of her form was wrapped in a pleasing obscurity.

It was but a few steps to my chambers, and the distance was rapidly traversed. When we got upstairs, Walrus had arrived, and was standing, after the manner of the English, before a blazing fire; the dinner-lamp was lit and every thing ready. He came forward to assist me in disembarrassing Mademoiselle Loriot of her cloak, when, to his astonishment as well as mine, we found that beneath that mysterious envelope she was attired in full dress!

"Eh bien! messieurs!" cried she, triumphantly, "comment me trouvez-vous à present? Je vous ai menagé une jolie surprise, n'est ce pas?"

A surprise it certainly was, though there was nothing about it to make the application of the adjective of any value.

"Je ne voudrais pas," she continued,—"je ne voudrais pas assister à votre répas sans me mettre comme il faut."

Mademoiselle Loriot's ideas of what is *comme il faut* were, to say the least of them, rather singular, and very different from those of Tryphæna, who never in her life, I am convinced, wore a dress so low by a hand's breadth, as that which now slipped from the shoulders and exposed the—the—the—blades of Eugènie. Tryphæna's colour, moreover, is natural; but were she as pale as a ghost I feel certain she would scorn to seek the aid of art to heighten it; not so this bold Frenchwoman, who had laid on the *rouge* with no unsparing hand. Whether she had ever heard or not of the manœuvre of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire it is impossible for me to say, but she had adopted her grace's manner of arranging her hair, allowing it so full a sweep as almost entirely to conceal the defective eye, while the other sparkled with a lustre which was, to say the least of it, extraordinary. If I, a sober-minded man, may be allowed

such an expression, there was infinitely more of the devil in her aspect now she was full dressed than when she appeared *en demie-parure.* In the *guénilles* of the morning she had been simply forbidding, in her evening finery her ugliness was fierce and startling, and not the less so from the desperate resolve which manifested itself, of being perfectly captivating.

"She is bent upon making a night of it," said I to Walrus, in a whisper of despair, "how shall we ever persuade her to go!"

Walrus chuckled but took no further notice of my remark. He addressed himself with a great show of politeness to Mademoiselle Loriot.

"How little we know," said he, "when we rise in the morning what pleasures are in store for us before we return to our lonely pillows. I say *lonely*, mademoiselle, advisedly, for bachelors like Dryasdust and myself, have no companionship to cheer our solitude."

"Mais le célibat, monsieur," said the Beauty, with one of her dangerous glances, "le célibat est une maladie dont on peut se guérir!"

"She means to marry one of us, that's clear," said I, to myself, "thank God, Walrus seems rather to take to her."

He smiled in reply to the lady's observation.

"Yes," he said, "there are several remedies—but which is the most effectual? Every physician has his favourite prescription."

"The great thing," replied Mademoiselle Loriot, with an *aigre-doux* expression, meant probably for tenderness, "is to have confidence in your physician."

She was proceeding, and I am half inclined to think would at once have raised the thin veil which floated so transparently over her sentiments, had not Mrs. Lynx at that moment made her appearance, bringing in the dinner. It was a very opportune relief, for I had begun to be extremely uncomfortable. One thing was beyond a doubt, not only that this Frenchwoman was one determined to strike while the iron was hot, but that she always had irons in the fire ready for use. I inwardly resolved to intrench myself within the most frigid politeness, for fear, notwithstanding the attention paid her by Walrus, her inclinations should veer round to the point at which they seemed, in my imagination, to have been directed in the morning. Walrus, however, seemed afraid of nothing, and the temerity with which he ventured on ground so perfectly volcanic, was to me positively appalling. I have said that his disposition was naturally gay, but on this occasion his *abandon* was complete, and I must say I envied the temperament of a man who, in spite of the difficulties that *faced* him, could command such a flow of spirits as he now indulged in. It seemed even as if he found something absolutely *piquant* in the ugliness of Mademoiselle Loriot. His conduct, however, puzzled me, for, though it was well to put her in good humour, the more he ingratiated himself, the less chance there appeared of her being willing to set out for the north.

Notwithstanding her very substantial breakfast, and the refection of mock-turtle at the hotel (charged five shillings, "two basins, sir; four French rolls, sir," said the waiter, in explanation) Mademoiselle Loriot's appetite seemed as vigorous as if she had again fasted all the way from Bordeaux. The reader may like to know our bill of fare: there was no *pôtage* (scarcely necessary, I thought, after her luncheon, though I saw by the shrug she gave that she expected it), but *en revanche*, we had

brill and lobster-sauce, from Hungerford Market, some patties from a French restaurant in St. Martin's-lane, a boiled leg of mutton from Tucker's, a dish Mrs. Lynx took pride in, and, finally, an omlet, making, altogether, as pretty a little dinner as three hungry people need sit down to, and, doing no injustice, I flatter myself, to my style of living in chambers. That her national prejudices might not be offended, I had ordered a bottle or two of French wine,—not the cheapest kind of beverage in London,—though from the way in which she disposed of the claret a stranger to the fact might have imagined that the vintage of the Thames was at least as abundant as that of the Gironde, and cost nothing to bring it to perfection. She took it, however, as a matter of course, and, in short, I have rarely seen an individual of either sex with a better capacity for swallowing, whether the object offered were fluid or solid. There was one thing, perhaps, which she had either not thought of, or not calculated on, and that was the quality of the wine, there being some difference between Châteaux Margaux and *vin ordinaire*, to which, I apprehend, she had been mostly accustomed. Still the strength of her head was amazing, and the only apparent effect was a slight exuberance of gaiety, and a trifling increase in the loudness of her voice, and the vivacity of her gestures, all of which rendered her, Walrus said, only so much the more charming. There was one thing she never lost sight of—the purpose for which she had dressed herself—I will not say so unbecomingly, but so very *décolletée;* in the midst of her conversation this every now and then became apparent.

"Non, monsieur," she said, in reply to an observation from Walrus, "votre ville n'est pas belle,—mais cependant, il se trouve sans doute de jolies choses dedans ;—vos théatres par exemple. Ah! que ce poisson est délicieux! Comment appelez vous ça—du breel—quel drôle de nom!—et puis la sauce, c'est du homard,—on attrape ça dans la rivière n'est ce pas? Oui j'adore le spectacle—c'est la seule chose qui adoucit la vie,—la seule?—mais non pas, il y a encore pour la jeunesse le don de l'amour,—j en boirai avec plaisir, monsieur,"—(this was in reply to an invitation from Walrus to take wine)—"ah,—c'est du bon cru, ça—comme j'allais vour dire, tout à l'heure,—sans le spectacle on ne saurait rien faire."

"You are very fond of plays then?" inquired Walrus, in, as I thought, a very imprudent manner.

"Mon Dieu! monsieur,—c'est mon existennnnce!" she exclaimed, with an energy which I have vainly endeavoured to express by letters;—"ah,—par exemple, connaissez-vous le théatre de Bordeaux,—c'est le plus beau qui existe au monde! L'extérieur est sublime comme la tragédie—l'interieur ravissant comme la comédie—tous les loges sont à jour, il n'y a rien qui empêche à voir,—ni à être vu."

I could not help thinking that the last part of Mademoiselle Loriot's eulogium was—as far as she was concerned—no very great recommendation. Walrus, however, was of her opinion; he continued:—

"Under the circumstances, mademoiselle, you will probably do us the honour of accompanying us this evening to the Grand Theatre Royal of Covent Garden and Drury Lane?"

"Mais, monsieur," said the lady, turning to me,—"ne m'avez vous pas dit ce matin que tous les théatres étaient fermés?"

I kicked Walrus on the shins under the table, but he took no notice.

"C'est un mauvais plaisant," said he,—"he wanted to have the pleasure of your society all to himself; he won't tell you that story now I'm here."

"Ah,—le méchant," ejaculated Eugènie, "comme il ressemble à Panurge; ça aurait fait de même."

I felt a gentle pressure on my toe as Walrus spoke which in some degree relieved the anxiety I was beginning to feel, though I could not at all satisfy myself as to the precise course he meant to adopt.

Mademoiselle Eugènie's reply was prompt.

"J'accepte, monsieur, avec plaisir."

The remainder of the dinner passed off satisfactorily enough, though Walrus and I were compelled to decline a very earnest request of Mademoiselle Loriot's that we should "boxer en peu" for her edification.

"J'ai beaucoup entendu parler de votre gout national pour le boxer; —on m'a dit que vous le faites toujours après le dîner;—ne vous gênez pas je vous en prie; j'ai grand envie de le voir."

It was only by declaring that she would see plenty of the national sport at the theatre, that Walrus succeeded in checking her desire for an immediate exhibition. Gracious Heavens! The idea that I—Dr. Dryasdust, a grave member of several learned societies, should have been requested to enter into a pugilistic contest with a friend as an after-dinner amusement! It was really too bad to think of! The word theatre wrought a diversion in her ideas, and she then straightway inquired what time we were to go. The clock on the chimney-piece indicated eight, and Walrus replied that we would, if she pleased, set out directly; he had only to go into the next street to get a carriage to carry us. I followed him to the door.

"For God's sake, Walrus," whispered I, "tell me what you mean to do. You surely don't intend to take this woman to the play?"

"Oh, yes," replied he, laughing, "and you shall go too."

"If I do," exclaimed I, ——

He stopped the profane resolve I was about to make.

"Listen," he said;—"what have you done about her baggage?"

"It is all ready at the hotel, as you suggested."

"Very good; just step there and have it put in a cab. I'll send one to the door directly while I get another for ourselves. We'll all start together."

"What, to the theatre?"

"The theatre! what do you think of the Birmingham Railway Station?"

"I see it all," I replied, "but, my dear Walrus, she is not dressed for the journey."

"Oh," said he, still laughing, "she'll do well enough; her cloak is as thick as half-a-dozen blankets, and I've got a stout worsted comforter to tie round her neck;—the great thing is to get her off."

"That's true," I rejoined, and leaving Mademoiselle Loriot to arrange herself before the glass, I took my hat and went at once to the hotel. The cab was presently at the door, the baggage out and fastened in it, and some stray articles belonging to the lady, placed inside. It then drew up in the shade, a short distance from my own door.

"I have been to fetch your shawl, mademoiselle," said I, on entering

the room where I had left her, "you will want your cloak also, the night is so cold and foggy, but that you can leave in the *foyer* of the theatre."

"Merci, mon cher monsieur,—vous êtes bien aimable," and she pressed my hand with more cordiality than I expected,—the effect of claret or inconstancy, I don't know which;—"votre ami là est assez bon diable,—mais il est trop gras; moi, je n'aime pas le gras,—au contraire je prefère le maigre."

The reader has already guessed, without my telling him, that I am as thin as a whipping-post; like Justice Shallow, "my dimensions to any thick sight are invisible." Could there be a clearer demonstration? Even at that moment I trembled for the consequences, but luckily Walrus came rolling into the room.

"Every thing is ready," said he, "but the fog is intense. It is impossible to exist in London unless we fortify ourselves against it. Permit me, mademoiselle, to offer you a glass of cognac."

Mademoiselle Loriot made a feint of refusing it, but it went down so easily that Walrus pressed another, and would have tried a third, had I not been fearful it might have taken effect before we got to the station.

Down stairs then we went. Walrus handed Eugènie into the first cab and took his place beside her, and I on the plea of not disarranging her dress, followed in the carriage which held the baggage. The word was given to the Birmingham Railway, and off we started.

It was lucky for the success of our scheme that the interesting stranger whom we were escorting had never yet travelled by railway. At the time I speak of not one existed anywhere in France, and even now her native city of Bordeaux boasts of only one short line leading to the Basin of Arcachon on the coast of the Bay of Biscay. Walrus allowed her no time to look about her, and she was too intent on the "spectacle" to offer any impediment.

"Ah! voilà les premières places," exclaimed she as the words "1st Class" caught her eye. "Est ce que nous aurons des stalles?"

"Mais, certainement," was his reply, as he led her into the waiting-room, "vous serez bien installée."

"Ah, mon—sieur,"—hiccoughed Eugènie, on whom the wine and brandy had now begun to take effect,—"ah,—vous faites—des—cal—cal—em—bourgs! Sa—vez—vous que je dé—teste les cal—em—bourgs!"

At this moment I joined them, having given proper directions to the porters about the baggage and purchased a first class ticket for the unconscious traveller."

"I am sorry to say," observed I on entering, "that we are too late for places at this house;—we shall have to go to the other theatre; but they play equally well there and box a great deal better."

"A la bonne heure," said Mademoiselle Loriot, "par—tons!"

Steadying her between us, for she evidently needed our assistance, we handed her along as well as we could to the platform where the railway carriages were drawn up; the bell was ringing for the passengers to take their seats.

"Qu'est—ce—que—c'est—que—ça?" said our companion, gazing fixedly on the train.

"These are the carriages that are to take us to the other theatre."

"Mais—je—ne—vois—pas de che—che—vaux. Ap—pa—rem—ment elles sont—toutes—liées—ensemble."

"That is precisely the case, mademoiselle;—have the kindness to step in first."

She obeyed intuitively, and Walrus followed to arrange her cloak and shawl comfortably for the journey; the yellow bonnet was already swinging over her head. She leant her head back and was asleep before he had completed the operation.

"Are you the guard of this train?" I inquired of a civil, intelligent young man, who was hastening past. He answered in the affirmative.

"There is a French lady," said I, "in this carriage, who does not speak a word of English,—neither does she understand the value of English money. I have paid her fare to York; will you have the kindness to see that she is properly forwarded to ——, a few miles from Dunbar? Pray let her want for nothing; I think you will find this sufficient," and I handed him the necessary amount.

"I will pass her on, sir," he replied, touching his cap, "to the next guard, with instructions all through,—he is a very steady young man, sir."

"Oh, on that head," replied I, smiling, "I have no fear. Come, Walrus, the train is just off. Thank you, sir.—Adieu, Mademoiselle Loriot."

"She's as fast as a church," said Walrus; "that last glass of brandy did it. I wonder what she'll think of the 'spectacle' when she wakes!"

The whistle sounded,—the train moved on, and thus I disposed of MY FRENCH GOVERNESS.

BLACK, RED, AND GOLD.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

Black speaks of night Cimmerian spread afar
  O'er lands through which no cheering ray can enter,
An iron age—the elemental war
  Of Chaos—Anarch old—where do concenter
(Is this your *Central Power?*) Hate, Avarice, Pride,
  Discord, Ambition, miscalled Patriotism.
  Red is the second colour of the prism,
Which the first Cæsar wore the hue to hide
Of blood—denoting not the love of brothers,
  But civil strife sprung from the heart that sates
Its craving maw upon the goods of others.
  Gold tells—sad irony—of bankrupt states,
Crowns best relief—a starving people's tears:
Behold the livery German freedom wears!

VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

It is little more than two years ago that we chronicled our opinion in reference to the then much debated Oregon question, that as far as right and title were concerned, the country so designated, was originally discovered by the renowned English circumnavigator Sir Francis Drake in the sixteenth century. This was priority of discovery. Further, that when the United States became an independent nation, they neither possessed nor advanced any claim to the British territories in Western America, to which, in the mean time, the explorations of Captain Cook and the commercial intercourse which followed those discoveries, added to the subsequent surveys and discoveries of Meares in 1788, and of Vancouver in 1792-3-4 completed the title.

The so-called Columbia river discovered in the same territory by the Spaniard Heceta, having been first explored by Captain Gray, a subject of the United States, the Americans set up a claim, founded on that exploration, backed by the fact of Lewis and Clarke having, in 1805-6, followed in part the footsteps of Carver in 1804, and the settlement of Astoria having, in 1811, risen up among the trading-posts of the North-West Fur Company, established since 1804. It was a bad case; contiguity, the half-savage outcry of squatters, and the clamour of go-a-head democrats, filled up the chorus; justice and equity were sacrificed to popular frenzy, and Great Britain yielded all of Oregon as far as to the 49th degree of latitude.

This was a very great concession to make, considering the strength of our claims, the numbers of our countrymen already settled on the Columbia; its value as an outlet to the North-West—now the Hudson's Bay Company—and the importance of a settlement on the western coast of America to our trade in the Pacific, and to our vast colonial possessions in the Australian seas ; but considering, on the other hand, the excited character of the population of the far west, and the imperious self-will of democratic institutions, for the sake of peace, we did not regret it.

The most, and indeed the only important territory that remained to us after this somewhat humiliating concession, was Vancouver's Island. This island, 250 miles long, by 50 broad, possesses many most remarkable advantages. Its climate assimilates closely to our own, its soil is acknowledgedly rich and fertile, it abounds in woods and pastures, and as if all this were not sufficient, it reveals a vast extent of mineral and mercantile wealth in almost untouched beds of coals which actually crop out to day. But even all these numerous advantages give way to the importance of its harbours, the only truly available ports between San Francisco and Nootka Sound.

It has been justly pointed out by Mr. Gladstone that from these combined advantages, probably at some future period the world may see in Vancouver's Island a powerful state commanding a great portion of the trade between the Archipelago of the Pacific, and the continent of America, and another authority has said of the same island that, if ever the North Pacific is destined to become a Mediterranean, there will be its Tyre.

It appears from what can be gathered from the parliamentary discussion on the matter, that soon after the settlement of the Oregon question, the

Hudson's Bay Company made application to the Colonial Office, stating that they had establishments on the southern side of Vancouver's Island, and wishing to know whether they would be confirmed in the possession of such lands, as they wished to add to those they already possessed. Earl Grey having, however, suggested in answer to this application, that it was right that Vancouver's Island should be colonised, the company offered to accede to what they deemed to be a great evil, upon the condition that the whole of the Queen's dominions to the west of the Rocky Mountains, were made over to them. This extensive grant, asked for merely with the view to keep out others, was refused, whereupon the company was obliged to content itself with Vancouver's Island. But even this limited yet important cession, has had the effect of drawing and fastening the attention of parliament not only upon the territory proposed to be granted, but upon the general policy and character of the Hudson's Bay Company, its mode of administration, its rights and privileges, and above all, the results which have been derived to this country, as well as to the natives, by nearly two centuries of absolute and unquestioned rule.

The explanation given by the authorities of the Colonial Office for the favourable manner in which the application of the Hudson's Bay Company was received, is that all previous applications made to colonise Vancouver's Island were not accompanied by any security that the parties would be able to carry out the object in view. The Hudson's Bay Company, on the contrary, was a powerful company, with capital, with ships, and with large adjacent possessions, and they had already a settlement on the island. That Vancouver's Island was not likely to be colonised by private enterprise, as the cost to convey an emigrant to it would be three or four times as much as to any other colony. Moreover, the grant was simply a territorial grant; the government of the colony would be a perfectly free one; there would be a governor and an assembly, and the making of laws and the collection and application of revenue, would be altogether in the hands of the assembly, and not of the Hudson's Bay Company. Few, probably, would advocate a considerable grant of public money at this moment to colonise the island. Yet there were strong reasons for taking means to occupy it. Unless occupied speedily by British settlers, and under British auspices, it would be occupied by American squatters, and in the course of a very few years the practical possession would pass from our hands. Earl Grey said that he had heard that this system had already to some extent commenced, and that the sect called Mormonites, who had been obliged to quit America, contemplated removing in large numbers to settle on Vancouver's Island.

Mr. Buller argued that emigrants could not be conveyed to Vancouver for less than 50*l.* a head! That there was no trade, and as to maritime defence or command, such were ensured in the Pacific by Labuan, New Zealand, and Hong Kong! He believed that it had one of the finest climates in the world, but the fertility of the soil had been exaggerated. The colonisation of Vancouver's Island was a chimera for the present generation.

Earl Grey contended that it was very fair and reasonable, considering that government could not themselves undertake to find the means and capital for colonising the island, that it should be placed in the hands of

a company who would act in the place of government. The noble lord added that the government of the colony would be provided for by a commission under the authority of the crown, appointing a person to act as governor—a legislative assembly, to be elected by settlers—and a council to be nominated by the crown. The Hudson's Bay Company had, moreover, rights over this district which would be very seriously interfered with by other parties, and these rights could not be got rid of without compensation to a very large amount. The fur-trading of the association did not render them unfit for colonising Vancouver's Island, because there was no hunting in the island itself. The noble lord said that the company had established agricultural settlements, especially on the Red River! The grant of Vancouver Island to the Hudson's Bay Company had not finally passed yet, although it would be agreed to, after full consideration by the Privy Council, in about six weeks.

In the House of Lords Lord Monteagle carried his motion in regard to the production of certain papers respecting the grant of the said island to the Hudson's Bay Company. In the House of Commons the honourable member for Montrose lost his motion "That an humble address be presented to her majesty, praying that her majesty will be pleased not to grant a charter to the Hudson's Bay Company, until further inquiry has been made into the administration by the company of the settlement on the Red River, and until the capabilities of Vancouver's Island have been fully ascertained," by a majority of seventy-six against fifty-eight votes.

Mr. Hume made a subsequent endeavour to throw over the grant till next session, but an unsuccessful one, on the plea of obtaining a statement of the number, nature, &c., of the settlements and number of settlers which the Hudson's Bay Company would be required to establish in the Island of Vancouver within five years; but the honourable gentleman was more successful with respect to a motion for accounts of the capital of the Hudson's Bay Company at the present date, together with such other data as were necessary to arrive at a decisive opinion as to the means of the company to carry out the proposed scheme of colonisation.

The position of the Hudson's Bay Company is a very extraordinary one. This company obtained a charter from Charles II., in 1670, granting them all the trade and territory *east* of the Rocky Mountains and extending to the Oregon boundary to the south. In 1690 they applied for a confirmation of their charter, and an Act of Parliament was passed extending the powers of the charter for seven years. That act expired in 1697, and, although a bill for renewing the charter was submitted to Parliament, so numerous were the petitions against its extension, that the measure was ultimately abandoned. From that moment to this the company has possessed no parliamentary sanction for its governing powers. When the North-West Company established themselves, the Hudson's Bay Company did not dare to go to law with them, but they entered into a pettifogging opposition, and after mutual losses and disgraces, they coalesced, and then the Hudson's Bay Company felt themselves again at liberty to carry on the system of policy in which they have revelled from the first.

One of the most remarkable features of this policy has been the discouragement of colonisation. For upwards of two centuries the Hudson Bay and North-West Companies have held territories nearly equal in extent to all Europe, without founding therein a single settlement or

colony. It is, indeed, one of their principles, as we had occasion to remark lately when noticing Mr. Ballantyne's work, to keep their agents constantly moving from their isolated posts, so that they may not become attached to the soil. The Red River settlement has been advanced as an exception. But this settlement was founded by Lord Selkirk in despite of the company, and from the power which he had acquired by the purchase of a very large number of shares at a period when they were below par.

That the authority which the company has so long exercised over the vast and inhospitable region subject to their jurisdiction has been, on the whole, advantageous to the Indians, we are quite willing to concede. But it is equally certain that the Hudson's Bay Company is exclusive in the narrowest and tightest sense, as Mr. Gladstone has it, in which the word can be applied, and of all expedients that can be found for stinting the trade of a new colony that of an exclusive company is the most effectual. A land company has an interest in colonisation, but a trading company compels the colonists to compete with a powerful monopolising body. In the case of the Hudson's Bay Company the monopoly of land and trade is aggravated by absolutism in politics covered by the cloak of impenetrable secrecy. That company makes neither returns nor reports to the Imperial Parliament. It is known that they possess a charter and a licence to trade, but for information with respect to the government which they have established, the power they have exercised, the settlements or posts they have formed, or the condition of the people and territory under their rule, we have to wander through the pages of such works as have been lately reviewed in the *New Monthly Magazine;* Governor Simpson's cautious statements, or Mr. Ballantyne's involuntary confidences. And what do we learn from these works? That there is no such thing as a free colonist in the country held by the company, and that even their own retired servants cannot hold land therein without surrendering every right and liberty of an Englishman. They can only hold land on lease, and that upon pain of forfeiture if they do not submit to all and every exclusive trading privileges of the company—to all the rules and regulations they shall think proper to make, and to such taxation as the company shall choose to impose. No wonder that Canada and the United States have progressed, and that the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company has remained stationary, with the exception of Lord Selkirk's bold achievement, and which Mr. Buller appealed to as "a marvellous instance of the successful manner in which colonisation had been carried out by the Hudson's Bay Company," whereas that settlement was established in spite of their determined opposition and hostility!

Mr. Hume challenged the power of any secretary of state to give away in the manner proposed what belonged to the nation. He communicated to the House a report from Mr. Douglas, a public officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, which stated that there was abundance of timber on the island; that its coast was indented with bays and inlets, having good anchorage, and that the soil had great capabilities for agriculture. Two-thirds of the island are prairie land, and other parts were covered with valuable oak and the finest timber, and that there might be grown upon the island any kind of grain that was raised in England. The Columbia River was obstructed by bars, the harbours of Vancouver's

Island were most available to shipping. There were coal-fields covering fifty square miles in the island. Plenty of men and plenty of capital would go there if the settlers were to be independent.

Mr. P. Howard held that England should possess in Vancouver's Island a colony of sufficient weight and power to be useful in balancing the growing influence of the United States on the western coast.

Mr. Wyld observed, that Vancouver's Island was the sentinel of the Pacific Ocean. Its numerous harbours made it of great value in that part of the world, and its position with reference to China, Australia, New Zealand, California, and the Oregon, made the possession of it a matter of great moment. "In the course of the discussion they had heard much respecting the expense of sending out emigrants to Vancouver's Island, but on that point he begged to inform the House that there were many merchants in the city of London who were quite prepared to take out settlers at the rate of 17*l.* each."

Mr. Goulburn pointed out, that if the island was so valuable to the Americans, surely it was valuable to us also, and we ought to put it on a footing that would render it more valuable in times to come. He had no fear during a temporary suspension of our operations, while the Hudson's Bay Company possessed a settlement on the island, and we held an admirable harbour and had a squadron in the Pacific, that any efforts of the Americans would bring the island under the jurisdiction of the United States. He (Mr. Goulburn) did not understand how the colonists could enjoy constitutional privileges under the rigorous superintendence of the Hudson's Bay Company. Such constitutional privileges were at once abrogated by the power of the company to dispossess settlers of their lands, or to tax them to any extent, unless they submitted servilely to all the rules, regulations, and ordinances, which issued from Hudson's Bay House.

In the House of Lords, Lord Monteagle, in addition to the points above enumerated, dwelt with emphasis upon the fact that when a communication should be made, either by railroad or by a canal, across the Isthmus of Panama, that would become the highway of maritime nations to China and other parts of the eastern world, and then the possession of Vancouver's Island would become a matter of vast importance. The noble lord denounced the grant of that island to the Hudson's Bay Company as the most lavish, the most inconsiderate, and the most reprehensible ever made before. The company was altogether unfit to be trusted with the moral duties of government, and their occupations and pursuits were totally opposed to colonisation.

The question then remains in this position; whether it being a positive fact that for a year and a half after its being publicly known that government would receive offers for the colonisation of Vancouver's Island, although many sent in their plans, not one of them was accompanied with a show of security that the parties would be able to carry out the object in view; the said island should be handed over to a non-colonising, trading, despotic company, or should be colonised by the government of the country, and at the national expense.

It has been argued that the Hudson's Bay Company possesses already a settlement in Vancouver's Island. This settlement has been described by one correspondent to the *Times* as a most flourishing institution, with 3000 or 4000 acres of prairie, "appropriated for the purposes of farm-

ing" a village, hospital, and school, a dairy and piggery, grist and saw-mills, a shed for curing salmon, gardens and orchards full of fruit and vegetables; and by another correspondent, as "a wooden enclosure of some 200 feet square, occupied by two Englishmen, two half-breeds, and three or four Canadians with their Indian wives." But whichever way the truth lies, one fact is certain, and has not been noticed, which is that Vancouver Fort is not on Vancouver's Island at all, but on the banks of the Columbia River, ninety miles distance in a direct line from the sea, and within the territory conceded to the United States; and that further, the United States government has already voted a considerable sum of money to indemnify the Hudson's Bay Company for the loss of that settlement, which is in this country, at once made a chief claim to the grant of Vancouver's Island, or to compensation if deprived of that island!

The Hudson's Bay Company intend, it is said, to promote private enterprise, by bestowing grants of land at the rate of 1*l.* per acre, binding the purchasers to transport six persons for every 100 acres which they purchase, one-half of them are to be agricultural labourers, the others may be mechanics, or others who are likely to be useful to the colony; the purchasers are to be responsible for the passage of these labourers, and are to pay the money necessary for that purpose previous to sailing. The rate has not yet been fixed, but it is understood that it will not exceed 20*l.* a head.

This is all very business-like, and if the obnoxious despotism which orders that no man shall hold land under the company unless he abide by their secret rules and ordinances, were done away with, our objections to the existing arrangement would not be so vehement. Such a state of things is utterly opposed to the establishment of a constitutional form of government, as the company must always hold the opinions of individuals under their control, upon pain of forfeiting their lands.

But still granting all this, so remarkable are the advantages for emigration, held out by Vancouver's Island, so peculiar are the advantages of its position, climate, and harbours; and so paramount its political importance, now that the United States have taken possession of California, that the opinion of every disinterested person will be that its colonisation ought to have been taken up as a national question.

We hear on every side cries for relief, and we are told that emigration is the only possible provision for the universal distress, and yet in the face of all this, we see one of the most remarkable and important fields of colonisation open to Great Britain handed over almost *sub rosâ* to a company who, for nearly 200 years, have held despotic sway over a tract of country nearly equal in extent to our Indian possessions, without the slightest benefit to their native land.

It is not easy to understand if tenants are so easily found, why the nation should not let its own lands and its mines in Vancouver's Island, as well as the Hudson's Bay Company. The circumstances which render the nation incompetent to perform what a company is so ready to undertake, have not been clearly enunciated. Earl Grey's phantom of a primary grant of £50,000, and of annual grants of £10,000 annually for an indefinite period to follow, had the effect of frightening the timid into an involuntary acquiescence. But the Hudson's Bay Company will be put to no such expense. They are to receive the land in mass from the government, and sell it by retail in small portions to settlers, and the pur-

chase-money received from such settlers is to be applied, in the first instance, to the necessary expenses of colonisation. With respect to the coal in the island, the company do not contemplate working the mines themselves, but letting them to other parties on lease, those parties paying royalties to the company. Wherefore cannot the nation meet the same liabilities? It has been argued that there are other lands to colonise first. There are none presenting greater advantages, and emigrants have a right to choose their own colonies; and there are none that so imperiously demand occupation as Vancouver's Island.

What emigration is, or ought to be, to Great Britain, migration is to the United States. Their colonies are in the Western Provinces. Taken with the previously vacant territories of the United States Proper, the annexation of Texas, the acquisitions from Mexico, the awards in Oregon, and the cession of California (which the President's message indicates will not lie long useless in the hands of its new possessors), have placed at the disposal of the authorities at Washington a tract of land, at least twice as spacious as the whole presently inhabited portion of the United States!

Not content with these immense territorial acquisitions, the terms of the Oregon convention having left certain possessory rights to the Hudson's Bay Company within the frontier assigned to the United States, the States have expressed their anxiety to purchase them immediately, and the British government is said to have proposed, through Mr. Crampton, to sell to the States the possessory rights of the Hudson's Bay Company south of the 49th degree, and also of the free navigation of the Columbia river for 1,000,000 dollars.

"The greater part of that coast," says the *Times*, "to which we pay so little heed, has indeed been already brought within call of Washington, and the ports of the Pacific will be kept well in hand by a cabinet sitting on the shores of the opposite ocean. A line of mail steamers is forthwith to run between New York and New Orleans; at New Orleans it will join a second line from that port to Chagres, on the Isthmus of Panama; from the Isthmus a third line of steamers will traverse the Pacific to St. Francisco, and to and from the Columbia river. The ink of treaties is scarcely dry, and yet in January next the direct and regular communication between New York and Oregon will be such as, at this time last year, had not been established between London and Ascension."

These are not times to throw away the power and the privileges conferred upon us by the possession of the very best position on the coast of North West America. Let any reader take the first map he can lay his hands on, and run his eye along the whole western coast of the continent of North America, from Behring's Straits to the Isthmus of Panama, and he will without further information, be able to form some idea of the importance of Vancouver's Island. The Hudson's Bay Company cannot be expected to rear that to the very life and substance of which it has ever been opposed.

In such a category, the well-known Mr. Enderby, to whose labours in the Southern Whale Fishery we had occasion to allude so largely in our notice of Sir James Ross's Antarctic Voyage, has come forward with a very important proposal.

Mr. Enderby proposes to connect the north-west fishery which extends

from the latitude of 30 deg. to 60 deg. north, and within the limits of which Vancouver's Island is situated with that island. This fishery, as at present arranged, commences in April and terminates in October, but if there was a station at Vancouver's Island, at which the vessels could discharge their cargoes and get a refit, the vessels, instead of returning to the Aucklands, could prosecute the sperm whale fishery from October to May; or if found advisable, some of them might be employed in conveying coals or in trading to India, China, Japan, or other places in the Pacific Ocean, thus extending British commerce, as also connecting British interests in those seas.

Now that the Americans have acquired possession of California, Mr. Enderby remarks there can be little question that they will, in future, refresh and refit at one or other of their own settlements there, rather than at Vancouver's Island, and in preference even to the Sandwich Islands, which they have raised into prosperity, by making them hitherto the chief place of their rendezvous. In order to induce parties to settle in Vancouver's Island, Mr. Enderby adds, "You should be prepared to show—first, that the ports will be frequented by shipping; and, secondly, that there will be a demand for the produce of the soil, viz., corn, animal food, wool, timber, coals, &c., over and above that of the consumers themselves—expectations which I confidently predict, can alone be realised by making Vancouver's Island a whaling station in the manner stated." In the case of the first settlement in Australia (Botany Bay), the governors, emigrants, and convicts, were conveyed out in whaling ships, and, in the first instance, the visits of whaling ships were the means of saving the colonists from starvation. If California produces no coal, Vancouver's Island will be the intermediate station in steam communication between Panama and China, but should coal be also found in California, steam-vessels will cross the Pacific by the way of the Sandwich Islands. In any case, if the company's vessels now obtain full freights out and home, they cannot convey the goods or produce of the colonists; they could, in fact, only do so in cases where the outward and homeward freights in bulk or weight did not happen to be equal.

Every thing then, the objects and means of the Hudson's Bay Company, the importance of Vancouver's Island as a station in the steam navigation of the coast—and of the North Pacific, also as a station for the north-west whale fishery, as well as a general maritime station in the future Mediterranean of the New World; point out that there is now not only a great and worthy opportunity of planting a society of Englishmen, which, in the words of Mr. Gladstone, "If it did not afford a precise copy of our institutions, might still present a reflex of that truth, integrity, and independence, which constituted at this moment the ornament and glory of the country;" but there is also an opportunity of establishing a bulwark to our power in North America, of securing the best harbour on the north-western coast, and of resolving that if there is to be a Tyre in the North Pacific, its riches and its greatness shall be gathered into the lap of Britons.

BRIGHTON IN THE AUTUMN.

Thanks to the events which have made the Continent one vast battle-field, of fact or of opinion, from the southern extremity of the Italian peninsula to the northernmost point of Germany, from the eastern frontiers of Hungary to the western shores of France, the "tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast"—the travelling English—have this year been compelled to forego their usual course of migration, and circumscribe their desires within the limits of the seas of Britain. The Highlands of Scotland, the mountains of Wales, the valleys of Derbyshire and the sweet streams of Devon, heretofore sought at this season only by the sportsman and the artist, have suddenly developed charms to the eyes of the traveller which, in his search after remoter beauties, he had hitherto, in a great degree, neglected; unwisely perhaps, but, as it so happens, not unfortunately. Instead of roaming to the shores of the blue Mediterranean, scaling the passes of Alp and Appenine, or tracking the Danube's flood, the tourist has returned perforce to the rich store of enjoyment which this island offers to all who choose to go in quest of it. It may be and is, no doubt, a pleasant thing enough, to visit picture-galleries, dine at superlative *table-d'hôtes*, wear a long beard, smoke a short pipe, and *baragouiner* half the languages of Europe with the grace and elegance of an experienced courier, but he who climbs Ben Nevis or Snowdon, lingers amid the shades of Val Crucis, or smokes his cigar by moonlight on the chain-pier at Brighton, dining on unapproachable mutton, grouse, or partridge, as the locality suggests, and speaking no language but his mother tongue, the "dim Sassenach" of the Welsh having no terror to his ear when compared with the untranslateable wants of the Continent—he, we repeat, who is in this position, has no need to envy the man who is perpetually putting on his seven-leagued boots to put "a girdle round the earth in forty minutes."

We have ourselves, this summer, visited scenes both in England and Scotland, which had long been a reproach to our consciences, and where-ever we went, in spite of the weather, the pleasure-seekers and, as it seemed, the pleasure-finders too, abounded. But, as an Englishman turns as naturally towards salt-water as a Frenchman retreats from it, after various wanderings over flood and fell, we found that our peregrinations had led us, like Byron's pilgrim, to the sea-side, though not, perhaps, in exactly the same contemplative spirit as the noble Childe. As the place was Brighton, this is not to be wondered at, though even there exists food for contemplation and "meditation chastened down enough," as the indigenous Brightonians (they who let their houses and prey upon their fellow-men) have of late years had leisure to discover. But this is past; the gates of the temple of Janus (at Ostend and Boulogne) are closed, and Brighton is filling again as it used to fill of yore, not altogether, it may be, with the same kind of people, for while grouse, partridge, and pheasant, have their attractions on heather, in stubble, or in cover, their fashionable destroyers keep away, and, moreover, retain those who give to fashion all its charm. The fop whom Pope called Sporus, said in the last century that the world was made up of "men, women, and Herveys;" the same may be said now, but with this difference, that the "Herveys" are in a decided minority, and that the "men and women" have it; so that their absence can be

borne as long as the pleasant Sussex shore is covered with the smiling faces and enlivened by the bright glances of the gay crowds who will have Brighton at any price, even though the Pavilion is a dreary shell, and the clock-tower has had its eyes put out.

Colonel Amaranth, for example, is as content to wear his white coat (with a perennial flower in his button-hole), and drive his phaeton (with a poodle for his sole companion) up and down the cliff, as if the eyes of the western and not the eastern world were admiringly fixed upon his equipage; Lady Lucy Bellairs canters along with as much grace and *insouciance* as if she were in the ring of Hyde Park; the great Austrian diplomatist, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," commits himself irrevocably to the care of the Master of the Ceremonies; the Dragoon Guards, four-fifths of them marriageable, scorn not to join the promenade when their band invites to the sward in Regency-square; and we who indite these remarks, albeit accustomed to the *recherché* banquets of Carlton Gardens and May Fair, do not disdain a dinner at the Bedford, or even a scrambling, heterogeneous, *table-d'hôtish*, boarding-house spread, by way of a change, less, perchance, for the style in which the board is covered than for the way in which it is surrounded.

Odd people are assembled at these places and odd notions prevail. A particular class of old lady is, for instance, a curious psychological study at these réunions. She knows every thing, and even a little more, though whence she derives her information it would puzzle a clairvoyant to say. It was but a day or two since we happened to be present, and after the French republic, the Frankfort parliament, the Irish insurrection, the coming cholera, and the unforgotten bores of the House of Commons (the *sidera lucida* of Youghal and Stafford) had been discussed—on all of which subjects the profoundest and aptest opinions were expressed, the conversation turned upon the literature of the day, and the character and habits of three of its brightest ornaments in the world of fiction were brought on the *tapis*. Our old lady (may she be a bright constellation at some future time, to shine on some unknown world), took the matter in hand.

"Ah," said she, with an air of extreme satisfaction, and perfectly convinced that she knew "all about it," "those three are very remarkable individuals,—very."

It may be as well to observe,—lest in these days of contested superiority claimants not duly authorised should appear, that the "three" referred to were the authors of "Dombey," of "Harold," and of "The Lancashire Witches,"—to advert to them by their latest works.

"Mr. D——," said Mrs. Endor, herself, in this respect, an undoubted witch, "Mr. D—— is a very singular old man."

"An old man?" we inquired, innocently, believing him as well as the other two to be in the prime of life.

"Yes, sir,—very old,—seventy at the least; I am sixty-five myself. He has long white hair which reaches half-way down his back, and what is more extraordinary, he has not eaten animal food ever since he was a boy of fifteen (they *do* say in consequence of a vow); and I can tell you another thing: to my certain knowledge he never goes to bed, but passes his nights in the streets of London picking up materials for his stories."

This was information certainly, and of the kind to make us anxious for more.

"What kind of person," we asked, "is Sir Edward?"

"Altogether different," replied Mrs. Endor; "*he* never gets up at all —except just to have his bed made, and even then he always remains in a horizontal position,—I may say, quite flat; of course, he doesn't write his own books,—I mean with his own hands,—but keeps four young men constantly employed, day and night, taking down to his dictation till the work he is engaged upon is finished. He then covers the clothes over his head, and, perhaps, doesn't speak to any body for a month; some say he sleeps all that time, but my private opinion is that he hasn't had a wink for years!"

Marvelling greatly at Sir Edward's pertinacious vitality,—for, by Mrs. Endor's account, it appeared as if he abstained, not only from animal food, but from food altogether,—we ventured a request as to the pursuits of the third novelist.

"That gentleman," said our old lady, "is the most extraordinary of them all. He lives on board his yacht almost all the year round, and writes best in a gale of wind. Whenever he comes down to Brighton, and he is often here,—though I must say I have never seen him,—he at once goes on board of his vessel, no matter what the weather is, and as soon as a storm comes on he begins to write. Where he goes to I don't pretend to know," and here Mrs. Endor nodded her head in a very mysterious manner; "I *have* heard to the coast of Afriky, for there it was he met with the loss of his right hand in an engagement with the slave-drivers; but one thing I *do* know, and that is, that he has always a drawn sword on the table beside him; and never," she added emphatically, "never sleeps in a night-cap."

To endeavour to remove any pre-conceived impressions, in the face of facts so startling as those of Mrs. Endor would, of course, have been useless; the boldness of her assertions had carried her audience along with her, and, though we are of opinion that we could have disproved every word she said, we were much too wise to make the attempt. A fair proportion of the population of Brighton are, therefore, by this time, in full possession of the information imparted by this intelligent old lady.

Out of doors' life is, however, what every body prefers at Brighton when the weather is such as it has been during the past month of September. At no former seasons, not even in the days when William the Fourth was king, do we remember such an army of fair equestrians, such a staff of riding-masters, whose time, by the way, must be pleasantly enough employed in the duties of *cavalière servente* to such bevies of pretty women. We were on our way to the Dyke, the other day, and had just emerged from the little wood that crowns the height above Patcham, when we were suddenly aware of a nymph gently cantering along the hill side, and close at her bridle as obsequious a squire of dames in the shape of one of these riding-masters as ever had the good fortune to ride by a lady's side. He performed his spiriting deftly, and with all reverent courtesy, but we could not help thinking that there was some danger in the temptation to which he was exposed;—alone thus, on the broad downs with a fair young creature, full of animal spirits, and under the exhilarating influence of pure air and rapid motion. Had we been the young lady's papa, we should have thought twice of it before the horses' heads were turned in the direction of the Dyke.

Apropos of the Dyke, now we are in that direction. What a glorious scene bursts on the view when the summit of the hill is gained! Without attaching implicit belief to the eloquent words of Mr. Thacker, who keeps the Dyke Inn, and whose programme is a model of composition (in the manner of the late George Robins), the ocean of landscape spread at our feet is wide enough for the indulgence of a most capacious fancy. Nearly the whole weald of Sussex is visible, a vast wooded plain, whose boundaries are the South Downs and the hills of Kent and Surrey,—conspicuous amongst them being Chanctonbury Ring, with its woody crest, Leith Hill with its tower, and Bex Hill frowning on the "Sullen Mole." The handbill says that Nettlebed in Oxfordshire, and the Round Tower of Windsor Castle are also visible, together with no less than sixty churches, but as these objects require the aid of a telescope to distinguish them they go for nothing in our estimation of the charms of a landscape. Without "the assistance of art," as Mr. Thacker says, enough is visible to render the view from the Devil's Dyke one of the most striking in England. The worthy, but somewhat laconic, individual to whom we have twice alluded, is not one of those who despises these appliances, for the bill of fare displayed on the lintels of his door-posts is as ample as that of the London Tavern, and, to judge by the same document, his cellars must be equally capacious. His larder, in short, contains every thing, and the "everything" of an innkeeper has such a generalising propensity, that under whatever name it is dressed it eats so like mutton, he must be a skilful gastronome who could detect any other flavour. Of the "Champagne A. 1," we say nothing, not having ventured into that sublime region, neither can we speak of the merits of "Laroze,"—a claret which is probably peculiar to the Sussex Downs; but we can safely commend the ale, the brewage of the respectable Smithers. Were the family of Thacker, including his wife and son, a little more disposed to a genial loquaciousness, the sense of enjoyment on the part of the guest would certainly be more complete; but the cause of their taciturnity is, perhaps, to be found in the fact that they pass the whole year round on the edge of the Dyke, and, for nine months out of the twelve, have only the pleasure of each other's society.

We were about to wish them good bye, but on reflection we find that we have not yet said a word about Nibbs! This would have been a most unpardonable solecism, for Nibbs is the artist whose genius not only embellishes the walls of Thacker, but has depicted (on the top of dinner-bills) a most vivid and startling likeness of the exterior of the Dyke Inn, with the standard of Thacker given to the breeze, two goats, a dog, and a number of ladies and gentlemen in the foreground, a car full of visitors drawn by a very prancing horse in the middle distance, and the sign-post gallantly swinging athwart the azure sky. But the *chef d'œuvre* of Nibbs is to be seen within, in the little parlour on the right hand, like the "Cena" of Leonardo in the refectory of the Dominican convent at Milan, —it is the portrait of "The Blind Girl of Edburton," and there is a legend attached to it which says, that it is "a sketch from life by Nibbs." It is a classical, graceful, and original production; it is drawn in profile, and that there may be no doubt about the poor girl's blindness the ingenious pencil of Nibbs has covered her eye with an enormous winker. There is only one fault we have to find with Nibbs, he has not left us any clue to his address.

PHILIP AND HIS POODLE.

Chapter X.

It has been already stated that Philip's manners and appearance were very winning, not to say fascinating, and as we may be well assured that upon the present occasion he exerted his ingratiating powers to the utmost, it is hardly necessary to record, that he quickly succeeded in winning the favourable regard of his mistress. Though Susan did not play upon any instrument, she was fond of music, and took great delight in listening to her suitor, who was a pleasant vocalist, and whose comic songs were a novelty as well as a treat. His vivacity, too, and his London anecdotes were prodigiously acceptable to a girl who had chiefly associated with dull rustics, and who had never visited the metropolis. Still his progress was not so rapid as the urgency of his predicament demanded, for he was haunted by a perpetual fear that the real Augustus would appear, deprive him of his mistress and her fortune, and consign him, by the exposure of his real name and character, to ruin and ignominy. Goaded by this apprehension, he became importunate, almost imperative, in requiring an early day to be fixed for the wedding, if they were to be married at all; but Susan was equally inflexible in rejecting his impassioned appeals, and his almost angry demands. Her predilection she ingenuously admitted, adding that she would cheerfully bestow upon him her hand and fortune if her favourable opinion remained unaltered; but upon so slight an acquaintance, and in a matter so solemn and important as marriage, she would not act with a precipitation which might expose her to the double charge of indelicacy and imprudence.

This declaration was most unpalatable to her suitor, whose terrors, however, though at first frightfully aggravated, were eventually calmed by the following incident. Susan, who seemed to think that her father's weakness gave him an additional claim upon her filial devotions, and whose attentions to him were consequently unremitting, was in the habit of reading the newspaper to amuse him, and was thus occupied one morning, with her suitor by her side, when she came to the following passage:—

"We are happy to announce the arrest of Philip Pemberton, who committed the forgery in the name of Mr. Stone, the celebrated dentist, and for whose discovery a reward of one hundred pounds was offered. He was found in the disguise of a tanner's workman, and at first stoutly denied his guilt, and would fain have passed himself off for another person, but the pawnbroker's duplicates of two musical boxes and some valuable bronze ornaments were found concealed in his clothes, and as he was known to have pledged these articles the day before he decamped from his lodgings, there cannot be the least doubt of his identity. He was fully committed to prison, and will take his trial at the ensuing assizes."

This statement was literally true. The real Augustus, as Philip had

laughingly anticipated, had been compelled, on emerging from the river, and vainly searching for his own habiliments, to indue the sordid workman's dress, in which he was shortly encountered by a constable, who having heard of his sudden abscondence from the tannery, made him his prisoner, and took him before a magistrate, when, upon the evidence of the dress and the concealed duplicates, he was, without hesitation, committed to jail. The culprit bore his fate with much equanimity, repeating the assertion of his innocence, and adding that he had only to write a single letter to London to establish that fact, and procure his immediate liberation. The confidence with which he made this assertion, and his unalarmed bearing under so serious a charge, awoke grave misgivings in the mind of the constable, who being quite untainted by any fantastical and squeamish scruples, and holding the transportation of an innocent fellow-creature to be a mere trifle compared to his own obtainment of a hundred pounds, bribed the under-jailer, by a small gratuity, to commit to the flames any letter or letters with which he might be intrusted by the prisoner. Fortune was thus far singularly favourable to Philip's enterprise, affording him so long a respite from interruption or suspicion, that Susan eventually made a full confession of her love, and consented to name the day for their marriage.

At the very moment, however, when all impediments appeared to be removed, a new, a formidable, an insuperable one, started up in a quarter where it might least have been suspected, for the cry that forbade the banns came from Philip's own heart. Hitherto he had paid his interested addresses without any feeling of tenderness, or any excuse for his nefarious object, except his old and convenient plea that self-preservation is the first law of nature ; the exquisite delight, however, that thrilled his bosom when Susan frankly avowed her attachment, revealed to him for the first time that he had fallen deeply, passionately, in love with her. No other result, indeed, could have been anticipated from an almost exclusive communion with so winning and innocent a creature ; but Philip himself might well have been surprised at the sudden and momentous effect that his discovery produced upon his feelings and his resolves.

Nothing is so hallowing, so elevating, so self-renouncing, as pure and ardent love. It evokes the diviner part of our nature, chastening and chastising the soul that has yielded to less worthy impulses. Under this holy influence his nobler qualities were elicited, just as his evil ones had been fostered by contrary solicitations; and the first consequence of his regeneration, for such almost it might be called, was a profound and penitent conviction of the baseness, the cowardice, the cruelty of the fraud he was contemplating, and a solemn resolve to brave the worst extremity of his fate, rather than expose the pure-minded girl who loved him to the risk of sharing his ignominy, his ruin, his banishment. Honourable and upright as was this resolution, oh, with what humiliation, what agony of soul did he adopt it! Now, now, did he feel, in his very heart of hearts, the poisoned and tormenting sting of his crime. Now that the possession of a fair fame would give him possession of his beloved Susan, and secure to him a treasure "monarchs are too poor to buy," a treasure which would make his future days a round of transport, and England a paradise, he must relinquish his last hope of escape, be consigned to prison as a felon, and end a miserable life in ignominious exile; all the horrors of such a doom suggested themselves to his mind, magni-

fied by a self-accusing despondency; but not for a single instant did they tempt him to flinch from his purpose.

After a miserable and sleepless night, he betook himself to the residence of Susan, whom he found reading in the parlour, and who had no sooner raised her eyes than she exclaimed, with a look of alarm,

"Good heavens, Augustus! what has happened? You are as pàle as death, you tremble, you are ill. Let me send instantly for Mr. Langridge —shall I run for him myself?"

"Call me not Augustus. I *am* ill—would to heaven I were dead," said the wretched man, in a hoarse whisper, as he sank into a chair, overcome by contending emotions. "I am an impostor, a deceiver, a villain, a felon!"

"Augustus, you are raving, your brain is affected; some sudden attack of illness—this is delirium."

"As there is a heaven above, every word of it is true, dreadfully, horribly true! My name is neither Augustus nor Davis."

"Can I believe my ears? Who then, and what are you?"

"I am the base, the rascally Philip Pemberton—*that* Philip Pemberton!" and he thrust into her hand the paragraph he had read a few days before, and which he had cut from the newspaper, that he might be spared the anguish of relating his disgraceful history. Susan held the paper to her eyes, but her hand trembling too violently to allow its perusal, she dropped her arm, gasping out,

"I remember, I remember; but surely this is all too hideous to be true. I am bewildered—I cannot understand—the letters were genuine."

To make a clean bosom, and finish his humiliating confession as quickly as possible, Philip gave a recital of every thing that had occurred, hurried in the manner, but quite clear enough in substance, to leave no doubt as to the imposture he had practised, and the degraded and perilous predicament in which he stood.

As the truth of his revolting statement gradually forced itself upon her mind, a burning indignation predominated over every other feeling; her whole face reddened, and her eyes flashed as she exclaimed,

"Whatever be your real name, I look upon you as a vile and unmanly wretch. I thank God, that I have escaped your infamous snares. I detest and despise you. Begone, and never let me see you more!"

"I deserve all these revilings and more, much more: but oh! if you did but know how contrite, how wretched, how heart-broken I am, you would be as much disposed to pity as to upbraid me. Villain as I am, I was not bad enough to carry out my own atrocious scheme. No, from the very moment that you confessed a regard for me, I became an altered man. Let the voluntary confession of my crime prove my sincerity, and I would now rather suffer ten thousand deaths than attempt to deceive or injure you. Will you forgive me, Susan, when I declare that although I have myself destroyed all possibility of our union, I still love you to distraction—that I must ever continue to love you? Judge, then, of my agony, my despair, when I am about to—about to tear myself away, never, never to see you more—to give myself up to justice, and lose, in losing you, the only hope that could—that could—"

Choked by his agitation, he was unable to complete the sentence; the muscles of his mouth were slightly convulsed, and the tears coursed one another down his cheeks.

The appeal he had made, his manifest sincerity, his deep distress, completely overcame the gentle Susan, whose indignation had passed away almost as rapidly as it had been excited, and whose yearning heart refuted the angry denunciation she had so lately uttered. For a brief space she endeavoured to suppress her rising emotions, but the attempt was vain. She had pressed her hands to her face, as if to restrain the tears, but they trickled fast through her fingers, her bosom heaved, and she sobbed almost hysterically. Presently, however, she recovered some degree of self-possession. She clasped the arm of Philip, and exclaimed, in an impassioned tone,

"No, no, no! you must not, you *shall* not give yourself up to justice. I must consider, I must consider. I have been only feeling for myself, when I ought to have been thinking of you; but I cannot think now; my head whirls—all my faculties are bewildered. Leave me for the present, but promise to return to me in an hour."

Philip eagerly gave the required assurance, and was proceeding to pour forth protestations of gratitude for the permission, when on her impatiently motioning him away with her hand and repeating the words, "In an hour, in an hour," he hurried from the room.

Chapter XI.

How much may be suffered by a sensitive heart, even in a single hour, was made manifest by the appearance of Susan when Philip returned. Her cheeks had lost their bloom, her eyes were red with weeping, and the forced composure of her features as well as of her voice, implied the suppression of distressed feelings.

"We have no time to lose," she began, as soon as her visitant had seated himself, "the party whose name and character you have assumed may be here this very hour; indeed, it is only wonderful that he has not sooner presented himself. Now listen to me attentively, and I will tell you what I have been planning, nay, what I have decided upon doing, in the hour that has just elapsed; but I must begin by warning you most explicitly—pray attend to this and don't forget it, that after what I know, after what you have confessed, you never can stand in any other relation to me than that of a friend, and even this I do not promise, for it must depend upon your future conduct."

Philip sighed deeply, and his companion was evidently affected, for a pause ensued before she could sufficiently recover her voice to proceed.

"In the first place you must abandon your desperate purpose of surrendering yourself to justice. Will you promise me this, upon your honour?"

"*My* honour!" said Philip, with a bitter smile, "it is gone!"

"Well, then, will you promise it as you hope for my forgiveness and my future friendship?"

"I will, I will; most eagerly, and most solemnly."

"Enough. I take you at your word. In the next place you must immediately fly from Eccleshall, again changing your dress, but not in this town, where your new disguise might transpire; you must conceal yourself as well as you can, writing to me under an assumed name, to

let me know your lurking-place, so that I may communicate to you the result of my further proceedings. Do you understand this clearly?"

"Perfectly."

"Good! Now listen to me again. You have a confident belief that if the bankers could be repaid the sum they have lost by your—by your indiscretion, as well as the reward money, should it be claimed, they would gladly stay the proceedings—isn't that the phrase?—and hush up the matter, and let you off."

"I do believe it, but why tantalise me with such a blessed vision, when I can never possess the means of——"

"Once more, let me remind you that time is precious; I do not want you to remark, or to object, but to listen. You sought me in marriage, did you not? that you might have a chance of extricating yourself by applying to this object a portion of my fortune."

"Wretch that I am, I did, I did! but recollect that I abandoned the shameful project when I discovered that I loved you better than myself."

"Nay, I was not reproaching you. On the contrary, it seems to me that your relinquishment of that sordid scheme from conscientious scruples, and a feeling of attachment to me which could even make you sacrifice yourself, give you a fair claim upon me for some suitable return. Marry you I cannot and will not: save you, if possible, I can and will. It is my purpose, therefore, to proceed to London to-morrow morning, to sell such portion of my funded property as may be required, to see the bankers, to get them to abandon their prosecution, to return home immediately, and write you word, as soon as I know your retreat, what has been the result of my mission. If I succeed, you are a free man, and may go where you will; if I fail, you may resort to your original purpose of flying to America; but under no circumstances must you give yourself up. To this you stand pledged. This is your first misdeed; it may be atoned for in after life; you are young; you may recover yourself; at all events, we will try."

Overcome by a generosity so noble and so totally unexpected, Philip melted into tears, seized her hand, which he pressed repeatedly to his lips, and was pouring forth his gratitude in broken accents, when he felt a sudden and powerful grasp upon his shoulder, and turning round beheld, to his unspeakable consternation, the short, sturdy, muscular Bow-street officer from whom he had escaped by jumping out of the railway-carriage.

"Well, Master Pemberton," said the fellow, "a precious trick you served me, and a pretty dance you've led me, haven't ye? but if you catch me napping again, I give you leave. Fast bind, fast find, so here goes," with which words he drew a double manacle from his pocket, and was about to fasten it upon his prisoner, when Susan, whose previous calmness was instantly exchanged for an agony of alarm, started up, exclaiming,

"In the name of Heaven, what is the meaning of this? who are you, man, and what are you about?"

"Nothing whatsomever out of the common, so you've no call to be flustered or flabbergasted; only I've got a warrant for the apprehension of your sweetheart, and as he's rather a slippery cove, you see, I must just tackle his wrist to mine."

"No, no, no!" shrieked Susan, arresting the man's hand, as if to

prevent this process; "you must not, you shall not—touch him at your peril. I will pay every farthing that he owes."

"*You* pay such a sum as that? Gammon! my good young woman! it's no joke to attempt a rescue, and what's more it's no use, for I've a chum in the shay cart at the door, and if the gemman won't go quietly why we shall make him, that's all."

"Dearest Susan," groaned Philip, in hoarse and broken accents, "it is too late—all is over—my doom is sealed—nothing can save me—forget the wretch who can never cease—may God preserve and bless you!"

The officer having bolted the manacle was leading away his unresisting captive, when Susan, whose nerves had been completely unstrung by her previous mental struggles, threw her arms around Philip, and with hysterical cries attempted to draw him towards her, but exhausted by the effort she relaxed her hold, staggered back two or three paces, and sank fainting into a chair.

Harrowed as his feelings were by what had just occurred, and dreary, not to say desperate as was the prospect before him, a sound met Philip's ear on the opening of the street-door, from which he derived a sudden though transient solace. It was the vehement and irrepressible barking of Unicorn, who was inside the chaise-cart, tied to the cross bench, and who almost throttled himself with the cord, in his violent strainings to reach him. Noisy and riotous as were the transports of the dog, his master's delight at the meeting, though more quiet, was hardly less intense, for in the absence of all human sympathy he felt that he had recovered a friend whom not even his disgrace and his misfortunes could ever alienate. On arriving at the gaol, however, he found to his infinite mortification, that they were to be again separated.

"Why, you see," said his new owner, "I've taken a fancy to the dog, but I'm sorry to say he don't return it by no means, for though I bought and paid for him, he's all for running away from me. Like *you* for that, and so I serves him as I done you: I ties him up. Haw, haw!"

Unicorn, however, far from recognising the proprietorship thus claimed, broke or gnawed asunder his tether in the night, stationed himself at the prison-door, waiting in silent patience till it was opened in the morning, slipped in, baffling the turnkey, who tried to kick him out, rushed round the wards till he had found Philip, leaped into his arms, and laid his head upon his bosom, moaning piteously, as if in condolence for his miserable plight. Even the gaoler was so affected by the meeting, that at Philip's earnest entreaty he allowed his four-footed friend to remain.

Chapter XII.

It has been stated that Susan was a stout-hearted, straightforward lass, qualities which had been fortified by the early death of her mother, and the imbecility of her father, compelling her upon almost every occasion to think and act for herself. On recovering, therefore, from her fainting fit, she laid down for a couple of hours, not only to regain her strength and serenity, but to meditate and arrange her plans, and having informed her father that she was called away on urgent business, she started for the metropolis by the earliest train of the following morning. Her first visit was to the broker's, by whose assistance she sold sufficient stock to

produce the money required, and having carefully committed the bank-notes to her pocket, for she was not fine lady enough to dispense with that appendage, she proceeded to the banker's, and inquiring for the principals, was ushered into the counting-house, where she found the senior and junior partner, turning over books of account. At first she felt abashed and hesitated, but re-assuring herself as she adverted to the deep importance of her mission, she said in a low but steady voice,

"I believe, gentlemen, you are the principal sufferers by the forgery of the unfortunate Philip Pemberton."

"Principal sufferers? we are the only sufferers," growled the senior.

"The wretched man has been discovered, arrested, and is now in prison."

"Thank ye for nothing," muttered the same voice, "we know it; here is the letter announcing it."

"Now, gentlemen, by bringing the misguided young man to trial and punishment, you may make a convict of him for life; and so, perchance, ruin both the body and soul of a fellow-creature. If I can show you, on the other hand, that by stopping the prosecution you may probably be the means of reclaiming and making him an honest man and a useful member of society, and at the same time of recovering every shilling you have lost, I appeal to you as gentlemen and Christians, whether—"

"Aye, *if* the sky were to fall we should catch larks, but who is to repay us every shilling we have lost?"

"I will, and there are the bank-notes," said Susan, her eyes sparkling and her whole face radiant with exultation. "If more is required you shall have it; if I have given you too much you can refund it."

"Pray, young woman, who and what are you?" asked the senior, eyeing her with suspicion, but immediately clutching the notes.

"My name is Susan Gibbons."

"Any relation to the prisoner?"

"None whatever."

"Ay, ay, I see how it is, I guessed as much. His sweetheart, I suppose? I must talk this matter over with my partner. Meanwhile, you can step into the inner room."

"What a very interesting person!" exclaimed the junior, when they were alone, "if she were not dressed in such a rustic style, she would really be quite pretty, and what a sweet voice. Her appeal was quite touching. Of course, sir, you will comply with her request."

Without paying the least attention to the looks, garb, or voice of his visitant, the party thus addressed had been successively holding up the notes to the window, and being quite satisfied as to the result, he exclaimed, "All right, all genuine, they can't forge the water-mark. Oh certainly, certainly, one wouldn't do a hard-hearted thing, so we'll keep this money at all events, and let the poor devil escape;" and returning to the next room they announced their determination to Susan, who fell upon her knees, ejaculating with clasped hands,—

"Oh dear, good gentlemen! may God Almighty bless you for this act of mercy!"

The junior helped her to a chair, tenderly squeezing her hand as he did so, and in another hour Susan was rapidly railing back to Eccleshall, furnished with full powers for procuring the abandonment of the prosecution, and the liberation of her incarcerated friend.

Chapter XIII.

The scene changes to the best inn's best room in an assize town, occupied by two persons, the judge and his clerk; the former a somewhat stately looking man, beyond the middle age, scrupulously dressed, with a pale countenance, indicative of anxiety and ill-health, and the fidgetty manner and restless eye that betoken a sensitive temperament; the latter, an old man in black, with narrow pinched features, and an extremely deferential manner in addressing his superior.

"Kirby," said the former, "I am extremely glad that this is the last assize town of my circuit, for my health is failing me, and I feel every session a greater disinclination to the performance of my judicial duties, and a stronger temptation to retire from the bench. Alas! what am I that I should sit in judgment upon my fellow-creatures? How often have I recalled the warning of St. Matthew 'Judge not that ye be not judged.'"

"Dear me, sir, you are surely the last person to have any such misgivings, for every body says that you are the most righteous, the most moral, the most pious of the whole bench."

"I have striven hard to deserve this character, it has been the great object of my life."

"And I'm sure, sir, you have succeeded, and that's every thing, you know."

"Not quite, not quite, I wish I could more firmly feel that I deserve it."

"I can answer for it that every body else does, but you're always low-spirited when the wind's easterly."

A pause ensued, until the judge inquired,—

"Kirby, when is the commission to be opened?"

"The day after to-morrow, sir."

"And is it a heavy calendar?"

"A good many civil cases, I believe, but not many on the criminal side. I was just going to read over the calendar."

"Have you got it there? let me see it."

The handsome, but melancholy, face of the judge was bent upon the document, when suddenly his pale features were suffused all over with a deep red, and he exclaimed in a voice of deep agitation,—

"Gracious heaven! what do I see, who is this—Philip Pemberton, *alias* Augustus Davis, charged with forgery! who is it, Kirby? why don't you speak—why don't you answer me?"

"Dear me, sir, how can I tell? I had not read the calendar; but you need not be so agitated. The name's not so uncommon, it can hardly be our Philip Pemberton."

"Why not, when did you see him last?"

"Not long since, when I gave him the fifty pound note, and a world of good advice, which he can never have forgotten so soon. However, I will go to the jail to-morrow morning and have an interview with the prisoner, when we shall know all about it."

"To-morrow! I shall go mad before that time if I am left in doubt. I tell you, Kirby, if this should indeed prove to be my unfortunate son, I will not hold the assizes; indeed, I could not, dare not, I should feel that I was the real criminal, for it was my desertion of my poor boy that brought

him to shame. How shall I strike with the sword, by which I myself deserve to be stricken? shall I not shout out from the bench when I behold before me the armed statue of justice, '*Adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum?*'"

"But, after all, sir, Mr. Philip is only your natural son, you know."

"Is that any reason why I should be an unnatural father? What! because I did not place a ring upon his mother's finger—(how thankful am I that she died in his infancy!)—because a formulary of words was not muttered over me by a man in a surplice, am I to hold myself absolved from the primary, the paramount, the most solemn duty of a human being?—from a duty which is never violated, even by the birds of the air and the beasts of the field."

"Yes, sir, yes, it's all very well for them because they're irrational and don't know any better; you have acted in this matter according to the practice of gentlemen."

"But not according to the law of God. Go, go—why do you stand talking here when I am in a perfect agony of suspense?"

"Yes, sir, yes; I won't lose a minute. Shall I give any orders about dinner?"

"Man, man! I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep, till I know my fate. Begone!"

"I foresee it all, I foresee it all," soliloquised the judge, as he walked up and down the room in great perturbation of spirit. "Every thing will transpire, I shall be deemed a Pharisee and a hypocrite, there will be sneers on the bench, lampoons in the court, innuendos in the papers, and the fair fame which I have been so many years in building, will be whispered away in a week. I shall never be able to bear it—never."

In a state of deep mental perturbation, and constantly increasing impatience, he walked hastily up and down the room, until at last Kirby hurried into the apartment, exclaiming,

"Well, sir, I never would have believed it, after all the good advice I gave him—never, but sure enough the criminal is your unfortunate son—I mean your natural son, which is in fact no relation at all."

"I feared it, I feared it; my heart told me it must be so. God help me! what will become of me? Order my horses; quick, quick, I will fly instantly."

"Dear me, sir, you won't hear me out, and I have news to tell you as welcome as it is extraordinary. Mr. Philip has been discharged from prison, a *nolle prosequi* has been entered, the witnesses have been withdrawn, the whole debt, with the reward-money and the amount of the recognisances, has been paid, and all this has been done by a girl to whom he paid his addresses under his assumed name of Augustus Davis."

"Kirby, Kirby!" cried the judge, clutching the hand of his clerk. "Do not trifle with my feelings—is all this true—are you sure it is true?"

"To be sure I am. I saw the young woman's attorney, and I received the account from Mr. Philip's own mouth as he walked away from the prison."

"Thank God—thank God! This is, indeed, an interposition of mercy that I have not deserved; it has rolled a crushing weight from off my heart, and I already feel myself a different man. Who is this girl? She is a

noble-hearted, a magnanimous creature, and she shall not be a sufferer by my unnatural neglect of my poor boy. No, not to the extent of a single shilling. Go, instantly, Kirby, and learn the exact amount of what she has defrayed. I am well known to the bankers here, and I will not leave this town, so help me God! till I have refunded every farthing. When this is accomplished, you must look closely after him to keep him out of fresh mischief till I can provide for him in a foreign country. It has just occurred to me, that I might settle upon him the farm in Upper Canada, left me by my brother Dudley. Go, go, let me get out of debt at all events."

Chapter XIV.

"I am delighted that I have been the means of saving you from so frightful a fate," said Susan, when Philip flew to Eccleshall, to throw himself at her feet and pour forth his gratitude; "but I don't want thanks, I want actions. In the first place, you must return the clothes and the contents of the pockets, exactly as you found them, to the real Augustus Davis, with an apology, if you can devise one, for their temporary abstraction. I have a letter from that gentleman, stating that he has been detained in London by illness, but that he purposes an immediate visit to Eccleshall, with a view to our union; in answer to which, I have desired him to spare himself that trouble, as I have no intention of marrying at present.—Hush! no exclamations! Do not draw inferences that may prove fallacious, but listen to me attentively, and answer me sincerely. After what has happened, I presume you would hardly wish to return to London."

"I should be utterly ashamed to show my face in it."

"Good! and although it has already been rumoured here that yours was a case of mistaken identity, I think you would not be sorry to turn your back upon Eccleshall."

"Any where to hide my shame, any where to be unknown."

"Well, here is a letter from my uncle Zachary, who carries on the silk-mills near Worcester, that belonged to his brother, Matthew Ruggles, asking me whether I can recommend him a steady young man as clerk, and at the same time inviting my father and myself to pay him a long visit. What say you? Will you accept the situation, and will you promise to do honour to my recommendation, if I promise to remain with my uncle for three or four months to sustain your good resolutions?"

What a delighted, what a grateful acquiescence was given to this proposal it is unnecessary to state.

Behold our party, then, transferred to the neighbourhood of Worcester, where Philip entered on the performance of his new duties, with a grateful zeal that derived an additional zest from his frequent intercourse with Susan. She never alluded to the past, never preached at him nor to him, but exerting herself to make him taste the delights of respectability and good conduct, introduced him to the best society of her own class, and made her own home as agreeable to him as possible, so as to inspire him with a love of domestic life. Never was success more striking; never was a man so thoroughly altered and reformed as Philip Pemberton. His love of Susan received daily increase from his more enlarged knowledge of her character, yet was it hallowed with so pro-

found a reverence, and so deep an apprehension of losing his present happy existence, should he venture to renew his suit, that he dared not give utterance to his wishes, otherwise than by that homage of the heart which tells its tale without the assistance of words.

Thus fleetly sped four happy months, at the end of which term Kirby again appeared upon the scene, to announce to Philip that a small farm in Upper Canada, the lease of which had just fallen in, awaited his acceptance, provided he would pledge himself to reside upon it, and never return to Europe. At any other time an offer so exactly suited to him would have filled him with transport, but the thought of being separated from his beloved Susan was not to be endured, and the tears ran down his cheeks as he communicated the proposal to her, adding, that he had determined to reject it, as he did not feel that he could enjoy a day's happiness in a lonely home.

"You are quite right," said Susan, smiling; "but why *should* your home be lonely? I told you that I would never marry you, because I thought you were a deceiver and a scapegrace. I have now given you a fair trial; I find you a completely changed character; and I do not consider it any violation of my vow when I declare that if you think I can contribute to your happiness, and aid you in recovering and maintaining an honourable position in society, I am now ready to marry you, and accompany you to any part of the habitable globe."

An ardent embrace from Philip and an impassioned kiss ratified the contract.

They have now been settled upwards of two years on the banks of the Ottowa, and a happier couple or a better conducted man than Philip the whole province does not contain. The poor old father does his best to make himself useful in the farm, seldom missing an opportunity of turning the pigs into the flower-garden, where they upset the beehives and get miserably mauled for their pains; of driving the horses into the corn, and milking the cows into pails half full of hogswash, when he invariably exclaims, "Well, to be sure! only to think! la! how funny!" Latterly, however, he has been placed under the care of Unicorn, who watches his movements with a vigilant solicitude, and will not allow him to make a fool of himself. That faithful and sagacious animal is, if possible, a greater favourite than ever. On catching sight of his master when he returns from the fields, he runs for his slippers; he is a parlour dog, a watch dog, a shepherd's dog, and when we last heard of him he was sitting on his haunches, silently rocking a cradle, in which reposed a baby of two months old!

One word, in conclusion, as to Peter Crawley, whose treacherous conduct having transpired, he was dismissed from the office; every respectable solicitor refused to employ him, and he became a slave to the law-stationers, toiling for weeks to raise a few pounds, which he invariably risked at a low gambling-house, sometimes increasing it for a time, but always destined in the end to see it roll away from him like the stone of Sisyphus. In this degrading round of toil and poverty he is rapidly sinking into rags, wretchedness, and a premature old age.

THE PYRENEES.

"Where are you going to, Achille?"

"To the Pyrenees. Whip away, driver," answered the most witty of archæologists, M. Achille Jubinal, as he started to exchange the canicular heats and political tempests of Paris for the secluded vales and refreshing snow-clad summits of the Franco-Iberian mountains.

So great was his speed and so anxious did M. Jubinal feel to place the greatest amount of space between his own worthy person, and the menacing aspect of his fellow Parisians, that the tower of Montlhery, with its reminiscences of Louis IX. and of Louis XI.; the Aurelianum of the ancients; the Château d'Amboise, which tradition traces back to the times of Hugh Capet; Bordeaux, the most beautiful of French towns; Toulouse, the city of the capitouls—nor even Auch, with its cathedral and window of 1513,—could stop him on his way; M. Jubinal only took breath when he found himself safely deposited at Tarbes, in the house of a relative who, he informs us, received him with open arms and heart.

Tarbes we know by personal experience to be one of the best points at which to approach the Pyrenees. The great chain which extends from sea to sea, appears from thence to rise out of a boundless level cultivated plain, like a great wall that stretches up from the earth to the heavens. Out of that giant chain the observer can at once distinguish, by its sharp outline the Pic du Midi, the Emperor of the Pyrenees, the still loftier Vignemale—the father of storms—to the left, and whose diadem of snow has never yet been trod by human foot; and still further off the culminating point of the whole chain, Mont Perdu, rival even to Mont Blanc, and lying like a bear's cub amidst perpetual glaciers, contemporaneous with chaos itself.

Anxious as every one feels on contemplating a vision of so much grandeur, to enter at once into its mysterious recesses, and to explore the country of eagles; M. Jubinal, like a true poet, first did homage to the Adour. The flowery banks of this river, so often the theme of the troubadour's song, are almost as apocryphal as "the bowers of roses by Bendemeer's stream;" the water itself is rather deficient in quantity (nay at Vieux Boucau, the old mouth of the river is altogether wanting), but still M. Jubinal found heart to prostrate himself before it, as he says he would have done before the Xanthus or the Jordan. This also from the old bridge upon which St. Grin was decapitated; not a very apt illustration of the lessons that came from the sunny banks of the river to which the giver of all peace went forth from Galilee to be baptised.

As the traveller approaches Pau, he rapidly nears the mountains, heath and brake announce rocky lands, and hills and stony acclivities alternate with open lands and pastures covered with flocks and herds. On such a journey, the traveller may, if he likes, amuse himself with the ever changing scenery of the road, or if he prefers it, he may, like M. Jubinal, meditate upon the great epochs in the history of the mountain chain before him. The geological origin of that granite axis which bears upon its crest a diadem of fossil shells and madreporites, tilted up and not deposited there, as M. Jubinal would have us believe; the times of Hannibal and of his Carthaginians, of Kar-le-magne (the modern orthography for

Charlemagne) of the Round Table, and of Roland, and the other knights of Roncevaux; of the Saracens, according to M. Jubinal, driven in slavery into the recesses of the Pyrenees under the name of Cagots, a theory we have elsewhere disposed of; and last, but not least, in a Frenchman's eyes, Napoleon! "In presence of that superb name," says M. Jubinal, "which resounds like thunder, it behoves us only to be silent and to reflect." Reflections on the progress and termination of the peninsular war are, however, no less gratifying to our national pride than to a Frenchman's, and the memory of the "Iron Duke" will hover over the crest of the Pyrenees as long and as honourably, as that of the great Napoleon himself.

But let us on to Pau—that noble city of the Bearnais which so adorns the luxurious valley of the Gave—and whither M. Jubinal hastened with a letter of introduction to *Mistress* Anna, the mistress of one of those worthy Irish families, says M. Jubinal, who have fled from the political agitations of their country to seek for peace and tranquillity in the most picturesque sites in France. They were two at least in as far as this was concerned—no wonder, then the excitable sympathies of M. Jubinal, who is so enthusiastic in his praise of Mistress Anna. "Charming and *spirituel* young woman, thinking of nothing but of the proper education of her children, the model of the mother of families in Great Britain, in a straw bonnet and a *robe d'Indienne*, who do not blush, as our ladies do, at their age, at their duties, or at their maternity."

This domestic picture is almost as pretty as any thing at Pau or in the renowned castle of the Bearnais. Even to its tower of Lethe, or the chamber in which Jeanne d'Albret chaunted in the pains of child-bed, verses, only one line of which has been preserved,—

Notre-Dame du bout du pont, aidez moi à cette heure;

or the tortoise-shell, which it is said first received the new-born, or last and not least, the great iron fork, with which Henry IV., still a baby, was fed!

The *bout du pont* reminds us of the etymology of Pau. A sovereign of Bearn, it is related, wearied with the incursions of the Saracens, built a castle at the end of the *Pont-long,* as it was called, in order that he might live in security, and he first marked out the spot with three stakes, *pieux* in French, *péou* or *pau* in Bearnais, who pronounce the name of the town not, as is commonly done, Po but Pow. The beautiful park, in which Queen Margaret *tant badine et folastre ès choses de cœur*, as Le sire de Brantôme describes her, took so much delight in, is now called the Promenade des Anglais. "Thus passes away the glory of this world!" exclaims M. Jubinal,—the glory of the park, we suppose, he means.

On quitting Jurancon, the traveller enters the valley of Nèes on the first line of mountains. An ascent to the upland of Sevignac, displays to the right the beautiful plain of Oleron, to the left the peaks of Ossau; on the descent beyond and near Bielle, is the old fort called Castel-jaloux, built by Gaston Phœbus, and finally Eaux-bonnes, well known to tourists as composed of about fifteen houses, built into the rocky side of a mountain. Larruns must be returned to from Eaux-bonnes to reach Eaux-chaudes.

ASCENT OF THE PIC DU MIDI.

This is a little village (says M. Achille Jubinal), in the same style as Eaux-bonnes, watered by the Gave-d'Oleron, which has its sources at the southern extremity of the valley. The mountain air having roused my appetite, my first anxiety was to inquire for breakfast, my second to procure a guide.

"I have one who will just suit you," said the landlord, "so eat your breakfast in peace."

If the worthy man had not thus set my mind at ease I should not have lost a bite the less, but his word of a landlord enabled me to breakfast with all the greater comfort.

In about a quarter of an hour, a fat fellow, with a smiling face and muscular limbs, made his appearance and approached the table with awkward gestures, and turning his woollen cap in his hands.

"Sir, I am"——"the guide of the house?" I interrupted. (He answered by a nod of the head.) "In that case come back in half an hour," and I continued my breakfast.

Ten minutes afterwards I again saw my future conductor before me, but this time he was loaded with two tremendous sticks, four pieces of iron in the form of crosses, and two pairs of sandals made of rope. I asked him if he carried all these things for ballast?

"Oh! this is not all, sir," he replied, "we may possibly also want a hatchet."

"Bah! what for? do you want to bring back a faggot with you?"

"Not at all, but I have no wish to tumble down a glacier, and if no recent snow has fallen we shall have to make holes for our cramp-irons to obtain a hold."

I began to entertain serious thoughts of postponing my expedition to the next day, but the fear of being taken for a coward prevented me, and the landlord having remarked that if we intended to be back the same night, we must bestir ourselves, I got up from table at once, drank to a happy journey, put on the rope sandals, and started.

The walk was at first a pleasant one, for the road was not too rugged. Peter (that was the name of my guide) gave me the names of the villages and mountains, and bade me be of good cheer; but as we approached the *Col-des-Moines*, and I saw our road winding three thousand feet above my head, at an angle that is usually given to a ladder, I compared within myself the point of departure, with that of the arrival, the motive powers with what there was to overcome, and I obtained as a result—we shall never get there!

"Nonsense," said Peter, "you will see before an hour is over that we are always getting there!"

And as he promised, in an hour's time we arrived at the splendid forest of Gabas, from whence timber was derived in the times of Louis XIV., the hospital was before us, which served as a place of refuge, in times of storm, to those who are passing into Spain, and beyond was the immense and frightful plain of Bius, terminating in the distance in the monumental rocks of Canfranc. Without stopping to describe this vast solitude, which filled my mind with dark forebodings, I shall lead you at once to the gorge of Labroussette.

This gorge presents an imposing contrast to the plain that precedes it. It is about a league in length, and is clad throughout with centenary pines and larches. Every one of these trees is a giant; it has been essayed to transport them, to be converted into masts, but the difficulty is so great, that the project was of necessity abandoned; consequently these wild tribes grow in unrestricted freedom, sometimes upon the sides of rocks that have no vegetable earth; sometimes upon the wreck of their own ancestors, like men upon the graves of their fathers. I do not know any spectacle that is so productive of melancholy as that of aged forests with their indistinct noises; you may imagine then the sensation which such produce when framed in amid mountains.

My guide, who was not like myself absorbed in poetical contemplations, suddenly awoke me from my dreams by remarking that there still remained a good bit of road between where we were and the Pic. Well, let us walk on, Peter—and climbing like chamois, helping ourselves with our hands, our feet, and our sticks, we arrived at the plateau of Ancou, where my courage completely failed me. To say the truth, I believed myself to be at least half way, but when, after four hours' fatigue, I saw, at the extremity of the path which we were following, that I was only at the foot of the peak, and I saw its summit of snow and rock sparkling like a sea of pearls, at least three thousand feet nearer to the skies, I sat down upon the ground almost resolved not to attempt the ascent. Nevertheless, when I had reposed myself a little, I allowed Peter, who had been using all his eloquence to keep my spirits up, once more to tie on the sandals, and taking a pull at a gourd which he had had the good sense to provide himself with, we started onwards, thinking of that passage in the Scriptures which says *Bonum vinum lætificat cor hominis.* The more I continued to ascend the more my resolution increased; for we had arrived at that point where the vast panorama of mountains began to unfold itself. Up to this period, the circle of our vision had been so narrowed, that the most gigantic masses lost their dimensions; but now, we in our turn hovered over them: at every step a new peak disclosed itself, presenting a new form; the atmosphere was becoming lighter, and imparted elasticity to the lungs; a feeling of voluptuous enjoyment pervaded the frame. Nevertheless, the obstacles were far from being overcome. The declivities became so steep, and fallen masses of granite so encumbered the slopes, that we every moment ran the risk of mutually crushing one another; it was necessary to walk abreast.

Soon a light whitish zone announced to us the region where the snow never melts.

Peter asked me if I wished to put on the cramp-irons; I answered that I could walk as well without them: and we advanced upon the region of ice and snow.

We had a distance of about six hundred paces to traverse. The guide fathomed with his stick; I followed him, not without an increased pulsation of the heart, for if my foot had slipped, I should have gone to break my head against the rocks 300 feet below.

We were twenty-five minutes in crossing the glaciers; after which we reached the compact mass of argillaceous schist which forms the crest of the peak, that is to say, we breathed at an altitude of about 18,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was one of those visions which neither pen nor pencil can give expression to, and which nature has reserved to herself to offer to man, like the aurora of a new day, or the immensity of the ocean.

To the south, the warm air of Spain played with its pure light and thousand undulations around the Aragnes; to the north the Landes stretched out like a desert; to the east the enchanted towers of the Marbore, which I was soon to visit, rose up between the Som de Soube and the Badescure, which attains an elevation of nearly 16,000 feet, and to the west, with the aid of a telescope, Bayonne and the Bay of Biscay might have been seen. I shall never forget this moment.

Nevertheless, time crept on. My guide, who had witnessed this grand scene, opened his mouth to such an extent as to make me fearful that he would require to have recourse on his return to an operator. I was obliged to descend; but on contemplating the acclivity that sloped away before us like a precipice, I involuntarily shuddered to think that a first false step would most assuredly secure me from ever making another; and as reflections of this description are not always diverting, I hesitated a moment before I risked the first step.

Peter observed my hesitation. "Are you frightened, sir?" he inquired.

"No; but I acknowledge that I should prefer a highway."

"Why so? the road before you is as good as the one from Paris to Rome. In the first place, there are fewer thieves."

"True, but there are a great many more stones."

"Bah! in three hours we will empty a bottle by the fire-side."

"I will promise you two if we arrive in tolerable condition."

"I answer for you on my head, sir."

"Thank you, I am more frightened for my legs."

"In that case, sir, do as I do, and you are saved."

And saying this, Peter inclined himself backwards, stuck his two heels vigorously into the schist, which broke under the pressure, and giving, with the help of his stick, a powerful impulse to his whole body, he crossed the interval of more than a hundred feet like an arrow or a living avalanche. He only stopped at a little terrace, which would scarcely have held four persons.

"After all," said I to myself, as I prepared to imitate his proceedings, and to follow him by the same mode of accelerated travelling, "this proceeding has a very hap-hazard appearance; but it is perhaps that of all others which is the least dangerous."

Three hours later, Peter, as drunk as a Parisian after a gratuitous distribution of wine, or as an Englishman at the hustings, was seeking for a support under the table while I was devouring with the appetite and courage of a sportsman what there was upon it, and at the same time complimenting the landlord of the Eaux-chaudes upon the beauty of his country, the goodness of his wine, and the excellency of his *bifsteacksd'isard*, as our good friend calls the steaks of the ibex.

A pilgrimage to Betharam, a chapel on the mountain, with twelve *stations*, presented a scene of a different description, and one which was highly characteristic of the low state of humanity in the country of Cretins and Cagots. The priest was giving to each of the afflicted, who travelled night and day and crowded at the risk of suffocation into the little marble chapel, a consecrated cross to kiss, and this was to do every thing. M. Jubinal doubted if this remedy had ever proved efficacious, but he sympathised for the hearts of men always in search of the mysterious and the marvellous. The cross is made to answer various purposes in the Pyrenees; at the village of St. Pé, not far from Lourdes, wild pigeons are caught as they pass in flights across the mountains. In effecting the passage they avoid the snow and ice and keep to the low passes, nets are placed in their way, and to drive the birds into these, a cross painted white is thrown into the air, and the pigeons miraculously fly into the nets. "It is probable," says M. Jubinal, "that they take the cross for a hawk about to pounce upon them." A hundred pigeons are often taken in this manner at once.

Near Lourdes there are many remarkable grottos. Curiously enough they are called by the inhabitants "Espeluts," which M. Jubinal justly regards as identical with Speluncæ as Oule is with Olla. In one of these heaps human bones had been lately discovered mingled with those of bears and other animals. "What," inquires M. Jubinal, "must we deduce from this? The most aged inhabitants of the country have no memory of the thing, and Cuvier is dead!" Nothing, but that the deposits in the cave are not anterior to the existence of the human race, but belong to recent times. Near the grottos called The Great Espulets and La Grotte du Loup, which are decorated with cascades in their exterior, and with bats, stalactites, and mysterious depths in the interior, ruins of ancient houses and fortifications are met with, which the inhabitants, curiously enough, trace back to the English, probably from the latter having held the Castle of Lourdes in the time of Edward III.

Lourdes is the key to the thermal waters of the High Pyrenees. The sugar-loaf top of the Mont de Soulom which separates Luz from Cauteretz is before you, and narrow, sterile, rocky passages lead the way to the beautiful valley of Argelez, the Tempe of France—and beautiful it really is, with its rich cultivation, its villages, its churches and various ruins, among which especially its Benedictine Abbey of St. Savin, its old tower of Vidalos, built by Centulle III., Count of Bigorre, and its Byzantine fort of Vieussac, and finally its two gorges leading one to Luz, the other to Cauteretz. M. Jubinal saw at St. Savin the comb and the cap of the saint.

"What is this?" he also said to a boy who acted as a guide, as he touched with his finger a square stone that was built into the altar.

"That, sir, is the sacred stone. Whoever touches it commits a great sin."

"I am very guilty, then?"

"Oh no, sir, you were not aware that it was a fault; the intention does every thing."

"Not so bad," said I; "they bring up casuists here, perchance, to take the place of the learned Benedictines."

The Gave, or river of Luz, winds so that it has to be crossed, by eleven different bridges. Some of these bridges are carried away every winter by the resistless mountain torrent, but perseverance rebuilds them as soon as the fine season sets in. As usual, one of them is called the Devil's Bridge, but that common cognomen is always descriptive of something strangely picturesque, and often almost super-human. Issuing from the pass, the stranger finds himself in front of a beautiful green isoceles triangle, crowded with picturesque villages, everywhere cultivated by peasants in red cloaks, and in the centre, Luz, with its old Templar church, its Byzantine hôtel-de-ville, and its two towers of Sainte Marie du Castel, relics of the middle ages, which seem to welcome you from their rocky sites. Above all, are the Pic du Midi, Soulom, and other mountains, piled like Ossa on Pelion, and between them the great glacier of Néouvieille.

LA CHUTE DE GAVARNIE.

Among the curiosities in the Pyrenees, not even excepting the renowned Bréche de Roland, La Chute de Gavarnie always claims a paramount interest. M. Jubinal started by the gate of St. Sauveur and the Pas de l'Echelle, the difficulties and horrors of the latter of which have been tamed down by industry and art, but where a surprise no less awaited him. This was a national air:—

Las ninas de Luz
Son mas lindas
Que de Labazuz;

which avers that the girls (ninas) of Luz are prettier (lindas) than those of Barèges (Labazuz), and which was so faithfully repeated by an echo, that our traveller thought for a moment that there was really a third person present.

As I proceeded (says M. Jubinal), I suddenly perceived on a little path, scarcely perceptible, and which ran round the mountain like a thread round a ball, a child cutting wood. The tree which he was engaged upon grew with so frightful an inclination, that it only required that a branch should break to

precipitate the unfortunate child into the gulf below. My exclamations caused him to raise his head. He saw that I was terrified, and, to re-assure me (but it had exactly the opposite effect) he threw his faggot on his shoulder, and set off along the steep, nearly vertical slope, at a pace that still makes me shudder. It was casting to death, a defiance of a hundred to one.

The picturesque bridge of Sia leads the way to a formidable pass, by which the miniature wood-clad vale of Pragnères is attained. Next comes the defile of Sarre-de-Ben, and then the village of Gèdres. Here, detained by a change in the weather, our traveller was glad to take refuge in the *Oberge du Sirquè de Gavarnie*, a rude stone hut, with large pieces of schist for a roof. Worse than all, his fare was made to consist of a soup of cabbage, maize, and haricots, the *garbure* of the country; boiled wild spinage, and a black millet, served up with grease, which the natives call Moorish millet seed, and M. Jubinal sarrasin, which come pretty nearly to the same thing. Great, however, was his reward in the morning for his privations in the evening, which, by-the-by, appear to have been considerably soothed by a skin-full of smuggled wine.

Figure to yourself something a thousand times more surprising than any thing you ever saw that was most surprising; a thousand times more colossal than any thing you ever saw that was most colossal; a thousand times more beautiful than all that you ever saw most beautiful; a thousand times more highly finished, more majestic, more natural, and yet more resembling a work of art, than all that you will ever see most highly finished, most majestic, most natural, and most resembling a work of art, and you will see the Cirque de Gavarnie.

I sat down upon a stone, on the sides of which these words were chiselled:

"*Marie-Thérèse, Duchesse d'Angoulême.*"

What changes since 1828!

From it I contemplated the most prodigious vision that is given to man to see.

Imagine an inclosure in the shape of a bucket or a pot, whence the natives call it *la grande oule* (olla), whose semi-circle, extending upon a prodigious axis, and decorated with seventeen waterfalls, has a circuit of upwards of three thousand yards from one extremity to the other. The interior, which is paved with large blocks of stone, could easily contain within its walls a million of men. The whole base of this cavity is filled with centenary snows, upon which the periwinkle balances its little blue corolla. Bridges of ice, beneath which the torrents that have hewn them, bellow away, open before you like so many gulfs vomiting forth each its river, while above, the fog, as it dissipates, still veils the distant summits, but allows us to perceive the sun, as if through golden fluid.

This wonderful amphitheatre of rock and ice, with its magnificent falls of water, has, however, been so frequently described that it is needless to dilate upon it here,—although no possible description can give a perfect idea of the original. The Chute de Gavarnie is considered to be one of the loftiest waterfalls in the world, being variously estimated, at from 1200 to 1400 feet in altitude. The iced vault at the centre of the horse-shoe is the object, however, which generally strikes the observer even more than the fall; it is not like some of the vaults of perpetual ice that are to be seen in the mountains of Kurdistan, and beneath which you can walk in safety for upwards of half a mile; but still it is a magnificent object, and is generally in the summer season about 100 feet in width, 50 to 60 in height, and 600 in length.

THE BREACH OF ROLAND.

The breach traditionally cut in the mountains by the sword of Roland, the peak from whence the cascade descends, and the so-called Cylinder—eldest son of Mont Perdu, are all visible from the Circus of Gavarnie; the first 2850 feet, the second 4176, and the last 4464 feet above the observer. The ascent to the Breach of Roland is effected by the side of the circus, and by a tortuous staircase hewn in the face of the rock, most trying to the nerves of the lowlander. This portion of the ascent alone occupies generally two hours, then there are two hours more of a slippery green-sward, leading to the region of rhododendrons, which is followed by that of the *moraines*, or outlying debris of glaciers.

At first we walked at a good pace. The glacier had an inclination of only eight or ten degrees, and with the assistance of our sticks we had not much to fear; but soon the slope began to increase. It became necessary to follow a zigzag road, and to stop frequently to avoid crevices. I then saw my guide halt, and take from a little bag that he carried, two pairs of cramp-irons, and a very sharp pike. I allowed him to attach the former to my feet, the latter he held in his hand, and we continued our ascent. We had not advanced a hundred paces, than, little accustomed to walk with irons, my feet twisted. I fell. Luckily I found myself on a little terrace, sufficiently extensive to afford me safety. I had only slidden a few yards; but this accident, added to the history of an Englishman's servant who had been carried down a distance of 400 feet, did not embolden me, I assure you. Yet, I was about to want my resolution more than ever. In fact, the only road that offered itself to us was on one side an acclivity, with a slope of about sixty degrees; on the other, a fissure, of which I could not see the bottom, and in the centre all that remained as a footing was a kind of crest, fifteen inches in width, and which prolonged itself for about three hundred paces distance between the two precipices. You may imagine how my heart throbbed. It took us an hour to get over this difficulty. But at the end of it, the breach which had been for some time hidden by a projecting glacier, began to re-appear in all its gigantic proportions. I already felt a strong wind that found its way through the large opening, and blew in our faces the warm air of Aragon. I then took courage to make a last effort, I hastened forward, leapt over a hole four feet in width, and what a splendid spectacle presented itself to my eyes!

The breach of Roland is about a hundred feet in width, and the side walls which separate the Vignemale from the Mont Perdu rise in terraces of 500 feet in altitude. The breach itself opens in one of the east battlements of the Marbore. From hence a most comprehensive view of the province of Aragon extending to the valley of the Ebro is obtained. To M. Jubinal's excited imagination the prospect embraced the kingdom of Grenada, but that was evidently a prospect confined to the mind's eye. The Huerta of Saragossa is however to be seen, and with the aid of a telescope the city itself appears like a heap of rocks lying loosely on a distant hill. Upon the walls of the breach, M. Jubinal read the names of "Marie-Caroline de Naples," "Duchess of Berry," the "Duchess of Reggio" and suite, (How did they cross the crest of ice fifteen inches wide?) and in a grotto, "*Viva Mina, el rey del Aragon*, 1811;" and below, "*Jules Amiel aime Marie*, 1829." "Man," says M. Jubinal, "carries his passions with him even amidst eternal snows and ices!"

As usual the descent was still more difficult and more frightful than the ascent, and poor M. Jubinal's trials were not over even when he regained the Cirque de Gavarnie.

I had reached the foot of the cascade (he relates), from whence I measured with my eye the heights it had taken me four hours to reach, and I was crossing over the bridge of ice which is covered in the winter season, as is all the rest of the Oule, with twenty feet of snow, when I heard a report like the discharge of a dozen pieces of ordnance. I lifted my head up, and saw some immense fragments of rock which, precipitated like shot from the summit of the amphitheatre, were bounding from height to height, and coming towards us with the speed of so many bomb-shells. Before I could think of moving out of the way or of placing myself against the walls of the circus, which were not above thirty paces distant, the avalanche of stone came down, describing a frightful parabola in the air, and striking the ice only a few yards from where we stood, dispersed innumerable fragments in the air like so much canister or grape.

I looked at my guide: he was recommending his soul to God—I felt that the blood was curdling in my veins—I was pale as death.

We did not speak to one another till we arrived at Gavarnie.

THE CIRQUE D'HÉAS AND ITS GROTTOS.

To reach the valleys of Héas and Estaube, the mountain of Coumelie is passed, where the granite is succeeded by limestone; and there is afterwards less detritus, less ruin, and more verdure, and with it an imaginary repose and tranquillity. There are what they call the *Cascades de pierre*, patch of rude and naked limestone, affecting the aspect of waves of the sea; and there is the *port de la Canau*, one of the passes into Spain, and from whence the Cirque d'Héas is first perceived, less romantic, but upon a larger scale than the Cirque de Gavarnie. Two sugar-loaf rocks give origin to one extremity of the circus; an enormous truncated mountain, called *la tour des Aiguillons*, forms the other extremity, leaving a wall between of nearly six miles in extent, and 800 to 900 yards in height. The *pic de Trumouse*, with its vast glaciers and picturesque pinnacles, rises up from the centre of the circus, while in front, to the right, the Tour de Lieusaube attains an elevation of nearly 8000 feet, and to the left are the "two sisters," charming needles, only 150 feet in height and thirty in circumference. That nothing may be wanting to the picture, a small lake occupies the concavity, and gives origin to the gave d'Héas.

In the same district are the grottos of Gèdres and of Chaos. The former M. Jubinal describes as the most verdant, the most fresh, the most shady and poetical spot that can be imagined; the aspect is delicious, the fountains charming, the light softened down—a palace for Naïades—a fairy site! "Mount Sinister," with its flanks horribly torn; Saousa, with acclivities shaded by green pines; and the queen of cascades, that of Arroudet, have to be passed before the scene of convulsion is reached, which is called by the natives la Peyrade, or Chaos. In the midst of these gigantic ruins of fallen mountains, the footsteps of Roland's horse are also pointed out; marks that he left when he took his surprising leap out of Spain into France. Ariosto makes no mention of this traditional leap. The Italian poet only makes of the Cirque de Gavarnie the seat of the steel prison where the magician Atlant held *le donne e i cavalieri* prisoners, and the scene of the combat which the beautiful Bradamante engaged in, in order to carry off her beloved Roger from the possession of the terrible Hippogrif.

Che una giumenta genero d'un grifo.

We must now return to the pass of Cauteretz, which runs parallel with that of Luz. The road along this pass is so narrow that spaces are hewn out of the rock at intervals for vehicles to abide while others pass by. Suddenly the gorge widens a little, and you see in the distance green terraces and a little smoke, indications of human dwelling-houses. Finally, the town itself comes in sight, composed of one street, and that almost entirely occupied by three great hotels, built of marble; yet there are two casinos, a billiard-table, cafés, and fifteen bathing-houses, add to which, even in this mountain-enclosed space, there is a park with delightful walks.

ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.

At Cauteretz there lives a certain Michel Py, who has obtained so much distinction by killing bears, that M. de Talleyrand got him pensioned off in his old age with 200 francs a year. M. Jubinal relates the following characteristic story as told by the aged bear-hunter himself:—

One morning I started alone to make a recognizance in the pine-forests of Mont-Thyavan, five or six leagues from here, as near the skies as possible. It was in vain, however, that I ransacked the cover in which I was accustomed to find my game, I could only see a heap of leaves and fallen branches, but not a bit of bark that had been gnawed, and still less one of those brown muzzles from which a pair of red eyes shine like two candles in the hollow of a pine-tree. I carried on my researches from the break of day till four o'clock in the evening. I had perceived footsteps half-worn out upon the soil. Another would have taken them for traces of bear; but, by smelling them and touching them with my tongue, I ascertained that there had only been ibex and wild-boar. "Well," I thought at last, "if I am so clever in finding out where they have not been, they may have also been equally clever in finding out where I am. Let us be off, I answer for it they shall lose nothing by it. I will come again another time."

At the moment that I was saying this, I suddenly heard something moving behind me. I did not move my body, I only turned my head. It was the prettiest little ibex that had ever passed within gun-shot. I was going to let it go by, without my customary salutation, for fear of frightening the bear that I was searching for, when the following idea came into my head "Since the bear is playing double with you, why should you not try and be as cunning as the bear?" No sooner said than done: I turned right about with my gun; I took my aim so as not to kill it, and I carried off his two fore-legs. I then ran up to the animal, and, placing it on my shoulders, walked away with it to a pass between the Vignemale and Mont Ferrand, which the bear generally followed at night-time. There I stopped, and having tied my ibex, with a rope round its neck, to a piece of rock, I bade it good-bye till the morning.

That night, as I was sawing some pieces of iron, a neighbour dropped in.

"Good evening, Michel."

"Good evening, neighbour."

"Did you find any traces of bears to-day?"

"No; but I expect to find some to-morrow morning. You see I am making preparations."

"Truly so, if they are fond of sugar-plums, they must be satisfied with those; they are large enough and numerous enough. Michel, do you know I should like to go with you?"

"Impossible, neighbour. I have no objection to exposing my life, but not that of others."

"Bah! while I am with you, what have I to fear? Besides, you know, I am not a bad shot."

"Yes, when shooting at an ibex, but bears! Do you know that when I take my aim, I, who am accustomed to look at them in the face, there are times when I tremble! Believe me, neighbour, do not come."

"Oh, yes, I will. To-morrow morning I will knock at your window at three o'clock; so good night."

The next morning we were together at an early hour at the pass of Mont Ferrand. I found my ibex torn to pieces, even the bones were devoured. The bear appeared to have been very hungry. I looked upon the ground; there were five toes well marked, and by their size I knew they belonged to an old bear, and by a slight interval between the skin and the nails, that it was a female. It was impossible to distinguish the direction taken by the animal in the immediate neighbourhood, the snow being every where trampled down, but by searching at a distance we found that he had gone into Spain. We followed accordingly, at one moment on the snow, on the next on rock or land. After an hour's pursuit, we entered upon the *mer de glace* that falls from the Vignemale, and advances, filling up the valleys, for a distance of two leagues, into Aragon.

"I do not know if you have seen the Vignemale?"

"No," said I, "but I hope to do so."

"In that case, you must know that one does not walk there quite at one's ease, and that when one has not cramp-irons it is devilish hazardous to venture across its glaciers."

We had not certainly reason to dread that the ice would break, for we followed upon the traces of the bear, and she had taken care to choose her road where the crust was solid; but this road kept so close to the crevices, that at every step we shuddered over some fearful abyss; at last, having got round the Vignemale, a thing that had never before been accomplished, we arrived at the neighbourhood of the pass of Cauteretz, which leads towards Pentacosa. There, at the entrance of a pine-forest, we lost the trace. I cocked my gun, and examined the priming, my neighbour did the same, and we entered into the thickest part of the wood, walking at a distance of fifteen paces from one another.

We had scarcely been on the search for above a quarter of an hour, when we arrived at a little savannah, or glade. My neighbour on passing to the right of a rock that stood in our way, while I passed to the left, perceived at a distance of twenty paces from him, a kind of black ball that began to move on hearing his footsteps, and which recognising a man, suddenly unrolled itself, and presented to his astonished eyes the figure of an enormous bear, a real giant, that might have been called the king of bears.

My neighbour uttered one of those terrible shrieks which has no expression in any language. He was a brave fellow, but he was not used to such sights. Had I been in his place, I should not have spoken a word. I should have taken my aim with the utmost tranquillity, and have stretched the animal dead on the spot; but it cannot be helped, every one does not possess the same self-command. My neighbour accordingly fired without aiming at a vital part, he struck the bear in the shoulder, and before he had time to lower his gun, the wounded animal uttering a frightful roar, as loud as a clap of thunder, rose upon its hind-legs, and opening its fore-legs like two arms of iron, advanced to grind his enemy within their grasp.

At that moment, I was getting round the rock; when I perceived the bear; she was already raising her paw upon my comrade, who, pale and stiff as a statue, only awaited the *coup de grâce*. There was no time to hesitate. I knew that if I fired at the animal from the position in which I stood, I could only hit her in the back, that I could not kill her, and that she would turn round upon me, still I could not see a Christian devoured before my

eyes. I accordingly took my aim at the middle of the small of the back, and as the five claws of the bear were transfixing the flesh of my neighbour, who was screaming with pain, the animal itself once more roared out, if possible even more loudly than before, and throwing itself backwards and bending almost double, it licked the blood that flowed from the new wound.

"Load your gun," I cried to my comrade, "or I am lost;" and I set the example by endeavouring to load mine.

I had not had time to measure out the powder, before the bear came down upon me full gallop, and he whom I had just saved, instead of helping me, ran away as fast as his legs could carry him.

"If I get out of this," I shouted after him, "you shall pay for your poltroonery!" and jumping on one side, I avoided the first rush of the bear, while, at the same moment, I struck her with all my force, with the butt-end of the gun, on her skull.

The animal, only rendered more furious, turned round, assumed an upright posture like a man, tore my gun from my hands with one blow from its brawny arm, and if she did not break it, wood and iron alike, as if it had been a straw, it was simply because she had a more important object in view.

I saw very well that, if I once fell into her embraces, it was all over with me. I drew back a few paces. The bear advanced upright, and aimed another blow of its claws at me, which I avoided by another spring backwards, but which catching my coat by the collar tore it downwards to the knee.

It now became a combat, in which I had all the disadvantages, for I was not armed. Happily, I was full of activity, and I kept dodging the animal round the rock, in the hope that she might become exhausted.

I might live a hundred years, and I should still remember that great black phantom, whose muzzle, shoulders, and body were tinged with red blood that flowed down like a flame, and who, each time that she raised her hairy foot in the air, tore from me in its descent a fragment of my dress, and furrowed my chest with long gashes!

At last, at the moment when she was making an effort for a final spring, with the view to crush me in her descent, her back, which had been severely injured by my shot, suddenly gave way beneath her, her legs trembled, and rolling upon one side, she made a last attempt to roll upon me, and involve me in her death.

You may easily imagine that I did not remain idle. I picked up my gun that lay upon the ground in a gutter of blood, and after having loaded it with a double charge, putting it to the head of the animal, that was whining like a child, I blew out its brains.

That done, I loaded my gun again.

"What for?"

"To administer to my neighbour the same correction as the bear had received; and I promise you, if had got a shot at him, my hand would not have trembled. Luckily he had the start of me, and I was not able to overtake him. He has since gone to settle in Spain, where I wish him much pleasure, but where I shall not go to seek him."

On my return to Cauteretz, I related my adventure to Prince Talleyrand, who gave me five hundred francs, and further obtained for me the pension which had been promised me ten years before.

ASCENT OF THE VIGNEMALE.

Imagine in the vast dining-room of the Hotel Derrey, an assemblage of nearly a hundred men of all ages, who make the four services of the ordinary disappear like a wink of the eye, and who drink and talk with equal agility, and you will have an idea of the sort of persons who make up the list of invalids sojourning at Cauteretz.

It was amidst such a group that, one afternoon, M. Jubinal declared his wish to ascend the Vignemale, and catered for volunteers. Five presented themselves: a Monsieur Henri, invalid by choice; De Plaster, painter; De Beauvoir, promenader; De Burry, conchyliologist; and Briant, an admirer of mountains. A guide was also obtained, and three men to carry provisions.

The next morning a start was effected with some difficulty—for there is an especial costume for these ascents—by the *Val de Foret.* The pathway led by the side of a mountain stream, to the grotto of Mahourat, where is a sulphureous spring. Beyond this is a waterfall, formed by obstructions that have fallen into the valley, and the road is carried over crags and fallen rocks, often difficult to climb. Two miles further is the cascade called the *Pas de l'Ours,* the origin of which name was inquired of the guide.

"Long time ago, gentlemen, a very long time ago, a dog and a bear met there one day. You see the path is not wide" (we had trembled when passing it, the path is scarcely a foot in width). "It is impossible that two can go by in opposite directions. Now neither of the two travellers would make way for the other."

"What did they do then?"

"That which generally happens in such cases; they took one-another by the collar, and rolled together down the precipice."

"By that means neither then obtained pre-eminence?"

Beyond the cascade of Bouffé, the next in succession, the pines which hitherto decorated only the crest of the ridge, gradually descended from the heights, and invaded the whole extent of the narrow valley. These woods lead the way to where a first bridge traverses the river, where the traveller has to ascend the rocks, as if by a ladder of steps, to a spot from whence he perceives an amphitheatre of rocks, crowned with perpetual snows, down which the torrent falls in successive leaps, and amid which is a bridge, composed of the trunks of three pines laid horizontally, called that of Spain; the fall itself being called *Saut du Pont,* and remarkable among the numerous cascades in these districts, for its picturesqueness.

Recrossing the river from the point of observation, the traveller proceeds in the direction of the lake of Gaube, along a hilly and picturesque country diversified by centenary pines. The aspect of that cold, dark, tranquil lake, embosomed among mountains, filled our lively travellers with feelings of melancholy. "But," adds M. Jubinal, "when once one has accustomed oneself to this absolute solitude, that one has habituated oneself to the stern silence of the spot, a certain inexpressible feeling of joy is experienced at being thus free from civilisation and its constraints. There is in those lofty walls that hem you in on all sides, and whose magnitude would be expected to crush you in your insignificance, something on the contrary that ennobles the heart," and then a thought which has obtruded itself upon every one once or more in their life-time, comes across him—"Is or is not society a factitious and a normal condition for man?"

A CATASTROPHE.

As the party were wending their way round the lake, they met a young Englishman and his wife, accompanied by four porters and a guide.

After a few expressions of good wishes naturally interchanged on meeting in such a situation, each party continued its route.

Scarcely (relates M. Jubinal) had we got a third of the way round the lake, than on turning to the left we perceived the young man in the boat rowing on the water. At the expiration of a few minutes, he came back to the land and persuaded his wife to get into the boat. At first, as if by a kind of presentiment, she refused, but yielding to his solicitations, we saw her after a time get into the boat.

All went on well at first, for the young man appeared to be accustomed to the use of oars, and he guided the frail embarkation with great skill. He even amused himself by imparting an oscillatory movement to the boat, and then laughing at the terror of his young wife. Suddenly, when nearly in the middle of the lake, he stopped, and appeared to wish to sound the depth; but thinking to touch the ground with the end of his oar, he lowered himself too hastily. The weight of his head and the want of an obstacle caused him to fall over and he disappeared.

Those who were looking on saw at the most a few undulations on the surface of that still lake; it at once swallowed up its victim, and regained its deathlike calmness.

But the young woman, who had remained for a moment without force, and without voice, fixed to the seat, with her eye upon the water that was closing up, became, upon recovering her faculties, suddenly sensible of all the horror of her position, and she began running from one end of the boat to the other, endeavouring to catch the slightest movement upon the surface of the water; she called aloud, she shrieked, she thrust her arms into the water all round, hoping to feel something. Vain hope; the abyss retained its prey.

Then a fatal idea crossed her brain like lightning: she raised herself up, cast a last look towards the land and towards Heaven, and throwing herself into the lake, she in her turn disappeared.

All this took place with the quickness of thought, in less time than I take to relate it!—a fall!—some shrieks, more shrieks, a second fall, and nothing remained! Let the emotion of those who stood spectators of this horrible drama be imagined! All my life time I shall be haunted by that terrible shriek of despair.

But in a few seconds we were destined to witness what was still worse. The young woman, brought to the surface by her clothes and moved by the natural instinct of preservation, began to utter cries in which it was easy to feel an existence was at stake; but out of our party of twelve, not one of us knew how to swim. The lake was also a league in width, and its waters were icy cold. We all wept.

The young woman made several attempts to seize the boat, but without success. The spectators also made some equally vain endeavours to construct a raft to go to her assistance. There was naturally no chance for such forlorn help. She perished, and her body floated on the beach three hours afterwards; that of her husband was not discovered till twenty-two days afterwards. "Both young, both handsome, both rich, and only recently united, to come and perish thus at a distance from their family, before strangers, when life lay before them full of promise of happiness." M. Jubinal justly remarks, "what a destiny! We remained stupified, incapable of moving from this fatal lake."

Happy, thoughtless Gauls! in a quarter of an hour the chaunt of a smuggler anent three doves, a king in a hut all covered with flowers, and a queen in another all covered with loves, sufficed to efface all memory of the unfortunate young English couple. The incident, however, made

it dusk ere they arrived at the fall of Resplumas, where they were obliged to seek refuge for the night under a hut consisting of four logs of pine, supporting a roof of dry herbs and leaves, with masses of rock and stone for walls, and the soil for a floor.

The next morning an hour's toil brought the party in sight of the glaciers. The road lay along the flank of the Pocy-Mourou, or the "black peak," furrowed with belts of broken ice. After having continued to ascend for eight hours, the party reached the crest of Mont Ferrand, which constitutes the base of the little Vignemale (via Mala) not a cloud obstructed the view, nothing but stern peaks and pinnacles robed in white surrounded them. Another hour's labour brought them to the highest attainable point of the mountain, the crest of one of the twin summits. They were then at an elevation of about 10,000 feet above the sea, and chaos in all its horrors lay beneath them. The sea of ice which had its sources above their heads, filled up the whole region between them, the Mont Ferrand, the Cerbellona, and all the adjacent mountains, and descending upon the Spanish territory advanced into Aragon beyond the field of vision. Innumerable peaks, domes, and crests of nameless mountains filled up the space between them and the summits of the Pic du Midi, of the Breach of Roland, and the glacier of Néouvieille, all visible from the same point. A cloud in the horizon, however, soon made the guide insist upon a hurried descent, and to use M. Jubinal's expression, the party arrived the same evening at Gavarnie, well wearied and "soaked like college wine."

And with this ascent we shall end this month, premising that the summit of Mount Perdu, 11,182 feet, has never yet been attained, and that according to M. Jubinal, whom we may yet follow in his excursions to Baréges, and in an ascent of the Maladetta, and the Canigou mountains, the ascent of the Pimene, much less lofty than its more celebrated neighbours, and of much easier and safer approach, is the one which best rewards the traveller by the prospect obtained from its summit. The Maladetta, the loftiest peak of the Pyrenees, is, according to Vidal and Reboul, 11,436 feet above the sea; the Cylinder of Marbore 11,067; the Vignemale 11,014, or 4700 feet lower than Mont Blanc, and 131 feet higher than Mount Etna. The peak of Néouvieille, according to de Zach, attains an elevation of 10,343 feet; or, according to Vidal and Reboul, of 10,150 feet. The Brèche de Roland, according to the latter authorities, 9868 feet, the peak of Heas 9747, and the Canigou, in Rousillon, 9160. The highest inhabited spot in the Pyrenees is the town of Marbore, 9977 feet above the sea, and the inferior limit of constant congelation on the same chain of mountains is, according to De Humboldt, 8960 feet; on the Alps 8768 feet on the south side, 9267 on the north side. In the warmer latitudes of the Sierra Nevada or Granada it is, according to Roxas, 9161 feet.

A VISIT TO THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF CRESSY AND AGINCOURT.

IN LETTERS ADDRESSED TO H. P. SMITH, ESQ.

By H. L. Long, Esq.

LETTER IV.

Towards the end of the month of August, in our latitudes, the sun sets about seven o'clock, and twilight ceases soon after nine. There could have been no moonlight to prolong the slaughter. The battle ended about the hour of vespers; just at its conclusion, Philip, who was in the rear guard, inquiring how the combat was going on, was answered by John of Hainault, that his army was totally beaten, and that all was lost—we are told that in an agony of desperation and fury "il poussa son cheval des éperons pour la lancer dans le melée;" but the advice, entreaties, and main force of Hainault, Montmorency, and some few others who were left near his person, succeeded in withdrawing him from the conflict. His conduct reminds us of other instances, when sovereigns have been driven to distraction at the fortune of the day declaring against them.

Napoleon at Waterloo "décidé à mourir, il pousse son cheval pour le faire entrer dans les rangs. 'Ah! sire, s'écrie le Maréchal Soult, en saisissant la bride, les ennemis ne sont-ils pas déjà assez heureux.' Napoléon résiste, le maréchal et les généraux redoublent d'efforts, et porviennent à l'entrainer sur la route de genape."—(Vaulabelle.) But the battle of Bannockburn must have been as fresh in the minds of most of the combatants at Cressy, as is that of Waterloo to those of the present generation, and at Bannockburn, by the caprice of fortune, the father himself of the now victorious Edward, had been placed in the identical position of the French monarch.

> Oh! give their hapless prince his due—
> In vain the royal Edward threw,
> His person 'mid the spears—
> Cried "fight," to terror and despair,
> Menac'd, and wept, and tore his hair,
> And curs'd their caitiff fears,
> Till Pembroke turn'd his bridle-rein,
> And forc'd him from the fatal plain.

Edward II. fled to the castle of Stirling for a short halt, and Philip, on quitting his fatal plain, took the road to that of Labroye.

Do you remember with what eagerness we sought for the broken flint arrow heads of the Persian archers on the barrow of the Greeks at Marathon? and how successfully our search was rewarded? Not with less alacrity, but with no such good luck, did I inquire at Cressy for some relic of the battle; nothing whatever could even be heard of as having ever been known to exist, until a shepherd, feeding his flock near the cross of the King of Bohemia, told me he believed that M. Payard, of Estrées, was possessed of some object which had been discovered upon the field. To M. Payard I accordingly went—he is an agriculturist, on rather a large scale, and uses a portion at least of the soil of the field of battle in the

Vallée des Clercs. Madame Payard only was at home, and not being much acquainted with such matters, she referred me to her uncle, in an adjoining house. Here the scent grew hot, and our expectations rose proportionably. The venerable old gentleman to whom I was introduced, assured me that such an object had existed, that he believed it still existed—that it could not be considered as lost—but alas! that it was, if anywhere, in some granary among a quantity of other things, and for the moment inaccessible. He described it as a sort of small circlet of bronze, surmounted with what appeared to be four fleurs-de-lys. He imagined it might have been the socket of a standard; others had been found with it, and had excited considerable attention, but he knew not what had become of them. He mentioned also the discovery of a skeleton upon the plain, which had evidently been interred with more than common care; it was by itself, and extended at full length, with its limbs disposed with a due regard to funereal arrangement, betokening the remains of some person of sufficient distinction to be honoured with a sepulture apart from the fosses which had received indiscriminately the humbler victims of the day.

This old gentleman alluded to the cannon in the Tower of London. The *Journal des Debats* in November, 1841, noticed "Un des canons tres curieux dont les Anglais firent usage à Crécy, et qui était conservé à la Tour de Londres, fut retrouvé presqu' entier parmi les décombres, après l'encendie de cette tour en 1841." I strongly urged upon him the preservation of his bronze relic, if it could be ever recovered. Nothing, in fact, at all coeval with the battle remains at Cressy, if we except the windmill at Edward's position, and the monumental cross of the King of Bohemia; which two landmarks, at an interval of about 2000 paces, serve admirably to demonstrate the limits of the scene of action. This cross of John of Luxemburg, I firmly believe to be genuine, and to have been erected within a short period of his glorious death. We did not fail to visit and examine it. It stands upon a square base by the side of the road which witnessed the advance of the French army, and it has recently been restored to the pedestal from which it had fallen, at the expense of some amateur, who deserves well at the hands of all those who are interested in the preservation of ancient memorials. Tradition says, indeed, that it originally stood some five-and-twenty paces further in the field, and that the occupier of the soil, upon finding it constantly interfering with the cultivation, removed it to its present position. This simple stone, in its lonely situation among the open fields, the record of a great and affecting event, covered with its sombre lichen, and fortunately quite free from the chippings of relic-hunters, perhaps from lack of visitors, produces somewhat of a melancholy impression—not diminished by its appearing to be the nightly haunt of the screech-owl, as I discovered by observing a disgorged pellet of that bird deposited on the summit. We would not so much as detach a morsel of its venerable lichen to get an insight into the nature of the stone, but as well as I could make out it seemed to be the calcareous travertino, of which masses are seen in the Roman Pharos in Dover Castle, and of which many pieces, probably re-used from former Roman buildings, were brought to light in excavating the foundations of the Priory church at Dover. I am at present ignorant of the quarry where this peculiar stone could have been obtained—but it seems to have attracted the notice of the Romans sufficiently to have induced them to

bring it over for their buildings in Britain, as we did, and do now again import that of Caen. Brave old John of Luxemburg! of all the bold spirits who bequeathed their bodies to the field of Cressy, disdaining to inhabit them in defeat and disgrace, his was the most gallant, and its departure the most romantic. The blind old monarch at the close of the day ordered Le Moine de Basèle to take the bridle of his horse and lead him into the fray, so that he might strike one stroke with his sword. Basèle obeyed, and they both fell, together with his squires Henry de Rosenberg and John of Leuestenberg. On the morrow of the battle they were found lying on the field, with their horses tied all firmly together. The well known anecdote of the "prince's plume" is thus narrated by M. Louandre,—"Le monarque Anglais, ne se réserva des riches dépouilles du Prince Allemand qui deux (trois?) plumes d'autruche, nouées avec une tresse d'or, qui surmontait son casque, et la devise tudesque *ich dien* (je sers) qu'on y avait gravée. Edouard donna ce panache à son fils pour le recompenser des exploits de la veille. Les successeurs du Prince de Galles, en mémoire de cette grande journée, ont toujours conservé les plumes et la devise, et en decorent leurs armoiries." The same authority informs us that the remains of the King of Bohemia were deposited in a chapel of the Abbey of Valloires, where as lately as in the last century the following inscription was visible:—

L'an mil quarante-six trois cents,
Comme la chronique tes-moigne,
Fut apporté et mis céans
Jean Luxembourg, roi de Behaigne.

This, however, does not accord with the Amiens' MS. which buries him at Maintenay, nor with what I have read in "Bertholet's History of Luxemburg." It is there stated that John, by his will, had ordered his body to be interred in the Abbey of Clairefontaine—but it was destined to be as disturbed in death as it had been during his adventurous life. The monks of Valloires might have prided themselves on possessing his remains. Cressy Grange was an estate belonging to their monastery, and there Edward placed many of the wounded, entrusting them to the skill in leechcraft of the holy fathers. It is, also, certain, that to the pious hands of the same reverend fraternity were committed for interment the bodies of the most illustrious of the slain. If John of Luxemburg was one of them, he did not long repose within the precincts of the Abbey of Valloires. The "History of Luxemburg" states that Edward himself caused the remains to be transported to Luxemburg—whether or not that was the case, it is certain they were transferred to that capital, and buried in the church of Munster; on the destruction of that monastery in 1542, the remains were removed to the Cordeliers, and there kept carelessly in a wooden chest. In 1572, the Abbey of Munster was rebuilt, and the body of John, replaced in its church, found rest for a time in a superb mausoleum erected by the Archduke Albert, and inscribed with this epitaph:—

Johannes Rex Bohemiæ
Comes Luxemburgensis
Henrici VII. Imperatoris Filius
Caroli IV. Imperatoris Pater
Wenceslai et Sigismundi Imperatorum avus
Princeps animo maximus

Sed uno corporis vitis infelicior, quod cæcus :
In Britannos auxilia pro Rege affini ducens
Prælio Cressiano cecidit.
Acie disruptâ, rebusque desperatis in victores irruit,
Et cum non videret hostem, periit,
Non pugnando tantùm, sed occumbendo
Fortis.
CIↃ CCC XLVI. IX Kalend. Septemb.
Tantum Heroem
Jacere sine Epitaphio
Magnus Belgarum Princeps Albertus
non passus,
Liberalitate et munificientiâ suâ
Monumentum hoc fieri curavit,
Et iniquæ sortis, et invictæ virtutis memoriam
Æternitati commendavit.
CIↃ LD CXIII.

This eternity was of very brief duration—a spell hung over the ashes of the hero, and war again brought him to the surface, rousing him from his repose as if he had been only sleeping. When the French laid siege to Luxemburg in 1684, the Prince de Chimay, the governor, caused the lower town to be burnt, to deprive them of all means of retreat. The church of Munster was then destroyed, and with it the magnificent mausoleum of John of Luxemburg, which had been erected at the cost of 17,000 florins. The body was saved, and deposited in the refugium of the abbey until the restoration of the monastery, when it was again inhumed in the church behind the high altar. Rumet reports that the armorial bearings of fifty cavaliers, who perished with him at Cressy, were to be seen around his tomb ; but his vicissitudes were by no means at an end. During the profanations of the French revolution the sacred relics of the King of Bohemia did not escape ; they were torn a fourth time from the sepulchre, and found their way to Mettlock, near Treves, where they were preserved in the curiosity-cabinet of a rich manufacturer of earthenware, M. Bock-Buchman, the father of Madame Nothomb, wife of the distinguished Belgian statesman ; nor is this all,—the last account of these restless "restes," is to be extracted from *La Presse* of the 27th of July, 1844. "Les restes de Jean de Bohême sont aujourd'hui dans le palais du roi de Prusse, sur les bords du Saar, en attendant que la ville de Luxembourg lui ait élevé un monument digne de son aventureux héroism." This is, indeed a formidable episode with which I have indulged you, but having collected from various sources a tolerably connected account of all the post-mortem adventures of this remarkable hero, I thought them too curious to be omitted. The purple of three kings exalted the glory of the standards of Philip. The king of the island of Majorca, even in the most prosperous circumstances, does not seem likely to have been a sovereign of a very extended sway. Whatever were his dominions he had been expelled from them, and dethroned by Dom Pedro, king of Aragon. Having little to loose he might as well have sought for "six feet of French soil" and died, like John, the death of a hero; he appears to have escaped, as well as Charles of Bohemia, John's son, the king of the Romans elect, and already designated by the royal title. Froissart seems to speak rather contemptuously of him ; "the Lord Charles of Bohemia departed, and I do not well know what road he took." Other accounts describe him as having been dangerously wounded.

Among the mutabilities of the "graves principum amicitiæ et iræ," we

find an instance in the Emperor Sigismund, John's grandson. He quitted the French party, and despite the enmity of their grandsires, he and Harry the Fifth of England became allies. It is true that Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, the king's brother, and others, rushed with drawn swords into the water at Dover, and declared "if he came to enter as an emperor into a land claimed to be under his empire, then were they ready to resist him;" they seemed to have had some vague apprehension of the claims of the successors of the Cæsars to universal dominion. But this matter was satisfactorily adjusted, and Sigismund, an honoured guest at Windsor, was invested with the order of the garter: the very order, according to some authorities, which was instituted to commemorate the victory where his grandfather had fallen.

M. Louandre is one of those who refers the origin of this glorious knighthood to the triumph of Cressy;—"Un fait important," he says, "et la création de l'Orare de la Jarrettière institué par Edouard au commencement de 1349, à Windsor, dans l'Eglise de St. George, en commémoration de son étonnant triomphe, et pour recompenser ceux de ses officiers qui l'avait le mieux seconde. Le héros de Cressy manifeste clairement le but de sa fondation en prenant pour insigne une Jarrettière, dont il avait donné le mot, gallois *garter* mot de ralliement le jour de la bataille. L'opinion que ce fut la Comtesse de Salisbury qui donna naissance à cette ordre célèbre n'est appuyée sur aucune autorité ancienne, et tous les historiens Anglais eux-mêmes la repoussent comme un conte vulgaire."

Charles, Duke d'Alençon, whose insensate attack upon his unfortunate Genoese was a prominent cause of his disasters, was one of the slain; his body was sent to Amiens; that of the Count of Flanders was buried with those of many other victims in the church of Cressy, and Edward himself and the Prince of Wales attended the ceremony with great state. The Comte d'Harcourt, the brother of Edward's Marshall, fell during the action, "Le corps de ce chevalier, dont le casque avait pour cimier la queue d'un paon mêlée d'or, fut reconnu par son frère Geoffroy d'Harcourt. Le cri de sa maison: Harcourt! Harcourt! que ce dernier avait entendu pendant la bataille l'avait saisi de douleur et de remords. L'aspect de ce corps sanglant le fit frémir d'horreur; il vint se jeter aux pieds de Philippe, l'écharpe au cou en guise de corde, temoignant ainsi qu'il se devouiait lu même au plus inflâme supplice, et il obtint le pardon de sa perfidie," so says a note of M. Louandre's, but Harcourt continued a trusted and trusty adherent of Edward, was present at the victory of Poictiers, and ended by being slain in his service.

It was not without reluctance that we left this interesting ground, and soon after passing Estrées-les-Cressy, we recovered the main post road from Abbeville to St. Omer. We soon after commenced the descent into the valley of the Authie, and on passing the bridge over that river we found ourselves at La Broye. The road makes a detour to the left, we accordingly quitted the carriage, and took the old straight road up the hill, passing under the apse of the curious ancient chalk church, which must have witnessed the flying Philip, spurring his horse furiously by its walls, at a late hour in the night after the battle. We ascended to the site of the Château de la Broye,—all the masonry is down, but the fosses and ramparts, covered with coppice-wood and carpeted with violets and

primroses, marked out the lines which the fortress had originally occupied on the brow of the hill. Its situation is agreeable, and presents on the eastern side a pleasing view up the valley of the Authie. A peasant or two live within the area, and occasionally, in cultivating their little gardens, meet with some old coin current in the days when the castle flourished. They had preserved one or two somewhere, and their inability to lay their hands upon them was rather disappointing, for I was not without hope of reading the legend of EDOARDS REX—MONETA PONTIV:—and of becoming possessor of a specimen of the rare coinage of Edward I., which, as Comte de Ponthieu, he struck at the mint of Abbeville. A fragment of very strange pottery was all that their search produced. A road passes through the area of the castle, entering it probably at the very spot where formerly stood the gate at which the discomfitted Philip demanded admittance;—the Seigneur, Jean Lessopier, "dit *Grand Camp*, se tenait aux créneaux: Hommes d'armes, qui êtes vous? demanda-t-il, si vous ne servez monseigneur de Valois, vous n'entrerez point dans mon château."—"Ouvrez," repondit Philippe, "c'est l'a fortune de la France!"—an answer not unlike the exclamation of Hannibal at the sight of the gory head of his brother Asdrubal after the battle of the Metaurus,—"Agnoscere se *fortunam Carthaginis*, fertur dixisse." Nevertheless, Philip's answer to the Chatelain has been disputed, and M. Louandre has altered it into—"c'est l' infortuné Roi de France," as being "sens plus naturel que l'autre," but I prefer the old text of Froissart; it was more natural to the proud Philip, even in his misfortunes, to shrink from acknowledging himself as unfortunate; and he left Lessopier to draw from the words "la fortune de la France" whatever conclusions he might have thought proper.

In our onward progress towards Hesdin, we passed over the high land between the waters of the Authie and those of the Canche. From this open elevated country the eye easily explores the neighbourhood of both Cressy on the south, and Agincourt on the north, and, if I don't mistake, the highland also between Montreuil and Samer to the westward, which is within ken of the lofty cliffs near Folkstone. So near do these famous battle-fields lie together, and so little removed are they from the range of vision from England itself.

Hesdin is situated in the valley, at the confluence of the Ternoise with the Canche. But Vieux Hesden stood higher up, on the bank of the latter river, on the southern slope of the hill which forms the tongue of land between the two streams. We saw the white "masures," the ruins of the old castle, shining in the evening sun, as we descended towards Hesdin. In the year succeeding the battle of Cressy, Philip de Valois was received at the Castle of Vieux Hesdin, on his way towards Calais with a numerous body of troops, and a letter of his, dated from this castle, to the inhabitants of Abbeville is still in existence. St. Remy speaks of the park of Hesdin as one of the most beautiful in the kingdom; but that has long been disparked; all the hill is under cultivation, and except a grove of trees crowning the summit and surrounding the steeple of the village of "Le Parc," there is nothing which presents to our imagination any vestige of its former forestial beauties.

THE RICHEST COMMONER IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CRISIS AND THE FINISH.

MOLEY wouldn't speak to Charles the next day—she wouldn't even look at him—she washed her fat hands of him entirely. Her lambent blue eyes, which used to be always roving about for admiration at church, adhered steadily to her Prayer Book. Dooey kept strict guard the whole of that day, and the next. On the Sunday he took a prodigious quantity of exercise with his wife and daughters, and the fat umbrella—"six miles out and six miles in," on the Holland Ferns Road, and on the Monday he repeated the dose in another direction. Mrs. Dooey and he talked at each other on the folly of love matches and boyish flirtations, and instanced numberless cases of parties who had "gone to the wall" in consequence of marrying against the wishes of their parents. They agreed that "no good" ever came of such doings.

On the Tuesday he took his departure. Things seemed all straight, and he doubted not that the girls saw matters in precisely the same light that he did—felt that they were just as well, or perhaps better, single than married.

He had not been gone half an hour before our friend Mr. Rocket was installed in a settee in the drawing-room, with Moley alongside of it, who for some reason or another had made herself uncommonly smart on her father's departure. Amelia having gone out on a *tulle* expedition encountered Charles at the corner of Grin and Gapes, the—"what is the next article, marm?" shop of the place, and Mrs. Dooey was again conveniently blind.

When the cat's away the mice *will* play.

Charles complained sadly of Moley's treatment of him, and urged Amelia to assist in putting matters right. Amelia, who knew her sister—indeed, the sisterhood generally—better, than to suppose matters could be put right where there was a better prospect in view, commented on Charles's imprudence in intruding on her papa, especially after the injunctions he had received not to do so, and talked in the free unrestrained way a confidante can talk, especially a sister confidante. Charles very soon thought Amelia quite as bewitching as Moley.

Moley and Mr. Rocket made hay while the sun shone; that is to say, while the old gentleman was away.

"What do you think that silly boy did on Saturday night?" asked Moley, after the first brush of conversation was over.

"Nay, I can't tell, I'm sure," replied Mr. Rocket, looking the picture of innocence; "dressed himself up as a ghost, perhaps, or as a street musician?"

"He *ab*solutely came here, and having gained admission, desired to know what papa had," replied Moley.

"The young scaramouche!" exclaimed Mr. Rocket.

"Shocking, isn't?" inquired Moley.

"*Dreadful*, indeed," rejoined our friend; "where can he expect to go to?"

"*I* don't know, I'm sure," said Moley, arranging the upper storey of her flounce.

"But what excuse did he make for such conduct?" asked Mr. Rocket.

"Oh," replied Moley, a slight tinge of blush spreading over her fair, plump features, "he pretended to be in love with me, or Amelia, I don't know which, and wanted to know what we would have."

"And I hope your papa satisfied his curiosity by boxing his ears," replied Mr. Rocket, who knew all that happened, chapter and verse.

"Why, he sent him away quicker than he came, I believe," said Moley; "but can you fancy any thing so horrid as a boy like that being mercenary?"

"Shocking, indeed," said Mr. Rocket; "it is bad enough in any body, but detestable in youth like that. Tell me, how came he to fancy you would have any thing to say to him?"

"Nay, I'm sure I can't tell," replied Moley; "boys are such queer things. He used to come and call, and I've danced with him two or three times; in fact, we used to look upon him as an innocent domestic cat sort of youth, that one makes a convenience of at balls and parties."

"He's a precocious youth," observed Mr. Rocket; "has he any money?"

"He *will* have a great deal," replied Moley,—(the opposition man always has);—"but really money is a thing I never trouble my head about," added she; "if a man is pleasant and agreeable, that is all I look to, for I'm quite sure money of itself doesn't constitute happiness."

Mr. Rocket was quite of the same way of thinking,—he didn't care a farthing about money,—nay, he had almost a contempt for it. Indeed, were it not for the sake of making some beloved object happy, he would rather be without it. The trouble of accounts, the bother of letter-writing, the interviews with agents, the teasing of tenants, all combined to disgust a man of feeling with it.

A more disinterested couple never occupied a settee.

Still they talked in a strain that would require a good deal of money to indulge in. Diamonds, court-dresses, opera-boxes, balls, and dinner-parties without end. At first the conversation was carried on in a suppositous strain—a sort of comparison of tastes, in which there was a marvellous similarity of feeling; gradually it became more identical, until it occasionally assumed the plural "we."

Mr. Rocket was as communicative as gentlemen in his situation ought to be. He talked of his Wiltshire property, and his Norfolk property, and his estates in Leicestershire, and of a magnificent property he had somewhere in Yorkshire, that seemed to combine every ingredient that land is capable of—coal, iron, a steam-ferry, a sulphur-spring, a lake, a salmon-fishery, grouse-shooting, a fat living, and fat land without end. The others were large, but the rental of that beat them all. It had a drawback, to be sure, and that was, the want of a house; but then, as the lamented George Robins used to say, that might almost be looked upon as an advantage, as it would afford them an opportunity of evincing their taste in the edifice. Twenty or five-and-twenty thousand pounds would build a good house, at least as good as moderate people would require, and ten or twelve thousand furnish it. He talked, in short, just as the "Richest Commoner in England" ought to talk.

In all the conversations, our friend expressed a very laudable dread of the lawyers. From his account, they were the most ante-matrimonial people under the sun, and he illustrated his argument by sundry instances of blighted bliss through the intervention of their relentless

talons. Indeed, from his account, the lawyers seemed to have been sent into the world for the express purpose of baffling Cupid. He would rather sell all his estates for what they would fetch, and put the money into the funds, than undergo the ordeal of their inquiries.

Moley retailed all the splendour of her prospects to her mamma, who was delighted with her success, and charmed with the anticipation of astonishing Dooey when he returned. Though there had been no formal presentation or kissing of hands as son-in-law, he had glided imperceptibly into an engagement, though neither side could name the precise time when it took place. Mrs. Dooey, however, ceased contradicting the report, and accepted the very sincere congratulations of her loving friends with a self-satisfied smile on her smug face. Our friend soon took all his meals in Belvedere-terrace, except breakfast, and Monsieur de la Tour established himself in the kitchens *en permanence.* The establishments "fraternised." From eleven to eleven were Mrs. Dooey's licensed love-making hours, but if he went away before twelve she didn't care to know it was past eleven. Charles Summerley was indebted to the streets for his interviews with Amelia, which, however, were neither few nor short—we mean the interviews—not the streets.

So the happy hours flew cheerfully, and Friday night again came round. What a space of action had been compressed into the few days of Dooey's absence! How cheerful they had all been. Moley and Mr. Rocket, the licensed lovers, and Amelia and Charles Summerley, the stealthy ones. As Friday evening drew on, a sort of dull, oppressive calm came over the spirits of every one, producing much such a feeling as precedes a thunder-storm.

Mr. Rocket had played his cards so dexterously that though he had toyed and played with matrimony in every shape and way, viewed and fenced with it in every point of view, he had never given Moley an opportunity of referring him to "mamma." All had been upon trust, and though mammas always take it for granted that men who make up to their daughters are "highly eligible"—"every thing that can be desired"—there are few of them that miss an opportunity of satisfying themselves on that head when they can. Mrs. Dooey longed to have a few words with Mr. Rocket, were they restricted to the pertinent inquiry "what he had," but Moley had strenuously resisted any such indelicacy, on the ground that it would be enough to drive him away.

> Love, light as air, at sight of human ties,
> Spreads its light wings and in a moment flies.

On Friday afternoon, the spirits of all fell full fifteen per cent—Mrs. Dooey's fell because she felt she had not a straightforward story for Dooey; Moley was depressed because she felt she could not control her papa as she did her mamma, and Mr. Rocket was depressed because they were depressed, and because he felt things were coming to a crisis. Dinner was, therefore, not very lively. As evening advanced, and the old lady and Amelia dropped off in the accommodating way people do under such circumstances, things began to look up a little.

Mr. Rocket blazed forth in redoubled splendour. He had had a letter from his Yorkshire agent, John Strong, stating that the incumbent of the fat living had eat himself into a fit of apoplexy, and that there would be a seven hundred a year berth to give away, which he proposed placing at Moley's disposal, if she had any cousin or relative in the church, also that a rich company of London adventurers were in treaty for his iron

mines, and that he expected to make a good penny of them. He talked of architects, too, Gwilt, Smirke, Philip Hardwick, and others, and instead of a modern house, he now thought of building a castle. Then they took an ideal trip to Gillows, and considered the matter of furniture. Trollope and Co.'s French stock was also overhauled, and carriage and liveries duly considered. Dickenson was to look out for no end of gray horses for them. Money was no object. They would cut everybody out. So the evening flew swiftly and pleasantly. Twelve o'clock struck, and still Mr. Rocket tarried—perhaps he thought it was eleven. Mrs. Dooey had long retired to rest, and the servants and their visitors below gave more unbridled freedom to their tongues. The sound of revelry rose above. Mr. Rocket felt the time was critical. Twelve hours more and his chance might be out. None but the bold deserve the fair, thought he, and accordingly he determined to be bold.

"Let us surprise the old uns," said he, "by a Gretna Green match, and so escape the persecution of the lawyers, and the parsons, and the toast-givers, and the devil knows what."

Moley was dumb-foundered at the proposition, or perhaps she thought it pretty to be so, for it was not the first, nor the second, nor the third time, that she had had a similar offer. Habit familiarises ladies' ears to the sound just as Lord Byron said men's ears became used to the cock of the pistol.

"What say you, my charming Maria?" continued he, folding her in his arms and imprinting a volley of burning kisses on her fair glowing features.

Moley was still silent—a thousand considerations rushed upon her mind—foremost among which was the thought that she would be done out of a dashing wedding.

"See what a world of trouble it will save," continued Mr. Rocket, pressing both her hands in his, and imprinting a series of kisses on her lips. "We will be down, and married, and back in less time than it would take to get the lawyers together. Once let them in, and we are no longer our own masters. They will fight, and wrangle, and make difficulties for the purpose of clearing them away themselves, and never think of our feelings; and after they have teased, and worried, and baited, and persecuted us, they will send in a bill as long as to-day and to-morrow, and laugh at us for our pains."

Moley was still silent. Not that she had any very particular objection to the fun of a run-away match, provided she was sure it was as safe as a regular one, but she would like to have consulted her mamma on that head. She was too well aware of the general ante-matrimonial propensity of lawyers to doubt that what Mr. Rocket said was quite correct, though on the other hand she did not see why if the Sulphur spring, Salmon fishery, and all the queer things he had enumerated, were "on the square," as her father would say, she might not enjoy the triumph of her conquest while the lawyers amused themselves with picking them to pieces.

Then, on the other hand, she knew by experience how the lawyers could annihilate the brightest prospects with a dash of their laconic pens. She could not forget how Mr. Inkeyfingers, "pa's man of business," had demolished the enchanting Captain Cupid Blarnington, whose heavenly moustache curled perfect letter S's on either side of his most insinuating mouth, how Inkeyfingers had demolished the gallant captain's hereditary

Park and expectations in Tipperary, though Moley strongly suspected that he did it in the hopes of getting him for his own carrotey-haired snub-nosed daughter. But Moley had another and more substantial doubt, and that was if she refused to fly, Amelia might accommodate Mr. Rocket, and she couldn't bear the idea of her younger sister being married first. Above all she was tired of waiting. Hope deferred had begun to make her heart sick, and she thought that any sort of a husband would be a deal better than none. Moley doubted in fact, and a woman's doubt is much the same as a jury's doubt, which always goes to the prisoner—Mr. Rocket got the benefit of hers.—At two o'clock she had made up her mind to fly the paternal roof, and the brief time that intervened between then and the starting of the early train were consumed in the necessary preparations for the journey—long in miles, though short in time.

Few of our readers—none we should think of our fair ones—but at some period or other of their lives, have figured to themselves the features of Gretna Green. Few we should think but have pictured to themselves the chaise stained "with the variations of each soil," the galloping bustle of the hurrying postboys, urging their foaming steeds for the last stage that bears them from Carlisle to the border. It is a place whose very name is typical of brightening prospects. The poet sings of the greenest spot on memory's waste, and surely Gretna Green was the particular spot he had under consideration. Gretna Green! The mind pictures a pretty straggling, half Scotch, half English village, with clean white rails, upon a spacious green, and happy rustics in muffin caps, and high cheek bones, looking out for happier couples to congratulate. Then the legend of the blacksmith who forged the links of love, added interest to the place, and invested the whole with fairy feature.

How much better, brighter, more promising, in short, a Gretna Green marriage sounds than a Coldstream or Lamberton toll-bar one! and yet they are all equally efficacious. Gretna Green indeed, is as superior in reality as it is in name. It looks as if it were the capital of the God of Love, while the others exhibit the bustling, trading, money-making pursuits of matter-of-fact life. Though we dare say Gretna Green is as unlike what most people fancy, still we question that any have gone away disappointed. It is a pretty south country-looking village, much such as used to exist in the old days of posting and coaching. A hall house converted into an hotel, and the dependents located in the neighbouring cottages. Gretna Hall stands a little apart from the village on the rise of what an Englishman would call a gentle eminence, and a Scotchman a dead flat, and is approached by an avenue of stately trees, while others are plentifully dotted about, one on the east side, bearing a board with the name of the house, the host and high-priest, "Mr. Linton." There is an air of quiet retirement about it that eminently qualifies it for its holy and hospitable purpose.

Happy couples, who have hurried back to Carlisle under the common impression that there is no accommodation but what the blacksmith's public house affords, must have regretted leaving its quiet comforts and the nice rural walks of its shady lanes, awakening only the peeping curiosity of the inmates of the neat white-washed, rose-entwined cottages instead of the flagged and paved gaze of the English gate, Irish gate, and Scotch gate inhabitants of Carlisle. Gretna is very pretty, but how the high-priest came to set up his quarters so far from the actual border seems strange.

The long ugly street of a village of Springfield, to be sure, is nearer,

and in Springfield it was that the original matrimonial blacksmith, who regaled his votaries with what he called in his evidence before the House of Lords "Chumpiney wine," used to reside. Springfield, though only a stone's throw from Gretna, is a very different sort of place—mean, squalid, ugly, and dirty.

Springfield and Gretna are, however, alike doomed, and will soon be numbered among the things that were, as temples of Hymen, at least. After new year's day, 1849, mine host, Mr. Linton, and all the minor fry of self-appointed priests' occupation will be gone. Perhaps it is time they were, now that mercantile matter-of-fact steam has brought the place within the jurisdiction of Bradshaw. "Gretna Station" annihilates the poetry of the thing. But we must conduct our fair fugitive there by rail. Day was just dawning as, muffled up in a sky-blue satin cloak, trimmed with ermine, and a most expensive point-lace veil over her last new London bonnet, with a fine waving blue-tipped feather, Moley slipped noiselessly out of the house, leaning on the arm of her lover, and tripping along the terrace, found the grinning De la Tour standing with a yellow fly door in his hand, drawn by a lean Rosinante white horse, whose going powers were put in requisition the moment Moley, Mr. Rocket, and her maid got inside, and the Frenchman mounted by the driver. Away they cut to the station. It was a mail train, which met an express one at Rugby, and few passengers were going by it. Slip-shod wenches were scouring the fireless station-rooms, and every thing was raw, chilly, and comfortless. Twice Moley's courage all but failed her, and if it had ebbed again, we believe she would have been off. The railway-bell at last decided matters, and, escorted by our hero, amid a rush of porters and hangers-on, she was borne into a coupée. *Fiz!* went the steam; screech! screech! screech! went the whistle; jerk,—and on went the train, and Moley was launched on the sea of life.

Motion serves to keep away depression, and they shot along at a goodly pace—goodly, at least, to Moley, who had lately been used to the crawling only of a carriage. At Rugby they breakfasted, with ten minutes allowed for scalding tea, before the express train arrived.

Then they changed for the smarter, more lover-like wings of a flying train, and pushed on through the heart of England at a pace that a dozen years ago would have been looked upon as perfectly fabulous. If the journey wanted the hurrying exclusive excitement of former days—the cracking of whips—the smoking of horses, the peeling of inn bells, the roaring for "first fours out!" the rush of hands to change, the moppings of post-boys, the scatterings of sovereigns, the cutseying of landladies, the cap in hand of landlords, and the general rush to stare as the carriage again started full clatter up the street, the railway nevertheless afforded very quiet, cosey, easy, uninterrupted love-making, the only inconvenience being the prebendal partition of the passengers. Though there was no looking out behind to see if another chaise and four hove in sight—no fumbling in the sword case—no unlocking the pistol case and looking if the caps were on so as to be ready to shoot a leader, there was nevertheless the parallel excitement of the electric telegraph, to say nothing of the chance of a rush into eternity from a railway accident. Nothing, however, occurred to our friends, who flew past station after station, now making eyes at each other, now admiring a view, now availing themselves of the darkness of a tunnel, now wondering what mamma would say—and anon thinking what papa would do. Sometimes they sunk back in their easy,

well-cushioned seats, tired of the exertion of railway colloqui. It was evening ere the train glided into the fine Gothic station at Carlisle, after speeding through the grand and stupendous scenery of the wild fell regions of the north.

The inhabitants of the flying village poured upon the platform, some giving themselves a congratulatory shake on reaching their journey's end, with may be a hasty glance at the difference between what the journey was and what it used to be, others bustling and hurrying to inquire about the next train on, or that to Newcastle, mingled with the usual groups of listless country idlers, who have transferred their attentions from the coaches to the stations, and stand staring and criticising the passengers just as they used to do the horses.

"Morning paper" gentlemen cut in and out with their "last editions," and proffered Guides to the "Caledonian Line" betokened the approach to Scotland. "Chambers's Edinbro'" seemed a thicker crop on the book-stall. Hurrying porters kept running against people with their luggage trucks, and then begging their pardons as they transferred the "through" goods from one train to another.

Clever and cunningly as the fugitives thought they had managed it, there was scarcely a person in the long train but knew what they were after. For this they were indebted to the loquacity of De la Tour; so true is the old saying, "that servants keep a bribe, but tell the secret." Not that he meant any harm by it, but who ever saw a Frenchman that could hold his tongue.

"Do you go on, sir?" asked an official in plain clothes, with a half smile and a whole touch of his hat, of our friend as he stood with his fair companion on his arm, the observed of all observers.

"Yes—no," replied he, with the air of a man rather out of his geography; "we stay here—at least, we shall post on."

"This train stops at Gretna," observed the official, in an under-tone; as much as to say, "we know what you are after."

"*Gretna!* Does it?" replied Mr. Rocket, observing to Moley, on whose tympanum the well-known name had fallen most musically. "He says, dear, this train goes to Gretna," pointing to the hissing engine just backing against the line of carriages to be off. "Shall we go by it, dear?" asked he, giving her arm a sly squeeze within his.

"How far is it?" asked Moley.

"Oh, twenty or five-and-twenty minutes," replied the man, speaking by time.

"Well, I think we may as well," said Moley, whose dread of the Electric Telegraph made her anxious to get on.

Accordingly they took their places in a carriage belonging to the new *regime*, with such little baggage as they had inside; in less than two minutes the snorting engine started on his way. They quickly cleared the city of Carlisle, great only to those who live in it, and spurting through a line of flat country, chiefly characterised by peat moss, and Scotch fir plantations, steamed within sight of Solway Frith. A few more minutes, and the train pulled up at a station, on whose hard, matter-of-fact board was inscribed, in large capitals, so that even they who travel by Express trains may read the ominous words: "GRETNA STATION."

"*Gretna station! Gretna station! any body* for Gretna station here?" bellowed a porter, hurrying along the line.

"Yes, I am! we are!" exclaimed Mr. Rocket, thrusting himself half

out of the window; and before the porter got to where the fugitives were seated, the smiling guard had opened the door, and was assisting Moley to alight.

A sailor's hammock and an open basket of live poultry were the only goods for Gretna Station besides our party, and, with all faces to the windows, the train again hurried the inquisitive passengers on.

Convenient and expeditious as every thing had hitherto been, it became sadly deficient at the critical point; neither omnibus, cab, fly, Brougham, gig, dog, not even a donkey cart, was in attendance, and our friends too late discovered that Gretna Green and Gretna Station were distinct places. To add to their misfortune, a late lowering sky now began to drop its contents.

"Oh, dear, is there no sort of conveyance?" exclaimed Moley, as she looked with alarm from the isolated station on the solitary roads behind, feeling as though she were left in the wilderness.

"How far do you want to go, sir?" asked the clerk, though their manner and appearance left little need of inquiry.

"I want to go to the marriage shop at Gretna Green," replied Mr. Rocket, boldly. "How far is that from here?"

"A mile or so," replied the man.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Moley, "how shall we ever get there. The rain is coming down in torrents, and I've got nothing but thin shoes with me."

A Scotch mist now came drifting up from the north.

"The Sark Toll-bar is close at hand, and would do quite as well," observed the clerk.

"What! do people get married there?" exclaimed Mr. Rocket.

"Oh yes," replied the clerk; "the toll-collector makes far more money by marrying than he does by his tolls since we opened."

"Where is it?" asked Mr. Rocket.

"Just across the river here," replied the clerk, "on the Scotch side, of course. Here, I'll show it you," continued he, moving a little along the line, and pointing it out below.

After a few minutes' parley the party set off on the route thus indicated —a tortuous lane running within sight of the equally tortuous Sark, soon brought them to a bridge, on the north side of which was a hard, matter-of-fact looking square white-washed toll-house, with the words, "Sark Toll-bar," on the board.

The toll-keeper and his wife were at tea, and though well accustomed to the sight of rustic visitors on the same errand, seemed rather put out at the appearance of such quality-company, who appeared to belong as of right to Mr. Linton, at the Hall. However, he gladly took them, and having replaced the dirty tweed jacket in which he was sitting, by an old swallow-tailed black coat and waistcoat, he proceeded to take the acknowledgments of either party that they agreed to become man and wife, and before Moley thought the ceremony was begun she found herself married. Having entered their names and residences in what he called his *red*gester, he gave the parties a copy of the entry on the back of an old milk bill, and wished them a long joint life of mutual happiness and three or four-and-twenty children, all of whom he hoped would follow their parents' example and come to him to be married.

So strong is the force of example—particularly in matrimonial matters —it being worthy of remark that it never rains in that line but it pours,

that our friends Monsieur de la Tour and Lucy asked leave to present themselves to the gate-keeping priest for what monsieur called "a splice," which being accorded, Mr. and Mrs. Rocket witnessed for their servants what the servants had just witnessed for them, though the ceremony—or rather the want of ceremony—was slightly interrupted by the priest having to go out in the middle of it to do battle with a whiskey smuggler, who had slipped through the gate in the morning without paying the toll.

Mr. Rocket generously paid for all, and the shower having past over, the gilded rays of an autumnal sun burst forth on the happy party as they returned from the toll-house to the station. The blandest of station masters welcomed them back, and made them comfortable till the next train arrived to take them to Carlisle. As evening closed in they found themselves entering the portals of that best and cleanest of hostelries, "The Bush."

It is a lamentable fact, that after people get married, the world—that is to say the gossips, care very little about them. If they get on well they say little about them, if ill, they always "predicted it." Were it not now, we dare say, for the sake of knowing how this great runaway railway match—the first, be it remembered, upon record—turned out—the majority of our readers would chuck this number on the table, with a sort of feeling that they had had enough of the "Richest Commoner in England."

Before enlightening them on this head, however, we must return for a brief space to Glauberend. It is hardly worth while describing the astonishment of the Dooey establishment (most of whom witnessed the departure) on missing their young miss in the morning, the terror of Mrs. Dooey, and the frantic wrath of poor "Dooey," as the intelligence "M—— is off with Mr. R——" was telegraphed to him in the Borough, as he was in the midst of a deal for some hops. Dooey was too well read in the dark page of life to hesitate in jumping at once to the worst, while Mrs. Dooey buoyed herself up with the highly-coloured pictures her daughter had drawn of Mr. Rocket's undoubted wealth. Glauberend was in convulsions. The elopement made a far greater row than the late French revolution, for the revolution was afar off, while the elopement was at their own doors. Flys drove about from house to house, footboys were summoned to callers before they had got "into their clothes," gentlemen stopped short in the streets greeting each other with "Well, did you ever?"—"No, I never!"—"What a go! Who'd ha thought it!" Old ladies shook their heads, and said it was "*shocking*," while young ones giggled and looked as though they would not care much to be off themselves.

The first outburst of surprise being over, the diligent ones betook themselves to the usual sources of information—road books, itineraries, maps, "Burke's Commoners," and so on, to ferret something out about the redoubtable "Richest" one in England and his property; we are concerned to say, without much success. As it is always safe to suspect an absent man, the hounds of suspicion were let loose upon him.

Whatever consolation disinterested friendship could suggest, Mrs. Dooey received. Some of the "cut out" ones wrote her three-corner'd notes full of congratulation or commiseration, others called to ask after her, while Miss Jaundice forced her way in to assure her she didn't believe there was the *slightest* truth in the report of Mr. Rocket's being

a pawnbroker's son in the Edgeware-road. Still the truth in these matters will ooze out at last, and from letters brimful of confident happiness, Moley gradually relaxed into qualified assurances that they would be extremely happy if they had only a little more money. Mrs. Dooey's anger then rose. She was the unforgiving one—she was the one who had been deceived—deceived by her own child—forgetting how often that child had seen her deceive her own husband. At last things came to a crisis—Mine Host of the Bush—the most complaisant of landlords—having kept them until the happy pair had exhausted every feature about Carlisle, and Moley had become as familiar with every article of mercery in Norman and Blaylock's as Mr. Rocket had with the goods in their neighbour Wheatley, the silversmiths, without the said host having seen, as he feelingly expressed it, "the colour of their money," "Mine Host" became seriously importunate, and old Dooey, with his fat umbrella, fortunately cast up one afternoon just as things were coming to a crisis. Though he had been arranging his wrath all the way down, the old man's heart relented, and he embraced his truant child when he saw her. The trio returned to London, Mr. Dooey having satisfied himself, that if his son-in-law had nothing, he was not like the generality of "Richest Commoners"—worse than nothing.

Even for Mrs. Dooey we have a little balm of consolation: Charles and Amelia having glided into an imperceptible sort of engagement, a sort of one that acts towards matrimony much as a Lucifer-match acts towards a candle, were hurried into the reality by the death of old Brown of Craven-street. Not that his death alone would have caused the candle to ignite perhaps, but he was found to be enormously rich—his wealth, like that of the great Dutch merchant, Mynheer von Cled,

Could scarce be credit-ed.

All the boxes ranged about his room contained the title-deeds of unfortunate victims who had come under his grasp; he had money in all the funds and public securities, and as much gold and silver in bags and old stocking-feet, as took Mr. Whistler, the pawnbroking silversmith, and two of his able assistants, a whole day to count. Charles Summerley is now the first catch of the day, and is quite Mrs. Dooey's model of a young man. She keeps constant watch and ward over him, and if she can only manage to "jockey him" out of six weeks' mourning for his uncle, she hopes to retrieve the misfortunes of her house by establishing Amelia on the other side of "Gibraltar Rock,"* the rival of the "Railway Queen."

Mr. and Mrs. Rocket are now living in a small but very genteel villa at the back of the Regent's Park. Mrs. Dooey hasn't forgiven him, and says she "never will," but Dooey and he are such good friends, that Dooey is initiating him into the mysteries of the hop-trade, and Mr. Rocket may occasionally be seen hugging the fat umbrella "on 'Change," which serves as an introduction to the merchants, and procures for him the *sobriquet* of young Dooey. Finding from his friend, Mr. Dibs, the broker, that his esteemed father-in-law has two plums, TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS, standing in his name in the books of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, Mr. Rocket is just setting up a neat claret-coloured Brougham, picked out red, with the motto, "*Le jour viendra!*"

* The tall houses on either side of Albert Gate were christened the Rock of Gibraltar, because it was prophesied they would "never be taken." Mr. Hudson contradicted the prophecy, in part at least.

A FEW MONTHS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL E. NAPIER.

A FORAY AMONGST THE T'SLAMBIES.

"These very T'Slambie and Congo tribes received the thanks of government, with praises and presents of money only two years ago, in consideration of their peaceful dispositions towards us. The Gaïkas may be considered a more worthy foe than these treacherous wretches paid and petted by us."—From "*Five Years in Kaffirland*," vol. i., p. 262.

WHILST listening to many interesting details relative to the "Gwanga," we jogged on with Colonel Somerset towards Fort Peddie, distant some four or five miles from the scene of action. On our way to the fort we met several Kaffir women, professing to come with conciliatory messages from the T'Slambie chiefs, but probably—according to their usual custom—only enacting the part of spies, hearing that some expedition was then talked of; for "rumour" has here certainly more tongues than in any other part of the world, and flies from station to station, from camp to camp, and from friend to foe, with the most unaccountable rapidity.

Colonel Somerset, who appears to know all the Kaffirs as well as they know him, was apparently acquainted with the dark ambassadresses who now beset his path, and having reason to suspect the real object of their mission—after telling them to come on to Fort Peddie, where he would listen to what they had to say—gave at the same time directions that they should be kept under strict surveillance, and not allowed to quit that post, until the return of the commando, then contemplated beyond the Keiskamma.

The deep cunning of the Kaffir is proverbial, and these savages avail themselves with wonderful perception of every circumstance which possibly can turn to their advantage—thus, knowing that their women (notwithstanding many false assertions to the contrary), never receive ill-treatment at our hands, the latter are constantly prowling about our posts, where, under pretence of soliciting food, they play the part of spies to perfection, and with the most perfect impunity—nay, it has been positively averred that during the war, Kaffir women have, in some instances, actually brought supplies of gunpowder from Port Elizabeth, to their friends in Kaffirland!

Should—in the course of a few years—another Kaffir war break out (which is not at all improbable as long as this treacherous race are permitted to have any footing to the westward of the Kye), should such a calamity again befal that ill-fated country, it strikes me as a feasible suggestion, and one which would be the means of obviating much mischief, were all the Kaffir women who could be captured to be removed into the interior of the colony, and there apprenticed as domestic servants to the farmers and other inhabitants. By this means the Kaffirs would be deprived, in a great measure, of their "commissariat;" for the women are by them, as with most barbarians, considered merely in the light of, and treated as beasts of burden—carrying their supplies, providing and cooking their

food, building their huts—in short, performing all the drudgery of the most harsh and cruel servitude. The Kaffir, deprived of such assistance, would consequently be sadly at a loss; and were this plan carried into effect, whilst crippling his resources, we should at once be getting rid of a dangerous system of espionage over the operations of the war, and rendering a valuable service to the colony, where domestic labour is so much required; whilst, at the same time, it would be performing an act of humanity towards the poor creatures themselves, by removing them from the sway of their cruel tyrants and task-masters.

Amidst all the shocking atrocities perpetrated during the last, and former hostilities by the Kaffirs, on such of our soldiers or settlers who may have falle[illegible]heir hand[illegible]is but doing them justice to admit, that [illegible]e, [illegible]ve, generally speaking, followed the good example we have set, in not waging war on the fair sex of the colony; although in their internal feuds, men, women, and children are indiscriminately massacred; the women being often mutilated whilst still alive, and—as in the case of the inroads of the Mantatees and Fetcani—the most shocking deeds of cruelty perpetrated on their persons, of a nature too atrocious even to relate, but as a specimen of which, it may be mentioned, that the lopping off an arm outstretched whilst imploring mercy, was a common act, whereby the few ornaments with which it might be adorned, were most readily and with least trouble obtained.*

Pastoral and primitive people! mild and unoffending race! sad victims of European cruelty, violence, and aggression! how have ye been disturbed in the pure enjoyment of your Arcadian felicity, by the encroaching footsteps of the white man!

But honest John Bull has been too long, and at too great a price, blinded to the truth by such fallacious delusions; the veil of deception, has by late events—though at the cost of millions—at last been forcibly rent asunder, and the South African savage now appears—in spite of the Jan T'Zatzoe† and Andreas Stoffle's imposition—in all the hideous deformity of his real ferocious and "irreclaimable" nature!

Not a single step can be taken in the whole colony of the Cape of Good Hope, or its adjoining territories, without forcibly recalling this infamous system of deception and misrepresentation, which for so many years has been imposed on British credulity, or *imagined* philanthropy, by—as I have before remarked—either misguided enthusiasts, interested intriguers, or canting hypocrites! Amongst the first class, were Le Vaillant and Barrow, the former exalting the African race to the skies, extolling, like Rousseau, the Arcadian felicity of their pastoral habits,—singing with the most poetic regard to truth, the honour and probity of the men, the virtues and chastity of their women! whilst the latter writer, swayed by illiberal prejudices, cast the most cruel and undeserved obloquy on the Dutch colonists of his day.‡

* See the account of the defeat of the Mantatees, in Thompson's "Travels in Southern Africa."

† It may perhaps, be not generally known to the "religious British public," that this pretended convert to Christianity, who, under the auspices of the Rev. Dr. Philip, was a few years since smuggled from the Cape, paraded at Exeter Hall, and excited such ill-directed sympathy in England, was one of the foremost in arms against us during the late Kaffir war.

‡ See Lichtenstein's defence of the colonists, in refutation of Barrow's assertions to their prejudice.

Then followed the Missionaries, with all the attendant evils they have —chiefly through their political and, generally speaking, unauthorised interference—drawn down on this unfortunate colony, from the time of Van der Kemp to that of Dr. Philip, the present superintendent of the London Missionary Society.* The former, in the first instance, a dissolute dragoon officer in the service of the Prince of Orange, next appeared in the character of a professed atheist; and lastly, turning over a new leaf, about the year 1795 came out to Southern Africa,† took unto himself a Hottentot wife, and then attempted the conversion of the Kaffirs, though *he* had the honesty to confess that in this endeavour he proved not in one single instance successful; and it is a notorious fact that, although coloured, or rather "black female" assistance has often since, as in Van der Kemp's case (and sometimes even in a less reputable manner), been called in to aid the zealous endeavours of the Missionaries; to this day, the sum total of Kaffir conversion amounts to one solitary individual, and that is the chief Kama, who is supposed to be *really* a Christian.

As to the present successor of Van der Kemp, who for so many years has been at the head of that far too influential society, and of the *able* manner in which he has fulfilled his trust, I shall content myself with referring the reader, who may be desirous of such information, to the several works mentioned in the margin.‡

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Another cause productive of incalculable mischief to the colony, was the notorious "50th ordinance," issued by General Bourke, removing every restraint off the native colonial population, and thus allowing (to the great detriment of the industrious classes of its inhabitants) a set of Hottentot idlers, thieves, and vagabonds, to roam about the country without control, when not assembled to indulge in sloth and idleness, or to concoct treasonable designs against the colony, at such establishments as the "Kat River" settlement!

This Hottentot "magna charta," as it was called, was soon followed by the "emancipation act," which—prematurely and injudiciously carried into effect—was not merely a legalised robbery,§ but by throwing vast tracts of land out of cultivation, ruined the farmers, and was one of the chief causes of that unprecedented event, the emigration "en masse"

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* From this sweeping clause may perhaps be excepted, the Wesleyans and Moravians.

† Many such adventurers have stepped into Van der Kemp's shoes; if we *must*, "nolens volens," cram religion down the throats of the savages, before civilisation has rendered them possibly capable of comprehending its purport, at least let the attempt be made by persons competent from a clerical education, for such an undertaking.

‡ "Cape Records," compiled by Donald Moodie, Esq., published by Richardson, London, 1841; "Parliamentary Correspondence, for 1834, 1835, and 1836, relative to the Cape of Good Hope;" Godlonton's "Narrative of the Inroads of the Kaffirs;" "Abstract of Documents relative to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope," in which will be found "Reasons for Opposing the Author of the South African Researches;" a pamphlet, by Dr. Barclay (1814). See also the "Christian Keepsake" (Fisher, Son, and Co., London, 1828), in which will be found the Evidence given by Dr. Philip before the House of Commons.

§ The farmers received only one-third of the value of their slaves, and that in bills on England, which, with many residing in the interior, from the difficulty of getting them negotiated, were in fact no better than waste paper. The odious system of slavery is not here attempted to be advocated, but "emancipation" should, at the same time, be tempered with justice and common sense.

of the Boers, across the frontier; thus converting the staunchest defenders of the colony into its most bitter foes. This ill-judged measure was likewise the means of increasing the list of vagabonds and banditti, engendered by the promulgation of the 50th ordinance; whilst many emancipated slaves crossed the eastern border, and did their utmost to stir up the Kaffirs against us; in which design they were too well seconded by traitorous connivance and encouragement from certain persons within the settlement; all of which circumstances combined, together with the vacillating border policy and the defenceless state of the frontier, brought on the war of 1834—5, at the conclusion of which, the final death-blow was dealt to the hopes of the colony, by what appears the very result of madness or imbecility: the adoption of the notorious "Stockenstrom policy," with its peurile and childish Kaffir "treaties" and insane concession of old established rights, and more recently conquered territory!

The very ground we now trod upon, bore evidence to the folly of our policy with regard to the native tribes. The Fingoe nation was, it is true, most humanely rescued from a state of dreadful oppression and slavery by Sir Benjamin d'Urban; he was however, far from contemplating at the time when he successfully effected their deliverance, that they were shortly to become a heavy tax on the colony. Such is, nevertheless, the case, for instead of being dispersed—as Sir George Napier projected*—throughout the interior provinces, where their labour might be of use, the Fingoes are mostly congregated on the frontier, and Fort Peddie was, at a great expense, erected for their special protection; under whose walls they now lie idly basking in the sun, disdaining labour of every kind, and refusing to work or make themselves in any way useful, unless on most extortionate terms, or when driven thereto by actual want and starvation.†

True it is, that as the natural enemies of the Kaffirs, the Fingoes have been sometimes found useful auxiliaries during the last war, but their object—in addition to that deadly spirit of revenge peculiar to African ferocity—has ever been plunder of cattle (often regardless whether from friend or foe), and many a robbery and murder has—it is strongly suspected—been perpetrated by Fingoe villany, and then laid at the door of the enemy.

Under these circumstances, it becomes a matter of serious consideration, in which the safety and very existence of the colony is deeply concerned, how far we can with prudence suffer this dangerous and increasing population to continue in large bodies on our frontier, where at any moment they may unite with our enemies, and assist in expelling us from those very strongholds erected for their own special protection.

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On arriving at Fort Peddie we were introduced to Colonel Lindsay, the commandant, whose "warm bath" and warmer hospitality, I shall ever thankfully remember; and no one can duly appreciate the former luxury, without the experience of a roughing of several days in the bush.

Having thus afforded us the means of thoroughly cleansing the outward man, the gallant colonel next placed before his famished guests a

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* Sir George Napier formed an establishment of Fingoes at the Zitzikamma, which, it is said, has been attended with every success.

† As much as 6*s.* per diem has been exacted by Fingoes, for assisting to unlade the cargoes, &c., which arrived during the war at Waterloo Bay.

most welcome collation, which having soon vanished under our united attacks, he took us to inspect the "lions" of the place; but there was certainly not much to see—its chief interest consisting in having been the scene of the united attack, during the preceding month of May, by an immense horde of the T'Slambie and Gaïka tribes, for the account of which the reader is referred to Colonel Lindsay's Official Report, to be found amongst the Parliamentary Correspondence of 1847, relative to the colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

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The camp of the 2nd Division had some time previously been moved from the ground it so long occupied near Waterloo Bay, and was now pitched in a beautiful green basin, surrounded by hills, a few miles from Fort Peddie, near the former missionary station of the "Beka," which had been burnt by the Kaffirs during the course of the war. Thither, after a couple of hours' rest at Fort Peddie, M—— and myself repaired, under the auspices of Colonel Somerset, who, when we arrived, immediately ordered a tent to be pitched for our reception, and showed us every kindness and civility.

The object of sending the party we had accompanied from Block Drift, was to reinforce the 2nd Division in an intended expedition beyond the Keiskamma, where it appeared that some of the T'Slambie tribes had again taken possession of their old locations, without showing any symptoms of submission, or even deigning to avail themselves of that wonderful stroke of colonial policy, known as "The Registration System."*

In order to mislead the enemy as to his intentions, Colonel Somerset determined to move forward the whole camp to a spot about five or six miles westward of the Keiskamma, and on the same evening, when the Kaffirs imagined the force to be there stationary for an indefinite period—as at Waterloo Bay and the Beka—to push on a patrole during the night, and fall on them unawares in the morning, whilst a strong party of native troops, backed by some regular infantry, was to make a circuit, in order to cut off their retreat.

During the night, we were disturbed by the sentries firing on some Kaffir marauders, who had approached the camp with the probable intention of plunder; but the alarm shortly subsiding, we remained quietly till daylight, when, pursuant to the above plan, the whole force moved off, and encamped on a high ridge of ground some miles in advance, near a small stream called the Wanahanna, where the party from Block Drift joined the Division.

As I naturally expected during the ensuing operations, to have the superintendence of my own people, I now begged for instructions, when, to my unutterable disgust, I was informed that none had been received; and that if I accompanied the expedition, it must be merely in the character of an "amateur."

Since he had received no instruction on the subject, Colonel Somerset could not of course act otherwise, nor did I blame him on that score; but had, nevertheless, the mortification to see, what I considered *my* party, placed under the command of another officer; and in none of the best of

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* See "Blue Book" (1848), pp. 35, 46, and 80, on the subject of the "Registration System."

humours, nor as a very amiable "amateur," joined Colonel Somerset's patrole, which—in true "Commando" fashion—without tents or baggage, left the Wanahanna during the afternoon, on the day of our arrival.

After a short march we reached the banks of the Keiskamma, where we prepared to bivouac for the night, on a spot whose transcendent loveliness I shall never forget. Emerging from the surrounding "scrub," or low bush, covering the high ridge along which had hitherto lain our course, we descended through the jaws of a ravine, into a green basin clothed with short but luxuriant grass, whose virgin purity of brightest emerald, appeared never to have been defiled by tread of either man or beast; this Arcadian nook was embellished by low trees, or rather gigantic shrubs, greatly resembling our English yew, the tortuous roots and gnarled branches of which proclaiming them almost coeval with the surrounding hills, were thickly overshadowed by dark dense foliage, seemingly impenetrable alike to sun and rain. The rapid waters of the clear Keiskamma, sweeping around this park-like scene, were crowned on their opposite bank, by a bold ridge of frowning heights, thickly covered with the peculiar and fantastic trees and plants, indigenous to those far-southern climes.

The sun had already set, and the fast-expiring twilight barely sufficed to disclose the beauties of the surrounding landscape, when the camp fires being lit, all were soon busily engaged in preparing their evening meal; the consequent bustle which ensued, presenting a strong contrast to the dreamy stillness that had a few minutes before pervaded this sylvan and romantic dell.

We chose a clump of those dark-foliaged trees, under whose friendly cover to pass the night; presently our watch-fire gleamed brightly beneath the over-canopying branches, the knotted and fantastic roots serving as capital substitutes for table, pillow, and chair; nor did we regret having as a protection the natural stockade formed by their venerable trunks, for as darkness shrouded the scene, the Kaffirs, who had apparently got scent of our movements, appeared to swarm in the surrounding bush, their cries and savage yells rang through the wooded crag overlooking the river's edge; and being, therefore, in momentary expectation of a volley from our unseen foes, the fires were extinguished, whilst, trusting to the precautions taken against surprise, we swallowed a half-cooked supper, rolled ourselves up in our cloaks, and slept soundly through the few remaining hours of the night.

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The following extracts from a half journal, half letter, written at the time, and but little altered from the original, will describe the ensuing operations of this patrole.

Banks of the Chalumna Stream, between the Buffaloe and Keiskamma, 24th of November, 1846.

"Yesterday, the 23rd, we silently and in darkness moved off at three o'clock in the morning from the lovely spot where we had bivouacked on the banks of the Keiskamma, which we crossed at a neighbouring 'drift' or ford, and after a long ascent by a road apparently (for there was yet little light) cut through a dense jungle, we found ourselves at break of

day, on the summit of an extensive range of open table-land covered with grass, undulating here and there into shallow kloofs and valleys clothed as usual with bush, and in the neighbourhood of which—as daylight succeeded the gray dawn, and the mists of night rolled upwards through the wooded ravines—numerous Kaffir huts were discovered, with quantities of cattle, still herded in their respective kraals.*

"The guns and infantry were yet in the rear, but the cavalry being up—and a conspicuous eminence having been marked as the place of general rendezvous—without a moment's delay, our troop, by Colonel Somerset's order, broke into small clumps, composed each of ten or twelve horsemen, which spreading out like a fan, was in an instant galloping at full speed towards every point of the horizon, in order to secure the enemy's cattle before it should be driven out of the folds.

"I remained for some time with the chief and his staff, and from the eminence on which we stood, commanded for miles around a full view of the scene, which was certainly well worth beholding, and most exciting.

"The Kaffirs, thus early aroused from their slumbers, might be now seen rushing confusedly out of their huts, to drive away their cattle into the adjoining kloofs, though the Cape Corps—who are splendid fellows for this work—were, in most instances, too quick for them; but the savages never gave up their most valued treasures without a struggle; heavy firing commenced all around, which was responded to from Colonel Mackinnon's party, who—from the distant roll of musketry—appeared to be also blazing away at a great rate in the low grounds along the banks of the Keiskamma; and as the fresh morning breeze swept away the blue smoke, our different parties might be seen driving before them large herds of cattle, occasionally turning to check the pursuing Kaffirs, or making a sudden dash at some who might be bolder or more forward than the rest.

"Colonel Somerset now galloped on with a few men, in the direction of a large kraal to the northward, where, as was reported, the enemy had, in some force, made a stand. On our way thither we saw a few Kaffirs occasionally dodging into the neighbouring kloofs, and being very anxious to see if I had got out of practice in the use of the hog-spear, I made several efforts to cut them off, but I might as well have given chase to so many rabbits, for I never in my life saw such nimble fellows.

"A dashing act was performed about this time by a settler of the name of Lucas, who acted as our guide; having marked out a Kaffir mounted on a white horse, he succeeded in cutting him off from the bush, and then following him at full speed, pressed him so hard, that in crossing a rocky brook the Kaffir was obliged to jump off, and take refuge in the wooded bank; whereupon Mr. Lucas having secured the enemy's horse, discovered to his great satisfaction, that it was the identical animal that had been several months previously, stolen from him by the Kaffirs! He immediately shifted his saddle to the back of his recovered property, leading the other horse, and thus returned in triumph to our party, which meantime, had advanced some four or five miles.

"At this juncture, a Cape Corps man came towards us at the top of his speed, reporting that a body of Kaffirs, upwards of a hundred strong,

* The word "kraal" is indifferently used to express an assemblage of native huts, and the thorny enclosure into which, for security, the cattle are driven during the night.

had suddenly beset the small detached party to which he belonged, killed two of their number, taken their horses and arms, and secured the cattle which they were in the act of driving off.

"As this was reported to have happened some miles distant, in the country belonging to Seyolo, (one of the sons of the late Dushani)—a chief renowned for his ferocity and courage—it was deemed more than probable that he 'would get up a fight,' and Colonel Somerset accordingly sent back to the general rendezvous, for a reinforcement of forty or fifty men and a gun.

"Meanwhile, after planting a few scouts, we off-saddled in an open grassy plain—for our horses began to show symptoms of distress—and whilst they were feeding, some of us sheltered ourselves from the burning rays of the sun, by lying down under the shade of our saddles, and even indulged in a short snooze, for—telescope in hand—old Somerset was on the *qui-vive*, and we knew we were perfectly safe.

"The expected reinforcement at length arrived, but our movements were much delayed by the gun, which, though dragged by eight horses, was sometimes with difficulty got over the dry beds of the numerous water-courses, which frequently crossed our path as we approached some branches of the Amatola hills, on whose summits might now be seen large bodies of mounted Kaffirs quickly congregating above us. The gun was therefore unlimbered, and whilst the artillerymen gave them the taste of a few shot, I pushed on ahead with some of the party, to the spot where the two men of the Cape Corps were said to have been killed in the morning.

"Cautiously descending into the picturesque valley where the skirmish had taken place, and near which stood the kraal of Nonube,* the 'great wife' of the late Dushani, a lady of European descent, and mother to Siwana, the actual paramount chief of the T'Slambies; the first thing we beheld, lying on the green bank of a gurgling brook, was the dead body of a Kaffir, whom one of the luckless riflemen had killed, after having been himself shot through the breast.

"The savage lay extended on his back, his satyr-like countenance now doubly repulsive in death; the eyes starting from their sockets, the half-open mouth displaying a magnificent set of white and regular teeth, and even then wearing a most sardonic grin of combined hatred and defiance; his right hand firmly clenched still grasped an assegaï, whilst the left one, dangling over the flowery bank into the stream, was gently moved to and fro by the clear rippling waters, so peacefully murmuring past that verdant, though now blood-stained scene!

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* This person is, strange to say, of European extraction, and is supposed to be a descendant from the daughter of a General Campbell, who, in 1782, was wrecked in the *Grosvenor*, East Indiaman, on the coast of Hambona; in 1790, a party was sent from the Cape, to ascertain if any of the crew were still in existence; though not successful in their search, they met, near the spot where the vessel was wrecked, with three very aged females, evidently Europeans, who stated that they had been also wrecked on that coast when very young, but were unable to say to what nation they belonged. Nonube may therefore as probably be a descendant of theirs, or of some other European, for innumerable vessels have at different periods been lost on this dangerous shore.

Mention is made of the wreck of the *Grosvenor* in "Le Vaillant's Travels;" see also "Van Rienen's Journal" for an account of the party which went, in 1790, in quest of the survivors. This pamphlet was translated from the Dutch, and published by Captain Riou, R.N., in 1791.

"After a short search, we discovered the bodies of the two Cape Corps men, named Tieman and Dragooner; the latter was noted for the courage he had displayed during the war, and in the action at the Gwanga, saved George Napier's life, by shooting a Kaffir at the moment he had placed the muzzle of a firelock against his breast. It appeared that he and his fellow sufferer, after the rest of the party drove the cattle from the neighbouring kraal, had—lured by some Kaffir women—been induced to return, and that whilst in the act of drinking milk, a large number of the enemy rushed out of the bush, overpowered, and put them to death; this was witnessed from a distance by their comrades, who were too few in number to afford any assistance, and were themselves fortunate to escape with their lives.

"Meanwhile, we could see large numbers of Kaffirs assembling on the outskirts of the bush, with which the neighbouring mountains were covered; but, from the nature of the ground, it was impossible to get at them; and we tried in vain, by setting fire to Nonube's kraal, to incite them to come to us; as they, however, showed no disposition to oblige us in this respect, after ungallantly reducing to ashes the Carthage of this modern Dido, we proceeded to bury the remains of the poor fellows who had been killed. They were both Hottentots, a race,—even during life,—seldom distinguished by personal attractions; but I never recollect seeing any thing so hideous as their appearance after death; the only way you could form an idea of what they then resembled, would be by tightly drawing an old discoloured, dingy black silk handkerchief over a fleshless human skull!

"We now retraced our steps to the first rendezvous of the morning, ten or twelve miles distant, which we were not sorry to reach, after having—under a broiling sun—been upwards of twelve hours in the saddle, our gallant old chief, Colonel Somerset, looking as fresh as when he first started in the morning.

"On our arrival, we found that the rest of the division, which we had parted from the evening before, had come up; and it was ascertained that the result of the day's work was the capture of 1500 head of cattle, and twelve or fourteen Kaffirs killed—our losses amounting to the two men of the Cape Corps before alluded to, with their arms and horses.

"The camp of the second division, forming a large hollow square, with the parade-ground in the centre, and the waggons, as usual in this part of the world, composing a sort of rampart around, was pitched near the Chalumna, a small stream running between the Keiskamma and Buffaloe Rivers; but as no accommodation was apparently provided for the 'amateurs,' and as we received no hospitable invite from any one belonging to the force, I was obliged to set up in the centre of the square a small patrole tent,—which I had fortunately brought with me on the occasion.

"This little gipsey tent, weighing about twenty pounds, which I always carry on my sumpter horse, and often find useful on a pinch, is about three feet high, covers a piece of ground six feet long by two and a half wide, and being made of waterproof painted canvass, is, as may be well imagined, not very well adapted for a summer residence during the day, under the scorching influence of an African sun. Having, therefore, piled our saddles and saddle-bags around, as a sort of rampart, should the

Kaffirs—according to their common practice—fire at night into the camp, Colonel M—— and myself having managed to secure a few slices off a recently slaughtered ox, carried our prize to the shelter of some trees bordering the stream, where, with the assistance of a small gridiron, the culinary talents of Mr. Jacob, my Hottentot "Sam Weller," and some hard biscuit, still left in our saddle-bags, we concocted a meal, which —though it said but little for the hospitality of this portion of the force —was, nevertheless, devoured with all the zest imparted by starvation, and then both of us creeping into our confined domicile, we slept soundly and undisturbed after all the fatigues of the day.

"This morning we were roused at an early hour—though we could otherwise have slept much longer—by the sun striking on the painted canvass of our tent, from whence we were soon driven by the excessive heat; we next presented the rather, I should imagine, unusual sight, of two field officers performing their toilet in the open air, for the benefit of every spectator, and then eating their breakfast on a table of saddles, under—even at this early hour—a scorching sun, in the midst of a square formed of waggons containing every requisite, and by numerous commodious tents occupied by their brother officers in the same service!

"Unprecedented as such a circumstance may perhaps be, it nevertheless befel us unfortunate 'amateurs.' Driven from our rest by the stifling heat of the tent, we were next obliged to seek refuge from the unbearable rays of the sun, by retreating under cover of the thick bush, clothing the ravine through which flows the Chalumna. Here—(for I am now scribbling under its hospitable shelter), we have at least the benefit of shade, and a greater degree of coolness than we could possibly enjoy in the best tent of the camp. We have had a bathe in one of those deep shady pools so often met with in South African streams—and as we carry nearly all our wardrobe on our backs, you may well imagine that our linen by this time, stood much in need of a little cleansing. We therefore thought we could not do better than follow the laudable example set to us by the Hottentot women and other camp followers, who nearly divested of all clothing (for one cannot well have a shirt or petticoat at the wash, and wear it at one and the same time) were busily engaged in purifying the same. Ingratiating ourselves, therefore, into the good graces of the nearest sable nymph, we borrowed a bit of soap, and were soon engaged in rather a novel species of 'special service!'

"Though novices in the art, we flatter ourselves with having made a capital 'wash,' and are now sitting 'al fresco' anxiously watching the process of drying, my friend in a brown study, with his rifle by his side, whilst I am scribbling away on the little portfolio I always carry about with me wherever I go."*

"Camp, Block Drift, Nov. 27, 1846.

"Here I am once more safely returned to head-quarters, but must now 'hark back,' and endeavour to fill up the hiatus in my journal from the 24th, when I left off as we sat nearly 'puris naturalibus' awaiting the drying of our newly-washed garments, which we had not yet donned, when a terrible hubbub suddenly occurred amongst the camp followers

* The above was written in the situation described, during the course of a long and grilling South African summer's day.

along the banks of the rivulet. A report had spread of the Kaffirs being upon us, and the most ludicrous scene took place, as the Hottentot women with piercing screams, and in all the unadorned beauty of their prominent and nearly naked charms, now rushed towards the camp, carrying the bundles of wet clothes under their arms. It proved, however, after all, to be a false alarm, and we therefore had now time to dress ourselves, but M—— was so heartily disgusted, that he proposed we should apply at once for a tent.

"'I'll see Jack* Somerset —— before *I* ask him,' was my wrathful reply, 'but if you can manage to get one for yourself I shall be very glad to pay you a visit.'

"My friend accordingly went, and in half an hour Mr. Jacob came to announce that a marquee had been pitched, which, to confess the truth, I was not sorry for.

* * * * *

"I feel convinced that this inhospitable treatment proceeded not from the gallant chief himself—a gruff, though fine warm-hearted old soldier—who probably knew nothing of our 'amateur' discomforts, but from some kind friend, who thinking us 'de trop,' took this means of disgusting and driving us away from the second division. Were this, as I imagine, the intention of the individual in question, it fully succeeded, for we resolved on the very first opportunity to leave a scene where our merits appeared to be so little appreciated, and where we had experienced so poor a welcome, though from this charge of inhospitality I must in justice exempt my friend Colonel Mackinnon, and one or two officers of the 73rd, who showed us whatever attention lay in their power.

"On the 25th, at day-break—taking advantage of the protection afforded by an escort carrying despatches, we left the 2nd division at the Chalumna, and to prove to you what sharp fellows are these Kaffirs, a few miles from the camp we counted no less than 500 head of cattle which had been driven back by them since the passage of the troops. Shortly afterwards, just as we were about to enter the Keiskamma bush, a couple of Kaffir scouts were seen to dive into the jungle—to carry, as we feared, intelligence of our approach.

"These prognostications were soon verified, for we had not proceeded above half way down the wooded descent, when, at a part of the road lined on each side by dense bush, and commanded by an eminence close above it—a large party of Kaffirs suddenly showed themselves on the latter. From the nature of the ground, we appeared to be completely at their mercy; and in expectation of seeing half the party next minute out of their saddles, I gave orders to the escort to trot quickly by without firing, and thus, enveloped in a cloud of dust, we passed close under their noses without molestation, they having probably taken us for the advance of a larger party, and being perhaps unable to distinguish the smallness of our numbers. We continued to advance rapidly through the bush until we had crossed the ford of the Keiskamma and reached the comparatively open country on the other side, shortly after which the escort turned off to the left, towards Fort Peddie; whilst, together with Farley (my Cape Corps orderly) and our two servants, we pushed along

* Colonel Somerset often went by this "sobriquet."

the direct road to Block Drift, leading across the battle-field of the Gwanga, from which I carried in token of memento a Kaffir skull.

* * * * *

"A ride of fifty miles, under the influence of a powerful sun and sharp drying wind, both of which combined, peeled the skin off our weather-beaten countenances, brought us, after one or two 'off-saddlings,' to the camp at Phoonahs Kloof, where we luckily got a comfortable tent for the night, which was bitterly cold, and also met with the greatest hospitality (strongly contrasting with our late treatment), at the hands of Lieut. Fitzgerald, of the 91st, who then commanded at this post, and who had greatly distinguished himself by his gallantry during the war.

"Ere starting early on the 26th (yesterday) our kind host supplied us with a cup of hot coffee, which thawed us sufficiently to enable us to get into the saddle, and we reached Block Drift just in time for the mess breakfast of the 90th, after nearly a week's absence, during which time we have been enabled to form from experience, a tolerably correct idea of the hardships undergone by our troops, during this unsatisfactory campaign—the more unsatisfactory as little is to be hoped from its results, either in the shape of credit or advantage."

Y GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

Parea dinanzi a me con l'ale aperte
La bella image.

Del Paradiso. *Canto* xix.

Custodes hominum psallimus angelos,
Naturæ fragili quos pater addidit
Cœlestes Comites, insidiantibus
Ne succumberet hostibus.

Hymnus Ecclesiæ.

My Angel! th' Invisible
Who walks the earth with me,
And breathes no sound and leaves no trace
My thoughts oft picture Thee:
A pity, holy and serene,
Lives on thy forehead fair,
The shadow on thy glory falls
Of human love and care.

My angel! myriad years have pass'd
Since, from the heaving sea,
The chaos of the elements,
The Omniscient fashioned thee!
This earth, by ages younger-born,
Is riven, worn, and gray,
But time hath cast no furrows on
Thine immortality!

My angel! when the morning stars
Fell from their thrones of love,
Th' Almighty wakened thee to fill
A vacant sphere above—
'Twixt Magdalene, and she who mourned
On Judah's Hills her doom,
Thou sittest lily-crowned, and wav'st
A lily-wand in bloom!

My angel! for mine own thou art—
The guard God gave to me
Amid the shining ones that watch
Thro' all eternity!
So when He breathed my spirit forth,
To walk the earth a time,
An anxious fearful mother's love
Broke on thy peace sublime.

My angel! as a curtain fell
Thy bright wings o'er my head,
By some seraphic sympathy
My soul to thine was wed,
And o'er thy spirit's sunshine past,
A shadow strange and deep—
A night-mare borne on solemn winds—
Death through thy thoughts did sweep!

My angel! we shall one day meet—
When, with his winged band,
Triumphant o'er a molten world
The seraph king shall stand;
Amid the shattered elements
His trumpet blast sets free,
Dissolving every mystic law
Of Nature's unity!

My angel! when the human swarm
Shall rise from grave and sea,
Among the kindreds of the earth
Oh! wilt thou single me?
From all time's mighty company—
Bending thy beaming face
O'er my awaking—darkened not
By care for mortal race!

My angel! I can image thee,
If ransomed I shall stand,
Gazing, as pilot on the bark
Brought troublously to land—
Bearing the soul God gave to thee
Upon thy burnished wing—
Rising and singing—breathing joy,
And holiest glorying!

My angel! when Heav'n's tide of light
Streams o'er the waking soul,
Bewildered by the gloom of death—
When back the shadows roll,
Methinks, to the expanding mind,
It will be thine to show
The councils of that Providence
Which darkly rules below.

TICK;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD ETON BOY.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT, AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE COLONIES; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF AN EMIGRANT."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

As I have before taken occasion to note, no explanation had ever taken place between Lavinia and me on the most interesting of all subjects; nor, indeed, had there been an opportunity for it; and it must be taken into account also, that, our acquaintance had been really very slight; although it is curious how very short an acquaintance and how very slight communication sometimes proves sufficient perfectly to possess those of the same elective affinities of each other's sentiments; but this latter remark must be considered as made in a parenthesis.

It is true, that, I might consider myself justified in regarding myself as an accepted suitor from the circumstance of the vow which Lavinia, in her enthusiasm, had so generously and rashly uttered over my supposed lifeless form, when, she thought, I had lost my life in attempting to rescue her from death in one of its most fearful shapes; but as I could not avail myself of my knowledge of her secret for the purpose of asserting my claim on her promise without exposing myself to the suspicion of having voluntarily and deliberately acted an untruth by feigning an unconsciousness which was not the fact, I was obliged to let that matter rest in the oblivion and mystery in which it was shrouded. Besides, I felt, that, any allusion to that occurrence, carrying with it, as it must have done, my knowledge of her mortuary visit, must have shocked her delicacy in the most painful manner, and was on every account, therefore, to be avoided.

It is necessary to bear in mind also, that, the occasion of my last interview with Lavinia was by no means favourable to my character for modesty, discretion, or sobriety; and that my ignominious prostration before the family, and my furtive evasion the next morning were not calculated to raise me in her estimation; and more than that, it could not but have wounded her pride and offended her sense of propriety, that, I had left the county without an attempt either to make my peace with her, or to fulfil the ordinary requirements of good breeding and politeness.

Such being the state of things between us, it is not surprising, that, although, for the moment, a little flurried at the sudden appearance of one whom she so little expected, she quickly resumed her self-possession. She made no return to my embarrassed obeisance, but regarded me with a cold and disdainful eye and with an air so chilling that it seemed to freeze me up and to congeal my very senses; I can compare it to nothing but to the greeting which one might expect to receive from a young lady of the most Dianaic complexion who had lived all her life on the top of an ice-berg

and had been fed on snowballs; but I was not at all inclined to be facetious at that moment; on the contrary, my sensations were such as I can imagine a saturated solution of sulphate of soda to experience, if endowed with vitality, during a process of rapid crystallisation. The shooting pains which accompanied this advance to a state of comparative petrification were exquisitely painful, and the remembrance of the scene is one which I do not like to dwell on; I would willingly have omitted it if I could with justice to my readers—or part of it at least—for the sake of sparing myself the humiliating confessions which it contains,—as well as for other obvious reasons which all those who are curious in their studies of love scenes and at the same time of delicate feelings and perceptions will readily appreciate.

I remained for a considerable time in a state of extraordinary embarrassment from which the lady did not evince the slightest inclination to relieve me. She stood erect and motionless; and, at first, with her head slightly averted, she bore herself as Dido treated Æneas in the infernal regions (it must be allowed he treated her more infernally in the regions above); and then slowly turning away from her disregardful contemplation of an unworthy object, she remained rigid as marble, with her eyes gazing on vacancy and as passionless as those of the Sphynx in the desert;—and presenting to me, who did not at the time take into consideration all the reasons which actuated her behaviour, as great a riddle.

In the state of perturbation which this inhuman conduct caused in me, I could neither collect my thoughts, nor summon up words to express or to disguise them if I had any, but following a sort of impulse, I ejaculated:—

"Oh! Lavinia!"

But the "oh," albeit that it is the acknowledged exponent of the pathetic, had no effect on the obdurate Lavinia; although I fancied that the invocation of her name made her lip curl a little in disdain of its assumption of a right to familiarity.

I was terribly abashed; my predominant idea was that she must have actually accepted the great red hand of the arithmetic Peter, and, as she might think, had irretrievably committed herself by a formal consent. This thought brought to my mind the letter from the affectionate coachman in which the disastrous news was first communicated; and, as there is a natural association of ideas, as philosophers tell us, which leads in the chambers of the brain to consecutive recollections, my thoughts immediately recurred to the interesting announcement which was the proximate cause of the worthy coachman's "promiscuous" information. Thus it was, that, feeling the absolute necessity of breaking the horrible silence which oppressed the place, in the perturbation of spirit and the confusion of thought which her cold and withering disdain produced in me, I said the very last thing which at a calmer moment I should have thought of saying. It is not surprising that the effect of my words was as prompt and astounding as their sense must have been incomprehensible, for with a look of the most intense anguish, and in an accent of the most profound despair—all the while thinking of the coachman's complex information—I suddenly blurted out:

"Oh, Lavinia! Have you had one of Jenny's pups?"

It is impossible to describe the effect which this extraordinary inquiry had on the amazed Lavinia! The rigidity of her bearing was dissolved

in a moment. She started; gazed at me for one instant—and only for an instant—with a frighted air in which compassion, and, as I thought, tenderness, were strongly blended;—and then, with an exclamation resembling a scream, for as I afterwards learnt she thought I had actually gone mad, she sprung away, and fled towards the house.

I became at the same moment, unpetrified, and recovering the use of my legs quicker than I had recovered my tongue, I darted after her.

It was now a fair race between us, the lady having the start.

It was very rude perhaps to follow a lady in that persevering way, but I acted on impulse; and I could not help it.

How the race might have ended if it had come to a regular conclusion I cannot pretend to say; "the race is not always to the swift" but it is so generally; and unquestionably, of the two I was the fastest and the strongest. On the other hand, Lavinia was light of foot, and she fled over the grass like a frightened fawn; and she had the start of me; besides fear lent her wings, for terrible as was the onset of the mad dog on the self-same spot, which was the source of so many curious adventures, the dog could only bite;—the present pursuit of the mad man was a thousand times more dreadful.

The old adage, however, of "most haste worst speed" in this instance maintained its right to proverbiality; in trying to make a short cut between an arbutus and a rhododendrum, the former justified its Virgilian epithet of "horrida" by entangling the folds of her dress in its hirsute branches—and so the lady was caught. Fortunately she was too much out of breath to scream, or I should have had the she McDragon down upon me. The run, however, which deprived Lavinia temporarily of speech had a contrary effect upon me: it restored to me the use of my recently benumbed faculties. Abandoning my inquiry about the pups, and excited by the exercise, I dashed at once "in medias res" in another direction.

"What have I done," said I, "that you should fly from me in this frightened way."

She could not make me any answer; she was panting for breath; I went on:

"Can you not imagine that I must have been driven to despair by the dreadful news which reached me!"

Lavinia remained silent, and seemed surprised, and I fancied did not pant so much, but looked as if she was willing to hear more.

"Can you be surprised," I continued, "at my hastening without a moment's delay to learn from your own lips the truth of a story which almost drove me mad!"

She made a little start at the word "mad," and looked at me, as I thought, earnestly and inquiringly; but whether from exhaustion or from curiosity she made no motion to evade me.

"Yes," I continued, "which drove me almost mad! and now I feel mad." . . .

"Oh! Mr. Castleton," she said rather tremblingly, "if you are mad I am sure you would not hurt me."

"Mad," I continued, "with despair! for how could I hear such a report about you without feeling a pang of anguish which it is impossible for words to describe!"

"Sir," said she, recovering herself, and assuming an air of much dignity, "what report do you mean?"

"What other report can I mean," replied I, "but that horrible one which . . . but you shall read the letter," I continued, "and judge for yourself." And in truth I was not a little embarrassed how to mention with sufficient delicacy the report of a matter on which it is by no means usual for persons not of the family even distantly to allude; and I was glad of the opportunity which the coachman's letter (which I had in my pocket) afforded me to allow the matter to speak for itself. I drew it forth, therefore; and as there was a rustic bench close to where we were standing, sheltered from the sun by the trees and shrubs which were planted thickly around, I moved towards it with the letter in my hand, and in which Lavinia, mechanically, accompanied me. She seated herself in the extreme corner of one end, while I respectfully placed myself at the other. After a little hesitation, she timidly opened the portentous letter.

She had no sooner read a few lines than she hastily laid it down again.

"Mr. Castleton—sir—you cannot have intended that I should read this! . . ."

"It is a letter from a very worthy fellow who is very much attached to me—in short, it is from our coachman, who has lived in our family a great many years. . . ."

"But, sir, really I cannot; besides, I really do not see how the report about—about—the subject of the letter concerns me . . . really."

"Oh," said I, "I see; it is the end, the end of the letter that I wished you to read." . .

"The end! . . . 'the old coach horse is but poorly!'"

"A little before that," said I.

"'Red-forelock, wall eyed!'—Is it about some horse?"

"Begin," said I, "with 'the young lady at the lodge.'"

"'The young lady at the lodge who is going to be put in harness (what an odd expression)—who is going to be put in harness with a genalman from the city of Lunnon.'" . . .

"There," said I, "do you not understand it now?"

"Well, Mr. Castleton, and what has this report to do with me?"

"How can you ask such a question? Do you not see that you are the 'young lady at the lodge' who are to 'be put in harness,' as coachman professionally expresses it, with the gentleman from the city of London, and can you not tell from the description that the gentleman from the city of London is Mr. Peter McDragon?"

"And pray, sir," said Lavinia, with a little haughtiness in her manner, which was rather becoming to her at that moment, "if the young lady at the lodge should think fit to put herself in harness, as your friend calls it, with any gentleman that may be agreeable to her, with what right does Mr. Castleton presume to interfere with her disposal of herself."

"Is it possible," said I, with a lover-like and, I believe, rather lack-a-daisical air, "that you can be ignorant of my sentiments towards you!"

"Your sentiments, sir!"

"Of my ardent attachment!"

"Of your ardent attachment, sir!"

"Of my intense devotion!"

"Your intense devotion, Mr. Castleton!"

"Yes, Lavinia, my intense devotion! You must have read it in my eyes."

"I am not accustomed, sir, to look into gentlemen's eyes to learn what they do not think fit to say."

These few words seemed to illuminate me with a ray of light! how could the lady respond in words, or even in looks, to that which was never spoken? It is for the gentleman to declare and for the lady to assent, or dissent, as the case may be; but in so important and delicate an affair it is imperative on the lady, for her own protection, to take nothing for granted. The subjection must be complete and the declaration unequivocal—if in writing so much the better—and then the affair can proceed according to established usage regularly towards its completion, with a thorough mutual understanding on both sides. Some such reflections as these passed through my mind, and it occurred to me at the same time, that if there had been any truth in the report of the McDragon alliance, the lady would not have received my communication so composedly as she did; and in short it seemed to me, that unexpected and sudden as the occasion was, Lavinia did not appear violently disinclined at this stage of my explanation, to take advantage of the opportunity to draw from me the declaration of attachment which she could not have failed to perceive existed.

Thus fortified and emboldened, I did not hesitate to say all that it may be presumed I said on so interesting a subject; but as the confidences of a lady are not to be violated I shall pass over the many tender expressions which were made use of, and confine myself to the narration of those points which are necessary for the understanding of the complicated events which I was presently involved in.

Mutual confidence being established, Lavinia made haste to inform me of matters of most pressing interest, and which proved that the tidings of the "wall-eyed genalman with the red-firelock" were by no means without foundation.

Chapter XXXV.

It seems that the active aunt had carried on her operations briskly; and having ferreted out of the nurse the secret of Lavinia's vow on that memorable evening of my supposed demise, she saw clearly that no time was to be lost; and that her best chance of success in respect to her views for her nephew's marriage was to carry the matter with a high hand and to act with promptitude. The policy of this course was the more advisable, as the present time was favourable for the success of her plot from the circumstance of my communication having been broken with Lavinia by my own indiscretion; first by my foolish and obstreperous behaviour, and secondly by my seeming neglect of a proper deference to a young lady whose sense of decorum I had rudely offended; and the wary aunt was too astute not to see the policy of taking instant advantage of an opportunity which might not last for ever, and which my presence and repentance was likely to put an end to.

To this effect she had put every engine in motion to set Lavinia's father against me, and to incline him still more favourably towards her nephew, Peter. She expatiated, therefore, without any apparent motive, but sedulously and continuously, on the extravagance, the debts, the bills, the riotous conduct, and general profligacy of "that impudent young man," Leander Castleton; adding, that, she had been credibly informed, but that she would not for the world that the facts should reach my father

and mother as it would infallibly break their hearts, that my dissipation at college was beyond belief! and she insidiously insinuated, taking care that her niece should see through the affected disguise of her nods and significant reserves, that my deceiving ways with respect to those of the tender sex were utterly inconceivable in one so young! and that, although not twenty-one years of age, I was already one of the greatest rakes in the whole university!

Lavinia did not disguise from me, that, this latter accusation had made a very painful impression on her, and had been the cause of her committing herself with the nephew more than she would otherwise have thought of doing.

With respect to Lavinia herself, I may say, that the sagacious aunt wisely forbore from any direct opposition, knowing well from her experience of the ways of her sex, that nothing more irritates a girl to run away with the man she has set her mind on than the exhibition on the part of her parents or guardians of a fierce and despotic determination to prevent her from marrying him. The plot, therefore, was carried on between herself and Peter, the father being unconsciously made a third in the conspiracy against his daughter.

Lavinia further informed me, although with a good deal of hesitation, and with many blushes—and not without some proud and bitter tears—that her father had taken occasion to have a serious conversation with her on the subject of her establishment in life; that he had praised Mr. Peter McDragon with enthusiasm as the best bookkeeper and the greatest dab at vulgar fractions in the city of London; and that he had signified his own most earnest desire that she would have the good sense to marry "a man of business;" winding up with some rather severe reflections on those who accepted bills without having the means of paying them, and who got drunk without ceremony at respectable people's tables; to say nothing of general propensities to fight their best friends with or without reason, and for the mere pleasure of kicking up a row. These latter remarks were plainly the effect of his sister-in-law's promptings—the wicked Miss McDragon.

It is necessary that I should state here, that these communications were not all made at our first explanation, but were the result of several conferences which took place, I must own clandestinely, but which were necessarily so from the nature and urgency of the case; it may be easily surmised also by those initiated in these mysteries, that, our relative positions at the extreme ends of the garden-seat gradually became modified as our confidences became stronger; on the first day, I remained at the extreme end, although not stuck quite so close in the corner; on the second, I gradually made my way as far as the middle; and by the end of the third day, somehow we found ourselves occupying the same corner without any complaint on either side of inconvenient crowding, the lady having the complaisance to permit my nearer approach in order that our conversation might not be overheard by the gardeners, or by any accidental intruder.

Fortunately, as I thought, the aunt and nephew, fancying that I was safe at college, were absent on a visit to London, for the purpose I felt very sure of hastening by their personal presence the arrangements for the marriage which they had resolved on; so that the field was left clear for me; and certainly, I may say without assuming too much, that I made a good

use of my time; and before the end of the fourth day I considered that I had made my position quite secure against my rival.

As to the papa—the man of bank-notes—it so happened that he was absent the whole of the day till dinner-time on some parish business, which, as it was relating to accounts, absorbed the whole of his attention; so that we were quite safe on that side.

I must not omit to mention here, that in the course of these interesting conversations, I learnt that the Major Touchwood whom I had met at dinner on the occasion of my memorable folly, had been very assiduous in paying his respects to Miss McDragon and the papa, (being aware of the prudence of securing his flank and rear in his approaches) and not less so in offering his attentions to the young lady. The communication of this circumstance was drawn from Lavinia, as I thought, rather reluctantly, and there was an evident embarrassment in her manner in alluding to the Major when my inquiries forced her to do so, which led me to suspect that there had been some flirtation in that quarter; a circumstance which though the surmise of it gave me a little twinge, I, however, thought was excusable, as it was natural for her to look for aid from any quarter against the backbiting Peter whom she detested for his own sake as well as for the reason of his being insidiously forced upon her. The thought of this, however, did not strike me so much then as it did afterwards.

On her side also, Lavinia was not without some misgivings as to my conduct at the university; and so prone are women's minds to jealousy, that although she was aware of her aunt's motive in depreciating and calumniating me, she could not divest her mind of some obscure suspicions that some part of so many and such terrible imputations must be true. She questioned me with all a woman's intuitive tact on the subject, hoping—and fearing—to catch me in some unwary admission; but I defended myself stoutly. But, with a weakness and a want of candour that was unpardonable, I concealed from her my little adventure with the daughter of the sea-captain's widow; this I did, sincerely, for the sole reason of sparing her unnecessary pain, as I feared that she might suppose that my interference on that occasion had led to a closer acquaintance than would have been agreeable to her to hear of; and for the same reason I carefully abstained from mentioning the fact of my having visited rather diligently at the widow's house, and of the almost affectionate intimacy which I had formed with her daughter Emily.—The unfortunate consequences of this concealment on my part, which I own was most injudicious and reprehensible, will be seen in the sequel.

The hours and the days flew quickly by in these happy interchanges of mutual sentiments. Lavinia, as her confidence in me increased, confessed that she had been reduced to the most unhappy state of despair, and that she was meditating mournfully by the side of the water on her wretched fate at the moment when I so suddenly re-appeared to her. She declared that she hated the wretch Peter, and that nothing could induce her to unite herself with a person of such a low and grovelling mind; expressions which pleased me extremely. But she communicated to me her fears, at the same time, that it was a match on which her father had set his heart, and on which her aunt was fiercely bent. All these fears and revelations afforded me abundant opportunity to express the sincerity and strength of my own attachment, and to declare that I

would rather die a thousand deaths than see her misery consummated by so fatal an union; and that in short I was ready to go all lengths and to brave the resentment of parents on both sides rather than lose her; making some bold allusions at the same time to Gretna Green, and to the necessity sometimes of a runaway match, which, I assured her, parents always forgave, to secure the happiness of their daughter.

Under such circumstances as these, it may be easily understood that our intimacy grew apace, and young as we both were, being neither more nor less than a boy and a girl, it seemed to us that we had been acquainted and intimate for years; so deceptive and engrossing is the passion that absorbed us.

This delightful state of freedom and companionship was too good to last; and, as we both expected, on the morning of the seventh day, a letter from Miss McDragon to her brother, as Lavinia informed me, communicated the tidings of their immediate return. She, the aunt, congratulated herself that all matters were now prepared for her dear Lavinia's marriage, with "the worthy Mr. Peter McDragon," and she communicated information which she had no doubt she said "would be particularly pleasing to Lavinia, for she had unexpectedly met with the daughter of an old friend and admirer of hers now deceased—who had been a captain in His Majesty's Royal Navy. She had had the good fortune she said to meet the young lady with her mother in London, and she had prevailed on them to allow her to bring them with her to Willow Lodge to be present at the wedding; and that if the daughter should be agreeable to her niece as she felt sure that she would, she intended to propose to her to act as bride's-maid on the occasion."

This letter, as we both agreed, was most artfully written, and it filled us with the liveliest apprehensions. It assumed that Lavinia's consent was given; and the wily aunt knew her brother-in-law too well, not to feel confident that under such circumstances he would not allow Lavinia to draw back, as he would consider an assent given in such a matter in the same light and as being of nearly the same grave nature as the endorsement of a bill of exchange which it became the bounden duty of the endorser imperatively to pay. It was a skilful act also on the part of the aunt not to write to her niece direct, but to make her communication to the father; which, while it had an appearance of delicacy and of a desire to save Lavinia's feelings, prevented her at the same time from addressing to her aunt any reply in remonstrance or denial; and she trusted to her niece's habits of obedience to her father not to dare to exhibit to him any disposition to depart from her accustomed filial respect and duty.

In this the manœuvring Miss McDragon, was quite correct in her judgment; and it must be admitted that she conducted her strategic plans with admirable ability; but she did not take into consideration, that during her absence, an enemy had established myself in the heart of the town, in the very citadel; and that to dislodge the obstinate possessor would require heavier guns than it was likely she could bring to bear on him.

As it was, however, the position of the enemy was alarming; and all that we could engage to do, under the circumstances, was to swear mutually, an inviolable attachment (which was regularly signed and sealed as is usual on such occasions;) and to watch the proceedings of her enemy with diligence and attention in order that we might meet stratagem by stratagem, and oppose any attempt at coercion with firmness; I mentally

resolving to meet force by force, and to settle the matter with the inconvenient Peter, if he had the courage to show fight, with signal punishment.

And so, for that day, we parted; not without renewing again and again our mutual protestations. I rode home in rather a melancholy humour, and retired early, partly to avoid my mother's affectionate and rather inquisitive observations, and partly to gather up my own thoughts, and to decide in an extremity, which seemed likely to arrive, on some resolute plan of action. While my mind was engrossed however, with the contemplation of our unfortunate condition, and with the fear of losing Lavinia, I could not prevent some uneasy thoughts from obtruding themselves relative to the proposed bride's-maid. The description tallied oddly enough with the widow and daughter whose acquaintance I had formed at the university. Could it be the same? or was it only an accidental similarity of circumstances and position? The dwelling on this thought worried me not a little. I had nothing to reproach myself with so far as I could see, in respect to my acquaintance with the daughter; but, still, if it should prove to be the same, my meeting with them, I felt, I hardly knew why, would be awkward. And then, I regretted, that, I had not mentioned my adventnre to Lavinia, who might possibly misinterpret the reasons of my silence on the subject and regard it as a suspicious concealment. Altogether the circumstance, if it should turn out as it seemed possible, was vexatious.

As the solution of this enigma gave rise in a curious way, to fresh embarrassments greater than the first, it is necessary to develope it in a new chapter.

IT CANNOT BE SO LONG AGO.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

It cannot be so long ago,
  But yesterday it seems,
When hand in hand, and to and fro',
Where on the banks sweet violets grow,
  We wander'd by the streams;
A girl and boy, and now I gaze
  Upon your locks as white as snow,
Yet mem'ry brings back those sweet days—
  It cannot be so long ago!

It cannot be so long ago,
  Or was it but a dream?
Methinks, e'en now, I long to go
Where on the banks those bright flow'rs grow,
  Where flows the rippling stream;
Yet past and is many a year,
  For thus the stream of life must flow,
We scarcely mark its bright career—
  It cannot be so long ago!

PANSLAVISM AND THE SLAVONIANS.

THERE is no question, but that whether viewed in the light of progressive civilisation, of the extinction of the Mahometan rule in Europe, of national regeneration, or of Panslavic or international, and more especially Muscovite and Germanic relations, that the so-called Slavonic populations are at the present moment more replete with interest than any others in Europe. The very fact of a long political degradation, their occupation of remote and little-known countries, their servility alike to Russian, German, Turk, and Magyar, become, with the prospects of regeneration, only circumstances of more paramount curiosity.

The Slavonians are of the Indo-European family of nations. They are one of the primeval races of Europe, and were settled in the countries they now occupy before the commencement of the historic era. About the middle of the fourth century, the Slavonian countries were visited by three successive irruptions of the Celtic or Gallic nations. These drove before them the Slavonians of Pannonia and Illyria, and even the Thracian nations settled in Dacia were also compelled to yield part of their country. The migrations of the Slavonians from Russia began as early as the time of the Huns, and we find them accordingly settled in Roman Dacia, or in Wallachia, Moldavia, and Transylvania; as also in the highland districts at the foot of the Hœmus—the Bal-Khan of the Turks.

These lost, in the early part of the sixth century, not only their independence, but their very name, which was absorbed into that of their conquerors, the Bulgarians. The latter, who, according to the Greek writers, derived their name or descent from the Huns, attracted by Roman wealth, marked the same year in which Ravenna fell, by an invasion of so dreadful and devastating a character that it almost effaced the memory of past inroads. Repulsed ultimately by Belisarius, they retired to the fertile country which lay between the Bal-Khan and the Danube, and which corresponds to the Mœsia Inferior of the ancients. Here they assumed a vague dominion over the Slavonian name; and the people, whose intermediate boundaries, Gibbon justly remarks, were never accurately known or respected by the barbarians themselves, became fused into one, for the same authority also insists with equal justice upon the fact that the same race of Slavonians appears to have maintained, in every age, the possession of the same countries. Ranke has repeated the same thing in his "History of Servia."

"Leaving it," he says, "to antiquaries to trace out the origin and migrations of these people, by combining languages and myths with fragmentary traditions, it will suffice to say, that, from the earliest times, we find them in the country which they occupy to this day."

The Bulgarian Slavonians were converted to Christianity in 860. Constantine Cyrillus and Methodius, two celebrated Slavonian apostles, introduced letters among them, and gave them a Slavonic version of the Scriptures, and a national liturgy. Their capital, Pereslau, the ancient Marcianopolis, was overthrown in 971 by the united forces of the Greeks and Russians; after which they remained vassals of the former, till the period of the Osmanli conquests, when they not only fell under the

bondage and bigoted rule of their oriental conquerors, but were in large part forced to adopt their faith.

According to Szaffarik, in his "Slavonic Ethnography," published in 1842, 3,500,000 Bulgarians live under the sway of the Osmanlis; 80,000 under that of Russia, and 7000 under that of Austria, making a total of 3,587,000. These numbers are important, for throughout Turkey in Europe the Osmanlis now form only an insignificant portion of the population. It is calculated by the same authority that of the Bulgarians 3,287,000 belong to the Greek church, 50,000 are Roman Catholics, and 250,000 Mahometans. Among the Bulgarians of the Greek church, Russia possesses great influence. It is much to be doubted if the Mahometan Bulgarians are in any way attached either to their religion or their masters, while it is more than probable that any prospect of national regeneration would unite all persuasions in a common cause, to the exclusion alike of Russians, Austrians, or Turks.

The modern Bulgarian has been much calumniated. There is no doubt that he is often ignorant, and wants sobriety; but he is always plodding, industrious, and persevering; attentive to his business, domestic in his habits, and peaceful in his manners. Dr. Walsh says of the Bulgarians, that they are particularly distinguished by their honest and good-humoured countenances.* And Bell quotes the same authority as asserting, that of all the peasantry he ever met with, the Bulgarians seemed the most simple, kind, and affectionate; forming a striking contrast with the rude and brutal Turks who are mixed among them.

With respect to the Servians, we have so lately called attention to their peculiar position and history in the *New Monthly Magazine*, on the occasion of the publication of Mrs. Kerr's translation of "Ranke's History of Servia," that we need not refer to the peculiar features which they present as a branch of the great Slavonic race on the present occasion. So intimate are these relations, that Szaffarik places the Servians and Illyrians in the same category. As the Slavonians of Servia obtained their name from the country they inhabited (Sirbia), so, also, with little difference of race, did the Slavonians of Illyria obtain theirs from the same Roman territorial divisions, and that name was resuscitated to designate, in the language of the Austrian administration, the Hungarian provinces on the south side of the Drave. The Servians and Illyrians number 5,294,000 souls. Of these, 2,600,000 are subjects of Turkey, 2,594,000 subjects of Austria, and 100,000 subjects of Russia. 2,880,000 belong to the Greek church, and 1,864,000 to the Latin church; 550,000 are Mahometans. It is evident, from these proportions, that there cannot be an European struggle for nationality that will not sooner or later involve the Slavonic populations of Turkey. And this not only applies itself to the Servians, but also to the Turco-Croatians, to the Bosnians, the Herzegovinians, the Montenegrians, and even to the Albanians, who are partly of Slavonic origin. All these nations are of bold warlike habits, and past history attests how prone to struggle for their nationalities.

As the Bulgarians are of Tartar-Slavonic origin, and the Russians are of Slavonic-Tshudish origin, so the Wallachians, or the Kara-Iflak, "Black Wallaks," as the Turks call them, and the Moldavians, or Akh Vlakhi, or "White Wallachians," are of Slavonian-Romaic origin. They are supposed, indeed, to be part descendants of the Romans with whom Trajan

* "Narrative of a Residence at Constantinople," vol. ii., p. 436.

peopled Dacia after the defeat and death of Decebalus. Their language is an admixture of the Slavonian and Roman dialects. As these principalities have, however, shown more anxiety to act for themselves in the regeneration at present going on in south-eastern Europe, and which will inevitably once more light up the long-protracted struggle between European civilisation and Oriental despotism, it is unnecessary to discuss their position in regard to Slavonian nationality.

Any movement on their part will not, however, be without its direct and indirect effects upon neighbouring territories. It sets a direct example of insubordination and struggle; it diverts the attention of the Sublime Porte, and it indirectly foments similar aspirations on the part of Hungarians, Wallachians, and the more pure Slavonian races. What is of more importance to notice here is, that the Slavonian population of northern Hungary, where they are called Slovacs, amounts to 2,753,000 souls, and that these, united with the Croats, 801,000 in number, and Illyrians, as far exceed in number the dominant race of Magyars, or Huns, who refuse to accede to them their national rights, as they do in manly and military prowess. Austria not only does not refuse the demands of the Slavonians, but almost abets and encourages them in the strife, as we shall afterwards see, for Austria has 4,370,000 Slavonians to legislate for in Bohemia and Moravia, 2,341,000 Slavonian Poles, and 1,151,000 Carinthians of same descent, and towards all of whom she professes to be actuated with the same desire of securing national rights and granting national privileges, so far as they do not interfere with imperial ascendency.

The term of Panslavism, which means the union of all the Slavonic nations into one empire or confederation, is as yet little known in England. It has, however, already produced a strong sensation in Germany and has been much talked of and discussed in France. We shall borrow from a very able work just published by Mr. Newby,* a rapid sketch of the rise and progress of the idea of Panslavism.

The rapid progress of intellectual development in Europe, since the beginning of this century, exerted its influence upon the Slavonic nations also: literature has been steadily advancing, and all branches of human knowledge have been successfully cultivated by those nations. The principal subjects, however, that have engaged the attention of Slavonic scholars, are the history and antiquities of their respective countries, studied not only in their written records, but also in their popular songs, traditions, and superstitions, together with the cultivation and improvement of their national languages. Such studies could not, however, lead to any satisfactory result, as long as they were confined to the student's own country, and it was soon found indispensable to extend them to other Slavonic nations. The result was, the universal conviction, that all the Slavonic nations are not only so many offsets of the same common stock, and that their respective idioms are only so many dialects of the same mother-tongue, but also that the most important parts of their moral and physical character are identical. In short, that all Slavonians, notwithstanding the various modifications resulting from the influence of different climates, religions, and forms of government, are, in all their essentials, one and the same nation. This conviction could not but expand the love of their native land, which animated the above-mentioned students, into that of their whole race, and they promoted, by their writings, this feeling amongst their countrymen. The thoughts of extending their intellectual activity over the

* "Panslavism and Germanism," by Count Valerian Krasinski, author of "Reformation in Poland." T. C. Newby.

most numerous race of Europe, instead of limiting it to the comparatively narrow sphere of their own nation, appeared particularly gratifying to those Slavonic writers, whose works had only a very circumscribed circle of readers, on account of the small number of the population speaking the language in which their works are composed. This is particularly the case with Bohemia, because, although that country possesses a considerable literature, and has now several authors of first-rate merit, their reading public is very limited. The population speaking the Bohemian language amounts, including the Slovaks of Hungary, to upwards of 7,000,000. But as almost all the educated classes, particularly in Bohemia, know German, the national literature of Bohemia meets with a formidable competition from the productions of Germany, and therefore the most important works published in Bohemian, generally owe their support, more to the enlightened patriotism of individuals, than to their extensive circulation. Literature in our times cannot however attain a high degree of prosperity, without having a wide field open to the fame of its writers and the profits of its publishers, who must be able to reward literary labour in a manner which may induce men of talent to devote themselves to the arduous career of authorship. The Bohemian literati arrived therefore at the conclusion, that the most effective means of attaining such a desideratum, would be to extend the intellectual activity of every Slavonic nation over the whole of their race, instead of limiting it, as it had hitherto been the case, to their peculiar branch. Kollar, a Protestant clergyman of the Slavonic congregation at Pesth in Hungary, and who has acquired a merited fame for his literary productions, was the first who brought forward this great idea in a tangible and practical manner by several writings, but particularly by a dissertation which he published in German in 1828, entitled "Wechselseitigkeit," i. e. reciprocity. He adopted the German language for this publication, in order that it might find a more easy access to the better educated classes in all the Slavonic countries, who generally understand that language. He proposed, through this work, a literary reciprocity amongst all the Slavonic nations, that is to say, that every educated Slavonian should be conversant with the languages and literature of the principal branches of their common stock, and that the Slavonic literati should possess a thorough knowledge of all the dialects and sub-dialects of their race. He proved at the same time, that the various Slavonic dialects did not differ amongst themselves more than it was the case with the four principal dialects of Ancient Greece (the Attic, Ionic, Eolian, and Dorian), and that the authors who wrote in those four dialects were, notwithstanding this difference, equally considered as Greek, and their productions as the common property and glory of all Greece, and not as exclusively belonging to the population, in whose dialect they were composed. If such a division of their language, in several dialects, prevented not the Greeks from creating the most splendid literature of the world, why should the same cause act as an impediment to the Slavonians in obtaining a similar result? The advantages which all the Slavonic nations might derive from the establishment of such a reciprocity are certainly very great, because it could not but give a considerable extension to the literature of all the Slavonic nations and by the same greatly raise the intrinsic worth of their productions, as it would afford the authors a wider field for the spread of their fame and a better chance for the remuneration of their labours.

About the time when Kollar began to advocate the establishment of a literary connexion between all the Slavonians, another Bohemian writer, who has now acquired, by his researches on the ancient Slavonic history, a European reputation, Szaffarik, published a sketch of all the Slavonic languages, and their literature. This work, published also in German, powerfully assisted the object promoted by Kollar, as the Slavonians perceived by means of this publication, with joy and amazement, their own importance as a whole race; and this fact could no longer be questioned by other nations, who became acquainted with it, through the medium of the same work.

Kollar's proposition, supported by Szaffarik's work, found a ready echo

amongst the scholars of all the Slavonic nations. It was a seed which fell upon a ground well prepared for its reception, and it bore abundant fruit. The study of cognate languages and their literature becomes daily more and more general amongst all the Slavonic nations, and already at this moment few if any Slavonic writers of any merit are unacquainted with the languages and literature of the sister branches of their common race.

This is the origin of what is called Panslavism, and which was originally intended only as a literary connexion between all the Slavonic nations. But was it possible that this originally purely intellectual movement should not assume a political tendency! And was it not a natural consequence that the different nations of the same race, striving to raise their literary significance, by uniting their separate efforts, should not arrive, by a common process of reasoning, to the idea and desire of acquiring a political importance, by uniting their whole race into one powerful empire or confederation, which would ensure to the Slavonians a decided preponderance over the affairs of Europe! It is, therefore, no wonder that this natural result of circumstances, which we have described, already begins to manifest itself with a growing force, and that it has raised, on one side, the most sanguine hopes, and the most dazzling prospects, in the mind of many a Slavonian; and that, on the other side, it has created, in a corresponding degree, fear and apprehension amongst a great number of Germans, whose country, by its geographical position, must necessarily be the first to experience the effects of such a combination.

The alarm which the idea of Panslavism has excited amongst many Germans may be greatly exaggerated, yet it would be going to another extreme, if we were to deny that it may be productive of the most important consequences. This new idea has, particularly during the last ten years, made rapid advances amongst all the Slavonic nations, and it is almost impossible to doubt that the recent events which have shaken the whole frame of European society, will greatly accelerate the progress and development of the Panslavistic idea, in the same manner as they have given a stronger impulse to the already existing tendencies of the Germans to unite into one whole. The progress of events is pretty clear upon that point.

One of the most immediate results of the restoration of the Slavonic nationality in Austria would be an ethical revolution or change of languages throughout the whole empire. The population of that empire being in 1842 composed of 16,791,000 or nearly 17,000,000 Slavonians to 6,475,000 Germans, the superiority, or rather the dominion, of the German element over the Slavonic has been hitherto maintained in Austria by the despotic power of her government. This power having now, however, been to a certain extent destroyed and supplanted by a constitutional order which guarantees to every nationality its rights, it is in the nature of things that the minority will have to succumb to the majority.

In Hungary, where the first great movement has taken place in consequence of the obstinate perseverance of the Magyars or Huns in imposing their own nationality upon the Slavonians, there are, including Slovacs, Servians, and Croates, 6,342,000 of the latter to 3,500,000 Magyars. At an early period, and perhaps simultaneously with the establishment of the Christian religion, the Latin language was adopted for all the official transactions of Hungary. This was a wise measure, as it established a common medium of communication between the heterogeneous elements of the population. It caused Magyars, Slavonians, Wallachians, and Germans to consider themselves all equally as Hungarians, and as politically constituting one and the same nation. It was not till the year 1830 that

the Magyars conceived the wish to replace the Latin language by their own, and efforts for obtaining this object were continued through several successive diets, till a success was attained in 1844, which, being calculated to destroy the nationality of the non-Magyar populations, has ever since been violently opposed by the Slavonians.

The provinces of Slavonia and Croatia, having the advantage of possessing a provisional diet, not only passed strong resolutions against the introduction of the Magyar language into their territories, but declared their firm resolution to adopt their own Slavonic. The Slovacs not having the same legal means possessed by the Croates to counteract the measures devised for the destruction of their nationality, did their best by means of a national party. The clergy, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, have everywhere abetted them by their exertions, and have united their efforts for the promotion of this patriotic object. Hence the scenes witnessed at Karlowitz.

In the extract taken from Count Valerian Krasinski's book, we see that the two most eminent writers on the question of Panslavism are Kollar and Szaffarik. These authors, although they write in the purer Bohemian, are Slovacs by birth. A rapidly increasing literary movement also animates Croatia, which is said to have chiefly originated with Zudevit Gai, who has laid the foundation of the periodical literature, which is already exercising a powerful influence on the Slavonians of the south of Hungary, as well as on those of Dalmatia, and has tended much to revive the national feelings so rife among these populations.

It is true that the Hungarian diet has made the tardy concession to the Croatians that the national language of that province may be employed in all its public transactions, but this right having been wrested from them and not granted, it is very doubtful that the Croates will consent to remain united with Hungary and to join her diets, where they will be obliged to deliberate in the Magyar language. What is here observed of the Croates applies equally to the Slavonians of Hungary, the Slovacs of the North being as resolutely prepared to act with the Tzeches of Bohemia, as the Servians and Slavonians of the South are with the Croates.

Utter success on the part of the Slavonians would lead to an entire dissolution of Hungary as a state, an event which is by no means to be desired as a political object or for the general cause of civilisation. All who have travelled on the Danube, and there are now many, know what immense progress the Hungarians have made within a few years. Pesth, with its fine open quays and imposing front, is in appearance the Bordeaux of Eastern Europe. Its hotels are alike splendid and convenient, its shops luxurious and wealthy, its literary cabinets open to the world, its inhabitants lively, intelligent, and hospitable, its merchants enterprising and well-informed.

Some of the more patriotic noblemen, and more especially Count Zichyni, an old Oxonian, have been incessant in their exertions to rub off certain little deficiencies in manners, which alone remind the more refined traveller, of the Huns and Avars* of old. The Magyars themselves, although manifesting so little compliance towards the Slavonians, have of late been making unceasing efforts to develop their constitutional liberties and to extend them to all classes of the inhabitants. But there is no fear of such a catastrophe, the storm will assuredly not pass over without bloodshed, and new nationalities will spring up as the result; but Austria,

with the Italian war off its hands, will throw its whole imperial power into the scale, and adjust the balance of Magyar and Slavonian rights and wrongs.

Count Krasinski surmises in the work to which we have been so much indebted, that the Austrian empire, as constituted by its present charter, being composed chiefly of Slavonic elements, it is scarcely possible, if these elements are brought into full play, that the said empire can retain its German character. This surmise is so far followed out by events, that at the sitting of the Austrian Diet, when the abolition of territorial servitude and the other feudal privileges and burdens was debated, it was discovered that the German element was already in the minority, and that its ranks were daily getting thinner. Hence the diet lost the confidence of the capital and of the Germanic, and, in reality, the intellectual and ascendant portion of the imperial population.

This portion of the Austrian population, and it contains within its bosom all the most eminent statesmen and patriots of the land, is to a man anxious that Austria should be a German power *par excellence.* It is argued by this party that there are two countries which have been for ever assigned to Austria by nature and history, and with whose fate Austria is, under every possible circumstance, indissolubly connected—and these are Germany and the mouths of the Danube. Austria is linked to Germany by the most indissoluble ties of origin, language, manners, civilisation, and a history of two thousand years; with the mouths of the Danube it is scarcely less closely connected by commercial interests, as well as by the growing importance of Hungary. Servia, Moldavia, and Wallachia, it is argued by the same party, can only by a permanent union with Austria secure their existence, their development, their interests, and their reception into the society of European nations. It is almost unnecessary to remark that in these latter views Austrian clashes directly with Russian Panslavism; the objects of which are to win over to Russia, by precisely similar arguments, the Slavonian provinces of the Lower Danube; nor is it necessary to add that the progress made by Russia towards attaining those objects in Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia, is infinitely greater than what has hitherto been accomplished by Austria.

One the most popular exponents of this policy, Mr. Andryan, author of a work entitled "Oestereich und seine Zukunft," and now an active member of the central congress at Frankfort, argues that such a policy adopted by Austria would have the advantage of being national. But it is quite evident that if the hopes so long and so fondly entertained by the Germans, that the nationalities of the Slavonic populations would peaceably resolve themselves into Germanism, could not be brought about under a despotic power, that they will be still less so under a constitutional government. The Slavonians of Bohemia have already refused to send their deputies to the German diet at Frankfort, and a similar opposition will probably be met with from the other Slavonic populations of Austria. If Austria is united with Germany by the ties of origin, language, civilisation, and history, the Slavonic nations are only connected with that country by the history of their relations with its inhabitants, nor is this connexion at all calculated to promote a union between the two races.

The object for which the Bohemians, Croates, and other Slavonic populations, are now striving, is not so much to acquire free institutions,

which they might easily get by becoming Germans or Magyars, but to give the fullest development to their nationalities. This is the reason why the Slavonians of Southern Hungary have declared against the liberal Magyars, yet show an entire devotion to the imperial house of Austria, which they consider a better safeguard of their nationality than the diet of Hungary, which has shown a decided hostility to Slavonic nationalities.

At the same time the Slavonians of Hungary, who are now striving to separate from that country, will, notwithstanding their attachment to the imperial house, no more consent to become Germans than Magyars.

Count Krasinski, whose views are in reality more directed towards Polish than Slavonian regeneration, arrives at the ultimate conclusion, that the only effective means which Europe possesses to counteract the establishment of a Russo-Panslavonic empire, is, to transform Austria into a Slavonic state, which would comprehend Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, and all the Austrian provinces where the Slavonic element prevails. It is obvious that this is quite indefeasible in the present state of Europe, added to which the Austrian empire cannot, if it is to avoid dissolution, assume a purely Slavonic character, and give to its German elements a subordinate position, proportionate to the number of its population belonging to that race.

Austria cannot possibly recur to any such destructive measures, which would only accelerate, not only her political but even her social dissolution, and she must, in order to prevent this calamity, adopt means of a truly conservative nature; that is, while she secures the constitutional rights, not only of individuals, but also of nations who are placed under her dominion, she at the same time must take all possible measures to strengthen the imperial unity of the whole. As to what Europe has to do in this question, it is evident that as far as balance of power is concerned, that Russo-Panslavism and Austrian-Panslavism are alike inimical to the preservation of that balance, and that the most natural result to the rise into power of a Slavonian nation, would be to secure domination in the territories which they already in part occupy—the lower Danube and northern and western Turkey in Europe—leaving to the Greek nation the remainder of that territory, which will fall to the disposal of European and Christian races, when the inevitable expulsion of the stubborn and unyielding, unimproving Asiatics takes place, which even their own traditions attach to some proximate day, their prophecies having dated the return to Asia of the once-victorious Osmanlis to a period of 1300 years after the flight from Mecca. Europe would then see the Slavonian race assuming that position to which the numbers of its population, its industry, perseverance, and progressive civilisation, entitle it.

The progress of recent events in these realms has been recorded in previous pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Jellalich, Ban of Croatia, having since that period been, by a decree of the emperor, the execution of which was confided to Count Batthyany, declared a rebel, and divested of all powers, authorities, and offices, he has ever since been proceeding with the organisation of the military power, over which he holds influence (and which comprising no small portion of the military frontier of Austria is very considerable), for the purposes of aiding and abetting the proposed Slavonian movement. Within the kingdom of the Magyars, as within that of Bohemia, the Slavonians were at first far

too hasty in their movements to act even with a probability of success. At the outburst of the insurrection the insurgents mustered about 7000 men at Karlowitz. They seized one of the Danube steamers and armed it, their priests abetting them in their insurrection and supplying them with crosses. Their fanaticism, however, availed them nought against the regular garrison of Peterwardein. The unfortunate city was bombarded; the splendid cathedral and archducal palace were, it is said, destroyed, and the town itself converted into a heap of smoking ruins. The town of Neusatz next prepared for resistance, but Baron Habrowsky having given out that he would treat the town as he had treated Karlowitz, if they did not surrender within two hours, the insurgents preferred the latter alternative.

In the mean time the Servians obtained a decided advantage in an engagement that took place at Kikinda, and in which they took eight guns with the loss of only ten of their corps. A sanguinary engagement also took place at or about the same time between the Germans and Illyrians at a place called Weiskirchen, in which the latter were abetted by the Servians. The navigation of the Danube was completely stopped between Neusatz and Semlin, the insurrectionists having seized and armed some of the boats for their own purposes. On the 23rd of June 700 insurgents marched upon the town of Weiskirchen, which was given up to them, with three pieces of artillery, 215 muskets, thirty hundred weight of powder, and one company of soldiers. The insurgents marched thence on Temeswar. Early in July a body of insurgents, said to have been 4000 strong, laid an ambush in a narrow pass near Topanfalra, in Siebenbürgen, through which the Szekly Hussars were expected to pass. The Hussars having, however, got notice of this ambush, they, by a quick march, took the insurgents in the rear and killed, it is said, 300 of them.

The Hungarian Diet was opened at Pesth on the 5th of July, at once to mature those great reforms, which men of very different shades of opinion, from the courtly and aristocratic magnates, Prince Esterhazy and Count Batthyany, to the patriotic Count Zichyni, and the popular Kossuth and Deak, had the merit of uniting to concede; but also to stem the tide of Slavonian regeneration. The diet of Transylvania had decreed its union with the kingdom of Hungary, and the spontaneous and unanimous abolition of its independent rights—an act which increased the strength of the Magyars by 1,500,000 of their countrymen.

At the same time Baron Jellalich, Ban of Croatia, convoked a Slavonic congress at Agram. The Slavonian party, all powerful in Croatia and along the Turkish frontier, even to Servia, had never ceased to protest against the supremacy of the Magyars. Including as they do the military frontiers of the empire, the whole population is organised in regiments and accustomed to arms, so that their resources for a contest are remarkably great. On the other hand, the Hungarians contend, not without reason, that the possession of their provinces is indispensable to their national existence, because they command not only the Lower Danube—the main artery of the country—but also the sole line of communication from the plains of Hungary to the Adriatic. They are therefore resolved to subject the Slavonians by force of arms, unless the mediation of the Imperial authority shall suggest some compromise

of the difficulty. To carry on so difficult a warfare, it was understood to be the intention of the Hungarian government to endeavour to raise the effective forces of the kingdom to 200,000 men.

The demands of the Slavonic congress, meeting at Agram, to the imperial government, as conveyed by Count Albert Nugent on the 9th of July, were to the effect that the mediation of the Archduke John could only be accepted upon the condition that the insults offered to the Ban and the whole nation be made good in a manner satisfactory to the national honour; further, the grounds of mediation must rest upon, first, the Slavonian diet being declared legal; secondly, the manifesto against the Ban being recalled; thirdly, the Ban (Baron Jellalich) being declared military commander of this province; fourthly, that the wishes of the Servians be recognised as identical with those of the Slavonians and be fulfilled; and lastly, that all hindrance to the union of Dalmatia be taken away. "Unless these things happen," concluded the Slavonian manifesto, "our heroic nation knows how to defend its honour and fame sword in hand."

In Hungary at the same moment (that is, previous to the 7th) the Slavonians defeated a body of Hungarians near the Wallachian village of St. Mihaly, while on the other hand the Hungarians had taken the town of Varasd by storm. Karlowitz and Neusatz still continued to be the seat of disorders. The Hungarian forces concentrated in their camps were said to amount to 52,000 men, and the free corps (seldom of much use) to the strength of 40,000 combatants, were in course of organisation.

The Hungarian general Count Bechtold obtained a victory over the insurgent Slavonians in the beginning of the same month, near the Roman encampment between Temerin and Jarek; and 300 Slavonians were said to have been killed, while the Hungarians only lost seventeen men. The Hungarians had, however, experienced a heavy loss in a whole battalion of Illyrians quartered at Peterwardein going over to the Slavonians. General Count Harbrowski, commanding at the latter fortress, had proclaimed martial law at Neusatz, and threatened to bombard the town at the first sound of the tocsin or any other sign of insurrection. The Hungarians obtained a further advantage in a successful engagement which was fought between the Uhlans under Colonel Blomberg and the insurgents near Werschetz. The insurgents had sixty killed and wounded, and twenty-one prisoners were taken, among whom was their chief Stanimirvitz, two pieces of cannon, and two colours. The Uhlans are said to have had only two killed and three wounded. Reports of a very contradictory character were in circulation of a serious defeat experienced by the Hungarians on the 14th of July, near Szegadin. It appeared certain, however, that the Magyars had sustained a repulse in an attempt made on the bridge of St. Thomas, and that they had been compelled to retire on Obusa.

Early in August a deputation from the Hungarian Diet waited on the emperor, with the alternative of the emperor's occasional residence at Pesth or the coronation of the Archduke Francis Joseph (son of the Archduke Francis Charles), as resident King of Hungary—a sovereignty which, however, would always succumb before that of the emperor when actually present in person in his Hungarian dominions.

The Archduke Stephen and Count Batthyany having returned to

Pesth early in the same month, after an unsuccessful negotiation with the Ban of Croatia, martial law was proclaimed at Pesth and in the provinces of the Lower Danube. Resolutions were unanimously carried in the diet to effect an offensive and defensive alliance with Germany, and at the same time to empower Count Batthyany to return to Vienna, and to re-open negotiations with the Ban of Croatia.

The Austrian minister Doblhoff refused to take up the gauntlet thus thrown down by the Hungarian minister Kossuth. Acquainted, as he asserted himself to be with the claims of the Croatians, he denied that the latter intended to recede from the Hungarian crown, and expressed his conviction that peace in the interior could only be maintained by giving equal rights to all nationalities.

The central government did not by this proceeding show itself hostile to that recovery of a certain amount of national independence in the institutions and local administration of the various provinces and kingdoms of which the Austrian empire is composed, which had everywhere manifested itself as a result of the general European revolution of February; while on the other hand it became already manifest that if that independence of the crown of Hungary, which was insisted upon by the Magyars, was granted, it could only retain its authority over the southern provinces of the kingdom by conquest, and the result would be a frightful civil war. Yet in the midst of this quarrel both parties alike were invoking the authority of the Pragmatic sanction, which regulates the rights of all the dominions of the house of Austria—the Hungarian and Croatian troops, which would be at deadly feud in their own country, were fighting the battles of the empire side by side in Italy; and the Magyars, who were a short time ago the least disposed to submit any longer to German government, have now found out that the first interest of their national administration is to cling fast to the German connexion. Hence, at the same time that they were demanding an independent sovereignty and declaring martial law on the Danube, they were sending envoys to Frankfort and voting levies for the imperial armies.

The Ban of Croatia published on his part a manifesto or *exposé* of the circumstances which had led to negotiations having terminated unsuccessfully. The ban states, that his demands were limited to asking for the fusion of the war, financial, and foreign departments with the administration of the whole monarchy, to the security and equality of rights of the Slavonic nationality and language, in the administration of affairs, and at the common diet of Hungary. The ban continued to state that neither the Archduke John, nor the minister, Kossuth, were allowed by the adverse party to listen to these demands, and that nothing remained for the Croatians but to rely upon their own strength and unity, and on the justice of their cause, which he asserted to be acknowledged by the emperor, and the free people of Austria, and of all Europe.

Civil war continued to rage during these negotiations without interruption in the interior of Hungary. The Archduke Stephen having deposed the metropolitan of Karlowitz, the anger of the Slavonians was roused into fanaticism. The insurgents entered into the province of Toronta, and threatened Grand Beeskerek, one of the largest and wealthiest cities of Hungary, with siege. The district of Grand Kikinda was threatened with a similar invasion, and the whole country in the

Lower Theiss and the Danube—the granary of Hungary—was devastated by war. The Banats of Baczka and Baranga insisted upon being united into a Raizish, or Slavonian province (Waywodeschaft), and the waywode to be elected of the Raizish, or Slavonian nation. The nation also demanded the right to appoint a patriarch, and that the religious language of the Raizes should be guaranteed to them.

The Croatians were at the same time making every preparation to assist their countrymen within the Hungarian territory. On the 15th inst. the Hungarian ministry issued a proclamation declaring that the danger of an invasion was daily increasing, that the Ban of Croatia was concentrating his troops on the frontier, and recommending a corps of well-armed militia to be formed in the district between the Danube and the Drave. The ban's united forces were said to amount to some 60,000 or 80,000 men—a terrible force with which to operate in favour of the Slavonians already in arms, and in open rebellion in the interior of Hungary.

In answer to the application made by the Hungarian diet to the Central congress at Frankfort, the congress considering that Hungary had made a decided demonstration in favour of the German Empire, and that Germany is interested in seeing Hungary strong and united, it resolved to petition the Central power to negotiate with the Austrian government in favour of Hungary, and to grant the Hungarians advice and effective assistance against the Croates.

The government commissioner, Baron Szentkikraly, who brought the ill-omened news from the Hungarian camp of the defeat at St. Thomas, was grievously insulted, and the intelligence was received by a display of acrimonious jealousy and charges of treachery of a character quite unworthy of a noble or a highly civilised people.

A corps of 6000 Servians were said to have crossed the Danube at the beginning of August at Orshova. This, if confirmed, would at once prove that the Slavonians of the Turkish empire are also, as has been before surmised, engaged in the forthcoming struggle for nationality. On the 22nd of August a royal letter was read at the sitting of the diet, informing the assembly that the emperor's health having improved, it was his intention to retake the reins of government, and that by these presents the Archduke Palatine was bereft of his plenipotentiary powers.

On the 28th of August a commission of the Banat of Croatia, accompanied by a notary, arrived at Fiume, with the notification that the governor of that place and all public officers must instantly quit their posts and be anwerable that the moneys in the public banks should remain in Fiume, and not be delivered to the Hungarian ministry. Thus this important port on the Adriatic has actually passed under the sovereignty of the Ban of Croatia. The people do not seem to have offered the slightest resistance but rather to be gratified with the new order of things.

The progress of events in the neighbouring principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia has not been so favourable to the cause of national regeneration.

On the 26th of June, Prince Bibesco, the ruling Hospodar of Wallachia, finding that no other alternative remained to him, formed a committee, composed of eight liberal members, to frame a new national constitution. Having, however, shortly afterwards, rendered himself suspected of intri-

guing with Russia, he was deposed, and, attempting to make his escape, was fired at by some of the boyards, but luckily without effect. The patriots then made the best preparations in their power to resist the inevitable interference of Russia. They called upon their countrymen to rally round the national flag, composed of three colours, blue, red, and yellow, with a miserable imitation of French political philosophy, in an inscription to Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, but it was soon made evident by the communications made to the resident European consular authorities, that their hopes lay solely in sympathy and aid from without.

Prince Stourdza, reigning Hospodar of Moldavia, had, from his greater proximity to Russian influences, been enabled to weather the storm for a longer time than his brother of Wallachia. The Russians advanced at once to the frontiers, and when, at length, Prince Stourdza was obliged to take flight before the progress of insurrection, General Duhamel did not hesitate to cross the Pruth and occupy the Moldavian territory, while, on the other hand, a body of Turkish troops, composed of a few thousand infantry and cavalry, crossed the Danube at Galatz.

The cholera raged with so much violence in both principalities, as to keep both political and military movements for the time being in abeyance. Previous to Prince Stourdza's flight from Jassy, several boyards had been made prisoners and sent to Constantinople, others had since taken flight voluntarily. The provincial government and the small body of national guards had, however, succeeded in obtaining the confidence of the people. Finding themselves so critically placed, they addressed notes to the consuls of France, Austria, and Prussia, soliciting the intervention of those powers in case the juvenile republics should be attacked. Nor were the movements of Russia without interest to the rest of Europe. At the meeting of the confederated German assembly, when presided over by the Regent, John of Austria, on the 15th of July, Von Auerswald declared that the state of Europe had changed owing to events on the Lower Danube; and at the meeting of the French Chambers of July 17th, a discussion took place in which every sympathy was manifested for Wallachia and Moldavia on their attempt to recover their former constitutions and nationality. These countries were declared to be independent and sovereign states, and it was argued that the treaty of Adrianople did not authorise Russia to exercise what that power designated a protectorate. It is evident, however, that the insurrections of Wallachia and Moldavia must terminate in a transaction. No European power has a right to interfere in the case of provinces acknowledgedly under the control of Turkey and Russia, unless they can establish their right to independent sovereignty, and are prepared to enforce that independence by force of arms, and there is no European power so Quixotic at the present moment as to engage in war with Russia and Turkey for these two principalities of the Danube.

The pasha, Suliman, commissioned on the part of the Sublime Porte, in company with the dragoman, Emir Effendi, to investigate into the political disturbances of the Danubian principalities, commenced his labours by a protest against the occupation of Moldavia by Russian troops, and an energetic remonstrance against their advance into Wallachia. This protest, at least in its latter part, was backed by the consuls of England, France, Prussia, and Austria.

The Ottoman Porte made at the same time the semblance of recognising the new Wallachian constitution.

The St. Petersburgh journal of the 1st of August published nearly at the same time a long *exposé*, by the emperor, of his motives for intervention in the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia. The emperor declared that the said intervention had taken place with the consent and concurrence of the Ottoman Porte, and that the Russian troops would act only in accord with those of the sultan. These troops, it appears, are destined to take up their winter-quarters in Jassy.

Suliman Pasha made his entry into Bucharest on the 6th of August, in great state, and as a friend. Instead, however, of ratifying the new constitution, the Turkish commander consented only to confirm three of the members of the new government in their places. But as far as universal suffrage, popular armament, and liberty of the press are concerned, he has peremptorily refused to give the sanction of the Porte to any such demands of the Wallachians. The situation of affairs in the Danubian principalities occasioned, however, a ministerial revolution at Constantinople, and on the 15th of August the enlightened and liberal-minded Reshid Pasha was restored to the post of grand vizier, one of the first results of which was the recall of the expatriated Boyards. Still a less promising position of two provinces as mere bones of contention between Russia and Turkey, and their own populations panting for independence and nationality, can scarcely be imagined.

THE NEW ZEALAND QUESTION.

There are certain questions, which, although they are difficult of definition in an abstract point of view, are, nevertheless, often universally admitted and practised upon as a matter of course. It certainly appears very absurd, looking at the matter philosophically, that one nation should send out ships of discovery which should claim the lands belonging to another people as a right resulting from their successful researches. To put this question in an extravagant point of view, suppose a Chinese junk on a voyage of discovery to fall in with and claim possession in consequence of Great Britain; it is very doubtful if the Aborigines would admit either the fact of the discovery, although the Chinese might not have been acquainted with the existence of such islands previously, or still less the claim founded upon the said discovery. So it was with the so-called discovery of New Zealand, a discovery in its antipodal relation to Great Britain, but not at all a discovery with regard to the Aborigines, who even in the time of Juan Fernandez are described as a race of white people, well made, and dressed in a kind of woven cloth. According to Vattel, the first authority on the Law of Nations, Navigators going on the discovery, provided with a commission from their sovereign and falling in with desert islands, or other desert lands, have taken possession of them in the name of their nation: and commonly this title has been respected, provided that thereupon a real possession have closely followed. But the fact is that between

the two existing cases of discovery, only so called from the ignorance or limited knowledge of the nation discovering, and the obtaining possession of a barren island, there are many degrees of difference, all difficult to define, but being practically acted upon, by which, for example, when a newly-discovered territory is found to be tenanted by savages who refuse to hold intercourse with their fellow creatures, who do not till the ground or dwell in towns, who have no forms of government, and who mutually destroy and even eat one another, it is uniformly admitted that taking possession, by introducing the arts and civilisation, religion and peace, is not only beneficial to the people but appears as a link wove in the chain of providential intentions.

The practical fact having then been long admitted and acted upon, the various degrees of difference between possession of a barren island, and a permitted and authorised possession and colonisation, as at Sarawak in Borneo, are regulated by the rules of common sense and equity. These rules were violated by the French, when they took possession of islands in the South Seas, which, being ruled by a queen, formed together a "sovereign state," and to which civilised nations had already sent their missionaries and their representatives. Such was not the case with New Zealand at the time of its discovery by the English; and however much we may be inclined to go along with the Aborigines Protection Society, as far as regards the kindly treatment, the education, and respect due to the rights of natives, it would require that a very novel and unforeseen light should be thrown upon the progress of past events, and the history of land and maritime discovery and colonisation, to satisfy the mind, that advantages of the most extraordinary character have not resulted to general humanity by the spread of civilised nations, even when such has been accompanied by the extirpation of races whom one cannot but pity and sympathise with, and for whom, with an enlightened policy, much more might be done than has hitherto been the case, to protect.*

The relation of the British and of the New Zealanders has unfortunately been more fertile of disputes, misunderstandings, and false sentiment of any, perhaps, hitherto on record.

The relations of Great Britain with the islands of New Zealand are unprecedented in the annals of colonisation, inasmuch as her acquisition of the country was peculiar and specific; and this fact renders the position of settlers there, and of emigrants proceeding thither, both complicated and singular, they being brought into contact with an intelligent, enlightened, and ambitious native race, who, standing dispossessed of the sovereignty of their own country, claim extensive and exclusive proprietary rights of which they are extremely jealous, and which they are in a situation to enforce; whilst, on the other hand, the local government asserts, on behalf of the crown, another kind of right, by virtue of which all free exercise of the natives' natural proprietary rights is averred to be extinguished, and the emigrant becomes dependent, not alone upon the disposition of the native owner to sell his land, but on that of the local government to permit the purchase of the same by any third party, save through its medium, and contingent upon its own inclination to acquire such land so offered for sale, at a price regulated by circumstances, and virtually irrespective of native valuation.

In the origin, that is, before New Zealand was annexed to the British empire,

* The New Zealand Question and the Rights of the Aborigines. By Louis Alexis Chamerovzow.

large, and in some instances, nominal purchases of land, extending over many thousands of acres, were effected by various individuals, many of which purchases have since been declared invalid by the local government, being repudiated by the native owners, on the plea of inadequate compensation, ambiguous contract, ill and undefined boundary, wilful double-dealing, or actual fraud.* The settlement of these claims has proved a fruitful source of contention, producing sanguinary collisions between the Aborigines and the settlers, engendering extreme disaffection towards the local government on the part of both, and effectually embarrassing it, by placing it in the difficult and delicate position of arbitrator between the crown and so many and such various contending interests; nevertheless, the whole of these difficulties might have been avoided at the outset, or resolved long ago, had the government only acted with consistency, and speculators and settlers with the ordinary degree of mercantile justice which usually characterises every transaction in which capitalists engage, save—as it would seem—the mania for land-jobbing.

The foregoing facts taken collectedly, have, at the same time, invested the New Zealand Question with peculiar interest; an interest which, from the extent, importance, and rapid progress of the colony, is daily increasing.

Mr. Secretary Chamerovzow, as the organ we suppose of the Aborigines Protection Society, not only objects to Captain Cook's right to take possession of New Zealand in the name and for the use of his Majesty King George the Third, but he also argues that, conceding the point for argument's sake, Great Britain forfeited the rights which discovery is assumed to have conferred upon her, by her non-occupation of the country. Occupation having, however, taken place to a certain extent since 1815, this discussion appears to be now singularly inopportune. It could, at the best, only apply to difficulties, that might have arisen from the joint occupation of the country in the interim, by other civilised nations. Mr. Chamerovzow even objects to the early settlements being considered as colonial occupation of the country, because the crown did not identify itself with them. But, although in law a colony cannot be formed without the license of the crown, it is a matter of notoriety, that in practice such has, till within late times, been the early history of the majority of our colonial settlements. At all events, in this particular case; the argument is peculiarly useless, as the tenor of land and sovereignty in New Zealand is held by treaty and cession, and, granting the futility of the claim founded on discovery, it is obvious that Great Britain cannot be said, in point of fact, to have forfeited that which she never possessed. Three several times before the epoch of the treaty of Waitangi in 1840, did Great Britain recognise New Zealand as an independent country, but under the protection of Great Britain; a protectorate which was further cemented on the occasion of the present of a national flag by Captain Lambert of the *Alligator*. The Rev. S. Hinds, D.D., in his evidence given before the committee of the House of Lords in 1838, testified to the fact, that the very assumption on the part of Great Britain of a right to give that flag, supposed the New Zealanders not to be altogether a sovereign power; an argument which Mr. Chamerovzow says is refuted by Captain Fitzroy who, in his evidence, declared that the giving of the flag was a distinct recognition of the independence of the chiefs. Independence of the

* Vide evidence before Select Committee of the House of Commons. New Zealand.

chiefs certainly, but not of the sovereignty of the island; the King of Great Britain having been formally acknowledged to be the parent of the infant state and its protector, at the conclave of thirty-five hereditary chiefs of the northern island, held at Waitangi three years previously, that is to say, on the 28th of October, 1835.

Mr. Somes, on behalf of the New Zealand Company, argued the validity of British sovereignty over New Zealand upon the following data.

In the year 1787, a royal commission was granted to Captain Philip, appointing him, in pursuance of the British sovereignty in possession, which had been established by Captain Cook, "Captain-general and Governor-in-chief in and over the territory of New South Wales and its dependencies." This territory was described in the commission as, "extending from Cape York, lat. 11 deg. 37 min. south; to the South Cape, lat. 43 deg. 30 min. south; and inland to the westward as far as 135 deg. east long., comprehending all the islands adjacent in the Pacific Ocean within the latitudes of the above-named Capes." This is the act by which the crown first assumed the government of New South Wales and the other barbarous lands of which Captain Cook had taken possession in the name of the king. The islands of New Zealand are as clearly within the prescribed limits as Norfolk Island, Van Diemen's Land, or even New South Wales itself.

On the 9th of November, 1814, the Governor and Captain-general of New South Wales and its dependencies, acting on the representation of the crown, by public proclamation, declared New Zealand to be a dependency of his government, and by regular commission of *dedimus potestatem*, appointed justices of the peace to act there. Some of the magistrates so appointed were Aboriginal natives of the country. It is plain that they were treated as British subjects. In 1819, again, Governor Macquarrie appointed an English magistrate in New Zealand. This justice of the peace exercised the authority so bestowed on him, by apprehending offenders and sending them for trial to the seat of government.

Mr. Secretary Chamerovzow objects to these facts, that the first enumerated proves nothing, because it proves at once too much and too little! And he adds, that the appointment of *native* justices of the peace, and the enforcement of British authority by means of ships of war, had only reference to punishing English delinquents. It was surely a curious step to take, to appoint native justices of the peace in a foreign country to punish British subjects, and these appointments, which by their acceptance involved the substantive acknowledgment of British sovereignty, soon brought such portions of New Zealand as they existed in, within the jurisdiction of the courts of New South Wales.

No less than 2000 British subjects having, by the year 1838, become permanent inhabitants of New Zealand, the necessity for the interposition of government became too evident to admit of any further inaction. Accordingly, Captain Hobson was appointed consul in August, 1839, with special instructions to negotiate with the native chiefs the cession to her majesty of certain parts of the islands, as also to treat with the Aborigines for the recognition of her majesty's sovereign authority over the whole or part of such islands as they might be willing to place under her majesty's dominions. The words in which these instructions are conveyed by the Marquis of Normanby were, we should have thought, calculated to satisfy the most exigent philanthropist.

I have already stated that we acknowledged New Zealand as a sovereign and independent state, so far as it is possible to make that acknowledgment in favour of a people composed of numerous, dispersed, and petty tribes, who possess few political relations to each other, and are incompetent to act, or even to deliberate in concert. But the admission of their rights, though inevitably qualified by this consideration, is binding on the faith of the British crown. The queen, in common with her majesty's immediate predecessor, disclaims for herself and for her subjects, every pretension to seize on the islands of New Zealand, or to govern them as part of the dominion of Great Britain, unless the free and intelligent consent of the natives, expressed according to their established usages, shall be first obtained. Believing, however, that their own welfare would, under the circumstances I have mentioned, be best promoted by the surrender to her majesty of a right now so precarious, and little more than nominal, and persuaded that the benefit of British protection, and of laws administered by British judges, would far more than compensate for the sacrifice by the natives of a national independence, which they are no longer able to maintain, her majesty's government have resolved to authorise you to treat with the Aborigines of New Zealand for the recognition of her majesty's sovereign authority over the whole or any part of those islands which they may be willing to place under her majesty's dominions.

Mr. Chamerovzow, however, objects to the qualified admission of independence, contained in the first paragraph, and he becomes still more indignant when, upon the representations made by Captain Hobson in relation to the Southern Island, Lord Normanby wrote, "If the country is really as you suppose, uninhabited, except by a very small number of persons in a savage state, incapable, from their ignorance, of entering intelligently into any treaties with the crown, I agree with you that the ceremonial of making such engagements with them would be a mere illusion and pretence, which ought to be avoided. The circumstances noticed in my instructions, may perhaps render the occupation of the Southern Island a matter of necessity, or *of duty to the natives.*"

Nothing can be more straightforward, practical, or judicious. It is quite true that some of those who have been since engaged in carrying out these views may have exceeded the bounds of justice and discretion, but even that is extremely difficult to prove, as the turn of the New Zealanders' mind is notoriously given to deceit and to cupidity; cessions once made have been recalled, or denied, or litigated; and there can be but little doubt, that the *soi-disant* philanthropists who abet the savages in their so-called claims, but in reality in their dishonest repudiation of cessions formerly made, or in litigation for further benefits to be conferred in virtue of those cessions, are doing more to bring about those disastrous circumstances which ultimately lead to the extermination of a community, than any thing that either colonists or government have done or are ever likely to do.

Nothing can be more childish than the style of argument adopted by these pseudo-philanthropists. Mr. Chamerovzow declares that he cannot understand why, if the crown possessed any rights at all, they were to be asserted over only those parts of New Zealand which were presumed to be thinly peopled, and by less intelligent tribes, when these rights, if valid at all, were equally so over the Northern Island. It is very hard to have to impart understanding to an antagonist as well as to refute

his arguments, but any person of common sense will see that it is especially because the relations between the Northern and Southern Islands of the country were different, and their population and their respective advancement towards civilisation were also essentially different, that they were acted towards in a different manner. As before stated, it is only common sense, tempered by justice and humanity, that can meet the exigencies of circumstances which always present a greater or less difference in every case where colonial lands are previously populated to a certain extent. As to the extreme doctrine that no land can be occupied that is previously inhabited, it is not worthy of consideration except in the abstract, as regards the first claim of discovery; but after settlements have been formed, and more than that, those settlements contain many bad, dissolute, and expatriated characters, and there is close to such settlements countries very thinly populated by incapable savages; it is surely more wise and humane for a civilised government to take those savages under its protection, than by acknowledging their independence, to leave the unfortunate Aborigines to inevitable persecution and extermination.

That which had less to do with aboriginal legislation, nothing with the sentimentality of the question, but most of all with regard to the quarrels that have since sprung up, were the instructions issued at the same time that Captain Hobson should induce the chiefs, if possible to contract, that henceforward no lands should be ceded, except to the crown of Great Britain, and issue proclamation that her majesty will not acknowledge as valid, any title to land which is not either derived from, or confirmed by, a grant to be made in her majesty's name. The object of this arrangement was at once to strike a blow at the New Zealand Company, and to prevent the irrational acquisition by a few, of immense tracts of land, that were afterwards left unprofitable or rather a pernicious waste. The instructions of the noble marquis in reference to the acquisition of real lands from the natives is characterised by that philanthropy which so eminently distinguishes a genuine from a pseudo humanity, and common sense from mere sentimentality. After pointing out that the re-sales of the purchases made will provide the funds necessary for future acquisitions, his lordship emphatically adds,—

> All dealings with the Aborigines for their lands must be conducted on the same principles of sincerity, justice, and good faith, as must govern your transactions with them for the recognition of her majesty's sovereignty in the islands. Nor is this all: they must not be permitted to enter into any contracts in which they might be the ignorant and unintentional authors of injuries to themselves. You will not, for example, purchase from them any territory, the retention of which, by them, would be essential, or highly conducive to their own comfort, safety, or subsistence. The acquisition of land by the crown for the future settlement of British subjects must be confined to such districts as the natives can alienate, without distress or serious inconvenience to themselves. To secure the observance of this—will be one of the first duties of their official protector.

The education and the religious instruction of the natives were likewise provided for under a series of enactments, which Mr. Secretary Chamerovzow himself acknowledges to be "commendable, as much on account of their comprehensive character as for their liberality and large humanity

of principle." The discharge of the most responsible portion of these duties being delegated to the missionaries, under the direction of the lieutenant-governor, who was strictly enjoined to interdict cannibalism and human sacrifice, and to adopt, in conjunction with the missionaries, every possible means of elevating the natives in the social scale.

Captain Hobson having by the treaty of Waitangi, and the adherence of all the head Hokianga chiefs, with the exception of two, established beyond dispute the sovereignty of her majesty over the northern districts, he issued a proclamation declaring her majesty's dominion in New Zealand to extend from North Cape to 36 deg. of latitude, purposing as he proceeded southward, and obtained the consent of the chiefs, to continue extending these limits by proclamation until the whole of the islands should be included. The formation into a separate government, of the settlers located at Port Nicholson, under the auspices of the New Zealand Association, their election of a council, their appointment of Colonel Wakefield as its president, and their proceeding to enact laws and to nominate magistrates, obliged Captain Hobson, however, to issue his proclamation, by which he declared the British sovereignty over the whole of the northern island before he had obtained the submission of its chiefs. This proclamation also declared the sovereignty of her majesty over the southern island on the ground of discovery, and the "same having been ceded in sovereignty to her majesty." The formal declaration of sovereignty over the middle island not having taken place till the 17th day of June, 1840, and Captain Hobson's declaration being dated May 21 of the same year, gives Mr. Secretary Chamerovzow the opportunity of quibbling that the said declaration anticipated the cession; a paltry criticism, that not only betrays the animus of the writer but which is erroneous in itself, as Major Bunbury had been for several months previously engaged in visiting the harbours of Coromandel, Mercury Bay, Torranga, Okaroa, Hawke's Bay, Port Nicholson, &c., to obtain the necessary signatures. The most southerly island, called Stewart's Island, was alone in reality taken possession of by right of discovery.

If Great Britain having acquired certain rights, by discovery, over New Zealand, had erred in sound policy by neglecting to legalise those rights, according to the usages of nations, and had also thereby neglected to obviate the inconveniences which had arisen, not only from irregular colonisation, but also from the threatened acquisitions of foreigners; such charge of neglect was no longer applicable after the declaration of sovereignty which, though tardy, was still a *bonâ fide* transaction. Yet such was the influence of the New Zealand Association at home that they actually obtained a verdict of a select committee of the House of Commons in 1844 to this effect that "the conclusion of the treaty of Waitangi by Captain Hobson with certain natives of New Zealand, was a part of a series of injudicious proceedings, which had commenced several years previous to his assumption of the local government."

Mr. Secretary Chamerovzow, who has hitherto objected to every proceeding of the British government under every aspect and form, suddenly turns round at this temporary triumph of the colonists, and declares that he cannot regard in the light of an injudicious proceeding that which was calculated to dispel the apprehensions of the Aborigines, in respect to the

supposed intention on the part of the colonists to dispossess them of their lands; but he adheres to his old principles in denouncing the rules as to the mode in which colonisation should be conducted, and which are proclaimed by the select committee in the following words. First,

"That the uncivilised inhabitants of any country have but a qualified dominion over it, or a right of occupancy only; and that until they establish among themselves a settled form of government, and subjugate the ground to their own uses, by the cultivation of it, they cannot grant to individuals not of their own tribe any portion of it, for the simple reason that they have not themselves any individual property in it. Secondly, that if a settlement be made in any such country by a civilised power, the right of pre-emption of the soil, or, in other words, the right of extinguishing the native title, is exclusively in the government of that power, and cannot be enjoyed by individuals without the consent of their government. The third principle is, that neither individuals, nor bodies of men belonging to any nation, can form colonies, except with the consent, and under the direction and control of their own government."

Mr. Chamerovzow places himself in the horns of a dilemma in denying the right of colonising an inhabited territory, although the inhabitants may possess no form of government; and in acceding to the principle that colonies must be under the direction and control of government; and yet when such a colony, irregularly formed, is taken under the control of government, granting that the cause of the Aborigines is best served—that cause which all along he has laboured to show has so grievously suffered at the hands of British colonists and government. It would be a waste of time to enter into the more detailed and fallacious reasoning by which the same author attacks the principles above enumerated, as it is really sufficient for this part of the argument, that sovereignty has now been ceded, and that such sovereignty is a "great fact" which all the sophistry of all the Aborigines Protection Societies in the world cannot overthrow without placing in a lawless and most disastrous position, a population already nearly as numerous and certainly with more at stake than the Aborigines themselves. The worst of such wide-embracing philanthropy is that it always values one black barbarian as equal to two or three colonists, or one white emigrant and his wife and family.

Equally fallacious and vain are the lengthened arguments with which Mr. Secretary Chamerovzow defends the rights of the Aborigines to the lands of New Zealand. There has been no attempt on the part of the British authorities to establish any right but to such lands as lay waste and unoccupied. This principle, as enunciated clearly and distinctly by Earl Grey, is laid down in the New Zealand charter in the same terms as just announced as one of the primary rules of a legal and proper colonisation. Mr. Chamerovzow, in his attacks upon colonial land-jobbing, justly argues that the obligation of cultivating the soil is one of the first necessities of its acquirement, yet in his over partiality for New Zealanders he grants to them privileges of exemption upon this very point which he denies to British colonists. He insists that the colonist should, to establish his claim, cultivate his land, while at the same time he insists equally vehemently upon the right of the Aborigines to land over which no such claim has ever been established. Thus, he would have

one law for the colonists, another for the Aborigines, and would not grant in the case of the former, even to a sovereignty by cession, an interest in uncultivated and waste lands. It is always possible to carry an argument to an extreme. Thus Mr. Chamerovzow says that the Arnoldian theory of the right of property in land depending originally on labour, if carried out, would give to a foreigner a claim to any portion of a British common on which he might squat himself. This is simply ridiculous, and when a writer has to prop up his views by such illustrations, it at once shows, how little of reality and of candour there is in the argument. It is more like the playful discursiveness of a polemical or speculative society, where young minds are trained to discussion, than the *bonâ fide* reasoning of a mature intellect, that would scorn to avail itself of a position which he knows can only have a logical aspect, but is in reality too absurd to deserve a serious and written confutation.

The so-called Arnoldian theory is undoubtedly latitudinarian. It does not apply itself even among savage tribes, to small quantities of uncultivated land lying intercalated amid cultivated lands, nor to lands accidentally left for a time uncultivated, no more than it would do to a common in England or a *bruyère* in France. There is in this, as in the principle of colonisation itself, a common sense medium, by which practice must be ruled, and which medium cannot be lost sight of, except when persons wilfully, whether for the sake of obtaining lands free of purchase, or for the mere sake of argument, blind themselves to the actual state of the case, a state which is the more difficult to expose, as it cannot be intelligibly set down without entering into the long and tedious details of particular instances, but the principle of which will come to the mind of any sensible person, however much it may be disregarded by theorists of over-diluted sensibility.

Such persons will prove to you that so-called civilised people "in the recent cold-blooded slaughters at Paris, at Prague, and at Naples, and in the fearful mutilations of the dead victims that followed thereupon," are no better than savages. True, but they omit to notice that in the one, crime is the result of aroused passions, in the other an almost essential portion of existence. Nay, with such philanthropists it would appear questionable if, as Jean Jacques Rousseau once also taught, the savage life is not the most civilised form of society:—

> What shall we say of the cruelties of the French in Algeria? of our own wrong doings in India, under a Clive and a Warren Hastings? of the Mameluke massacre by a *highly civilised Egyptian?* of the deeds of the polished Spaniards, in all parts of the world, but more especially in Mexico and Peru? of the refined barbarities of a Borgia and of a Nicholas? of the Satanic tortures invented by furious religious bigots, whether inflicted under the sombre mask of a grand inquisitor, the warrant of a "right royal Harry," or of a Mary, or under the less authoritative veto of the puritan and the covenanter? What shall we say of the *noyades*, and *guillotineades*, and *mitrailleries* of the Revolution of '89? of the horrid atrocities of the slave-trade? of the commandos in Caffraria; of our heinous war in China, undertaken to coerce the subjects of an independent monarch to buy poison of our merchants? What shall we say of all these acts of civilised nations? highly civilised nations!—most highly civilised nations! Is it that in proportion as men become civilised, they grow the more sanguinary and cruel? Then let not in the light of civilisation upon savages, for they will taunt us with being even more savage than they.

Does civilisation consist in the presence of laws and institutions adapted to our condition and requirements? Then does it, only in a lesser degree, exist amongst savages, who are regulated by their own rude laws and customs, which are as binding upon them as are ours upon us.

Does civilisation consist "in the possession of forethought, of a habit of calculating consequences, of patience in deliberation, in readiness to hear reason and to take good advice, in a large power of self-command?" Then go, civilised people, go to the Red Indians, sitting around their council-fires; to the New Zealanders at their *Koreros*, to the Caffres assembled at their *Kraal*; go to these and learn civilisation and wisdom, for amongst these, you shall find both in active practice, and not regarded as virtues; whilst amongst yourselves, the exercise of these elevated mental qualities entitles the possessor of them to the distinction of being regarded as a philosopher, and of ranking with the Seven Sages of ancient Greece.

Another of the most singular arguments of these Utopianists is, that the Aborigine obtains the right to land because a large extent of territory is alone adapted to his mode of life; that is to say, to feed a herd of deer, that he may hunt them down, or to grow one cocoa-tree in a forest of almost useless timber. The adaptation of the same tract to the feeding of whole flocks of domesticated cattle, to the rearing of forests of fruit and useful trees, or to the cultivation of food for hundreds of human beings, is, to minds so constituted, no equivalent for the usurped hunting privileges of one, scantily fed, and still more scantily clad New Zealander!

The treaty of Waitangi left the question of land in New Zealand in the simple position of such as was inhabited and cultivated by the natives, such as was claimed by settlers and missionaries, or obtained by purchase, occupation, and cultivation, and the waste lands which fell under the royal prerogative. It was not enough that difficulties should have arisen in determining the extent of the lands claimed by natives and settlers, but another class, of whose views our author constitutes himself the exponent, argue, that by "waste lands," such as are lying uncultivated, yet claimed by colonists, ought alone to be understood. The question has thus been daily assuming a more complicated character. The New Zealanders, taught by experience, and abetted by designing and disaffected persons, have not only learnt to place more value on their lands, but have also set forth claims to lands possibly before only travelled over, or they have denied the validity of transactions made in the infancy of their relations with British and other settlers. The labours of Governors Hobson, Shortland, Fitzroy, and Grey have been constantly directed, but in vain, to a speedy and equitable adjustment of these various claims. In cases where the land court annulled the claim of a settler, as in that of Mr. Fairburn, the claimant instigated the natives to assert their determination to resume possession of the lands in dispute, arguing that they had sold them not to government but to the claimant, and if the government deprived the claimant of his lands they themselves had the best right to them.* It is curious to observe how closely the opposite extremes of a morbid philanthropy and of a necessitous cupidity meet together. Such philanthropy assumes a still more mischievous character when it abets the natives in the now frequent plea for resuming possession of lands which they formerly relinquished, for what they have since learned to consider as an inade-

* Report of the Select Committee, 1844. Evidence of Messrs. Brodie and Heale, 1005, 1010, 4120—26.

quate compensation. It is obvious, that at the time they considered the compensation adequate, or they would not have parted with the said lands. If a man sells his coat in summer time for a groat he has no right to reclaim it in winter because he did not receive a shilling.* The limitation of possession, to 2560 acres, has also very naturally given great offence to claimants of lands which, by their extent, would be sufficient to constitute a principality. We suspect they will meet with but little sympathy. Some restrictions were absolutely necessary to ensure the prosperity of the colony.

To enumerate, however, the various difficulties which beset the land-question in New Zealand, and which led to the conflicts at Wairau and elsewhere, would be to reprint the voluminous evidence which was laid before the select committees of the Houses of Parliament. The agents of the New Zealand Company have, from interested motives, raised every possible obstacle to retard a settlement of these difficulties, and they have now enlisted an uninterested and philanthropic party, "The Society for the Protection of Aborigines," in their favour, at least so far as concerns increasing difficulties by wrangling for the rights of the natives. We wish the colonists joy in their new allies; but we have no doubt in the ultimate success of the just and equitable views entertained by her majesty's government, however much in so antipodal a situation they may have been thwarted by missionaries, settlers, and natives alike.

The charter of 1846, which was intended to introduce an entire change in the administration of the affairs of New Zealand, both in regard to the substitution of municipal corporations in lieu of the legislative council, and other changes; and also in respect to the future regulations of the land-question, the duty of carrying out which devolved upon Governor Grey, gave also perpetuity to the first and original principle, that the queen was entitled in right of her crown to waste lands in this colony, and authorised the governor to alienate such lands. Captain Grey, who had succeeded to the government of this island of the Antipodes long after the natives had been educated in the new school of rights could, however, find no "waste" lands. The new bishop, who had also gone out as the representative of the philo-barbarians, was won over to sue for the universal claims of his intelligent and well-taught flock. The Aborigines Protection Society sought the opinions of Joseph Phillimore, Esq., D.C.L., and Shirley P. Woolmer, Esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, and proclaimed the act to be "a monstrous proceeding towards the New Zealanders." Thus her majesty's government has been driven to make a point of expediency of what had been assumed all along, by every successive government, since British sovereignty was established in New Zealand, to be a right; and that simply owing primarily to procrastination and indecision, and secondarily to the intrigues of the interested, and the exertions of well-meaning but mischievous philanthropists.

* It is worthy of remark that the church missionaries paid at the rate of 3*s.* 4*d.* per acre; the government purchases are effected at the average rate of 3*d.* an acre, while the New Zealand Company claim about 20,000,000 of acres at about one half-penny per acre!

THE HABITUE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

A Contrast—Plunkett *v.* Fuoco—Odéon—Mademoiselle Céline Vallée—Les Colonnes de St. Marc—Mademoiselle Mila—" La Comtesse de Sennecey"—Madame Rose Chéri—Mademoiselle Melcy—" Il Signor Pascarello"—Vaudeville—Billing and cooing.

THERE existed once, in the ancient and beautiful city of Paris, a spacious and handsome theatre, the favourite resort of the fairest, noblest, and wealthiest, of France's children. Princes of royal blood were among its *habitués*, and brilliant, indeed, was the assembly of beauty, rank, and fashion, congregated together within its walls. There did Dorus Gras pour forth her silvery strains, dwelling on note after note with surpassing sweetness; there did the impassioned Rosine Stoltz ever and anon electrify even the most insensible by some magnificent burst of vocal eloquence, which found its way to, because it sprang from, the heart. There did Carlotta, with one of her indescribably witching smiles, convert the refined silence of *bon ton* into a tempestuous enthusiasm which, without her, had lain dormant, and to which, Prometheus-like, she gave the vivifying spark! There did Adèle, the classical, the elegant Adèle, encircled by her attendant nymphs, bound with graceful lightness where

Deep in the forest dell
The Sylphide loves to dwell,

scarcely touching the ground which so fondly courted the impress of her fairy foot.

Such *was* the Académie Royale de Musique.

The same theatre still exists in Republican Paris, as spacious and as handsome as of yore, but there the resemblance ceases. Scanty in number, and unaristocratic in appearance are its frequenters; the stranger's eye, in vain seeking " the glass of fashion and the mould of form," rests astonished upon the shako of the National Guard and the *blouse* of the patriot citizen. Dorus Gras, Stoltz, Carlotta, and Adèle, are gone, and with them the prosperity of the theatre and the delight of its *habitués*. The silent and breathless attention of former days has given place to murmurs any thing but flattering to their object, and hisses, which formerly not even Mademoiselle De Roissy herself could succeed in extracting from her well-bred though sorely tried auditory, are now directed fast and furious against the opera's " sole remaining joy"—the last link between past perfection and present mediocrity—Adeline Plunkett.

Such *is* the Théâtre de la Nation.

But we have not done with it yet—bear-garden that it is—we intend showing up its *cabaleurs*, aye, and most properly too, and we have just picked out our most uncompromising steel-pen—one of the *ne plus ultra magnum bonum* sort—wherewith to chronicle their iniquities.

But, in order to do so categorically, we must go back to the first representation of " Nisida." Now those who have neither seen nor read an account of this ballet will doubtless thank us very much for informing them that the two leading female characters in it are sustained by Mademoiselles Maria and Plunkett (*seniores priores*), and that an incidental *pas* is danced in the course of the piece by Mademoiselle Sophie Fuoco. That being premised, we plunge at once *in medias res*.

Hardly had Adeline, with her joyous smile and graceful loveliness,

commenced the *echo* of one of her steps, when from divers parts of the house proceeded several unmistakeable *chuts*, intermingled with cries of "*Fuoco! Fuoco!*" just for all the world as if the theatre was on fire. Poor little Adeline, momentarily taken aback by this unwonted reception, was soon encouraged by the counter-applause of the main body of the audience to go on with her *pas*, which she did, smiling the more sweetly as the *chuts* became more persevering. Presently in bounded Fuoco on her toes, of course, like those ingenious ivory balancing figures which, knock them about as you will, always keep on one foot.

Now, though a *pointe* is in its way a very agreeable Terpsichorean feat, yet, like *toujours perdrix* or rice pudding every day, it is apt to pall on repetition; Madame Fuoco's admirers, however, appeared to be of a contrary opinion, for they never ceased clapping and crying *bis* until both their hands and their tongues were well-nigh exhausted. Thus stimulated, it is probable that the indefatigable Milanese would have contrived to keep the soles of her feet in the air a good quarter of an hour longer, had she not suddenly slipped, and—; *rassurez-vous,* she was up again in a moment, and toeing it away more vigorously than ever.

Again did Adeline essay to conciliate her persecutors with her most winning smile and her most fascinating *poses*, and again did the *chuts* break out, but this time fainter and fewer in number than before, and almost drowned in the storm of applause which thundered from all parts of the house. Nay, more, with every fresh display of grace and loveliness, the fair *Nisida* advanced another step in public favour, and on the fall of the curtain, while Mademoiselle Fuoco, who had nothing to do in the last scene, was exchanging the tulle and gauze in which Sylphides delight, for the silk or *barège* of every-day life, the shouts for Plunkett (or as the French *will* call it, Plonkett), were deafening.

Well, now, this very becoming, very edifying, very creditable scene has been repeated (*minus* the tumble) more than once, and may possibly, have as many representations as the ballet. "*Bataille!*" exclaims *Odette* in "Charles VI.," and *bataille* it is! The feuds of Clairon and Dumesnil, of Georges and Duchesnois, of Bourgeoin and Volnais, of Mars and Mante, of Rachel and Maxime are revived in the persons of Plunkett and Fuoco! Beauty and grace on the one hand, equilibrium, like a spoon on the edge of a tea-cup, on the other! Here, a pretty face, a symmetrical form, a charming *naïveté*—there, *pointes! pointes!! pointes!!!* Brussels against Milan, Adeline against Sophie! I am for Adeline! *Et vous?*

Some of my readers may yet remember a pleasing actress, who, during the season of 1847 became a deserved favourite with the frequenters of the St. James's Theatre—Mademoiselle Céline Vallée. This agreeable *jeune première* has recently enrolled herself, syren-like, among the exiles of the Odéon, making of that whilom wilderness a veritable Lurleyberg.

Messieurs les étudiants
S'en vont à la Chaumière,

are words now meaningless and unintelligible, as the *père* Lahire will tell you if you ask him. What with *les evènemens* and Céline, la Grande Chaumière is now a hundred times too big for its visitors; why, the dancing ring alone would hold them all, aye, and the *montagnes Russes* into the bargain.

Seriously, the most enterprising Hadji never undertook a pilgrimage with half the zeal that inspires these modern devotees. Onward they

march, untired and undismayed, towards that lonely sepulchre, where repose "Agnès de Méranie" and "Le Dernier Figaro;" nor do they faint by the way. For even, as in the great Sahara, the wearied voyager's eye lights occasionally on a refreshing and verdant oasis, so the wanderer in the desert of the Odéon is sure to discover—and oh! how precious is the discovery!—*une fraîche et charmante Vallée.*

Another clever actress and pretty woman is Mademoiselle Eugénie St. Marc, formerly of the Vaudeville, and now of the Variétés, who shared Lafont's popularity in London some two or three years ago. She lives with her mother in the Rue des Colonnes, a short street leading from the Rue de la Bourse, with arcades on both sides, like those at Berne and Bologna. Madame St. Marc, *fait des mariages*, introduces young men to rich parties, and *vice-Versailles*, as Levassor says, advertises in the *Entr'acte* and other newspapers, and being a lady full of prudence and forethought, derives many a snug per centage from her hymeneal labours. And yet, though dwelling under the same roof, there is little professional sympathy between mother and daughter, for while the one joins hearts the other breaks them (Mademoiselle Eugénie, you owe me one for that). I remember standing not long ago with a facetious friend at the corner of the Rue de la Bourse, from whence a view of the Etablissement St. Marc is obtainable.

"Il me semble," said he, "que je suis à Venise."

"Comment cela?" inquired I, staring in amazement.

"Puisque je regarde les Colonnes de St. Marc."

* * * * *

It will *not* do, Mademoiselle Mila! You may nod your head and look as *naïve* as you will; you may open your eyes so wide that you can hardly shut them again; you may wear pink-ribboned caps, and arrange your *bandeaux* so as just to leave your ears visible, but you will never make the *habitués* of the Gymnase mistake you for Désirée. Nature has given you a *piquant* profile, but you cannot always be fixing your eyes on the little *loge grillée* behind the scenes, you must *sometimes* show the public your full face, and then—no, no, Mademoiselle Mila, take my advice, consult your La Fontaine, and when you come to the fable of the ox and that ambitious tenant of the marsh, whose appearance is far more prepossessing in a *fricassee* than *au naturel*, apply the moral to your own case. You will find *that* cap fit you far better than Mademoiselle Désirée's.

The Praslin tragedy has partly supplied Messrs. Bayard and Dennery with materials for a very stirring and effective piece, "La Comtesse de Sennecey." However much one may regret the fresh publicity thus given to so melancholy a history, it is impossible to help admiring the consummate tact with which this repulsive subject has been *cotoyé* and *effleuré* by the experienced dramatists alluded to. Their Comte de Sennecey's worst fault is inconstancy; that of his wife an extreme jealousy, suggested by the over-fond susceptibility of love. Misled by false appearances, and believing the comte to be more guilty than he really is, Madame de Sennecey attempts self-destruction, and escaping, thanks to the timely interposition of a watchful friend, recovers to find her repentant husband at her feet. This happy *dénouement* somewhat justifies the title given to the piece of *comédie-vaudeville*, although up to almost the close of the last act there was such a constant weeping and sobbing among the fairer portion of the audience, especially in the

balcon, as I have never seen equalled since "Clarisse Harlowe." As I beheld one laced handkerchief after another brought into requisition, I could not for the life of me help thinking what a capital thing a perpetual succession of pieces like the "Comtesse de Sennecey" would be for the *blanchisseuses de fin*.

Bressant plays the count—as he plays every part he undertakes—admirably, and Rose Chéri makes so loving and loveable a countess that one is apt to pity the man's taste who forsakes her for that handsome, *si vous voulez*, but inanimate statue, Mademoiselle Melcy. Eh, dear! as they say in Cheshire, how that once pleasing actress is changed for the worse! From constantly copying Rose Chéri even to the minutest inflexions of her voice, she has lost the ingenuous *naïveté* and really graceful manner she once possessed, and has degenerated into a mere plagiarist,—cold, stiff, and mechanical. Unfortunately, the imitation mania has, during the last two or three years, spoiled many a promising *débutante* of this theatre; the two types proposed as copies have been Rose Chéri and Désirée, and there is hardly a single actress at the Gymnase, on the sunny side of thirty, who does not fancy herself an *Irène*, or a *Babiole*. Rose Chéri, Desirée—Desirée, Rose Chéri—*C'est toujours la même note.*

By the way, and *pour mémoire*, the son and heir of the Comtesse de Sennecey, is personated by a tiny fellow of the name of Edmond, who is, without any exception, the merriest, archest, and cleverest little chap I ever saw on any stage. He seems a general favourite both before and behind the curtain, and I don't wonder at it.

Most of the theatres are looking up, notwithstanding the elections. I was at the Opéra Comique last night, and had as much difficulty in getting a place as in the palmy days of "Les Mousquetaires de la Reine;" and yet, if ever there was a stupid opera, both as regards music and plot, it is "Il Signor Pascarello." Three long, dreary acts, only lightened by some couplets sung by Mocker, and a grand air marvellously *vocalisé* by Louise Lavoye, attired as a fountain-nymph. Look to your laurels, Madame Damoreau!

Dear old Vaudeville! once more thou art about to open thy doors, and this time under better auspices than thou hast known for many a long year. Now may'st thou sing,

> Ah ! de ce jour c'est une autre existence,
> Vive et nouvelle, qui pour moi commence !

Nay, perhaps, ere these lines find their way into print, the curtain may have risen upon thy opening prologue, of which I already know enough to augur its success. Then will appear in turn all the ancient triumphs of the Rue de Chartres, Madame Albert as *Madame Grégoire*, Madame Thénard as *Marie Mignot*, Mademoiselle Caroline Bader as *Fanchon la Vieilleuse*, Mademoiselle Potel, clever little Pauline Potel, as *Cendrillon*, and then—shades of Barré, Radet, and Desfontaines, exult at the welcome tidings!—Madame Doche as *Kettly*.

Yes, here at least, in spite of the Republic, *la Montagne*, trees of liberty and the Icarian M. Cabet himself,

> The *Queen* shall have her own again!

Paris, Sept. 21, 1848.

P.S. More work for Hymen! M. Charles Ponchard, son of *the* Ponchard, to Mademoiselle Cecile *Pijon* d'Halbert. Coo away, my pretty doves!

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ENGLISH MONTE CHRISTO.*

IMAGINE an English nobleman as rich as Monte Christo and like the possessor of the treasures of the Borgias, the mysterious diver into the secrets of other persons, but unlike Monte Christo using his wealth and power for the purposes of beneficence and happiness instead of a criminal and inflexible revenge; and you have before you Lord Saxondale—the idealisation, apparently, of a well-known living nobleman, to whom Mr. Sydney Whiting addresses his work of fiction.

The scene opens at Blackfriars Bridge on a murky dark night, where two men, paid by Lord Saxondale, perpetually wait, like pelicans for their prey, to rescue misfortune from self-destruction. Upon this occasion the heart-broken wife of a drunkard is saved. It was not from penury or from ill-treatment that this woman sought to put an impious end to her life, but because drink had made her husband callous, as well as rude, idle, and poor, and her "affection" was no longer returned.

Suddenly the scene shifts to a club-house. "Wonderful places," says Mr. Sydney Whiting, "are the clubs of London—wonderful for their magnificence—wonderful for the different order of beings they bring together, and wonderful for changing luxuries into necessaries." Here we are introduced to Sir Denis Lionel, a rich, intellectual, handsome, and fashionable *roué*, and to his friend Mr. Hamilton Smyth—a toady *littérateur*, servile to the rich and the powerful, a bully to his equals and inferiors. Yet, notwithstanding all this man's vices and meanness, he had at home a wife who would have loved him had she dared, but who having been married for money and the money being gone, all her advances towards affection were now repulsed with loathing on the part of the worthy *littérateur*.

The next scene is with the English Monte Christo himself, insisting upon Sir Denis Lionel bringing a ridiculous misunderstanding with his bosom friend Cecil Loveton—Lord Saxondale's son—to the issue of a duel, to teach the said son to shun disputes. The arrangements, however, by which no harm was to result—of a rather complicated character—were frustrated by Mr. Hamilton Smyth's not giving Sir Denis the loaded pistol, which he intended to fire into the air, but passing it over to Cecil, who imagining, from words to that effect dropped by Sir Denis, that he (Sir Denis) had the unloaded pistol, fired at his friend, and wounded him almost mortally.

Sir Denis is attended on his sick-bed not only by grieving friendship, but also by the most ardent and affectionate nature depicted in the person of Lucy Stapleton, an extraordinarily beautiful young woman, but dark—"a Creole," Mr. Sydney Whiting terms her rather ungallantly—and whose passionate fervour had cloyed the heart of the young fashionable, which long yearning for love of a more timid and retiring description, had but lately met with the ideal of such an affection in the person of Mary Ingleby.

Next we have Stephen Gray, a poor author, whom Lord Saxondale tempts under the assumed character of a publisher, but in vain, to write "a modern novel" full of "intrigues, seductions, and adulteries, but

* Affection: its Flowers and Fruits. A Tale of the Times. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

so garnished with morality, that the reader may conceive that he is being lectured instead of his sensual tastes being pandered to," and afterwards rewards most bountifully for his firmness of principle in refusing to prostitute his pen to the purposes of the suppositious Satanic publisher. Stephen Gray, in the poetry of his young heart loves, it may be here mentioned, the beautiful, the good, and the virtuous Mary Ingleby—the parson's daughter of Suniton—who has also, unknown to himself, loved him since his boyhood, while by some strange mistake made upon inquiring in a public place the name of his love, Stephen Gray had been led into the unfortunate error of believing that Mary Ingleby was Lucy Stapleton.

As time wore on, Sir Denis Lionel recovered from the effects of his wound, and was enabled once more to mingle in society. Lucy Stapleton follows him to a *bal masqué* at "Stanfield House," where she disturbs a very philosophic *tête-à-tête* with Mary Ingleby, but being discovered by her inconstant lover, with a phial of prussic acid in her possession, as he deems, for the destruction of her rival, but as it really turned out for her own miserable self, a scene of violent recrimination ensues, the beautiful, too confiding, too ardent, Creole, is discarded for ever from his bosom, and she becomes a lunatic—and by Lord Saxondale's mysterious agency, attended upon and soothed and comforted and ultimately cured, by the more than sisterly kindness of Mary Ingleby.

A severe trial, however, awaited Mary in this "sister of charity" office, for she is shown the love letters of Stephen Gray, and which, intended for her, have been directed to Miss Stapleton—a mistake which is naturally not cleared up till a happy conclusion is brought about through Lord Saxondale's agency. A scene in which the aforesaid noble agent of good, makes a rich but nefarious uncle of Stephen's, a Mr. Cincinnatus Tibbs, disgorge a part of his ill-gotten wealth, in favour of his neglected nephew, by threatening disclosures of an infamous character, is at once forcibly and amusingly told.

The progress of that portion of the story which more particularly refers to the main characters, has, it is to be observed, to be frequently interrupted to introduce sketches of life, in which the English Monte-Christo ever enacts the same part of the mysterious rewarder of virtue and the punisher of vice. One of the most remarkable incidents of this kind is associated with the person of Mr. Hamilton Smyth, who, wishing to dispose of his wife in favour of a certain Sir John Fungus, his abominable prospects are frustrated by Lord Saxondale, who brings about a divorce between the parties, only to have the pleasure of informing Mr. Smyth a few days afterwards, that his repudiated partner has just fallen into the enjoyment of a large fortune!

Another by-plot is occupied with the loves of Cecil Loveton and of Annie Leslie, a vivacious and pretty performer of genteel comedy, but of unblemished reputation; and the honourable progress and conclusion of the said loves is more consonant with poetical justice, than satisfactory as an example. Behind the scenes, where our young heroes, Sir Denis Lionel, Cecil Loveton, and their mutual friend Captain Sinclair, spend no small portion of their time, we are also introduced to a Major Sangley, a ruffianly duellist, who lives by intriguing, gambling, bullying, and fighting! Sir Denis Lionel only prevents Cecil being victimised into fighting with the scoundrel, by bearding him in his own den, taxing

him with villany and crime, and with full exposure if he did not at once leave the country; and this was only accomplished at the imminent risk of his life.

Another episode, the least pleasing in the book, is that of the blazé young Marquis of Longlands, who is introduced reading a whole budget of *billets-doux* while lounging at his breakfast, attended upon by two ridiculous characters, a finical French valet and an impudent young tiger, and who, after proposing for, and being rejected the same morning by Lady Stanfield's daughter, who prefers our gallant friend Captain Sinclair, is led through the agency of the English Monte Christo to scenes of squalor and poverty, such as are only to be met with in vast cities, where rank and rags confront and jostle one another, and where the discovery of a lost child is made to arouse a sense of justice due to a certain Ellen, woo'ed, won, and deceived by the marquis as the simple commoner, Walter Herbert.

Lord Saxondale has an efficient minister in his works of beneficence, in a certain Mr. Alfred Crouch, an old man in black—lame—and with a stooping figure, always grumbling, but always working steadfastly and with almost super-human skill in his noble master's cause. By means of Crouch, Morley the drunkard is reclaimed, and, when thoroughly cured, his wife is restored to him, and this is the most truly affecting incident in all the scenes of the English Monte Christo's enactment.

In the working out of the objects ultimately proposed to himself, Lord Saxondale has to inflict upon Stephen Gray the temporary pain of being made acquainted with Lucy Stapleton's real position, and of her love for another; and at the same time to satisfy Sir Denis Lionel that Mary Ingleby's affections are also given to the fortunate young author. This drives Sir Denis from the country, and while taking refuge from his miseries in Lisbon, he is tracked out, and would have been murdered by the revengeful Major Sangley but for Mr. Crouch, who employs a brother of Lucy Stapleton's to act as a spy upon the civilised bandit, and who is thus enabled to prevent the consummation of the intended crime; that, too, at a moment when Sir Denis had, through the same inexhaustible labours in the cause of justice—the beneficent toiling of the English Monte Christo—been made aware of the real intentions of Lucy, when detected with poison in her possession; of the same young creature's having been won by Mary Ingleby from the passionate ardour of the "Creole" to the milder tenderness of a woman's trained affections; and had been thus brought over to the performance of a last act of justice long due to that suffering and devoted woman.

It is pleasanter in a case like this to give an idea of a work than to waste time and space in vain and uninteresting criticism. Every one will form to themselves a different opinion as to the probability of the characters or events, the justice of the conclusions arrived at, and the *vraisemblance* of the means by which these are attained. As an attempt to show in opposition to the popular decrying school, that the great and the wealthy may be virtuous and benevolent, it is a decided failure, for it grants more than human powers to the nobleman, whom we have designated as the "English Monte Christo;" but as simply a work of fiction, representing to us how happy events may be imaginarily brought about by well-spent money and a most lively benevolence of purpose, the work is most decidedly creditable on the score of novelty, descriptive power, and unflagging amusement.

BEAUCHAMP; OR, THE ERROR.*

WHAT reader of the *New Monthly Magazine* has not followed the fortunes of the ill-fated Henry Beauchamp with the liveliest interest and anxiety? The fatal error of his youth clinging to him with the pertinacity of a gnome, in the shape of a female persecuting fiend! How fearful the catastrophe to which her unmitigated malignity leads her; but which at the same time sets Henry free from the most miserable of ties! Ned Hayward is one of those fine characters, faithful and courageous, which Mr. James is so particularly felicitous in delineating; indeed that gentleman has seldom succeeded in placing upon the stage a group of characters more clearly defined one from another, and yet working more admirably together. His old manor-houses, his way-side inns, his tit-bits of rural scenery, and even his interiors, are, also, all sketched off in his happiest vein, and it is not because this admirable novel first appeared in the pages of the *New Monthly Magazine* that we say it is one of his best, but because it is the general opinion of all who have read the latest of Mr. James's works.

THE SCOTTISH CHURCH.†

THE object which his grace, the Duke of Argyll, had in view in publishing this well-digested tome, so modestly designated an "essay," was to give a comprehensive sketch of the principles and tendencies of the Scottish reformation, to distinguish those which are primary and essential from those which, being the growth of accidental circumstances, are local in their origin, and as local in their meaning; and especially to point out the value of the former in the existing controversies of the Christian church.

This was a noble task to undertake, and it fills the heart with gladness to think in how different a spirit that task has been undertaken to what would have actuated the noble duke's ancestor, Duncan, first Baron Campbell, or have influenced parties in the by-gone days of a persecuting church and of stern unyielding Covenanters.

The noble lord speaks with a moderation and good sense upon the subject, that rivets, at once, both the reader's attention and his confidence, and we cannot but hope—it may be said in a somewhat latitudinarian spirit, but which we cannot help thinking is a Christian one—that this work will assist in the great cause of overthrowing prejudices. We are certain that both from its own great merits, the labour that has been bestowed on the work, and its moderate and sensible tone, as well as the quarter from whence it emanates, that it will meet with a most favourable reception.

DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS.‡

THE principal points of historical importance in the third volume of this delightful, gossiping publication, relate to the Plague and the Fire, and the more amusing passages are those relating to Mrs. Knipp, the actress, and to the courtship and marriage of Sir George Carteret's son and the daughter of the Earl of Sandwich. When we add that the *new* matter fills nearly half the volume, some idea will be formed of the superiority of this edition to the old and now obsolete one.

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* Beauchamp; or, the Error. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. Smith and Elder.

† Presbytery Examined; an Essay, Critical and Historical, on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Reformation. By the Duke of Argyll. Edward Moxon.

‡ Diary of Samuel Pepys. Edited by Lord Braybrooke. Vol. III. Henry Colburn.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AN ADVENTURE ON A WEDDING TOUR.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

There is a rapid stream, passing, indeed, for a river in Wales, which finds its source in a hollow amid the dreary mountain moors above Tregaron, and in its descent to the sea forms the boundary for many miles between Cardiganshire on one side, and Carmarthenshire and Pembroke on the other.

This stream, or river, is called the Teifi.

It has been celebrated in song, from the days of Cadwallon to our own, for the romantic beauty of its shores—and it also boasts a celebrity of a more substantial nature, the excellent trout and salmon, the finest in the principality, which are caught in its waters. The angler who throws his fly in the favoured haunts above Lampeter,—the privileged fishermen of the weir at Cilgerran, or those who glide in light coracles beneath the shadow of the dark woods which in so many places overhang the stream, know full well the value of the produce of the Teifi, and rate their spoil accordingly. Royalty even has testified to the excellence of the Teifi salmon, for when the "sick epicure," George IV., passed through South Wales, he acknowledged it had given him a new sensation, and that none other was comparable to it.

It might have been for the purpose of eating salmon only—for gastronomers, like lovers, little heed the space which separates them from the object of their desires,—or for the simple purpose of enjoying some of the finest scenery in South Wales,—or, possibly, for both these reasons combined, that two travellers, a lady and a gentleman, directed their steps, in the early part of last summer, towards the course of this picturesque and pleasant river. We will not separate the fish from the waters in which they floated, and say that the gentleman solely admired the one and the lady the other, for the former had taste as well as a good appetite, and his fair companion was not so exclusive an admirer of the beauties of nature as to slight the creature-comforts which are usually rendered doubly welcome by the fatigues of travel. At the risk, then, of repetition, we may say, that the fame of the Teifi, in its most extended sense, had lured them, on this, their wedding tour, to cross the bare Carmarthen hills, and leave behind them the lovely vale of Towy, with all its countless beauties and enduring poetical associations.

The picturesque character of Welsh scenery is a fact universally acknowledged, but there is nothing picturesque in the Welsh towns. For the most part they possess a ruined castle, but nothing beyond that to induce the traveller to linger long;—one or two inns, a bank, a market-house, a town-hall—the houses of half-a-dozen solicitors and medical men, whose callings are emblazoned on the brass plates which decorate their doors, form the principal edifices that meet his eye—the rest are a mere heap of whitewashed cottages, mean in appearance, and not too pleasant on a closer inspection.

Sights such as these are soon disposed of, and the newly-wedded couple of whom we have spoken—we may as well give them their names —Captain and Mrs. Howard—were more impatient to pursue their journey than loiter in Carmarthen, in spite of its being, as the Reverend Emilius Nicholson says, "one of the most polite towns in Wales." They travelled leisurely with their own light equipage, and it is the pleasantest way of travelling, especially in Wales, where the public conveyances are not of the first order—at least, those that cross the country. To all appearance, the four-in-hand mail-coach, which drew up in front of the Ivy Bush at Carmarthen, as Captain and Mrs. Howard were preparing to start, was a most orthodox and legitimate turn-out; but whoever trusted himself to the care of John Watkins, the driver, a merciful man to his beasts in one sense of the word, inasmuch as he rarely urged them beyond four miles an hour, would discover, at the close of a long summer's day, that in journeying from Carmarthen to Cardigan he had only accomplished a distance of thirty miles—a most humiliating fact to a traveller of any spirit. There were several reasons for this slowness of motion, the principal of which were the heaviness of the road across the hills, the enormous weight the horses had to drag, the roof of the coach as well as the inside being invariably crowded with sputtering red-faced natives, in light blue short-tailed coats, and plated silver buttons; but the chief cause was the extreme unwillingness of the aforesaid John Watkins to take leave of the roadside alehouses which, few and far between, it is true, were scattered on his way. It must, at the same time, be confessed, that the generality of the passengers of the "Pride of the Moun*tain*," (as the coach was called, with a strong accent on the last syllable), were quite as fond of *Crw dda* as the Cambrian Jehu himself, and quite as willing as he to postpone business to pleasure.

While his own horses were being put-to, Captain Howard was a good deal amused in watching the movements of the incongruous load of the Pride of the Mountain, but without entertaining any desire to form one of the party. Glowing with heat and—(as it seemed to him, in his ignorance of the uncouth language of the principality)—boiling over with passion, the choleric mountaineers rent and tore and clambered and gesticulated like beings possessed, until they had fought their way into their seats on the roof, when their rage seemed suddenly to subside; and they all began to talk together with so much vehemence, that had he even been a perfect master of the Welsh tongue, he must have owned himself at fault in his attempt to discover the subject of their conversation. It would scarcely have been more difficult to have tried to interpret the cawing of a whole rookery, or the screaming of a cloud of puffins and cormorants when they rise before the fowler's gun, so he gave up the vain endeavour.

The Pride of the Mountain was at length ready to start, the last Welshman had climbed to his place, John Watkins had taken his seat, the reins were gathered up in his left-hand, and the whip in his right was circling with an ominous flourish, when another claimant appeared to share the vicissitudes of the journey. He spoke English—after a fashion—and in a loud voice, as he came panting and puffing up the street, called upon the coach to stop.

"Mr. *Wat*-kins—Mr. *Wat*-kins! My heart to good-*ness!*—Mr. *Wat*-kins!—I am com-*ing*—I am com-*ing!*"

And, as rapidly as a man could come who, besides being very stout and fat, was laden with a portmanteau, a heavy boat-cloak, and a large umbrella, the individual in question laboured up the ascent, his progress not being very greatly assisted by the manner in which the street was pitched, not paved.

There was a general burst of laughter when he came in sight of the passengers, who greeted him one and all by the name of Thom*as* Ev*ans*—the greater number of themselves bearing the same patronymic,—and even Mr. Watkins himself, who had at first been annoyed at the interruption, increased the breadth of his broad features by a wide grin. To find a place for the new-comer and his baggage was one difficulty,—the next was how to mount him, for climbing, with his figure, was out of the question. However, the expedient of a house-ladder, obligingly furnished by the vociferous host of the Ivy Bush, who stood at the door of his inn taking great interest in the proceedings, enabled the ponderous traveller to reach his destination, though not without his giving utterance to many misgivings as to his safety in trying to do so.

"My heart to good-*ness*," exclaimed Mr. Evans, "that ladder will never bear me. I weigh twenty stone,—yes, indeed!—ah! take care, my heart, how it shakes! Give me your hand, Davyd Thomas. Ah,—thank the Lord for his mercy—here I am at last."

So saying, he plumped down in the midst of the group who crowned the Pride of the Mountain, and by dint of his specific gravity, got tightly wedged into the middle of this human mass; his portmanteau was hurled after him, and found a lodgment somewhere; his umbrella and boat-cloak followed, the latter opening out in its descent, and covering the passengers like a huge sail,—and these feats performed, John Watkins was suffered to proceed on his journey.

About a quarter of an hour afterwards, Captain and Mrs. Howard, who had shared in her husband's amusement, bade farewell to mine host of the Ivy Bush, and proceeded in the same direction. At the first village, which was barely half a mile distant, they came up with the Pride of the Mountain; like a sinking vessel, she had been deserted by all her crew, the whole of the passengers—not excepting stout Thomas Evans,—having taken refuge in the little inn which bore the name of "The Cross Foxes,"—the animals thus described being depicted on the dusky sign-board of a very fiery hue, or as a herald would say,—sable, two foxes in saltire, gules.

Captain Howard drove quickly past this attractive establishment, not unperceived, however, of the topers within, who shouted a God speed after him as he hurried by, the loud tones of Thomas Evans being distinguishable above the rest as he cried out at the top of his voice, "I wish you a very plea-*sant jour*-ney!" Half an hour later, when he reached the top of the hill above New Church, he turned his head and saw that the Pride of the Mountain was still a fixture opposite the Cross Foxes.

The drive across the Carmarthen mountain offers little to charm the tourist;—the inequalities of the road are frequent till you reach Cwingwith, where you commence a long and steep ascent, which leads to a wide barren moor extending on either hand as far as the eye can reach. But though the way was toilsome, there was no tedium in the journey to our travellers. Enough for them that the sun shone bright above their heads, that the breeze blew fresh across the mountain laden with the perfume of the gorse and the heath-bell;—they were lovers still, and saw

the world reflected in each other's eyes. It was at no rapid rate that they pursued their way, and the day was well advanced when they came in sight of the pretty village of Newcastle Emlyn in the sheltered valley of the Teifi. Here they paused for a few hours, not only to rest their horses, but to explore the neighbourhood on foot, visiting the ruins of the castle, with its finely-arched gateway, and watching with pleased surprise the tortuous course of the wilful river, which here abruptly shifts its original direction, turns back upon itself, and after running parallel with its former stream, takes a wide sweep round the base of the castle, thus encircling it with a natural moat, and then, as if chafed with the delay occasioned by this circuitous course, rages and foams over its rocky bed and disappears beneath the ivy-covered arches of the old gray bridge.

At the little inn, called "The Salutation," a pleasant name, savouring of scriptural welcome and hospitality, they tested the merits of the fish, in whose praise we have already spoken. From the windows of their apartment, which almost overhung the stream, they saw the salmon captured which twenty minutes afterwards smoked upon the table before them; they also witnessed the arrival and departure of their old friend the Pride of the Mountain, which Captain Howard began to think had fairly foundered on the road; but no,—there it was again with its roof still crowded as before, the only difference being, that the passengers were a trifle dustier, rather redder in the face, and, if possible, a thought thirstier than when he last saw them.

As on the former occasion, this caravan of topers preceded Captain Howard, but whether it was owing to a better road, or whether John Watkins deemed it expedient to waste a little more whipcord than usual in order to make up for lost time, he did not again overtake the Pride of the Mountain. Had he known that the Assizes were being held just then at Cardigan, and that the majority of the red-faced passengers were witnesses on an important trial which was to take place next day, and who probably would monopolise whatever rooms still remained vacant at the inns in the town, he would either have remained for the night at Newcastle Emlyn or not have loitered so long at the salmon-leap below the old bridge of Cenarth.

As it was, Captain and Mrs. Howard enjoyed their evening drive by the banks of the Teifi, untroubled by any disagreeable anticipation of the want of accommodation in the county town to which they were going; nor, though the moon had risen before they reached Llech-rhydd, and shed a flood of silver light over the woods of Coed-mawr and the ruined towers of Cilgerran, did they materially hasten their pace. It was night, therefore, when they drove up the principal street of Cardigan and stopped at the door of the hotel to which they had been recommended.

But the recommendation was not of much service for, let the good-will of the proprietor have been what it might, it was utterly out of his power to afford them any accommodation, every room being engaged from the ground-floor to the garrets, and some of these had more than two occupants. The lawyers had become "ceized" of all the best apartments, and the inferior ones had been eagerly caught up by those whom the business of the Assizes had brought to the town. The landlord explained this state of things with many expressions of regret; he feared, moreover, that the travellers would scarcely meet with better luck elsewhere,—"and, indeed," he added, "there is only one more house in Cardigan to which I can direct a lady and gentle*mans*."

Then turning to his helpmate, who stood at his elbow, and who, doubtless, with an eye to the picturesque, wore a man's hat over her night-cap, he addressed some words in his native language, to which he received a very voluble and shrill reply, which threw no light on the state of the case until the landlord offered a translation.

"Ah,—yes," said he, "my wife, Mis-*tress* Griffith Jen-*kins*, is firmly per-*suaded* that you will not find any accommo-*dation* this night; however, you can but try, you know,—here, you Ow*en* Willi*ams*," calling to a shock-headed boy, who made his appearance from the stable, "go with the gentle*mans* and show the way to Mr. Ev*ans's*, the Golden Harp, in Water Street—that is the only chance."

Under the pilotage of this youth, who was guiltless of all knowledge of English, a fact which Captain Howard was speedily informed by the reply of "Dim Saesnig" to the first question put to him, the travellers threaded the narrow streets of Cardigan till they arrived in front of the Golden Harp, where, to judge by the noise inside, there were guests in plenty, and apparently disposed to make a night of it.

A loud summons, appealing to the name of Evans, brought out a second landlord, in whom Captain Howard was surprised to recognise the stout passenger who had so narrowly missed the Pride of the Mountain in the morning. He appeared no less jovial now that his foot was on his native-doorstep, and saluted the travellers with a serio-comic expression, in which regret seemed to struggle with the wish to welcome.

"Ah,—my heart to good*ness*, is it you, sir, and the lady? Well,—well,—to think of this, and not a bed in the house to spare, as I am a Christi*an* man!"

"This is very unlucky," returned Captain Howard,—"are you sure you are quite full. Perhaps, as you have not long arrived yourself, you may have been misinformed. This lady, as you see, is very tired after a long day's journey, and it would be a hard thing to have to go back to —what's the name of the place—Newcastle, at this hour of the night; and yet that seems the only choice for us, unless you can take us in, for the other house is filled to overflowing."

"My heart to good*ness!*" again exclaimed the host; "Mis-*tress* Ev*ans* would give you up her own room if she had it, rather than that,—but it is full already, and we must sleep in the bar ourselves the best way we can; ah, sir,—you are an officer, I think?"—(Captain Howard bowed affirmatively),—"I am very fond of the milit*ary*, it was only the other day a smart Capt*ain* came here, and lodged in this very house,—poor man, he had the best bed-room, but ——"

At this point of his speech he was interrupted by a sharp dig in the ribs from the elbow of a sturdy woman, who had silently come to the door during the discussion. Like her townswoman, Mrs. Jenkins, this lady had also completed her toilet with a man's hat, and those who are partial to this kind of costume, and have a predilection for square faces and squat figures might pronounce her handsome.

The bulk of Mr. Evans did not render him insensible to the nature of the hint administered by his spouse, and whatever he was going to say remained suspended.

"I beg your pardon, gentlefolks," said Mrs. Evans; "but my husb*and's* brains is gone 'ool-gathering to-night, I think, instead of keeping the poor leddy waiting in the street talking about smart

Captains,—not half so smart as the gentleman*s* sitting beside her,—you had better have recollected that the officer *went away* this morning; yes," she repeated, with a frown, in reply to her husband's broad stare, "he *went away* this very morning,—and I'm pretty sure," she muttered, in an under-tone, "he'll never come back,—however, there's the room, and quite at your service, gentlefolks, if you can only wait till Peggy and myself have put it a bit to rights; perhaps, the leddy and gentlemans will step into the bar till then."

Glad to be received on any terms, Mrs. Howard left the carriage, Mrs. Evans took charge of a *sac de nuit* and dressing-case, and Captain Howard, having ascertained that there was stabling unoccupied, went round to see his horses properly put up. In his absence the host seemed disposed to make himself as agreeable as he could to the lady in the bar, and was proceeding to entertain her with some choice observations on the beauties of his native country—a theme a Welshman seldom tires of,—when the voice of the partner of his joys was heard calling to him in no very measured accents. He disappeared with an agility that was surprising in so stout a man, and which we can explain less easily by physical than by moral phenomena. From the noise overhead which almost immediately ensued, Mrs. Howard was inclined to imagine that he had been summoned to separate two combatants, the fighting propensities of the Welsh being more than usually developed when under the influence of *crw dda*. There was certainly a great deal of striving, and tugging, and scuffling along the floor, and a heavy thump every now and then seemed either to indicate a fray, or that some very obstinate person was causing trouble upstairs. Mrs. Howard felt uncomfortable at the thought of passing the night in such a noisy place, but the reappearance of her husband soon afterwards dispelled all sense of fear, though she could not help telling him what she had heard, adding—

"I am afraid, Charles, we have got into rather a turbulent inn."

"These Welsh fellows, my love," replied Captain Howard, "are a noisy set at all times, we had a proof of that on the road to-day; but when they get a little ale into their heads, they beat all I ever heard. It is to be hoped they'll soon tire themselves out, and then they'll sleep the sounder for their exertions."

"I am so sorry, dear, you were obliged to go to the stables yourself," said the lady.

"It was just as well I did," returned her husband, "for I am afraid, Isabel, that your favourites would have fared but badly if I had not been by. I found the place readily enough, and the door, luckily for me, was open, but the ostler, whom I discovered with one of the carriage lamps, was dead drunk in one of the stalls, so I had to drag him out into a rather less agreeable corner, while I littered down the gray in his place, and put up the brown horse in the stall beside him. The corn-bin was open, and the rack full of hay, so they're cared for at any rate. As to the carriage, they don't own such a thing as a coach-house, so that it will have to stand in the open air all night; one comfort is that it's fine."

At the close of this colloquy, Mr. and Mrs. Evans came back to the bar together; the host puffed and panted as usual, and the black eyes of the hostess gleamed, and her cheeks flushed as if she too had had her share in the exercise above stairs, but neither of them said a word on the subject.

'I dare say you are tired, my leddy," said Mrs. Evans, "but no doubt

you would like to take some supper before you go to bed. What would you wish to have ?"

"Oh," replied Mrs. Howard—"a very little—anything will do for me—a little tea is all I care for."

"I confess," said Captain Howard, "that I should like something more substantial. What have you got ?"

"Why, the gentlemens upstairs have eaten up almost every thing in the house—but the leddy can have some tea, and you, sir, I dare say, can make your supper off a beautiful bit of roof-beef. To-morrow morning we shall have plenty again, but to-night, as Heaven shall save me, there is nothing else."

"My heart to good*ness*," interposed Mr. Evans, "to think that there is nothing but roof-beef."

"I dare say it is very good," said Howard, who was a capital traveller and always took things as he found them, "let us have it as soon as you can, for I'm half famished."

Mr. and Mrs. Evans both bestirred themselves, and though they had many calls upon their attention, the demand for ale and pipes, in an adjoining parlour being immense, soon placed the promised articles on the table, the roof-beef being attended by a large dish of boiled cabbage. It is a very necessary accompaniment, as all will admit who have tasted the hard, smoky, indigestible preparation which forms a staple article of cottage fare in Wales, and is the substitute for the English farmer's bacon.

Appetite gave Captain Howard courage, and he ate what was set before him with as much relish as if he had been dining on one of Soyer's most *recherché* dishes.

During this *divertissement* the sounds of revelry began to wax fainter in the parlour, the calls for *crw dda* were less frequent, the pipes were gradually put out and when, at length, Captain and Mrs. Howard were shown to their apartment and received their hostess's benison in the shape of that unpronounceable word which means "good-night" in Welsh, the house was comparatively still.

It was a large, gloomy room, and had a close, faint smell, which made Mrs. Howard long for the fresh air of the hills over which they had that day travelled, and even wish to be back amongst them, but as this might not be, she contented herself with throwing open the windows, a thing often neglected in the country, and evidently rarely practised at the Golden Harp.

After a farewell look at the brilliant moon which had lighted them on the last part of their way, Howard and his young wife retired to rest, and, thanks to the fatigue of a long day's journey, were soon fast asleep.

Mrs. Howard's slumbers were not, however, destined to be so sound as those of her husband. She could barely have slept two hours, when she awoke under the influence of a very uncomfortable sensation. It was not the result of any dream, as far as she could judge of her impressions, but arose from a kind of terror which appeared suddenly to have seized her, the more distressing as it was perfectly undefinable. She sat up in the bed and looked around her ;—the rushlight was still burning, and cast a broad, fantastic shadow on the opposite wall ; her husband's deep breathing assured her that he slept soundly, and although she felt the strongest inclination to wake him and be cheered by the sound of his voice, she made a strong effort and vanquished the selfish desire.

Once more she laid her head on her pillow, and by dint of strenuously

fixing her thoughts on some happy recollection of early days, she gradually became more composed, and the mysterious sense of evil began to fade.

A few moments more and she might have slept again, when a quick, pattering noise, which made her shiver, came sweeping across the room. She listened, but all was quiet for some minutes; at length she heard the noise repeated; it seemed to come from behind the bed, and was like the vibration of a bell-wire without any tingling sound. As long as the object of her dread was the intangible phantasm which so frequently comes to cloud the mind, we know not how or wherefore, Mrs. Howard was no more courageous than the generality of her sex; but where there must needs be a visible agency to produce a particular effect, she no longer felt any thing in the shape of fear.

"I must see what this is," she said to herself, "it is absurd to be alarmed about such a trifle as a jarring bell-wire. I dare say I must have had a nightmare when I first woke. Thank Heaven, dear Charles has not been disturbed,—he seems *so* tired!"

She again rose noiselessly in the bed, and leaning forward held back the curtain and looked out into the room. Nothing stirred, but she waited and listened till, tired of gazing upon a blank wall, she was on the point of lying down again when once more she heard the same vibration. Believing that a cat might have got under the bed, she shook the curtain, and the result answered her expectations, though the object that had disturbed her was nothing so formidable as a cat. The nocturnal visitor was a mouse which, alarmed by the rustling of the curtain, darted from under the bed, scampered across the room, and disappeared with the speed of light beneath the crevice of a closet-door in the furthest corner.

"A mouse, after all!" said Mrs. Howard, smiling,—"the old proverb verified. Fears like these have generally no greater foundation than mine."

With these words she again, and as she hoped for the last time, endeavoured to settle herself to sleep. The attempt, however, was useless, for the mouse, as if to be revenged on the person who had interfered with its amusement, began with its sharp little teeth to gnaw and scrape inside the closet. Mrs. Howard bore this noise patiently for some time, but at last she could endure it no longer, and getting out of bed she walked gently across the room, and shook the handle of the closet-door. In doing so it appeared to her that something pressed against the door itself, which prevented it from moving freely, and impelled by something stronger even than curiosity, she resolved to see what was inside.

But before she did so, she paused.

"Suppose," she thought, "that some one should be concealed within. I might be murdered, and Charles, too, before any rescue could come. I had better wake him."

She came back to the bed and laid her hand on her husband's shoulder, whispering his name. He turned on the other side, and uttered one or two broken sentences, still fast asleep.

"Charles!" again whispered his wife.

"My heart to good-*ness*," he replied with a strong Welsh accent, dreaming, no doubt, of the landlord of the Golden Harp.

"Dearest, there's something in the closet," she said, in a more impressive tone.

"Roof-beef," ejaculated her husband.

The reply seemed so ridiculous that it made her laugh, and for the moment quieted her apprehensions. She reflected, too, that if any body were inside, the mere attempt on her part to rouse her husband, would most likely have brought the person from his place of concealment. She could not, however, overcome a feeling of anxiety to which impatience was shortly added, for once more the mouse began to gnaw the wood. Again, then, she rose and crossed the room, seized the handle of the door and turned it rapidly. She had no need to pull the door, for the stay being removed it opened of itself, and she had barely time to step aside, when a huge black coffin came lumbering with a tremendous crash on the floor.

The noise and Mrs. Howard's shriek of alarm effectually awoke Captain Howard, who jumped up in bed, rubbing his eyes and staring with astonishment at seeing his wife in her night-dress, pale as a ghost, and gazing fixedly on the floor. In an instant he was by her side, supporting her in his arms, and inquiring into the cause of her fears. She answered by pointing to the coffin.

"How on earth came this thing here?" he said.

"It fell out of the closet when I opened the door. It is dreadfully heavy,—I am sure," she whispered, her teeth chattering all the while, "that there is something inside."

"Oh, nonsense, Isabel," returned her husband,—"that's impossible. Who in the world would think of doing such a thing! I shall put it back in the closet, and then, dearest, we will return to bed."

He stooped down and tried to turn the coffin round, for it had fallen on its face. It was heavier than he thought, and he made a violent effort to place it on its side; in doing so he released the lid, which was not nailed down, and to the unspeakable horror of himself and his wife, out rolled the dead body of a man!

There it lay on the floor, a winding-sheet covering the limbs and the greater part of the body, but the ghastly head exposed, the mouth open, the teeth set, and the eyes unclosed; the corpse of one who had died untended, and been hastily thrust aside—*for the accommodation of travellers!*

"Hurry on your things, dearest," exclaimed Captain Howard, "this is no place for us to stop in any longer. I'll rouse the house though, before I go."

Then hastily dragging a quilt from the bed and throwing it over the dead body, he dressed himself as quickly as he could, interrupting himself only at intervals to ring the bell with all his might.

There was noise enough made to have awakened the seven sleepers, but Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Evans, and their handmaiden, Peggy, slept sounder than those persecuted Christians, and for a very good reason.

They had calculated on the night passing by without any discovery being made of the guest in the closet; he had died suddenly the morning before, and they felt assured would not stir of himself; the thought of a disturbative mouse never entered into their scheme. But they had heard the falling coffin, and all that followed,—were fully alive to the fact that Captain Howard was ringing the bell hard enough to tear it down, and, on that account, they quietly resolved to sleep on and let things take their course.

"My heart to good-*ness*," said Mr. Thomas Evans to his spouse, "the dead officer will not meddle with the living one,—he had much better keep quiet."

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Evans, and so they lay still.

Finding that it was useless to expect any one to appear, Captain Howard came to the resolution of at once leaving the defunct tenant in possession of the chamber, and making the best of his way not only out of the Golden Harp, but the town of Cardigan into the bargain. Had he known the intricacies of the house he would assuredly have roused Mr. and Mrs. Evans (who, by-the-by, had selected for their sleeping apartment some remoter place than the bar), but as his knowledge of the mansion was limited to the way to the street-door, he proceeded down stairs, carrying the *sac de nuit* and dressing-case, and followed by his pale and trembling wife.

The morning was just breaking when they got into the street, and Captain Howard led the way to the carriage, which was standing where he had left it the night before. He placed his wife inside, disposed of their light baggage, and then proceeded to the stable. The ostler was still lying in the corner, in the same drunken lethargy in which Captain Howard found him. To awaken him was a fruitless endeavour, so, as he had been his own groom on his arrival, he performed the same office on his departure.

A quarter of an hour sufficed for this purpose, and then, without a word of adieu, which indeed would have been thrown away, as there was not a human being visible, he said one or two cheering words to Mrs. Howard, and giving his horses their heads set off at a brisk trot in the direction of Aberystwith.

* * * * *

There is only one thing more to add to this *perfectly true* story, which is this :—

Early on the following morning, as Captain and Mrs. Howard were seated at *breakfast* at the Marine Hotel, at Aberyswith, a stranger was announced. On being shown in, a wild, staring Welshman presented himself.

"You are the gentlemans," said he, "who stopped at Mrs. Evans's at the Gold*en* Harp, in Cardig*an*?"

"I am," replied Captain Howard; "and, pray, who are you?"

"I am a purpose messenger," replied the stranger, "and my name is Davvyd Jones!"

"Indeed!" returned Howard,—"and what may you happen to want with me?"

"I have come, sir, from Mrs. Evans; she has sent you her little bill for supper and a night's lodging, with food and fodder for your horses. I have come all the way myself on foot, sir,—forty miles, I assure you,—to bring the money to her. Yes, indeed, sir."

"Well, Davy Jones," replied Captain Howard, "if Mrs. Evans is so very anxious for the amount of her bill, tell her when you see her that *she may go to your namesake and ask him for it.* That will do,—you need not stay any longer. Here, waiter, show this fellow out; and, harkee,—here are a couple of sovereigns, desire the landlord to divide them amongst some of the most deserving of the poor people in this place. That is the way, Mr. David Jones, that I pay for a night's lodging when there happens to be a dead body in the room."

We never heard that Mrs. Evans made a second application for her bill; nor did Captain Howard content himself again with a bed-room in Wales without first looking into the closet.

THE SECRET PLAN OF THE JESUITS.*

THE Abbate Leone, according to all accounts, a respectable and trustworthy person, was induced, at the age of nineteen, when pursuing his studies for the church, to join the Jesuits through the exhortations of a certain curé, by name Luigi Vercelli. His appointment was obtained through Father Roothaan, rector of a College of the Society of Jesus at Turin, and he repaired, under the same guidance, to Cheiri, there to lay, in the novitiate, "the solid foundations of a truly religious and Jesuitical life."

The most profound silence, rarely interrupted even by whispers, reigned in this abode. The "guardian angel," as the father attached to each novice is called, used to close the shutters the more readily to initiate the novice in the austere exercises of Saint Ignatius, and the gloomy mysteries of other Jesuit saints. The probation directs itself in what concerns the novice to the inculcation of piety and obedience, in that which concerns the teacher to acquiring an intimate knowledge of the disposition and character of his pupil. To this effect, confession in a Jesuit College is made to comprise an avowal of every affection of the heart, every sentiment of the mind, and even of dreams.

We have heard and read a great deal of the various means by which blind obedience, the plummet-line always kept in hand by the general of the Jesuits, is brought about, and all earthly affections—all traces of "the old man" are finally absorbed in Jesuitism; but the young abbate tells us how the "grotesque" in religion is also made of avail with minds so constituted as to render such means acceptable, for even the miracles of all sorts with which the heads of the novices are filled are all invented in order to rear upon supernatural bases a structure of absolute and blind obedience.

Father Saetti, knocking at my door one morning, according to his custom, I did not immediately open it. "Why this delay?" he asked me. I replied that I could not open the door sooner. He then reminded me that, in all things, the most prompt obedience was the most perfect; that in obeying God we must make every sacrifice, even that of a moment of time. "One of the brethren," he continued, "was occupied in writing, when some one knocked at his door. He had begun to make an *o*, but he did not stay to finish it. He opened the door, and on returning to his seat, he found the *o* completed, and all in gold! Thus you see how God rewards him who is obedient." I received this story with a burst of laughter, at which he appeared much scandalised. "What!" he exclaimed, with an alarmed face, "do you not believe in miracles?" "Most certainly I do," replied I; "but this one is only fit to tell to old women."

The manner in which the Abbate Leone relates that, pending his probation, he became acquainted with the secret plan of the Jesuits is the most extraordinary feature of his revelations. Too intense application to the subjects of a gloomy devotion, and the utter solitude of the *probatoria*, had broken down his spirits and his health. He asked permission to walk for a few moments in the garden, and his "guardian angel" referred him to the rector. Two days afterwards, tempted by the fine weather, he repaired for that purpose to the rector's apartment, the door of which he found open, although the rector was absent. On one side

* The Jesuit Conspiracy. The Secret Plan of the Order. Detected and Revealed by the Abbate Leone. With a Preface by M. Victor Considérant. Chapman and Hall.

was a small table covered with bottles and glasses, and beyond that a small library, into which the abbate sauntered. Taking a volume from the shelves, he was surprised to find a second row of books behind the first, and still more so on removing one of them, to find a third.

What was my astonishment when this title met my gaze, "Confessions of the Novices!" The side edges of the book were marked with the letters of the alphabet. Could I do less than seek for the initial of my own name? The first pages, written, probably, a few days after my arrival, contained a rough sketch of my character. I was utterly confounded. I recognised my successive confessions, each condensed into a few lines. So clear and accurate was the appreciation given of my temperament, my faculties, my affections, my weakness and my strength, that I saw before my eyes a complete revelation of my own nature. What surprised me above all was the conciseness and energy of the expressions employed to sum up the characteristics of my whole being. The favourite images I found in this depository of outpourings of all sorts from the heart of ingenuous youth, were borrowed from the materials used in building—hard, fragile, malleable, coarse, precious, necessary, accessory; a sort of figurative language which has kept fast hold on my memory.

Not an atom of what the novice had, as a matter of conscience, revealed to his "guardian angel" was omitted in this register. He found his enthusiasm and imagination recommended, but his want of taste for the "grotesque" in religion was put down as showing that he would spoil all, if set to work on the clumsier parts of the Jesuitical edifice. Not only did the disobedient novice examine the secrets of his own conscience, but he also apparently, in all tranquillity, took a peep at another set of volumes, which contained the confessions of strangers, and wherein he found a collection of notes upon persons of every class, of every age, rich men, bachelors, &c. Here again were circumstantial details—propensities, fortune, family, relations, vices and virtues, together with such anecdotes as were calculated to characterise the personages. It is from such a Register of Confessions, that the Jesuit can not only furnish himself in a few hours with the experience acquired by his colleagues, but this artifice endows him with the infallible power of surprising, confounding, and subjugating the penitents who knelt beside him.

The abbate was interrupted in his researches by the sound of footsteps. The rector was returning with a number of Jesuit fathers from conducting the Marquis de Saluces to his carriage, and they now sat down in solemn conclave to discuss the general interests and the plan of action by which the Society was then to be guided. This, it is to be observed, was at a period when the fall of Napoleon, and the restoration of the old crowned heads of Europe, had opened new prospects to the Society. The young abbate, at first perplexed and bewildered at his situation; then terrified in the extreme; so far recovered himself in a very brief space of time as *to sit down at a writing-table and stenograph the proceedings of the Fathers.* The meeting over, he was also so favoured by chance, as to have been able to make his escape unobserved to the chapel, and finally, satisfied with having arrived by a very brief road at the very height of Jesuitical learning and plotting, he lost no time in bringing his probation to a close, by withdrawing himself at once and for ever from the exercises of St. Ignatius.

Taken as a whole, these revelations thus obtained contain little that is new. There is the same tedious and pompous verbiage in which the

Society is ever accustomed to clothe its ambitious designs. Analyse all this carefully, and it resolves itself always into the same leading principles. Piety, perfect obedience, universal sway, unscrupulousness in regard to means. Even if you seek to find some details of how these principles are to be brought to act in individual cases, you still find that all resolves itself into the same bombastic generalities. There are some few exceptions, and of these we will avail ourselves. Take, for example, the views entertained by one of the Jesuits, who, it appears, had toiled in the great cause, in that susceptible field, Ireland.

And now, learn what is the baptism of fire, which, at each confession, I used to pour on the heads of my penitents in Ireland.

"Poor people!" I said to them, "how have they degraded you! they esteem you less than brutes. Look at these great landlords! They revel in wealth, they devour the land, they laugh at you, and in return for the wealth they draw from you they load you with contempt. And yet, if you knew how to count up your strength, you are stronger than they. Measure yourselves with them, man to man, and you will soon see what there is in them. It is nothing but your own stupidity that makes them so powerful."

Such was pretty nearly the substance of all my discourses to them. And when their confession was ended, I added, "Go your ways and do not be downhearted; you are white doves in comparison with those black and filthy crows. Take them out of their luxurious dwellings; strip them of their fine clothes, and you will find that their flesh is not even as good as your own. They do you gross wrong in two ways—they sully your faith and degrade your persons. If you talk of religious rights, the rights on which all others depend, yours come down to you direct from Jesus Christ; as eighteen centuries—and what centuries!—are there to testify for you. But *they!*—who is their father? One Luther, or Calvin, or a brutal Henry VIII. They reckon, at most, three centuries; and these they have dishonoured by numberless crimes, and by the blackest of vices! The Catholics alone are worthy to be free; whilst the heretics, slaves every one of them of Satan, have no rights of any kind. Impious as they are! did they not stigmatise as false the religion of their fathers? a religion which counted more than fifteen centuries. In other words, they declare all their ancestors damned, and believe that they alone are saved."

The same father designates O'Connell by the name of "chosen vessel." So with many other rampant Utopianisms, in which we cannot find so much to blame as many of the antagonists of Jesuitism do. The aim of the Jesuists has always avowedly been to establish a universal theocracy—to win over the heathen—to train a rising generation in submission and obedience, and to undermine and sap the Reformation. To accomplish this they adopt a system which, in its generalities, is not much more exceptionablo than that which is pursued by many temporal authorities in the acquirement and the retention of power—especially in our revolutionary times. The truly objectionable part of the Jesuit system is exactly that which the abbate passes over most tenderly, the enslaving of minds and consciences, the perpetuity of ignorance and bigotry. Another curious thing in the abbate's revelations is, that wherever he makes a point in bringing out a clear and distinct general principle, he always quotes a previous authority to sanction it. Some people might be ill-natured enough to think that the text did not serve more to illustrate the quotation, than the quotation the text.

Be this, however, as it may, the strong point on which the abbate attacks the Jesuits, and the most novel, is their immorality. On this subject he is as unsparing as he is detailed in his revelations. Here is a

parable by which a reverend confessor soothed the conscience of a fair penitent.

"Two fathers had each a son. These youths had a passion for the chase. One of the fathers was severe, the other was mild and indulgent. The former positively forbade his son the enjoyment of his favourite pursuit; the latter, calling his son to him, thus addressed him:—'I see, my son, that it would cost you much to renounce your favourite sport; meanwhile, there is only one condition on which I can allow you to indulge it; namely, that I may have the satisfaction of seeing that your affection and zeal for me increase in proportion to my indulgence.' What followed? The young man to whom the chase had been forbidden, followed it in secret, and at the same time became more and more estranged from his father, until all intercourse was broken off between them; whilst the other redoubled his attentions to his father, and showed him every mark of duty and affection."

If the lady could understand the bearing of this Jesuitical advice, the reader may possibly do the same. It becomes monstrous, however, when we see the text of St. Paul perverted, to attest the right to have a sister-wife, and David quoted as an example of polygamy. The Jesuits consider confession to be the foundation-stone of the Catholic edifice, and confession cannot exist without celibacy—yet celibacy is not a natural state of things. Hence Cardinal Bellarmin said, "For those who have made a vow of continence, it is a greater crime to marry than to give themselves up to incontinence." Jesuits also make a distinction between what they term "a successive and invisible polygamy and an interior and spiritual celibacy." One of the fathers spoke of the "Sisters of Charity" as follows:—

I refer (he says) to the Sisters of Charity! charming women, who owe it to *us* not to forget that "well-ordered charity begins at home." I have visited and been intimate with many of them in different countries. They are very accessible and very confiding; almost all whom I have known have spoken to me of their secret sorrows. I have listened to their complaints against priests and monks,—as if they expected our hearts to be as tender and as ardent as their own! It is my opinion that these are the sort of nuns adapted to our own times. I wish, indeed, it were possible to lighten the yoke of all the rest (*allegerire il giogo dell' altre*), who are condemned unnecessarily and uselessly to see nothing all their lives but one little patch of sky and one little patch of earth; and what is still worse, to remain always shut up together, seeing the same eternal faces without any possibility of removing to another convent, even when such a change appears reasonable. I would have the cloister abolished altogether, so that there might be less difficulty, less ceremony in approaching them. What a spring of cheerfulness for the poor hearts of these maidens! What an opportunity for them to vary, if not their pleasures, at least their griefs! The Sisters of Charity have this advantage.

But we have followed these revelations as far as propriety will permit. We cannot accompany the author into the mysteries of the Hospital of St. Roch, as developed by himself and M. Poujoulat. It is sufficient that we have assisted in giving them publicity to a certain extent, as in duty bound to do, by the ties which attach us to our own church system, and by the imperious necessity that always exists of exposing fraud and immorality, when it assumes the most dangerous of all masks—that of piety and perfection. M. Victor Considérant has lent his name and pen to the abbate's revelations for other purposes—to exhibit in its odious nakedness what he calls "the pseudo-Christianity, the Christianity of the profit-seekers, of Theocracy of Despotism." We may be fairly allowed to doubt if the "true Christianity, the democratic Christianity," which he would exalt in its stead, would be a bit better—we should say rather worse.

CASTLE SCHILDHEISS.*

BY JOHN OXENFORD, ESQ.

I.

HOW THE PRINCESS ADELAIDE WAS SENT TO A CONVENT, AND HOW LONG SHE STOPPED THERE.

It would have been a blessed thing for Bohemia, if the convent at Ratisbon had been less famous, if the abbess had not been so renowned for her piety, and the nuns had not sung so extremely well, for in that case the Emperor of Germany would never have dreamed of sending his daughter there. This same daughter, whom historians call Adelaide, was a little, plump, blond personage, with large fair curls lying close to either cheek, and with a habit of looking out of the corners of her eyes, through very long lashes, which, if not commendable, was considered highly fascinating by the court. If you had wished to choose a personage for a nun, the Princess Adelaide would have been the very last you would have selected; but the convent at Ratisbon was famous, and the emperor was crotchetty,—so to the convent she was sent. Many of the courtiers exchanged knowing glances at each other in the course of this proceeding, as if they foresaw a dreadful failure, but the emperor had a knack of turning his head sharply, and giving a look when it was least expected, so that the gentlemen around him were speedily obliged to reduce their countenances to their habitual wont of expression.

The Princess Adelaide was received by the abbess with the greatest kindness, and was as miserable as possible. In words she thanked the good lady for her friendly attentions, but the corners of her lips seemed to quiver uneasily as she spoke, and her eyes became red and moist in spite of her efforts to smile. She regretted the festivities at her father's palace, she regretted the knights whom she had often seen gazing in admiration upon her, but chiefly she regretted the King of Bohemia, whom she had never seen at all, but of whom she had heard wonders. Indeed, from all we gather respecting the history of that monarch, the wonders she had heard of him were rather greater than those he had actually performed.

Bearing in mind this predilection of the Princess Adelaide for the yet unseen, but highly enamoured King of Bohemia, we do not feel as startled as we otherwise should have been, on hearing that when an ill-looking wight introduced himself into the convent, telling the abbess that he was a messenger from the emperor, but privately informing the princess that he had come from the king, she did not fly into a violent rage, but was rather gratified than otherwise at the intelligence. The wight in question, whose name was Dietwold, and who was the king's tutor, gave her a most ardent epistle from his sovereign, and informed

* This is no translation, but the subject is taken from a German popular story. The last chapter will remind the reader of "Sir Guy the Seeker," in Lewis's ballad.

her that he had made a little arrangement by which she could fly from the convent, and reach in safety the capital of Bohemia, which, as all know, is the city of Prague. The princess blushed deeply; first said "no," and looked "yes," and then said "yes," without looking "no;" and when all the nuns were engaged in vespers, she was on horseback with the artful Dietwold, on her way to the confines of Bohemia. It is said, that Dietwold, as he held her on the horse, pressed his arm rather more tightly round her waist than was absolutely necessary to render her position secure.

The abbess and the nuns soon missed the fugitive, and set up a dismal cry; and the citizens of Ratisbon, moved by the circumstance, placed chains across the streets. These chains were of little avail, from the simple cause that the princess was already out of the city before the nimble Ratisbonians had thought of setting them up.

The nuptials of the Princess Adelaide and Eginhard, King of Bohemia, surpassed all description. There was eating, and drinking, and dancing; and there were tournaments, at which an unprecedented number of ribs were broken—in short, there was all that jovial practical "fun" by which the middle-ages were distinguished. And the happiest man in Bohemia was Dietwold, the king's tutor; for he it was who had planned the felicitous abduction, and who had boldly carried his plan into execution. Had it not been for the suggestions and counsels which he had whispered into the ear of King Eginhard, the princess might have died in her convent, and been canonised into the bargain, and this famous history would never have been written.

II.

SHOWING THE PROMPT MEASURES TAKEN BY THE EMPEROR WHEN HE HEARD OF THE FLIGHT OF THE PRINCESS.

But while all this joviality was going on at Prague, the scene at the emperor's court was vastly different. There was such a talking about family dishonour, and gray hairs going with sorrow to the grave—such a cursing and swearing and uttering of wicked words, that many thought the very d—— was on the imperial throne. Those courtiers who had already by eloquent winks expressed their disbelief in the convent scheme, felt inclined to chuckle at the fulfilment of their silent forebodings, but they smothered their self-complacency, and united their voices into a chorus of wrath, by which the indignant emperor was highly edified.

The good emperor was not a person of mere words, but was one of a those strong-minded men, who have a great objection to standing nonsense. With the smallest possible delay he got together an army of some thirty thousand, and set out for the Bohemian frontier. The Bohemians were not a little alarmed at this prompt mode of proceeding, for their own military department was lamentably deficient.

And alarmed they well might be. The worthy emperor had no sooner entered Bohemia than he showed his mettle in good earnest. The horrors which he created were worthy of King Attila. Village after village, town after town, was attacked,—victory was the sure consequence of attack,—slaughter and conflagration were the sure consequence of victory. Heaps of ashes lay where cities had stood before—fields were covered with corpses

—trees were loaded with peasants, hung up for no other crime than because they were subjects of King Eginhard—and the good emperor rode through it all, and ordered a conflagration here, and a massacre there, without the slightest pang of conscience, and with the agreeable notion that he was merely doing a rational act of justice. At Prague there was a little revolution going on, for though the emperor had not yet reached the capital, the inhabitants shrewdly guessed what was coming, and heartily cursed King Eginhard, and the fair Adelaide, and the crafty Dietwold, who, by his excessive talent, had brought all these calamities about their ears. The king stopped the popular movement by cutting off his preceptor's head and pitching it out of the palace-window to the crowd below, but the progress of the invading army was not so easily to be checked. Adelaide thought she would try the effect of a letter, and accordingly sent an affectionate epistle to her father, in which she confessed that she had acted wrong, but argued that it was rather hard that the poor devils of Bohemians, who had nothing to do with her elopement, should be made to suffer. She represented, moreover, that her husband, Eginhard, had acted as handsomely as possible under the circumstances, for he had cut off the head of his tutor, who had originated all the mischief.

The emperor's answer was as follows:—

"Beloved daughter. Your humble supplications have moved me to compassion, and therefore, instead of putting you to death as I originally designed, I shall merely send you back to the convent, where you will be kept in solitary confinement for the remainder of your days. But as for that * * * villain, your husband, it is my intention to load him with chains, and afterwards to strike his evil head from his shoulders. I would suggest that he come to my tent of his own accord, that I may put this intention into effect, for if he does not, there shall not be a single man, woman, or child alive in Bohemia, from one end to the other."

It is needless to remark that the king and queen did not find this letter consoling.

III.

HOW KING EGINHARD RETIRED FROM PUBLIC LIFE, AND HOW THE EMPEROR LOST HIS WAY.

UNDER the pressure of these melancholy circumstances, King Eginhard began to reflect that discretion is the better part of valour, and he also bethought himself of an old strong castle, in the middle of the Bohemian forest. So to this same castle he retired with his wife Adelaide and a few trusty friends, taking good care that no other of his subjects should be acquainted with his place of retreat. There he lived for many a month, knowing nothing of what was going on around him, and perfectly satisfied with his own state of obscurity, till one night he was dreadfully frightened at the sound of a bell in the vicinity. The bell, however, boded no harm, for the tinkle only came from a neighbouring hermitage, and the hermit, whose name was Paul, was soon taken into the service, and employed as a sort of scout.

Whilst King Eginhard was snugly ensconced in his retreat, the plundering, burning, and hanging were going on as vigorously as ever. When

the good emperor had slaughtered in cold blood, about a fifth part of the rural population of Bohemia, he entered Prague, and lo!—no Eginhard was there. This unexpected absence produced somewhat of a re-action in his mind. Perhaps he was superstitious, and thought fortune was against him. At all events, he mercifully contented himself with hanging a score of the principal citizens of Prague, and then began to march home.

Somehow or other, on his way back, he and his squire, Strado, for whom he had a great respect, were separated from the army, and lost themselves in the very wood where King Eginhard was concealed. It was a dark, uncomfortable sort of place, and the roaring of the bears and wolves did not at all increase the pleasure of the wanderers. At the same time, these animals prevented the journey from being monotonous. First three wolves attacked the valiant pair, who slew two of them, and put the other to flight, but while they were thus occupied their horses were devoured by a couple of bears. These calamities disposed the emperor's mind to melancholy, and his conscience smote him, when he thought of the harshness he had shown to his daughter Adelaide. As for any remorse for slaughtering those unfortunate Bohemians by wholesale, such a thing never for an instant crossed the imperial mind.

When they had reached a mountain overgrown with trees, the squire proposed to climb one of the loftiest, and look out for some place of shelter. Accordingly he ascended a very tall, tapering tree, which, when he was on the top, began to swing backwards and forwards with his weight like an inverted pendulum. The squire was of a short lusty figure, and albeit the emperor's mind was harassed by the perils of his situation, and oppressed with grief at the remembrance of his daughter, yet could he not help laughing at his swinging squire, till he made the woods echo again.

The squire descended from his perch. "I am delighted to have afforded so much amusement to your gracious majesty," he said, "and you will be doubtless still further pleased to hear that I have seen a light."

The emperor *was* pleased—so very pleased that he promised to grant his squire every favour which the latter might desire, and off they walked to the castle in which Eginhard resided, and whence the light proceeded.

"What shall we say when we knock at the door?" asked Strado.

"Say of course that we are the emperor," replied the potentate, with dignity.

"With due deference to your majesty's superior wisdom," observed the squire, "I think that is about the last thing in the world we ought to say. For although the atrocities we have performed—('How!' interrupted the emperor)—I mean, although the deeds we have achieved in Bohemia were in themselves highly meritorious and praiseworthy, I do not think they were exactly of a nature to gain us favour with the inhabitants of the country. It strikes me that we had better conceal our dignity."

The emperor sneered at the observation, but took the hint, and accordingly when the warder asked them who they were, they replied that they were two knights'-errant, who, hearing of the emperor's proceedings in Bohemia, had prudently resolved to avoid him, and had lost their way in the wood. All they wanted was a place of rest for the night.

IV.

SHOWING A PROSPECT OF BETTER THINGS.

Now when we consider that King Eginhard had let his beard grow in such a fashion, that his own father would scarcely have known him, and also that the emperor had only seen him once, and that in a crowd, we shall not wonder that no recognition took place when the travellers entered the castle. Adelaide had long retired to rest, for the life at the castle was very dull, and she liked to shorten her days by going to bed as early as possible.

It was the ancient custom of knighthood that when a guest arrived at a domicile, he, in the first place, gave up his helmet to the guard. Then, in the name of the lady of the castle, his sword was required of him by a noble page, and restored to him on the following day. This was done on the occasion of the emperor's visit to Castle Schildheiss—the place of Eginhard's retreat. The page took the swords of the emperor and the squire, and when he had conducted the illustrious guests to their sleeping apartment, placed the weapons in the hands of the king, who took them, with the girdles to which they were attached, into his own chamber.

When the queen awoke she saw the swords, and, what was of far more importance, she saw the girdles. The emperor's girdle had been embroidered with her own hand, in happy days, before he had thought of the convent, and therefore she recognised it at once, and therefore, by a rapid process of reasoning, she came to the unpleasant conclusion that one of the newly arrived guests was her imperial sire.

"Hem!—that is awkward," muttered Eginhard, when he heard her conviction.

"Very," observed Adelaide.

While the Royal Bohemian couple were discoursing on their situation, the emperor and his squire were indulging in pleasant and ingenious converse in the adjoining room; the former congratulating himself on the shelter he had found, and cursing the King of Bohemia with greater vehemence than ever. It was a great amusement with the emperor to consider what he should do with the obnoxious sovereign, if by chance he caught him. Sometimes he would devise all sorts of physical tortures, and with great satisfaction gloat over one which seemed peculiarly exquisite. At other times he seemed to prefer moral degradation, and declared with great unction, that he would use the king for his footstool, whenever he had occasion to mount his horse. As the King of Bohemia, planting his ear against a chink in the partition, listened to all these facetious plans, his heart felt not a little uneasy.

"After all," said the squire, "it strikes me that your majesty might as well adopt a little clemency by way of a change. With that strong feeling of justice by which your majesty is distinguished, you have already laid waste the greater part of Bohemia, and so frightened the king that he dare not so much as show his face."

"You insinuate that I ought to forgive him," said the emperor, "well, something of the sort has occurred to me. Indeed, if he had only trespassed on my dominions, slaughtered a few thousand peasants, and even knocked a man or two on the head, I would have pardoned him with

pleasure long ago. Acts of that kind belong to those little aberrations, in which sovereigns may be expected to indulge, and which call for leniency. But when it comes to taking a man's—I mean an emperor's daughter—out of a convent, there is a sort of impiety about the affair which one can scarcely overlook. Good heavens! we shall next hear of a peasant killing game!"

"I am sorry to differ from your majesty," ("So you ought to be," growled the emperor), "but really, of all the weaknesses that are excusable in human nature, that of running away from a convent seems to me particularly venial," said the squire. "With all the respect I bear for your majesty, I am convinced that if you had put me in a convent, I should have run away with a celerity, only to be equalled by the swiftness of your imperial vengeance. It is not every one that relishes the notion of a convent, and I recollect the page Bragomart remarked, at the time you sent the Princess Adelaide to Ratisbon, that the scheme was exceedingly ill advised."

"Then," said the emperor, "as soon as we get home, we will hang up the page Bragomart for his impertinence. At the same time, that is no reason we should not avail ourselves of his remark. Yes, Strado, I do think that I have not behaved to my daughter with that supreme wisdom which is naturally expected in a successor of Charlemagne. If I were any thing less than an emperor, it is just possible I might run the risk of being called an old fool. Lo, I here declare, that before I touch a hair of King Eginhard's head, or damage one more of his subjects, I will—seriously think the matter over. And, on second thoughts, we will not hang Bragomart, but we will make him Knight of the Blue Boar instead."

Then the good emperor fell into a maudlin strain, and talked of his daughter's beauty and accomplishments, till the faithful squire yawned again. In the middle of a long panegyric, a rattle, as of a chain, was suddenly heard.

"What the devil is that?" said the emperor.

V.

A SCENE OF DOMESTIC INTEREST.

It is an old received notion that the clanking of chains, even apart from all thoughts respecting a loss of liberty, is a most disagreeable sound. If you go into a haunted house, it is ten to one but you hear a rustling of silks or a clanking of chains. Why the ghost will wear such noisy incumbrances it is impossible to say, but nevertheless this appears to belong to the perverted taste of the supernatural world.

Now, when the rattle of chains was heard in that dismal castle Schildheiss, it is by no means marvellous, not only that the squire's teeth began to chatter, but also that the emperor himself lost somewhat of his presence of mind. Presently he looked for his sword, but after a vain search, he recollected that he had given it upon entering the castle, and he accordingly cursed the custom of knighthood with exceeding vigour.

The door opened, and discovered no horrible *tableau*, but a situation

of touching domestic interest; for in walked King Eginhard and his queen, holding a large chain between them, and throwing themselves at the emperor's feet, requested that he would either forgive them, or bind them with the chain, and hand them over to the tormentors. To the emperor all this seemed a wonderful manifestation of contrition, but we, who know how close the rooms were, are perfectly certain that the king and the big chain would never have appeared, if the former had not heard the agreeable turn in the conversation above described. The scene completely answered its purpose; the emperor being hit in a lucky moment, not only gave his complete forgiveness to the King and Queen of Bohemia, but even growled out a sort of sorrow at the mischief he had done. The young couple, in high glee at the lucky event, quitted the apartment, and set about preparing a magnificent supper, that the emperor might be entertained that very night.

"Come," said the squire, as soon as he was left alone with his imperial master; "I think we have got very well out of that scrape."

"Scrape!" said the astonished emperor, "what do you mean by scrape?"

"Why, it only strikes me, that if his majesty of Bohemia, your royal son-in-law, had not been the most amiable person in the world, he might have chosen to cut our imperial throats instead of asking our forgiveness."

"*Parlons d'autre chose*," murmured the emperor.

VI.

HOW SIR STRADO ACQUIRED LARGE POSSESSIONS, AND HOW LONG HE KEPT THEM.

THE supper came off with exceeding splendour, and the emperor's good-humour being still increased by numerous potations, the Squire Strado took occasion to remind him of the very liberal promise he had made in the forest, viz., to grant any thing which he (Strado) might choose to ask. The emperor was not a little terrified at the production of this "blank cheque" on his generosity, but was greatly consoled when the squire informed him that all he desired was the honour of knighthood.

"The request," thought the emperor, "is highly presumptuous, but it is nothing out of one's pocket."

So not only did he make him a knight, calling him "Sir Strado of the Fir-tree," in commemoration of the tree on which he had cut so striking a figure, but he gave him Castle Schildheiss and all the adjoining district —an inexpensive gift when we consider, in the first place, that it was a dreary place, which no one would inhabit except from extreme necessity; and in the second place, that it did not belong to the emperor at all, but to the King of Bohemia, who, however, was in too good a humour to make frivolous objections.

When the emperor had gone home with his destructive army, and the king and queen had returned to their metropolis, Prague, Sir Strado, who was left behind, set about improving his property. He invited to

the spot a world of architects, masons, bricklayers, carpenters, road-makers, ornamental gardeners, &c., &c., in the full determination of making the old castle a very *distingué* sort of place. The building folks requested that before they began their work, he would allow them to explore the foundations of the edifice, and he willingly granted their request, as he reflected that even if they made the ancient edifice tumble down about their ears, it would be no such great loss after all, as it would not be much more expensive to build a new castle than to repair the old one. The sagacious workmen, therefore, knocked about the foundations of the building, and at last broke their way into a huge vault, where they saw a strange spectacle.

On a chair in the middle of the vault sat a mighty king, who shone as if all his body had been made of diamonds; and to the right of this potentate stood a lovely maiden, who respectfully sustained the royal head. At first our industrious friends were a little alarmed at this discovery, but familiarity inspired them with confidence, and they thought that if they could take away an arm or a leg of the King of Diamonds, it would be a good prize. They, therefore, went a little nearer, when all of a sudden the maiden turned into a fiery dragon, and kindled such a flame in the vault, that they would have been reduced to cinders, if they had not retreated as speedily as possible.

Sir Strado heard them tell their tale, and stared; he peeped into the vault, saw the maiden, who had resumed her former shape, and then he smiled. The maiden saw him, and then she sighed; and presently he sighed too.

Leaving the vault, he called his work-people around him, and thus accosted them:—

"My good friends, if you had not been so confoundedly curious, you would not have placed me in the singularly unpleasant position, in which I find myself at present. It is the fate of knighthood, that if a chevalier hears of an adventure, he must set about achieving it within nine days, otherwise not only will the greatest calamities fall upon his own head, but his wife, children, brothers, sisters, and relations, down to the remotest cousin, will all be involved in one common misery. Now, if I had not heard of the state of things down-stairs, the devil and all his imps might have lived in my vaults, and it would have been no affair of mine. But you, ingenious folks, must, forsooth, be seized with a morbid desire of knowledge, and must go poking your heads into places, which it was never intended any Christian should enter, and seeing sights which it never was intended any Christian should see, and, therefore, am I doomed to give up my profitable schemes of improving my estate, and am obliged to investigate matters, which I do not want to know, at the greatest peril of life and limb. So I have only to tell you that you need not continue your labours, and bestowing a hearty curse upon you all, I take my leave."

So saying, Sir Strado stalked out of the presence of the astonished workmen and returned to the vault, followed, it is said, by a faithful dog

Our readers will have collected from the sage speeches uttered by Sir Strado of the Fir-tree, in the days of his squireship, that he was a man of prudent character. Some dare-devil knights of the time would have dashed into the vault head-foremost, totally regardless of consequences.

Not so Sir Strado. When he had reached the entrance, he carefully put down his light and pitched his dog into the vault, to see what would happen. The instant that the lucky animal had reached the ground there came such a puff of flame towards our valiant knight that he was glad to back out, and stand at a convenient distance. He heard his faithful dog howling in all the agonies of being roasted alive, but this did not seem a sufficient reason to move him from his safe retreat until he had cause to believe that the fire was extinguished. He then returned to the vault, and was agreeably surprised to find his dog alive. The enchanted maiden had taken a fancy to the animal, and was holding him in her lap, where he had remained quite secure in the midst of the pyrotechnic exhibition, which had so greatly scared his master.

Prudence is not always the better part of valour, and if our knight had not been so greatly afraid of singeing his whiskers his lot would have been much happier. Judge of his surprise, when, while examining the curiosities of the vault, which he had now ventured to enter, he discovered a marble slab with the following inscription:—

> Woe to him that seeketh me,
> Yet before the flames shall flee,
> Bitter shall the portion be
> Of himself and familie;
> He who quails not,—only he
> Is the man to set me free.

Considered as a poetical composition the inscription was bad enough, but it was greatly to the purpose, and in point of clearness certainly surpassed most oracular communications. The first thing that struck the knight was, that as he had chucked the dog before him instead of venturing into the vault himself, the dog was the cause of the threatened calamity. Therefore, with that fine sense of justice which distinguished the King of Bohemia, when he decapitated his tutor, he drew his sabre, and struck off the dog's head.

No sooner had he dealt this fatal blow, than the diamond king and the maiden vanished from the vault. Their place was filled by raging fire and offensive smoke, which dazzled the eyes, and filled the nostrils of our hero. When he had reached that happy state of confusion that he did not precisely know where he was, a huge dragon issued from a corner, and after eyeing him for some time with considerable contempt, swallowed him entire, armour and all.

Having got Sir Strado of the Fir-Tree into the dragon's mouth we bring this delightful story to a close, for a great deal happened before he got out again, and his deliverance fell in a later period of King Eginhard's reign, when Bohemia was invaded by giants, who—but do not let us anticipate; for the invasion of the giants furnishes the material for another story, which we trust to tell at some future time, and which is even more delectable than the present.

A very Ancient Variation of the Legend of the Most Holy St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury.

BY ROBERTSÓN NOEL, ESQ., LL.D.

THE Archfiend determined one day to make trial
Whether Saints to their Lord could be rendered disloyal,
And their names, to choose from, while his dragon he mounted,
(Or the chief ones, at least,) on his fingers he counted.

The legend informs us the dress that he wore
Was with crosses adorned, both behind and before;
His dragon he loosed after one or two stages,
And sent back to Hades equerries and pages.

His equipage now was so saintly and meek—
His garments so flowing, his mule was so sleek,
None would ever expect to see *him* where hard knocks come,
But esteem him some middle-aged clerical coxcomb.

As he ambled—he pondered on how he should act,
And which of the blessed should first be attacked.
When the great name of Dunstan occurred to his mind,
And to tempt the Archbishop the Archfiend inclined.

Afar from his palace—afar from the court
Was the Primate retired, not for solace or sport,
But with twelve holy monks, in an abbey renowned,
For penance and tears was the Saint to be found.

Their vow was, each night, till their lives should be ended,
In a coffin to sleep—(by the Pope 'twas commended!)
To eat bitter herbs in the place of rich dishes—
And to drink water!—liquor created for fishes!

A most mischievous thought crossed the wicked one's pate
As he thundered his rat—tat—tat—tat at the gate,
And a lay brother porter, not dreaming of evil,
Wide opened the wicket—and in walked the Devil!

Now, in spite of the prose that philosophers chatter,
To let in the Devil is no such hard matter—
But once well intrenched, his defences are stout,
And 'tis not quite so easy the turning him out!

He told the good brothers he'd heard of their fame,
And he wished in their manner salvation to claim;
And in order to make them more swift to determine
He quoted the Fathers like Pusey—(see Sermon).

But the fiend in the abbey soon kicked up a dust,
And sneered with disdain on his cresses and crust;
And he swore that he never would lay down his bones
Through a long winter's night in a coffin of stones.

The friars found out 'twas in vain to remonstrate—
In his froward proceedings their brother went on straight.
But he so gained their hearts by his humour and wit,
That to send him away not a soul could see fit.

So he racked his invention, and puzzled his brains,
Till he found out a plan that rewarded his pains,
And the very next day—'twas the feast " *Sacri Lactis*"*—
He determined to put his contrivance in practice.

At the hour of refection each penitent sinner
Sat down to his radishes—(penance for dinner!)
And the holy Archbishop, pronouncing the grace,
At the head of the table had taken his place.

When the herbs, as if willing to lighten their grief,
In an instant were changed into sirloins of beef!—
And the water, to make the good fathers more merry,
Turned to Hock and Bordeaux, to Malvoisie and Sherry!

The brethren at first felt a scruple to eat,
Suspecting who 'twas had a hand in the treat;
" But, my friends," said St. Dunstan, " 'twill do you no harm—
I have blessed it—so fear neither cantrip nor charm."

So they took his advice, and without further thought,
Fell to feasting and drinking—as good fellows ought;
And day after day, as the chronicles tell,
The monks were all edified!—living so well!

Now one or two ladies, thought he of the sable,
Would greatly conduce to enliven the table;
And the saints of the chapel, with sober stone faces,
Became sweet living damsels, as fair as the graces!

Thus with love, wine, and wassail, with song and with kiss,
The monks found their holy life brimful of bliss;
And they made the stone coffin no longer their bed,
But each upon pillows of down laid his head.

How laughed the strange novice whose cunning had wrought
A change so complete in their deed, word, and thought!
How he watched, lest too early the secret should fly
On the broad wings of rumour, to meet the world's eye.

The fathers assembled one cold winter night,
Their wine was all sparkling, their fire was all bright,
And the Abbot remarked, with a smile and a sigh,
That in this joyous manner a year had passed by!

A glance from the Primate, calm, thoughtful, and stern,
Seemed to hint at a secret the rest had to learn,
But the Abbot declared that, unless it were wrong,
He should like something moral by way of a song.

The Sacristan placed himself close by the fire,
And with turf, furze, and log, made the flame to mount higher;
While the fat father John, all inspired by the bowl,
Poured forth to his viol the strains of his soul.

* See "Tracts for the Times," and other Puseyite publications, *passim.*

In the choice of a song for a moment he wavered,
As catches of tunes on his viol he quavered,
But at length he struck up a right jovial air
In high praise of their practice to drive away care.

Father John's Song.

Ave Maria ! 'tis the bell
Is pealing forth its nightly knell,
Now welcome wine, and woman fair ;
For what have we to do with care?

Come, fill the bowl and pass it round,
And touch the lute's soft breathing sound,
And, damsel! give one balmy kiss
To fill the measure of our bliss.

For gentle love and mantling wine,
Like stars, on mortal fortunes shine;
In these all men alike agree—
All love and drink—and so will we.

Ave Maria! 'tis the bell
Is pealing forth its nightly knell,
Now welcome wine and woman fair,
For what have we to do with care?

Not alone sang the father: the voice of the lute
And the lyre in their revel no longer were mute;
Now breathing the magic of passion they float,
Now rousing the heart with a glorious note.

Nor few their applauses, the tones of the lyre
In their beauty and fervour gave strength to desire;
But mightier the triumph when soft like the air
O'er the harpstrings that sweeps, rose the voice of the fair.

First Damsel's Song.

(To the Evening Star.)

There's a shadow wherever thy soft beams are falling,
Though bright be thy lustre, sweet planet of love,
And oft when the chain of my spirit is galling,
With sadness I gaze on thy glory above.

In the blue arch of heaven there are stars that shine brightly,
And planets sublime in their orbits that roll;
But shadowless all, for their rays touch us lightly
As coldly they sweep round the star-lighted pole!

And 'tis thus with love's passion, though pure as the splendour
That beams from thy circlet of radiance afar,
In the bloom of our days, when the young heart is tender,
Then—then life is cloudless as thou art, O star!

But, alas, there's a shadow in love, and he blendeth
Full bitter a dash in the goblet of bliss,
And for each charm he gives there's a sorrow that rendeth
With anguish the heart he hath chosen for his.

Ha! see you the Prior? he lies at the feet
Of the damsel whose lips and whose strains are so sweet.
Ha! see you the Abbot? his eye is on fire
As he tunes to the praises of Bacchus his lyre!

Abbot's Song.

All hail to the god of the bottle, my boys!
All hail to the god of the bottle, my boys!
For where's there a pleasure
So boundless in measure
As the pleasure of wetting one's throttle, my boys!

Leave lawn sleeves to deans and to chapters, my boys!
Leave beauty to boast of her captures, my boys!
But we, brothers, we
Are from captures all free,
For the bottle affords us our raptures, my boys!

Then hey for the sack and the claret, my boys!
Where on earth is the pleasure to pair it, my boys!
Burnt Malmsey and Sherry
Are fit for the merry,
And liquor for lads of true merit, my boys!

Hurrah! for the Abbot, the holy, the bold!
His lays shall be written in letters of gold.
Hurrah for the Prior! but lack to the note
That from woman's sweet lips doth entrancingly float!

Second Damsel's Song.

(*Constancy.*)

Constancy! look on the first green leaves
When fresh in the spring they blow:
Constancy! look on the ripening sheaves
Ere the year's decline they know.

Look on the sea when the waves are smooth,
On the sky when the stars are bright;
List to the winds when their murmurs soothe
The rest of the tranquil night.

Gaze upon these, and forget the time
When the earth her flowers must weep,
When the stars grow pale and the storms sublime
O'er the seas in their fury sweep.

Then seek if thou wilt for pageantry,
For its native clime is here,
But constancy dwelleth afar on high,
And dies in this lower sphere.

There's a tear in the eye of the Abbot so gay,
And the smile from his face hath all faded away;
And all list to the strain that the echoes prolong,
Till the Prior hath roused them again with his song.

Prior's Song.

Time is passing fast away,
Give me flowers and bring me wine,
Ere my locks are scant and gray,
Let me roses in them twine.
Wine, wine, glorious wine
Doth sparkle and flash with a charm divine!

Pass the goblets quickly round,
Beauty's fairer while they beam;
Be our bowl with nectar crowned,
From our lips let music stream.
Wine, wine, &c.

Snatch the flow'rets while they spring,
Ere they fade in swift decay,
Care to-morrow's dawn may bring,
Love and wine are ours to-day.
Wine, wine, &c.

Clap your hands for the Prior! the roses that blow
Where the spring ever smileth shall bloom on his brow!
But list to that hazel-eyed beauty, nor miss
Those lover-like sounds sweet as maiden's first kiss.

Third Damsel's Song.
(Rosalie.)

Rosalie, Rosalie,
Quit thy dreams and come with me!
Lo! beneath the twilight star
Fairies dance beside the sea!
Sure thy foot is lighter far,
Come, then come with me.

Rosalie, fair are they,
Graceful all their moonlight play,
But thine eyes are far more bright—
To the heart they win their way:
And that beam of love's own light
Melteth it away.

Rosalie, love is there,
Floating through the mazes fair;
He hath caught them with a chain,
Such as even thou might'st wear,
Silken fetters to retain
Footsteps light as air.

Rosalie, can it be,
Doth he lie in wait for thee?
No, ah! no, I see it all:
He is bound and may not flee;
Thou the captor, he the thrall—
Thine henceforth is he!

Rosalie, love is thine!
Bound by those bright locks that twine
O'er that brow of ivory.
Woe is me, in vain I pine,
He nor I can e'er be free
Maiden fair from thee!

There's a change in the strain, and the music once more
Yields a gush, would have roused up the Teian of yore;
Fill the goblet again with the nectar divine,
While ye list to the praises of beauty and wine.

Sub-Prior's Song.

Lucy's eyes are clear and bright,
Dark and glossy Helen's tresses,
Sweet the rosy smile of light
That the lip of Clara dresses.
Can they never, never be
Soft, and clear, and bright to me?

Glory hath a flashing glance;
Music's band the heart enchaineth;
Love can all the soul entrance,
Chasing every thought that paineth.
Why, oh! why then bringeth he
Only care and grief to me?

Rank and Pride are gods divine,
Mark the world before them bending.
Science like a star doth shine,
Far and wide her rays extending.
These are but for high degree,
Can they, can they stoop to me?

Power and Gold are mightier still;
Virtue! who with these compares her?
Wealth the head and heart can fill;
Great and wise is each who shares her.
Ah! but can they ever be
In the place of all to me?

Wine, aha! I see its beams
Gaily from the goblet glancing!
Wheresoe'er its splendour streams
Hearts that wept before are dancing.
Wine can set the captive free,
Wine, ha, ha! bright wine for me!

Once more turn the tide, let the voice of the lay
Bear from Bacchus to Eros the laurel away.
Thus the Abbot decrees—and the fairest of all
Their blue-eyed companions responds to the call.

Fourth Damsel's Song.

When the hand of love
Flings his mantle o'er us,
Bright is all above,
Calm is all before us.
Shapes and sounds of joy
Float for ever round us,
And without alloy
Bliss doth then surround us.

Then the fields are green,
Then the flowers are brightest,
Fairest every scene,
And the heart is lightest.
Blythe and free and gay,
Dream we not of sorrow;
And, if blest to-day,
Care not for to-morrow.

When within our hearts
Love, the wizard, worketh,
At his voice departs
Every care that lurketh.
Where he treadeth, blow
Flowers that wither never;
These doth he bestow,
Therefore, love we ever.

Now rose the gay novice, triumphant and keen,
And he glanced at the Primate, with joy in his mien,
And seizing his harp, cast his hand o'er the chords,
And entranced all the monks by his magical words.

But where is the mortal that dares to recite
The song of an angel—an angel of night:
For the strings that he struck seemed to mingle and swell
The music of heaven with the howlings of hell!

His form grew dilated—fire flashed from his eyes!
Like a giant increasing in stature to rise:
From his mantle of darkness fierce accents there broke,
And the bell of the Abbey toll'd ONE as he spoke!

"The vows, ye have made—ye have failed to obey!—
And *I* have been with you a year and a day,
And my coursers and chariot are now at your gate,
And brethren—for you—'tis for you that they wait."

But the Primate turned coolly on Satan his back
And said—"Well then—I'll just take a look at your hack."
And a chariot of sable he saw by the wall
Of the abbey—sufficient for Abbot and all!

Said the Saint, "My dear brother, you're vastly mistaken—
If you think that we thus by our friends are forsaken!
Besides—all your doings are based on deceit—
They're not real—and therefore I've winked on the cheat.

"Did you think, when you came in such daring disguise,
That your horns, hoofs, and tail, were concealed from my eyes?
Did you think I'd allow to be drawn into sin
The monks of a convent that I was lodged in?

"No! you've smoothed all their penance a year and a day,
Nor shall they at last have the Devil to pay!
And to-morrow again, with their souls all unhurt,
To their water and herbs with delight they revert."

"Nay," said Satan, "I'll have them—I've noted, you see,
All their soft hours of passion, their bright hours of glee—
Have recorded their loves, and remembered their wine,
And the chains are unrent round their souls that I twine!"

As he spake, his dark fingers the sin-list unwound,
And the parchment grew black as all grimly he frowned;
"And away!" he exclaimed, "let us haste to the dead,
Where the flames are all lightless, and hopes are all fled."

Said the Saint, "I'm astonished that one of your sense
Should argue so badly on any pretence—
I tell you *their sins*, and *your changes* were all
Mere juggling, and therefore your title must fall."

Now the damsels so lovely that Satan had given,
To make this abode like a Mussulman's heaven,
Come and whispered His Grace, "that he'd much better go
And pay his old friend a short visit below."

One look from the Saint, and their beauty is gone,
And they stand in their niches grave statues of stones;
And the wines, choice and rich, that had made the roof ring,
Became water! cold, clear, and fresh drawn from the spring!

"Now you see," said His Grace, most politely, "my friend
In what sad disappointment your plotting must end;
And indeed, to my thinking, 'tis strange you don't know,
That you're vastly more quiet without *us* below."

While he spake, the cock crew—ere the morning was bright,
The fiend spread his wings, and prepared to take flight;
But, though baffled, he vowed he would try them again,
Nor desist till he had them within his domain.

And here 'twill be proper to note by the way
That Saint Dunstan, like many great men in *our* day,
Was free of the City—the Goldsmiths lay claim,
With a well founded pride, to so glorious a name.

And our companies still to each envious railer,
Show *the Duke* as a Grocer, Prince Albert a Tailor,
And Brougham as a Fishmonger, versed in the history
(*Law except*)—of each possible trade, art, and mystery!

While the Saint with the Demon his contest prolongs,
The tongs had grown hot in the fire—his own tongs!—
Though *how* they came there, amid wassail and revel,
Is perhaps only known to himself—and the Devil.

When the quarrel was over, the air became dark,
With the fiends thronging round their great chieftain—and hark!
How their howlings and yellings resound through the night,
As they came to escort home the arch-foe of light!

"This is *too* bad," said Dunstan, "proud flesh such as yours
There is nothing but actual cautery cures!"
And, seizing his forceps, with dignified grace,
He caught the fiend's nose in their burning embrace!

Ye Saints! what a roaring—what vows did he make—
'Twas enough even the heart of a mountain to shake;
And he swore by his darkness, so grisly and grim,
Neither monk, nun, nor friar, should be troubled by him.

The firm-minded Primate, though moved by the prayer
Which he uttered for mercy, in shrieking despair,
Held him fast to his compact, and then let him go,
All noseless and burnt, to his kingdom of woe!

And now to conclude—give the Devil his due—
For once to his treaty even *he* has been true;
No order of monks nor of friars he wrongs—
Nor of nuns—for His Darkness remembers the tongs!

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

CHAPTER XXI.

Contributions of the Poet, 1829—Catholic Emancipation—Deaths of Contributors—Barry St. Leger—Remarks on Flaxman's Lectures—Dulwich project and disappointment—Mackintosh and Lawrence—appearance of Moore's Byron—Letter to Moore regarding Byron—Defence of Lord Byron—Remarks on the Defence—Removal to Scotland Yard—Rooted dislike of the Poet to Honorary Titles—Madame Roland's Philosophy commended.

THE contributions of the poet to the *New Monthly* this year, were in poetry the songs beginning, "When Love came first to Earth," "'Tis now the Hour," the "Lines to Julia M——," the accomplished daughter of the present adjutant-general, and the "Verses on the departure of the Emigrants," to be found in Moxon's edition of his works in octavo, 1839. He also published papers on Flaxman and on Shakspeare's sonnets, in prose.

Catholic emancipation still engrossed much of the public attention. The Duke of Wellington, evidently unable to bring about what he thought so desirable, owing to the inveterate bigotry of many of his Tory friends, had thought it best to temporise for a season. The jealousy of the high church party was uncontrollable. The welfare of the whole community appeared to that party a thing of no moment, nor comparatively that of the crown itself. In fact it was "bishop and king," in every sense of the word, not "king and bishop." The duke accordingly wrote a letter to Dr. Curtis in Ireland, which, sound in policy, bore a remarkable contrast to the correctness of language and argument in that of the Marquis of Anglesey on the same subject, respecting which Peel had made the blunder before stated (p. 41, May No.), attributing the recall of Lord Anglesey to a letter that had no existence until afterwards. This showed a sad want of "stepping out together" at head-quarters. The duke's letter contained a bull. His grace recommended burying the question in oblivion for a time and discussing its difficulty. This caused a remark from the poet, and no little merriment at one of his parties, when some insisted that the sense was perfectly clear. The poet said, that "oblivion" with the word "buried" attached, seemed to imply irrecoverable forgetfulness, but this was hypercritical, especially towards the great soldier, who did not think much of language. Besides, it was a colloquial phrase in common society. As to the bull, it belonged to the duke's own side of the channel, and the meaning was clear.

"But it is a bull, notwithstanding."

"I do not deny it," said the poet, "but the intention is clear, there could be little doubt about the meaning."

"Nor is there," remarked some one present, "about the answer of the Irishman who, when asked whether his sister-in-law had been brought to bed of a boy or a girl, replied, 'By my sowl I do not know whether I am an uncle or an aunt.'"

What then was language as to its end, the communication of the intention or wishes of another, and that achieved it was enough for the duke, though it was an exception, in the present instance to his general lucidness, and "no mistake," manner.

"Besides," said the poet, "he is so pestered with Orange Prostestants in Ireland, and bigots of all sorts in England, that I have no doubt he is more in perplexity than he was at Waterloo. Used to command and have all his own way at the head of an army, the virulent and intemperate opposition of his friends must annoy him; but if men will keep bad company they must expect to pay the penalty, and the duke still clings to those in whose fidelity and wisdom he has so long placed reliance."

This year died Henry Mathews, who has been already alluded to as an early contributor to the magazine. He had succeeded Sir Harding Giffard on the judicial Bench in Ceylon, where he fully realised every expectation entertained regarding him, having previously been advocate fiscal. Francis Barry Boyle St. Leger, another contributor, died at the close of the year, aged thirty. His father had been a leading Whig and a friend of Lord Guildford in Ireland. He was educated at Rugby and went out to India at seventeen, where, not liking the service, he returned home, entered of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar only three years before his decease. He was the author of "Gilbert's Earle," and several other works, for he was no idler. He died of repeated attacks of epilepsy. He was personally known to few persons, but his attainments were considerable, his attachments warm, his conversation highly agreeable, with qualifications of the class that are certain to make strong friends.

The first literary effort of the poet in 1830, was the remarks on the lectures of Flaxman, the sculptor, which had been just before published. I have already stated, that the poet always felt and expressed a high admiration for Flaxman's works. They in some measure met his preconceived ideas of Grecian form, that is, his own notions of what they once were in the reality, rather than any data of their excellence drawn from his own acquaintance with the details of the art, for in art he was book-learned alone. He touched upon the smallceremony of the *Edinburgh Review*, in treating on Flaxman's lectures, and proceeded, with much judgment, to vindicate the high rank the sculptor undoubtedly held in art, not only in the opinion of eminent artists in England, but upon the continent. Some of his remarks, however, were not in that perfect sobriety of language and simile which in preceding times had marked the poet's prose style, and seemed to lead towards the difference, which on a most untoward subject for him, the stage, in Mrs. Siddons' memoirs, he exhibited yet more remarkably afterwards. "The flow of didactic language, constructed for the tread of sober ideas, is perilously shaken by the tramp of impassioned enthusiasm," is a strained metaphor. "Orgies in style," or drunken feasts in style is not happy, and to "new mint the ore of opinion" is very different indeed from the classical beauty of phraseology in his own lectures, and essay on poetry, as ore cannot be new minted because it is never minted at all, and ore standing for metal is latitudinarian for prose. When, however, he had to censure or blame, he seemed prone to have recourse to this kind of phrase, as may be remarked in his letter to Moore respecting Byron. He censured the critic who wrote in the *Edinburgh Review*, and with justice. His efforts to defend Flaxman

were generous and honest. He felt what he wrote. The classic severity of the sculptor and the purity of his taste, were allied to the poet's own feelings in his best days, those feelings in some respects that led to his defence of Pope against the Rev. Mr. Bowles.

I have not a doubt that Campbell preferred the composite excellence in art to any natural copy existence. The ideal was his elysium. I would not be sure that his frequent abstractions were not mental occupations upon better things than he could find among the realities of life; castle buildings, that like the images of a kaleidoscope, displayed themselves in his censorium, even as he walked London streets, and beguiled their sameness and ugliness. One of such a disposition would prefer the Venus or Apollo Belvidere, composed of a union of perfect parts, to the merely human, natural, but still transcendant merit of the Elgin sculptures. Learned in what concerned Greece, and in art book-learned, rather than learned from the actual observation and study of the antique figure, still the poet's notions of art were high and worthy, and he had the advantage of the reviewer in the argument, who displayed no very great intimacy with his subject, or was careless about hazarding remarks that fully justify such a suspicion.

The poet, in his remarks on the *Edinburgh Review*, censured that work for its reprobation of Flaxman's doctrine that an acquaintance with anatomy was of the highest consequence to the sculptor. This led to a suspicion that the article in the *Edinburgh* was written by some friend of Chantry, who I believe disparaged anatomical knowledge because he possessed little or none himself, and notoriously undervalued it. It is one thing, however, to obtain an ephemeral celebrity, which accident may contribute to obtain for individuals of mediocre ability in art or literature, and to work out that enduring fame which is co-existent with the works themselves in all times and countries. The artist who labours for all time feels that truth alone is the basis on which he must build up a name, and no flimsy resource for effect, no evasion of any essential contributing to excellence can be practised with the defect of this great and laudable object. A slight observation of nature is not enough. Flaxman desired the artist not to be content with a slight view of nature externally, but to carry his views into her internal organisation. Flaxman was as well known in other countries as his own, a rare thing with English sculptors. His chaste severity of style, and purity of design, heralded him everywhere. The poet, it is easily seen, was a partisan of Flaxman's opinion, for while he had himself no knowledge of the details of the art, he well knew how to defend the principles which were coincident with his own ideas.

This notice of Flaxman's lectures, or rather, of the *Edinburgh Review*, upon them, was published on the 1st of January, 1830. It was remarkable on another account, as having been read to the President of the Royal Academy just before he expired.

On the 8th of January, 1830, Campbell who had fixed (after several former attempts had failed) to go with me to Dulwich, set out for that purpose. We were to walk down and dine at the College, where I had never been, and he was to introduce me. Continually talked about and delayed upon some excuse or another, we set off accordingly down Regent-street about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The poet in high

spirits, talking of the many times he had been entertained there, of the kindness of the brethren, and of the valuable collection of pictures of Sir Francis Bourgeois. It might be thought that—actually on foot, and a mile passed upon our pedestrian exploit, there could have been no baulk to our design, but the College I was never destined to see, save externally, up to this hour. We had reached the Quadrant, having a dry day for our walk, when, about half way through the southern colonnade, we met Sir James Mackintosh. I first saw him, and said, "Here comes Sir James Mackintosh, looking very ill."

On meeting, Sir James said, "What a melancholy affair this is?"

"What?" said Campbell. "What do you mean—any news this morning?"

"Have you not heard?" replied Sir James, with the impress of much feeling. "Poor Lawrence is dead,—he expired last night."

Campbell was thunderstruck, and maintained a dead silence for a minute or more, and then exclaimed, "Dead? Why it was but an evening or two ago that I saw him."

"It is all over now," said Sir James; "he died last evening—early in the evening; the immediate cause of his death remains to be explained."

Campbell seemed to feel deeply,—"Another old friend is gone," he said, "a man who will be missed indeed."

"It was very unexpected," remarked Sir James, and soon after bade us good morning and passed on.

"Yes," said I, "and I should think Sir James will be the next, he looks so ill."

"He has not looked well for some time," said Campbell, "and this matter has, no doubt, had its effect upon him. We must not go to Dulwich to-day; we must put it off. We must go and learn more about poor Lawrence." So ended the promenade to Dulwich.

My remark was verified, Sir James in about two years followed his friend to the tomb.

The poet attended the funeral of Lawrence on the 21st of January, in St. Paul's Cathedral, I think in Sir Francis Freeling's carriage.

The task of writing the life of Sir Thomas was confided to Campbell, who entrusted it to the hands of another, dreading the weight of labour it involved, and exercising, in truth, no surveillance over its execution.

It was during the spring of this year that the first volume of "Moore's Life of Byron" made its appearance. This was a subject which upon many accounts it would have been difficult for a reviewer to notice in the magazine who was not aware of Campbell's peculiar feeling upon the subject, and the apprehension he had about touching on any of his personal relations with individuals that might lead him into discussion of any kind. I had informed him that the work was out, that a notice of it was preparing which should come to him for consideration. I put it to him whether such a remarkable work should not be taken up in the large print, as it was a subject of general conversation, that I thought we ought to place it there. To the reasonableness of this he appeared to assent, but again altered his mind, and on the following day wrote me a note, of which this is an extract:—

"I have altered my mind with respect to the larger and fuller review of 'Lord Byron's Life,' not from caprice, but for reasons which I will

personally explain to you, and which I think your judgment, waiving some utilitarian arguments in compliance with certain delicate relations which I hold both with respect to Lady Byron and Moore, you will, on the whole approve of."

The consequence of this note was that a notice of the work was composed by the printer in the small print, and I sent a proof of it to Campbell, who was very fastidious about it, and added a letter he had addressed to Moore upon the subject a little before. This letter related to a passage in Moore's "Life of Byron," which was to the following effect in the words of Lord Byron:—

"Campbell last night seemed a little nettled at something or other—I know not what. We were standing in the ante-saloon, when Lord H. (Holland), brought out of the other room a vessel of some composition similar to that which is used in Catholic Churches, and seeing us, he exclaimed 'Here is some *incense* for you.' Campbell answered, 'Carry it to Lord Byron, he is used to it.' Now this comes of 'bearing no brother near the throne.' I who have no throne, nor wish to have one *now*, whatever I may have done, am at perfect peace with all the poetical fraternity, or, at least if I dislike any, it is not *poetically* but *personally*.

"Surely the field of thought is infinite; what does it signify who is before or behind in a race where there is no *goal?* The Temple of Fame is like that of the Persians—the universe; our altar the tops of mountains. I should be equally content with Mount Caucasus or Mount Anything, and those who like it may have Mount Blanc or Chimborazo, without my envy of their elevation."

The letter which Campbell wrote to Moore was attached to the notice —a notice evidently too short and superficial for a work of such importance, as I had contended. I remarked this in substance to Campbell. It was as follows:—

"*To Thomas Mooré, Esq.*,

"MY DEAR MOORE.—A thousand thanks to you for the kind things which you have said of me in your 'Life of Lord Byron,'—but forgive me for animadverting to what his lordship says of me at page 463 of your first volume. It is not every day that one is mentioned in such joint pages as those of Moore and Byron.

"Lord Byron there states, that one evening at Lord Holland's I was nettled at something, and the whole passage, if believed, leaves it to infer that I was angry, envious, and ill-mannered. Now I have never envied Lord Byron, but on the contrary rejoiced in his fame; in the first place from a sense of justice, and in the next place, because as a poetical writer he was my beneficent friend. I never was nettled in Lord Holland's house, as Lord and Lady Holland can witness; and on the evening to which Lord Byron alludes, I said '*carry all your incense to Lord Byron,*' in the most perfect spirit of good humour. I remember the evening most distinctly, one of the happiest evenings of my life; and, if Lord Byron imagined me for a moment displeased, it only shows me, that, with all his transcendent powers, he was one of the most fanciful of human beings. I by no means impeach his veracity—but I see from this case that he was subject to strange illusions.

"What feeling but that of kindness could I have towards Lord Byron? He was always affectionate to me both in his writings and in personal interviews; how strange that he should misunderstand my manner on the occasion alluded to; and what temptation could I have to show myself pettish and envious before my inestimable friend Lord Holland. The whole scene as described by Lord Byron is a phantom of his own imagination. Ah, my dear Moore! if we had him back again how easily could we settle these matters! But I have detained you too long, and begging pardon for all my egotism, I remain,

"My dear Moore,

"Your obliged and faithful friend,

"T. CAMPBELL.

"Middle Scotland-yard, Whitehall, Feb. 18, 1830."

I objected to two lines that I thought might be misconstrued. He admitted the justice of the observation, and they were struck out. I then expected he would make some mention of the note to which I have already alluded, as doing away with the first arrangement respecting the review. He began by saying that there were reasons why for the moment the short notice of the book should suffice. He thought my idea of a very full review of Moore's work, into which he might introduce what he had to say about Byron's conjugal differences, would not be enough for the object he had in view as regarded Lady Byron. That it was true conviction might perhaps be wrought out better in the side way (as I had urged) than in one that seemed put together for the purpose, but that the fact was there were some remarks from Lady Byron herself, and that a more elaborate review could not include them. That he had since I saw him determined to make some observations of his own on the matter in a separate article, and that he had in consequence altered his mind, which I could not but think him right in doing. He then put me in possession of the facts which had been communicated to him, and again asked whether I did not agree that no review could include them. I replied in the affirmative, and added, "nor any article either." I had, in reality, fears about the ground he would take, because, in many cases, I had found him an injudicious friend, and he could not state all. His zeal, and the very sincerity of his advocacy, led him in this case as in others, to overlook what belonged to sound policy, operating continually against the end he endeavoured to work out with the best intention in the world. I remarked to him that public appeals in similar differences had seldom been productive of any benefit. That the world would say Lord Byron was now beyond the power of replying to any thing that might be advanced by Lady Byron; that for the real merit of the matter, the same world did not care a jot—that if it could have its sneer at one side or the other, or at both, in such cases it was well pleased, and that the female was always the hardest treated by it. Campbell then put it as a question whether, the statement he made to me being correct, Lady Byron had not been ill-treated? To which it was impossible not to assent; for, however unfitted Lord and Lady Byron might have been for each other in respect to temper and disposition, the point at issue turned upon nothing of the kind.

"Then," said Campbell, "if you admit that—and Lady Byron be right, ought not I to disregard all other considerations?"

"Undoubtedly, if the matter be considered logically," I replied, "but

sound policy is another thing in an affair that does not imperiously press for discussion."

He then spoke of Dr. Lushington's opinion, and then I remarked that the case was not altered one way or the other before the public by any legal opinion, that we often saw what absurdities were promulgated by ecclesiastical courts, and even those of common law, in cases involving conjugal disputes when witnesses were put on their words to prove the quantum of conjugal affection existing between parties up to a certain day or hour. That the public had a sentiment of the absurdity of professional opinions in analogous cases of individual feeling, and that what might be law might not be right. People, therefore, formed their own opinion, uninfluenced by that in which they justly had little faith.

Campbell still persisted he was right, and became quite chivalrous in the matter. Knowing him so well, my apprehension then was for the mode in which he would set about his task. He had talked to me, as it was easy to see, with a foregone resolution. He was determined to be a champion-at-arms, though without practised weapons, and with reservations he could not use. The manuscript of the article, which I have preserved as a relic ever since, more than before satisfied me with what I had said and with the correctness of the view I had taken of the character of the championship.

There was nothing like the singular style of this article in all that he had ever written before. If it were considered spontaneous and uncalled for, that was a matter of taste resting with himself, it was the *ex cathedrâ* manner in which it was dictated that called forth so much animadversion. It dealt in assertion, it controverted Moore in a mode the most strange and *outré* possible. It disproved nothing, that Lady Byron, the better authority, had not disproved before by her own assertions, supported by Dr. Lushington's opinions. It bore the character rather of replicatory spleen against Moore, a stranger as he then was to Campbell's information, a thing Campbell did not intend, than a defence of Lady Byron. The language, compared to Campbell's former simple and pure English, was inflated and verbose. He spoke almost in boast of his own courage, as if that had been called in question, or was ever likely to be in the matter. His phrases were any thing but those of Campbell, "planting the *tic douloureux* of domestic suffering in a weak woman's bosom;" to "dirty and puddle the holy water of acknowledgment." "A blue stocking of chilblained learning," "keeping off sentimental mummeries from the hallowed precincts of a widow's character;" to "poach for the pathetic," were phrases that would have been sought previous to this ill-judged defence in the writing of any other literary man in England save Campbell himself. One of those impulses under which the poet sometimes did singular things, moved him to undertake a defence that defended nothing, and to make assertions that could go no way in settling any point. He said he had not read the work he attacked, or affected not to have done so :—

"I have not read it in your book, for I hate to wade through it; but they tell me, that you have not only warily depreciated Lady Byron, but that you have described a lady that would have suited him (Lord B.) If this be true, it is the unkindest cut of all—to hold up a florid description of a woman suitable to Lord Byron, as if in mockery over the forlorn flower of virtue that was drooping in the solitude of sorrow."

As if he would have burlesqued the pathetic, and make use of that burlesque as an argument.

To an old friend like Moore, this defence must have had a very singular appearance, an aspect incomprehensible. It is difficult to imagine what Campbell thought when he sat down to write in a mode so utterly at variance with his former self. Had he reasoned that he could communicate no more than Lady Byron had done, he would have seen that he really left the matter as it stood before, but he was moved, as usual, by feeling, rather than by fact or policy. In truth, the poet did not possess that versatility of talent which he imagined. Though what he did thus badly, too, was done with good-heartedness and in good faith, the execution never equalled the virtue of the motive, and he was always seen to a disadvantage when thus off his beaten track. This injudicious championship in behalf of Lady Byron did him great mischief, not on account of the subject, which any one, like Campbell, partial to standing well in the esteem of the fair sex, might have undertaken with or without the charge of injudiciousness, as the case happened, but from the discovery it operated, that Campbell had less judgment and talents as an advocate than was presupposed, that he was unable to make the best of a cause, and that he buried the purity of his literary taste in the zeal of overheated advocacy. Had he not undertaken such a task, he might still have had conceded to him the credit of possessing the requisite ability for its execution. Had he advanced the cause he undertook, he might have compensated for the singular manner in which it was undertaken.

The publications thus sent into the world not only surprised the friends of Campbell, but seemed to have unsettled the poet himself for a considerable period afterwards. He appeared as if he could talk of no other subject, and became for a time at least incapable of application of any sort. But this was his way when any particular subject had occupied his attention. He visited much more than he had done previously, and expressed himself upon every occasion like a warm partisan who overleaps discretion on an all-engrossing topic. The singular way in which he dealt with his old friend Moore, in a style between censure and something akin to sneering in the article which was not at all intended, nor discovered by himself to carry that complexion, was not the least curious thing. There was a species of egotism used, which repelling hypothetical accusations of himself, placed Campbell, his motives, and his feelings prominently forward in the matter, instead of making the defence of the lady's cause and its concomitant grounds the end and scope of all. In truth, Moore must have felt astonished when he perused the article for the first time, while the eccentricity of the article itself, and its peculiar deviation from a particular and cautious discretion which until then had appeared a conspicuous quality in the writer, must have surprised him still more.

That Moore was not acquainted with all the facts of the case was evident, he had done what every biographer does, he had relied with the regard of a friend in the present case, upon the statements made by Byron; he had, indeed, no other guide. Under such circumstances, and without any light but from the documents he possessed, he had written upon the best authority within his reach. It was rather out of the way to treat him in any other mode than that of mild expostulation in the first place, and then to enter calmly into an explanation of what there was to be said on the opposite side of the question. All this ought to have been done in place of what was done in a way more worthy of

a long professed friendship upon which all the while I knew Campbell never dreamed of trenching. However, it is satisfactory to know that an old friendship was not severed, and that both the one and the other met some time afterwards on terms of customary cordiality.

I have no aim but that of truth in this statement. It is impossible that I could promulgate one unkind sentiment in relation to a celebrated man with whom a long intercourse only served to make the balance of esteem greatly preponderate. The best course is that of impartiality; such a statement should be made on the ground of right feeling, because indifferent persons are interested in its correctness. I do not derogate from the poet's worth by relating an instance of the overflow of his zeal somewhat too wildly carried into effect. It is no test of kindness to the memory of the departed, to proclaim him faultless in the front of the acknowledged compact by which man is linked to his nature—the compact of a common imperfection. Lady Byron after all was only anxious, and very naturally so, to exculpate her father and mother from Lord Byron's censures, and she attempted to do no more than this. But this was not enough for Campbell, who undertook the task which the lady had expressly stated she had not undertaken. He championed her particular cause, and left it very much as he found it, although there could not be two opinions about her having justice upon her side, among those who knew the whole circumstances of the affair, of which Mr. Moore was at the moment, as well as the rest of the world, in utter ignorance.

The last year of Campbell's Lord Rectorship at Glasgow had expired at the close of 1829. He left his old house in Seymour-street West in that year, with its airy situation, and at Michaelmas went to occupy a large but a gloomy dwelling in Middle Scotland Yard, under one of his restless impulses. I do not find that he visited Scotland at the conclusion of his official duties there, but conclude he did not, because I cannot find any letter or note from him dated from Scotland, or indeed out of London, for the entire year. He appeared more social and fonder of company at such seasons as the particular humour came upon him than usual; he devoted his time to study as irregularly, but his studies were on dry abstract subjects not calculated for the foundation of any work of public interest.

This year he deemed it necessary to place his son under the care of Dr. Mathew Allen, at Epping. The consciousness of some kind of surveillance being exercised over young Campbell was all that was necessary. To a stranger rational enough, on some points well-informed, young Campbell was an agreeable chatty companion. There was nothing fatuitous in his look, and in society his conduct was exceedingly correct. At times he was flighty when in the domestic circle, and appeared to view the restraint of his father upon his actions in gloomy meditation, so his father felt, and fancied what perhaps had no real existence. The poet continually lamented that he should never be able to make any thing of him, there being no change after so many years of observation. But he had still kept him in his house, not liking for him to be absent from his own care, until at last he could not longer bear the way in which his son's eyes sometimes became fixed upon him when he was alone, as if he meditated mischief, a thing his mother had remarked to me long previously. The idea, foundationless no doubt, was painful to one of the father's sensitiveness. "I am going to send Tom to the care of Dr.

Allen," he observed to me; "I can bear it no longer." The resolution was the more painful on account of the mild nature of the complaints, which would seem scarcely to have required removal to such an establishment to a superficial observer. "What can I do, I cannot leave my home without some watch being kept over him in my absence; and when I am present he becomes a subject of painful contemplation." No affection could be stronger towards a child than that of Campbell towards his son. Young Thomas was accordingly sent to the house of Dr. Allen, where he remained fourteen years and upwards. His father used to go occasionally and see him, and I have known the son walk into town with Dr. Allen and call upon his father. On such an occasion Dr. Allen told me once, on my asking for him at his establishment, that he was gone into the forest where he had been planning roads and scheming improvements. That he spent almost all his time in the open air if the weather was fine. "He comes in regularly to dinner at two o'clock," said the doctor.

There was a good deal of feeling displayed by Campbell on this parting occasion, and perhaps I have been wrong in charging upon his wonted restlessness of temper his removal to Scotland Yard from Upper Seymour-street. It put him to considerable expense from the alterations and additions he had made to his house, by altering his library just before Mrs. Campbell's death. It is probable he felt at last much more painfully gloomy than he liked to confess, in a residence where he had so much to remind him of the past; where in fact he was now left alone to meditate on the loss he had sustained by the vicissitudes of life, and to suffer the more, because what he suffered was in vain. Certain it is that I imagined there was a good deal going on in his mind at the time, from observing a more than usual absence and inattention to business; but he let fall nothing that could afford a clue as to what was the real fact. There was a reserve about him that seemed to make it a matter of pride that he would bear even his grievances alone. He kept his mind in its own solitude, and would not suffer the precincts to be violated by one particle of that sympathy which others might communicate; the most philosophical, if not the most natural way of meeting the strokes of misfortune.

He had been reading the Life of Madame Roland, and highly commended as a source of consolation under misfortunes that passage in which this remarkable lady spoke of resistance to them—a resistance which she so nobly exemplified on the scaffold. "We must look to ourselves for consolation, not to extraneous assistance," said Campbell. This seemed to me a clue to his feelings. A reference to the works of Madame Roland has enabled me to recover the passage to which he alluded, as it recurred to memory at once on seeing it.

"Dans toutes les peines que j'ai essuyée la plus vive impression de douleur est presque aussitôt accompagnée de l'ambition d'opposer mes forces au mal dont je suis l'objet, et de la surmonter ou par le bien que je fais à d'autres, ou par l'augmentation de mon propre courage. Ainsi la malheur peut me poursuivre et nôn m'accable: les tyrans peuvent me persecuter; mais m'avilir? Jamais, jamais!"

This sentiment the poet thought worthy of a great mind of antiquity—and that it was the finer from being the doctrine of one who acted up to her high-minded convictions, and proved the value of her own philosophy.

When any thing that touched his poetical works was alluded to in his presence, it was obvious how anxious he still was lest what might be even casually dropped should tend to their depreciation. Yet nothing of this was expressed in words, nor need it have been to one who knew the poet so well as myself.

"You are not the first Campbell that has written upon Hope," said Pringle, "you had a predecessor, a Dr. Campbell, too, who wrote on the same subject in 1784."

"Indeed!" and the poet seemed to prick up his ears.

"I do not think you will find his rivalry very formidable. He only wrote three stanzas upon the subject. One of them invokes Hope as follows :—

> My beating bosom is a well-wrought cage
> Whence thee, sweet goldfinch, never shalt elope,
> Thy music all my sorrows can assuage,
> So soft the songs of sweet-deluding Hope !

Campbell smiled himself out of an expression of feature that, at first, indicated alarmed sensibility, he feared that something like a borrowed thought, or line, had been detected, at least so I imagined. Then, as to *Doctor* Campbell, he had a detestation beyond example of being so denominated, it was his most particular aversion. Mrs. Campbell used to say to me, it was his peculiar detestation—"Don't call him doctor, any thing else." When the remark was now made, that he was Doctor Campbell too, he looked grave on Pringle, and said, he was LL.D., but no friend of his would ever call him so. This was pride, honest pride; he felt that so dog-cheap an honour bestowed on any body for almost any thing, was no mark of merit on the owner's part, and was not worth a plain name that had worked out its own celebrity. No one can deny but that the poet was right; the continued abuse in the bestowal of these titles renders them of no value whatever—genius is its now better and more durable distinction.

ON THE NEW HEIDELBERG BASTILLE NOW CONSTRUCTING.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

> Put not your trust in princes. Now when man,
> Like a young eagle panting to be free,
> Would burst some links of the Oppressor's chain,
> And walk erect in sovereign majesty;
> Is this the consummation? Hark! I hear
> The clink of hammers, and the iron sound
> Of riveted bolts and bars, denoting fear
> Of tyrants. Lo! up towers the grim huge mound,
> And circling walls that cover half a rood,
> And speak of sunless dungeons damp and cold,
> Such as are hid beneath yon ruins old,
> Strewn with the bones of captives soaked with blood,
> How long must these to the deaf Heavens appeal
> In vain? What did the French with their Bastille?

A VISIT TO THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF CRESSY AND AGINCOURT.

IN LETTERS ADDRESSED TO H. P. SMITH, ESQ.

By H. L. Long, Esq.

LETTER V.

AGINCOURT.

If our Hotel de l'Europe at Hesdin presented us with accommodations somewhat inferior to those of its namesake at Abbeville, we had no reason to be displeased with our quarters, and, as far as the operations of the *chef* are a matter of importance, they were unexceptionable.

The great post-road leading to St. Omer ascends the chalk on the north of the valley immediately after passing the river, traverses the forest of Hesdin, and then emerges into the open country. At the distance of about eight miles from Hesdin, the spire of the church of Agincourt becomes visible on the right of the road, rising above the trees which conceal the other buildings of the village, beyond which lies the field of battle. This road is, of course, the easiest and the most direct way to approach the spot, but a desire to get upon the line of march of our fifth Harry previous to the action, led us to adopt a different route, and for this purpose we were obliged to leave our large carriage at Hesdin, and adopt one of the light cabriolets of the country.

And now we exchanged the recollection of the "great Edward, with the lilies on his brow from haughty Gallia torn," for those of the worthy although illegal inheritor of his crown, his valorous great grandson, in no way his inferior, whether in the qualities of mind or body, the renowned of English monarchs, Henry the Fifth.

Let me remind you, by way of giving consistency to my letter, that Henry had opened his campaign of 1415, by landing in France near Harfleur—the capture of that town followed—but after the loss of nearly half his army by disease, he was fain to retire, and, in making his way towards Calais, found himself planted between the Somme and the ocean, precisely as had been the case with his great ancestor sixty-nine years previously. No Blanquetaque was now practicable. That memorable passage "was now so impeached with stakes in the bottom of the ford, that he could not pass, his enemies besides there away so swarming on all sides"—an unlucky prudence had on this occasion inspired the French—better had it been for them to have built a bridge of gold for their flying enemy. No place of passage could be forced or found anywhere, until after ascending the left bank of the river almost as far up as the fortress of Ham, he discovered a "shallow, which was never espied before," and there, on the 19th of October, he effected his passage, and resumed his march in the direction of Calais. At some distance, a little in advance of his right flank, in a course almost parallel to his own, but gradually converging until the two lines met at Agincourt, marched the French army, amounting to 60,000 or 80,000 men,

and arrayed under a numerous and brilliant assemblage of chiefs and nobles—Delabret, Constable; Chatillon, admiral of France; Rambures, grand master of the cross-bows; together with the Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and an infinity of others. "Willing to wound but yet afraid to strike," they continued their course, sometimes, indeed, sending a herald with proposals to treat, but for the most part enjoying an easy security of having their prey within their grasp whenever a fitting opportunity enabled them to clutch him, after he had been duly weakened by a little further exhaustion.

This state of things continued until the English army approached Blangy, on the Ternoise, on the 24th of October, and to Blangy we bent our steps, as the best place for getting upon their track. An excellent road leads up the valley of the Ternoise from Hesdin, and we passed on our right the hill of le Parc, the "nominis umbra" of the ancient domain. It might be an anachronism to allude to events which at an interval of nine years succeeded the Battle of Agincourt, but we could not pass le Parc without recollecting that it was the place of training for Philip Duke of Burgundy in his expected duel with Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. The princes were going to decide by trial of battle the right to the possession of the hand of Jaquetta of Bavaria, Duchess of Brabant, who had fled from her husband under the escort of the Seigneur de Robsart, to Valenciennes, "et là fut pratiqué le marriage du Duc de Gloucester et la Duchesse de Brabant, nonobstant qu'elle feut mariée au Duc de Brabant." The Duke of Burgundy threw down the gauntlet on behalf of his relative of Brabant, and a single combat was arranged to take place. The Duke of Burgundy, says St. Rémy, "grant désir avoit de essayer son corps allencontre du Duc de Gloucestre—et à la verité c'estoit le plus grant désir que il eust en ce monde, et adfin d'estre prest au jour Saint George, il se tira en la ville de Hesdin (vieux Hesdin of course), où là fist venir pleuseurs armoiers pour forgier le harnas et habillement qui pour son corps lui estoient necessaire, et en ce beau Parc de Hesdin, qui est l'un des beaux du Royaulme, se trouvoient tous les matins pour prendre alaine et avec che avoit pluiseurs certains lieux et places secrettes ou il exercitoit son corps à combattre et faire ses essais." Something, however, interfered to prevent a meeting between these dukes, who both bore the surname of "Good"—Gloucester, who was a man of distinguished skill and courage, and who had fought gallantly at Agincourt, where he was dangerously wounded, might have proved more than a match even for the father of Charles le Hardi. I can easily imagine the Parc of Vieux Hesdin to have been "des plus beaux," in an agreeable situation, occupying the high ground at the angle formed by the union of the two streams,—all this is now completely disparked, and, on the Ternoise side at least, bears not the slightest vestige of its original forestial state.

On reaching Blangy we turned by a villanous road down to the river, and stationed ourselves for awhile on the bridge. Here then we were treading on the footsteps of Henry, and heard the echo of his commands. "March to the bridge; it now draws towards the night. Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves, and on the morrow bid them march away!"

Here the position of Henry for a time must have been awfully perilous —with a French army of sixfold force within a very few miles of him,

he was entangled in a deep valley, with his little army embarrassed by the passage of the river—and his situation must have been known to the French, for he had just put to flight a detachment of their troops, who had attempted to destroy the bridge. Had they at that moment poured down the hill upon him, utter annihilation would have been inevitable! But before we left this spot some images of a milder and more pacific description, unconnected indeed with the heroes of Agincourt, but not altogether unconnected with another British army came floating over our imaginations. You who were one of that army, the army of occupation in 1816, may perhaps remember that Blangy was the head-quarters of the fly-fishers at that period. The Ternoise is a beautiful stream, and I could not quit its banks without wetting a line. Trout are reported, and with truth, I believe, to be abundant—in spite of the unfavourable state of the water after a night of rain, it was impossible to resist the attempt; a peasant who looked on for a time observed rather solemnly, "vous ne prendrez rien," and he was right.

This was soon over, and Harry again became lord of the ascendant—his progress cannot be better told than in the words of the old chroniclers:

"The Duke of York that led the vanguard (after the army had passed the river) mounted up to the heighth of a hill with his people, and sent out scouts to discover the country; one of them, astonished at the extent of the French army, returned with the utmost speed to the duke, exclaiming, 'quickly be prepared, for you are just about to fight against a world of innumerable people.' This news induced the king to halt, and he hastened with the utmost speed of the fine horse he rode to view the enemy, who, like so many forests, covered the whole country far and wide. That done, he returned to his people, and with cheerful countenance caused them to be put in order of battle, and so kept them still in that order till night was come, and then determined to seek a place to encamp and lodge his army in for that night. There was not one amongst them that knew any certain place whither to go in that unknown country, but by chance they happened upon a beaten way, white, in sight, by the which they were brought unto a little village, where they were refreshed with meat and drink somewhat more plenteously than they had been divers days before."

This is a sketch of the country and the incidents which filled up the interval between the passage of the Ternoise and the halt of the army in the village of Marconcelles, in front of the field of Agincourt, and only 250 paces distant from the position of the French army. In reflecting on these events, we are struck with astonishment at the hardihood of the king—at the hairbreadth escapes of the English army—at the wondrous ignorance manifested as to where they were, or where they were going, and lastly, at the extraordinary good luck which guided them not only into comfortable quarters, but into a military position, which proved excellently suited to the diminished numbers of the English forces. We had ample time to survey all this ground attentively—it was impossible to proceed with the carriage, except at a very slow pace, for not only is the ascent from the Ternoise exceedingly long and steep, but the road, if "white in sight" in the days of Harry, was white to our sight with a vengeance, for it had all been lately shaped, and freshly laid with chalk

of a snowy brilliancy ; satisfactory preparations for all future travellers, but rendering our own progress extremely tedious.

We were mounting some of the most elevated land in this part of France—a "*divortium aquarum*"—the waters on the south unite with the Ternoise and the Canche, discharging themselves into the English Channel at Etaples, while to the north they form the sources of the Lys, flow into the Scheld, and thence to the North Sea. On reaching the plateau on the top, we were on the spot whence Henry the First descried the formidable host of his adversary, covering all the open country to the north-east, and onwards to the woods which surround Tramecourt.

The three villages of Tramecourt, Maisoncelles, and Agincourt, are all enveloped in clusters of wood, as a shelter in this high and exposed country—they form a triangle ; between them lies the field of battle—Tramecourt and Agincourt, the north-eastern and north-western angles, were occupied by the French, together with the intermediate space, and there they passed the night, in a state of great excitement, confident of victory, calculating the anticipated ransoms of their English prisoners, and making the plain resound with their loud cries, as they shouted after their grooms and varlets. Rain fell abundantly, and the "tawny" ground, as Shakspeare truly calls it, using Hollingshed's epithet, was soaked where the horses stood over their fetlocks in mire. The soil of Agincourt reposes on chalk, like that of Cressy, but is of a far more clayey and tenacious description, and had its effect in fatiguing the French cavalry. The quarters of the English monarch were at Maisoncelles, the southern angle of the field, and fortunately they were such as met the exigencies of his little army, like the "*Copiolas*," as D. Brutus jokingly calls his troops, "sic enim verè eas appellare possum, sunt enim extenuatissimæ, et inopiâ omnium rerum pessimè acceptæ." The English, in fact, had been reduced to half their original numbers by death and sickness, "their victuals in a manner spent, and no hope to get more ; for their enemies had destroyed all the corn before they came. Rest could they none take, for their enemies with alarms did ever so infest them : daily it rained, and nightly it freezed : of fuel there was great scarcity ; of disorders plenty : money enough, but wares for their relief to bestow it on, had they none." Walsingham tells us there had been a want of bread in the army, so that many had used filbert-nuts instead ; the men of inferior rank had drunk nothing but water for eighteen days. "They were hungry, weary, sore travelled, and vexed with many cold diseases. Howbeit, reconciling themselves with God by housel and shrift, requiring assistance at His hands as the only Giver of victory, they determined rather to die than to yield or flee." They had, too, in their Harry a leader to comfort and inspire them under the most threatening aspect of fortune. He rejected the wish, not of his "cousin Westmoreland," but more correctly of Sir Walter Hungerford, for "more men from England." "I would not wish a man more here than I have. We are indeed in comparison with the enemies but a few, but if God of his clemency do favour us, and our just cause (as I trust he will), we shall speed well enough." It might have been more difficult, perhaps, for him to explain his just cause than to fight for it ; some qualms seem to have come over him in secret, for we read of him, on the eve of the battle, somewhat stung by the recollection

"Of the fault
My father made in compassing the crown,"

and recounting all he done by way of honourable interment for Richard's body, and the chantries he had founded,

"Where the sad and solemn priests
Still sing for Richard's soul!"

So says the only history of England which the great Duke of Marlborough professed ever to have read—Shakspeare—who has doubtless painted the fifth Harry to the life. The night, however, was not without its military arrangements: the king sent out some valiant knights by moonlight to examine the field, and report as to the French forces which were so close upon him. The famous answer of Sir David Gam is upon record, and deserves to be so; a few words in praise of it by Sir Walter Raleigh are worth your notice, coming from an author more talked of than read perhaps—at all events read far less than he ought to be. Raleigh is describing the battle of Cannæ. "His (Hannibal's) brother Mago came to him, whom he had sent to view the countenance of the enemy. Hannibal asked him what news, and what work they were likely to have with these Romans? 'Work enough,' answered Mago, 'for they are an horrible many.' 'As horrible a many as they are,' Hannibal replied, 'I tell thee, brother, that among them all, search them never so diligently, thou shalt not find one man whose name is Mago.' With that he fell a laughing, and so did all that stood about him, which gladdened the soldiers, who thought their general would not be so merry without great assurance." I am disposed to think the gist of this piece of wit lies in some double entendre in the Punic language, incapable of translation. Raleigh proposes some explanations; its effect, however, is all that concerns us.

"But," continues Sir Walter, "if Hannibal himself had been sent forth by Mago to view the Romans, he could not have returned with a more gallant report in his mouth than that which Captain Gam, before the battle of Agincourt, made unto our King Henry V., saying that 'of the Frenchmen there were enow to be killed, enow to be taken prisoners, and enow to run away.' Even such words as these, or such pleasant jest, as this of Hannibal are not without their moment, but serve many times when battle is at hand, to work upon such passions as must govern more of the business, especially when other needful care is not wanting, without which they are but vain boasts."

The dawn of the day of St. Crispin, thenceforward so celebrated in our annals, must have discovered to Henry the agreeable fact of his having accidentally possessed himself of a position fully as well suited to his little army as any his best foresight could have selected. In his rear were the wooded enclosures of Maisoncelles, the village in which he had passed the night; right and left of him the land fell off in gentle slopes, sufficient to give a 'vantage ground to each flank. In his front the plot of ground between the three enclosures was amply adequate to the array of his own army, but narrowed so much where the French were stationed, that the interval between Tramecourt and Agincourt, where the road runs, connecting the two villages, is not more than 480 yards. Henry drew up his army much in the same form as that adopted by Edward at Cressy, which seems to have been the usual arrangement prescribed by the tactics

of the day. Henry, indeed employed a little manœuvring, which was entirely dispensed with at the battle of Cressy; his first step was to send "privily two hundred archers into a low meadow which was near to the vaunt guard of the enemies; but separated with a great ditch, commanding them there to keep themselves close till they had a token to them given, to let drive at their adversaries;" the place of ambuscade thus chosen must have been the southern end of the inclosures of Tramecourt, which lies sufficiently in a hollow to be quite concealed from an enemy, who had not circumspection enough to examine the ground. The division which formed the van-guard of the army was composed entirely of archers, and was commanded by Edward Duke of York, a man of high courage, who there fell valiantly fighting, leaving his ill-omened name to be claimed by the rightful heirs of the crown, his nephew and his nephew's son, men equally valiant in action, who did it no dishonour in their many wars,—wars, unhappily! nullos habitura triumphos! Out of Henry's 15,000 men, 13,000 were archers, billmen, and "all sorts of other footmen, 2000 only were horsemen." The archers were by far the most important corps, and their preservation was the principal object of Henry's solicitude. "He feared not the puissance of his enemies, but yet he used due caution to provide that they should not, with the multitude of horsemen, break the order of his archers, in whom the force of his army consisted. For in those days the yeomen had their limbs at liberty, sith their hosen were then fastened with one point, and their jacks long and easy to shoot in, so that they might draw bows of great strength, and shoot arrows of a yard long beside the head."

To secure them against the charges of the French cavalry, "he caused stakes bound with iron, sharp at both ends, of the length of five or six foot, to be pitched before the archers, and of each side the footmen like a hedge, to the intent that if the barded horses ran rashly upon them, they might shortly be gored and destroyed. Certain persons also were appointed to remove the stakes, as by the moving of the archers occasion and time should require, so that the footmen were hedged about with stakes, and the horsemen stood like a bulwark between them and their enemies, without the stakes. This device of fortifying an army, was at this time first invented; but since that time they have devised caltraps, harrows, and other new engines against the force of horsemen." The "herse," or triangle, was again the figure in which this important corps was drawn up, and Henry stationed it, "by reason of his small number of people, to fill up his battle, so on the right hand of his main battle, which he himself led, that the distance betwixt them might scarce be perceived, and so in the like case was the rearward joined on the left hand, that the one might the more readily succour another in time of need." With the king's division, in which were all the strong billmen, was his brother the Duke of Gloucester, the Earls of Suffolk, Oxford, and others. "The Duke of Exeter, uncle to the king, led the rearward, which was mixed both with billmen and archers. The horsemen, like wings, went on every side of the battle."—"When he had thus ordered his battles, he left a small company to keep his camp and carriage, which remained still in the village, and then calling his captains and soldiers about him, he made them a right glorious oration, assuring them, in conclusion, that England should never be charged with his ransom, nor any Frenchman triumph over him as a captive, for either by

famous death or glorious victory would he, by God's help, win honour and fame !"

On the other side of the plain the French army were drawn up in three divisions. The first corps was composed of "eight thousand helms of knights and esquires, four thousand archers, and fifteen hundred cross-bows, which were guided by the Lord de la Bret, Constable of France, having with him the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, the master of the cross-bows, and other captains;" this division was supported by sixteen hundred men-at-arms as a wing on one side, and on the other wing eight hundred men-of-arms of "elect, chosen persons." "In the middle ward were assigned as many persons, or more, as were in the foremost battle, and the charge thereof was committed to the Dukes of Bar and Alençon, and other noblemen. In the rearward were all the other men-at-arms, guided by the Earls of Marles, Dammartin, and others." Although it is stated that the French upon this occasion were not unprovided with artillery, yet we hear nothing of their performances during the action—a proof that the example of Cressy had not tended to encourage any improvement in this arm, and an inference that at Cressy the cannon were not of sufficient importance to justify their being ranked among the causes of that victory. The registers of Abbeville record that in the year of the battle of Agincourt, "1415, l'échevinage fit tailler deux mille cent soixante-onze *pierres rondes* ou boulets de grès, pour *juer de canons* contre l'ennemi."

"Thus the Frenchmen, being ordered under their standards and banners, made a great show; for, surely, they were esteemed in number six times as many, or more, than was the whole company of the Englishmen, with waggoners, pages, and all."—"Verité est," says St. Rémy, "que les Franchois avoient ordonné les batailles entre deux petits bois l'un serrant à Agincourt, et l'autre à Tramecourt; la place estoit estroite, et tres avantageuse pour les Anglois, et au contraire pour les Franchois, car les Franchois avait esté toutte la nuit à cheval, et si pleuvait." This was the first grand error committed by the French; after having had the choice of a field of battle so completely within their command, they selected this of Agincourt, and could not possibly have picked out a worse. The second error was, neglecting to reconnoitre the ground, so that the small body of English archers, secreted in the lower part of Tramecourt, remained unobserved until they discovered themselves but too manifestly by the unexpected discharge and fatal effect of their arrows.

An awful pause succeeded these preparations, and each army remained immovable in position. It formed no part of Henry's policy to commence an attack, and the overnight ardour of the French appeared to diminish considerably when the actual moment for its display had arrived. They again, whether in jest or not seems uncertain, despatched a herald to the English monarch to treat for his ransom; but the undaunted Henry replied, that in two or three hours he hoped the French would be compounding for their own ransoms, and, for his own part, he promised them his dead carcass rather as a prize, than that his living body should pay any ransom. The rejection of this overture was construed by the French into a decisive signal for instantaneous battle. The men of war put on their helmets, and caused their trumpets to blow to battle; with such hot haste was this marshalling performed, that some of the chiefs

could not wait for the arrival of their standards, and it is especially recorded of the Duke of Brabant, that he caused a banner to be taken from a trumpet and fastened to a spear, the which he commanded to be borne before him instead of a standard—

> Ceciditque in strage suorum
> Impiger ad letum, et fortis virtute coactâ!

The armies were now within three bowshots, for the French had advanced a little, but still no disposition to engage was exhibited, except when any of the French horsemen who came at all forward were driven back by the English archers. "Thereupon, all things considered, it was determined that since the Frenchmen would not come forward, the king, with his army embattled, should march towards them." In front "there went an old knight, Sir Thomas Erpingham (a man of great experience in the war), with a warder in his hand, but when he cast up his warder all the army shouted." We gain from St. Rémy a description of the onset. "Lors les Anglais commencerent soudainement à marcher, en jettant un cry moult grant, dont grandement s'emerveillerent les Franchois. Et quand les Anglois virent que les Franchois point ne les approchoient, il marcherent vers eux tout bellement en belle ordonnance; et derechef, firent un tres grant cry, en eux arrestant et reprenant leur haleine." This account bears a singular resemblance to the charge of Cæsar's troops at the battle of Pharsalia. Pompey's army remained stationary, hoping the Cæsareans would be exhausted by the exertion—"Quod nobis quidem," says Cæsar, "nullâ ratione factum à Pompeio videtur .... nostri cum animadvertissent non concurri à Pompejanis usu periti, ac superioribus pugnis exercitate, suâ sporte cursum represserunt, et ad medium ferè spatium constiterunt, ne consumptis viribus appropinquarent." To this ready discipline on the part of his troops Cæsar ascribes the victory, and he justly blames a general, who, by any imprudent orders, represses the natural ardour of his troops. This was the case evidently at Agincourt, where the French army having made a partial advance in the open field, were halted, and thus displayed a species of irresolution little calculated to inspire courage. The archers of England now began that discharge of arrows which was in the habit of carrying all before it, nor did it fail in this instance; at the same time, the body of men in the low ground of Tramecourt, observing the shout which followed the signal of the veteran Erpingham, starting from their concealment, attacked the flank of the first division of the French, under the protection of a deep ditch which rendered their position inaccessible. Nor was this manœuvre of the battle unlike another incident at Pharsalia, where Cæsar had placed six cohorts on his right wing, destined to attack Pompey's horse in flank, and admonished them that upon their behaviour the success of the day would mainly depend—and so, indeed, it did—the conduct of this body, and the effect of their attack, secured him the victory. Thus at Agincourt, the combined attack of the main body of archers in front, and that of the detachment suddenly opening fire on the flank of the French, threw the whole of the leading division into confusion, "so wounded the foot-men, galled the horses, and encumbered the men of arms, that the foot-men durst not go forward, the horsemen ran together in plumps without order; some overthrew such as were next

them, and the horses overthrew their masters." The confusion in the enemy's line was quickly perceived, and as quickly taken advantage of by the English archers, who, dismissing their bows, and seizing their swords, axes, bills, and other hand weapons, rushed upon the French, and penetrated as far as the second corps, slaying every thing in their way. Henry himself came up with his division, and the second line of the enemy were overthrown—but the battle was one of great fury. York was slain, and Suffolk, who had kept with him in his chivalry, perished also. The Duke of Gloucester, fearfully wounded, was borne down to the ground, "with his face to the sky, and his feet to the foe." The king himself bestrode the prostrate body of his brother, and displayed that personal vigour for which he was as conspicuous as he was for his dauntless spirit. D'Alençon had vowed his destruction, and actually reached him with some brave attendants, and struck the king so furious a blow upon the head, that he was almost felled to the ground, and his bacinet, still suspended over his tomb in Westminster Abbey, is said to bear visibly the dent of the tremendous stroke; but it was the last stroke ever struck by D'Alençon—a blow from Henry brought him to the earth, when he was instantly despatched by the king's attendants, in spite of an effort on the part of his royal antagonist to preserve his life. Henry himself slew two of the duke's body guard. Yet, in the midst of all the confusion of the general battle and these personal encounters, Henry did not lose sight of his duty as commander-in-chief. Perceiving the shaken state of the greater part of the enemy's forces, he adopted a second manœuvre, which proved completely successful. "He ordered his horsemen to fetch a compass about, and to join with him against the rearward of the Frenchmen, in which was the greatest number of people." I conjecture this circuit must have been made round the enclosure of Agincourt. This unexpected attack appears to have completely paralysed the enemy, who made no more attempts at resistance, but either fled the field, or yielded themselves prisoners, and victory settled on the brows of the English monarch. Henry's position for command of the left wing, brought him up to the Agincourt side of the field of battle, and having inquired the name of the neighbouring chateau, and being answered that it was Agincourt, he directed that the conflict should be called the battle of Agincourt.

Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispanus!

Had he chosen to command the right wing, his advance would have led him towards Tramecourt, and, in that case, we should, perhaps, have heard for ever of the battle of "Tramecourt," instead of "Agincourt." In the meantime, the Seigneur of Agincourt himself, together with some other ruffians less occupied in sharing the duties and dangers of their countrymen in the action, than in thinking of what plunder might be obtained in the outskirts, perceiving the unprotected state of the English baggage, entered Maisoncelles, and with 600 horsemen began despoiling the tents, breaking open chests, carrying off caskets and all valuables, and slaying such servants as made the least resistance. "But when the outcry of lackeys and boys came to the king's ears, he, doubting lest his enemies should gather together again, and begin a new field, while his army were embarrassed with numerous prisoners, and contrary to his accustomed gentleness, commanded by sound of trumpet, that every man, upon pain of death, should incontinently slay his prisoner."

A FEW MONTHS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

By Lieut.-Colonel E. Napier.

THE AMAKOSÆ.

"The tribe that occupies the country on the Eastern Frontier of the Colony, is called Amakosæ, and their country is called by them Amakosina. These words are formed from 'Kosæ,' which is used to designate a single individual; and the plural, by prefixing the article 'ama.'

Rose's "*Four Years in Southern Africa*," p. 78.

Of all the various ramifications into which the human species is divided, probably few exceed in number, and the wide extent of territory they occupy, those of the Bechuana race, of which the Kaffir nation is an undoubted branch; and if similarity of language, customs, and appearance be proofs of a common origin, the course of this people may be traced as flowing south of the equator, from the furthest discovered limits of the interior of Africa, and along its eastern shores,—extending thence, and skirting the vast sandy deserts which divide this little known continent, across the Peninsula to the western coast, through the country of the Damaras, as far as the Portuguese settlements of Benguela and Angola.

"The Bechuana, or, as some term it, the Sichuana dialect, prevails universally amongst the interior tribes, so far as they have yet been visited, and varies but slightly from that of the Damaras and Delagoans, situated so widely apart on the two opposite coasts."*

Captain Owen, whose labours in surveying the eastern shores of Africa, are so well known, states that the language at Delagoa Bay is the same as that spoken to the eastward, as far as the Bazaneto Islands, and that both Kaffirs and Zoolahs can communicate readily with the Delagoans; and Major Denham, who succeeded in penetrating from the western coast, further into the interior of Central Africa than probably any other European, describes the Fellatahs, inhabiting the portion of this immense and nearly unknown continent, which is situated about 10 deg N. and 5 deg. E. as clothed in the "spoils of the chase," and possessing characteristics which are recognised as common to the Kaffirs, and other hordes of the Bechuana race.

The many theories advanced as to the origin of the Kaffirs, have already been adverted to, but although Barrow and other writers boldly affirm them to be the descendants of Ishmael, there appears, as I have elsewhere observed, more reason to consider them analogous with the Negroes of Central Africa, or to trace their derivation from Abyssinia; an hypothesis which might perhaps be greatly elucidated by Sir Cornwallis Harris, who, from his mission to that part of the world, and former travels in Southern Africa, would, no doubt, be well qualified for such a task.

Of the three Bechuana nations, viz.: the Amatombæ (or Tamboukies) the Amapondæ, and the Amakosæ, (indiscriminately known to us under the extraneous appellation of Kaffirs), with the latter—from their geographical position, and constant depredations during the last half century, of the eastern province of the Cape of Good Hope—we have had more

* From Thompson's "Travels in Southern Africa," vol. i. p. 332.

intimate relations, and are better acquainted than with any other tribe of the whole race; and as part of this knowledge has been acquired at a cost of several millions to the British nation, it may not at this moment—when hostilities with them have so lately been brought to a close—be deemed out of place, to give a short account of these restless barbarians.

The nominal territory of the Amakosæ now extends from the Umtata to the Keiskamma; and though Kreili, whose residence is beyond the Kye, be acknowledged as their paramount sovereign, the nation is divided into several tribes, independent of each other, and governed by hereditary chiefs, who possess the power of life and death over their subjects. The principal Amakosæ tribes, besides those of Kreili, are the T'Sambies and the Gaïkas, but these are subdivided into several minor chieftainships, whose aggregate amount of population is supposed to exceed 170,000 souls, amongst whom may be reckoned, at the very least, between 40,000 and 50,000 warriors, though some aver that they can bring even a larger number into the field; and it says little in favour of the prudence or precautionary measures adopted by the British government for the protection of its colonial subjects, that in face of such a host of treacherous and warlike barbarians, united by the strongest and most tempting motives to plunder, the eastern frontier has so often been left nearly denuded of troops; the whole amount of force for its defence in 1834, and for several previous years being:—"400 British Infantry, and 200 Hottentot Cavalry, to protect 100 miles of a fertile and tempting frontier, in the face of 80,000 savages on the opposite border, of habits innately predatory; a frontier, too, without fortified works or cannon;—a weakness which invited the spoiler, who was a close observer, and knew it well."*

I have in a former chapter, described the principle of succession amongst the Kaffirs as hereditary; but though the powers of the chiefs are great —being both legislators as well as judges of their respective tribes—the "Amapakati," or councillors, composed of the most experienced of their subjects, are always consulted in affairs of importance.

Their laws are few, and having no written documents of any kind, are transmitted by tradition; the decisions of their courts of justice are founded on precedents handed down from father to son, and which the elders of the tribe take care to inculcate on the minds of the younger warriors.

The crimes chiefly prevalent amongst the Kaffirs are murder, theft, adultery, and witchcraft; the latter considered by far the most heinous offence of all, and often made by the chief a pretext for extortion, committed under circumstances of the most revolting barbarity. As to the former delinquencies, they are rarely punished with death, a proportionate fine of cattle being generally deemed an equivalent, even for the shedding of blood.

Their belief in a supreme being, or knowledge of a future state, is extremely doubtful; and the celebrated missionary Van der Kemp, who probably possessed more information relative to the Kaffirs than has ever been since attained by any other European, states that he could never perceive they had any religion at all, or any idea of the existence of God; but like most of the savage nations of Africa, they appear to entertain some indefinite sort of veneration for the moon, the full of which is generally with them a season of gladness and rejoicing, and they will then often pass whole nights in song and dance, under the mild influence of her benignant rays.

* From Sir B. d'Urban's Despatch to Lord Glenelg, dated 9th June, 1836.

This custom, or, possibly, vague species of worship, was likewise prevalent, if we may believe Kolben, with the Hottentots of old; it is still observed by the modern Bushmen; the Fingoes, and other Bechuana tribes, practise it to the present day, and it also prevails—according to Mungo Park and Lander—even amongst the Negro nations on the banks of the Niger and the Gambia.

The Kaffirs still adhere to certain customs, which lead to the supposition of having reference to previous religious institutions, now sunk in oblivion, and to a former much higher state of civilisation than that which they at present enjoy. Amongst these, may be reckoned the rigid manner in which they abstain from any thing approaching to incestuous intercourse; an observance carried to such an extent, that if a Kaffir happens to meet the wife of his brother, she instantly steps aside and endeavours to screen herself from his view; nor are persons coming within this, and certain other degrees of relationship, allowed to sit together in the same hut, mix in the same company, or hold any sort of communication, though for years inhabiting a common neighbourhood.

The universal practice of circumcision amongst the Kaffirs, has, by some authors, been adduced as a certain proof of their Jewish or Arabic extraction; but a like custom prevails amongst some of the Negro tribes to the north of the equator,* and affords no more grounds for such an hypothesis, than the habit of exposing their dead to be devoured by wild animals would lead to the conclusion of tracing a common origin with the ancient Guebres, or fire-worshippers of Persia, who adopted a similar mode of disposing of the remains of humanity.

The Kaffirs have other striking peculiarities, to which an imaginary importance has been attached by writers wishing to establish some favourite theory: such as an aversion to the flesh of swine, and to certain kinds of fish; but nothing, either in their appearance or language, (the latter the strongest of all evidence in such cases), seems to justify the supposition of the Kaffirs, or, in short, any of the Bechuana race, being of Caucasian origin.

Though tall, well made, and in body and limbs a model of symmetry, the Kaffir head—whatever some authors may aver to the contrary—bears too evidently the African stamp, ever to be mistaken; the crisp, woolly hair, thick lips, and depressed nose, are certainly no proof of Asiatic derivation, nor could I even in the most extensive vocabulary of their language—spite of Barrow's surmises founded on the Oriental *sound* of "Eliang"† (the sun)—discover more than a single word having any affinity to the Arabic, and that is the affirmative "Eywah" (yes) which is common to both.

Although the Kaffirs possess a knowledge of cultivating the ground, even make bread, and also brew a sort of beer, they may be considered as almost exclusively a nomadic race, living chiefly by the produce of their herds; and cattle being by them regarded as specie—the current coin of the country—a proportionate value is therefore set, on what this people look upon with real veneration, almost approaching the symbolical worship evinced by the ancient Egyptian for his god Apis, or that homage paid by the modern Hindoo to the sacred cow.

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* See "Mungo Park's Travels," p. 226.

† Which certainly bears little resemblance to "El Shums," the Arabic appellation for the sun. See Barrow, vol. i., p. 215.

Cattle may therefore be said to constitute the whole "capital" of the Kaffirs; every commercial or bartering transaction is carried on amongst themselves, generally speaking through this medium, and—as with other savages—woman is likewise considered by them merely as an article of trade, adapted to purposes of labour and servitude. The Kaffir who wishes to enjoy the domestic felicity of a wife, or rather the useful commodity of a female slave, has to consult—not the taste or inclination of the latter,—but the cupidity of her relations, the price of the bride being fixed at a certain number of oxen; which amount he calculates on realising (as if purchasing a cow or a mare) by the service she may be supposed capable of rendering, and in the amount of "stock" she is likely to produce in the shape of female children, to be at some future period, with interest, converted into cattle currency!

Now, although the candidate for matrimony may not possess the requisite "funds" to conclude the purchase, and make such an investment, he knows they can be readily procured in the colony, and therefore associating with other youths in the same predicament as himself, the party unhesitatingly cross the frontier,—rob the colonists of the required amount of cattle; with the fruits of their plunder take unto themselves wives, and beget children, the male part of whom, in due course of time, do not fail, in their matrimonial speculations, to follow the example of their sires; whilst the girls when marriageable, fetch their due price at the same market.—Hence—with other concomitant causes—the real origin of our never-ceasing "Kaffir wars," or rather of those retributive measures on the part of the colonists, which in the end always lead to such an unavoidable consequence.

From the earliest period of European occupation in Southern Africa, aggression has ever in this manner originated on the part of the Kaffirs; in fact, neither the colony nor the British government can have any possible interest in waging war with these savages; for whatever may be the result of such hostilities, their effect has always been loss of life and property to the former, together with a severe drain on the exchequer of the latter.

In the face of these incontrovertible truths, the government at home and the opinion of the British public—from our first intercourse with this part of the world—have ever been, as before remarked, constantly misled as to the nature of our relations with the native tribes of Southern Africa, by theorists who, blinded to facts and carried away in support of a fancied conclusion of their own, were themselves the victims of artful misrepresentation; or by others who have shamefully lent themselves as tools of imposition, employed by certain designing and meddling societies, which under the cloak of religion, have been long suffered to hold the most unaccountable and undisputed sway in this part of the world, and been the cause of incalculable mischief to the colonists and to the colony in general.*

I have already shown that the Kaffirs, so far from having been driven back from the boundary they occupied at the period of their first relations with the Dutch, have ever invariably encroached, and crowded on the eastern province; and in proof that they are now—spite of "philanthropic"

* See "Case of the Colonists," by the Editor of the "Graham's Town Journal," p. 29, *et seq.* This compilation, published at Graham's Town in 1847, throws much light on the subject in question.

assertions to the contrary—infinitely more opulent and powerful than they were half a century ago, instead of being impoverished, or having in any manner suffered from their vicinity to the "white man," it need only be stated, that when Mr. Barrow was sent in 1797, on a mission by Lord Macartney, to Gaïka, not a single horse or firelock appeared then to be in possession of the tribe, and the chief himself approached the place of rendezvous mounted "on an ox in full gallop, attended by five or six of his people."*

This offers a strong contrast to that interview which took place immediately before the commencement of the late war, between Sandilla, the son of Gaïka, and the lieutenant-governor of the eastern province, when the former was accompanied by a host of warriors, several thousand of whom were mounted (on horses *stolen* from the colony) and a still greater number were provided with fire-arms and ammunition.†

To revert to the comparative state of the Kaffirs fifty years ago, with that of their condition in the present day—at the first mentioned period they possessed neither sheep nor goats; their flocks of the latter are now innumerable, they have robbed the colony of immense quantities of the former (the more valuable, being chiefly of English breed); by the same nefarious means, their herds have in like manner greatly increased both in *quality* and number; and, as a proof of this augmentation of their riches, no better evidence could be adduced, than the depreciation which has taken place amongst the Kaffirs, in the value of cattle.

Barrow states that the amount generally paid in his time for a wife was "one ox or a couple of cows." Of late years the price of a bride has increased to *ten* oxen; this refers to women of "plebeian" origin; but the chiefs, when they take unto themselves partners of high lineage, are expected to open their "cattle kraals" to the tune of five or six times that number.

As no alteration has probably within the last half-century taken place in the intrinsic qualifications of either "women or oxen," we must come to the conclusion that the former are ten times more scarce, or the latter ten times more numerous than in the good old times above referred to.

The Kaffirs, like all other barbarous nations, treat the female sex (for it would be a misnomer to call it either "fair" or "gentle,") with the greatest harshness and neglect; women with them—as before observed—are like bullocks, considered a sort of currency, and mere articles of barter; but the Kaffir shows to his oxen far more kindness, consideration, and respect, than he deigns to bestow on his unfortunate wives; for whilst the greatest care is lavished on the former, who lead a life of indolence and repose, the latter are condemned to every sort of drudgery; the occupations of their lordly masters being confined to the pleasures of the chase, to the care of milking their cows, or idly basking about the precincts of the kraal, whilst smoking and reciting to each other the news and gossip of the day, which with the Kaffirs is a most favourite recreation.

The temperate habits of the Kaffirs, combined with the exercise of

* Barrow's "Travels in Southern Africa," vol. i. p. 191.

† A detailed account of this interview will be found at p. 217 of a late publication called "Case of the Colonists (1847)," by the Editor of the "Graham's Town Journal."

It still remains a mystery how and by whom the Kaffirs are supplied with muskets and gunpowder; a mystery which, however, Sir Harry Smith will probably succeed in unravelling.

hunting, living mostly in the open air of a fine salubrious climate, and eschewing all sedentary and laborious occupations, tend to produce in them the most perfect development of which the human frame appears susceptible; and could a less satyr-like and repulsive expression of countenance be placed on such a "torso," a Kaffir warrior might be considered the living image of those bronze statues of antiquity, which still serve as models for the sculptor. Similar to many of those classical imitations of the human "form divine," his shape is concealed by no superfluous drapery; the "kaross" and "noutchee" constituting his only garments; the former, during war, in the exertions of the chase, or the heat of summer, is usually cast aside; and the scanty dimensions of the latter will not even bear description to "ears polite."*

Whilst the Kaffir thus,—

> God-like erect, with native "bronze" well clad,
> In naked majesty seems lord of all—

far different is the aspect of his poor Helot wife, who visibly bears on her features and person, the degrading stamp of that cruel slavery to which she is irrevocably doomed.

The Kaffir women are generally speaking, spare in shape, small of stature, and, in my humble opinion (notwithstanding the eulogies so lavishly bestowed on their attractions by some poetic writers), fully deserving the epithet "of hideous females of Caffraria," given them by Goldsmith; but they nevertheless are said to possess the full amount of vanity for which the sex—whether with foundation or not—has universally the credit; and according to the relations of some travellers, their spirit of coquetry is often carried far beyond, what we consider the usual bounds of innocent flirtation.† However that may be—or whether such conduct towards strangers is merely considered by them in the light of hospitality—there is most assuredly nothing immodest in either the costume or appearance of the Kaffir ladies, for their sable charms are as securely shrouded in the thick folds of an ample kaross, as the persons of their lords and masters are ever shamelessly exposed to the view of every spectator.

From the remotest era of which history makes mention, the dress of all nations in an uncivilised state has generally been composed, either of the skins of domestic animals, or of the spoils of the chase; thus Hercules is represented with a mantle torn from the Nemæan lion, which probably, likewise, occasionally served as a shield,—whilst the garment of a Kaffir chief similarly consists of the leopard skin kaross; and if when divested of this, the classical spectator be—in the naked African warrior—reminded of the bronze Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, a sight of the Kaffir when enveloped in his coriaceous covering, will no less call to recollection those old Etruscan sculptures, similarly draped, and executed during the earliest and most barbaric infancy of the art.

* * * * *

Though without any apparent religious belief, the Kaffirs, like most other barbarous nations, are superstitious to a degree; they suppose the very elements to be under the controul of their *Amaquira*, "rain-makers," or "witch-doctors," who are consulted on every occasion, particularly when a prolonged drought endangers the produce of their fields and gardens.

* For an account of this part of the Kaffir dress, the inquisitive reader is referred to Le Vaillant's "Travels in Southern Africa."

† See Rose's "Four Years in Southern Africa," p. 185.

The "doctor" is then bribed with a present of cattle to obtain the desired showers; if the latter come not, he says the cattle offered through him to the spirit of the clouds were either too poor, or else insufficient in number to propitiate his favour ; a further donation is then exacted, but should at the end of a given period, the flood-gates of heaven still continue closed, he fixes the blame on some unfortunate wretch, whom he accuses of magic, and who is mercilessly sacrificed for this imputed offence, which is supposed to consist either in the power of driving away rain—in causing sickness,—holding nocturnal intercourse with wolves, and sending them amongst cattle—exerting an influence over monkeys and baboons, by directing them to plunder the fields and gardens, with other things equally puerile and absurd.

This accusation of magic or witchcraft, however frivolous it may appear, is amongst the Kaffirs made the excuse for robbery and extortion, committed under circumstances of the greatest atrocity, and most refined cruelty.

If a Kaffir chief takes a fancy to the wives or herds of one of his dependents, he consults a witch doctor on the subject ; this worthy soon finds out some real or imaginary case of sickness in the tribe—he next conceals in the cleft of a rock, or under a stone in some remote spot, small pieces of hide—a handful of hair—a few bones, or other similar objects. Having taken these preliminary measures he goes to his employer, the aforesaid chief, and officially reports that such or such a case of sickness attributable to witchcraft has come to his knowledge, whereupon the "Father of the tribe," with a laudable anxiety to repress so abominable a crime, congregates all his children at a given place. The doctor (in some cases an old woman) attends the gathering, gravely inspects the assembled multitude, and invariably points out as the culprit, the unfortunate individual, whose fat oxen or beauteous wives have excited the cupidity or lust of the great man.

The accused is instantly seized, and desired to declare how he has caused the sickness alluded to? He in vain protests his innocence of the charge, and ignorance of every thing relating to it; but the doctor is inexorable, and persists in the accusation ; the victim is thrown on the ground, his arms and legs are extended, and securely fastened to pickets driven into the earth. The poor wretch's miseries now commence, and are usually borne with the most unflinching endurance : long needles used in sewing their karosses are thrust by dozens into his flesh—yet he still perseveres in averring his innocence. Honey is next brought, with which his face and body are smeared, and a nest of the large black ant is broken up and thrown upon him. The venomous sting of one of these insects is of itself excruciating, but when myriads are at the same time inflicted, their effect can be more easily imagined than described.

The only virtue of the Kaffir is a stern stoical fortitude, and that pride in being capable of unshrinkingly bearing pain, which sustains the Cheroquee Indian at the stake. The sufferer still stoutly resists every exhortation to admit his guilt, and *mild expedients* having thus failed, recourse is had to more rigorous measures.

A fire is therefore kindled at his feet—and lest by the time they are reduced to seared, smoking, and shapeless stumps, he should continue obdurate—large stones are heated in readiness for the perpetration of further horrors. The poor maimed and tortured wretch, though still disallowing the charge, so far quails beneath his protracted sufferings, which have now

lasted for hours, that he entreats for the "coup de grace," but no! the ends of justice must be fulfilled; by means of forked sticks, the stones now calcined by heat, are taken from the fire and studiously applied to the most sensitive parts of his body; but the very stones, as it were in pity, glide off the writhing flesh, slipping under the unctuous animal matter drawn by their burning influence from the quivering mass; they are, however, instantly replaced, and kept by these infernal fiends against the now crackling, shrivelled, and smoking carcase; exhausted nature is at her last gasp—life holds on by a thread, but that thread is not allowed to snap until the "Witch Doctor" obtains the required avowal from the expiring sufferer. This being at last effected, he is then asked if the proofs of his guilt are not buried in a certain spot? "They are," is the reply. The desired object is thus obtained; the convicted culprit either dies from the effects of the torture he has undergone, is put out of pain by strangulation, — or brained as he lies, by a blow of the "Knob Kerrie."*

The assembled multitude follow the "sage" to a place already previously decided upon by him,—the pretended magic spells, here concealed, are now exposed to view, the doctor is extolled for wisdom, the chief for his justice,—and they both share the spoils of the murdered man!

Such scenes as these, are not mere matters of tradition—events of bygone times; they are every day occurrences with this "pastoral" people, in this most enlightened and "philanthropic" age;—occurrences which, moreover, constantly happen close to the colonial border. As an instance in point, a disgraceful transaction, such as the one above described, took place on occasion of the illness of Kona, the son of Macomo; and that "good and intelligent chief" tried hard to award a like fate to the "great wife," or rather widow of Gaïka, his step-mother Sutu, who had a most narrow escape of being burnt to death as a witch! The mother of the only Kaffir convert to Christianity, the chief Kama, bore through life the marks of such an ordeal; and all classes, without regard to age or sex, appear liable to similar cruelties, sometimes inflicted through interested motives, or a spirit of revenge, but often the result of mere whim and caprice.

Cruel to such a degree towards each other, it is not matter of surprise if the Kaffirs should carry vengeance and barbarity against their enemies to the greatest lengths.

"Death and destruction" are ever during their bloody wars, the watchwords amongst all the Bechuana race, comprising Kaffirs, Fetcani, Mantatees, Zoolahs, and other tribes of this savage people.

These assertions have been fully verified, and that very recently, by the desolating irruptions of Dingan, of Chaka, of Moselekatse, Matiwana, and many other swarthy Attilas, whose footsteps were ever marked by universal slaughter and the most sweeping devastation—sparing neither man, woman, or child in their annihilating course, and converting populous and fertile tracts into vast deserts, now solely covered with ashes and bleaching bones.†

"The misery already inflicted by the wars of Chaka (the Zoolah chief) upon the Kaffir and Bechuana tribes is incalculable, and is far from being confined to the massacre and destruction directly occasioned

* A kind of club used by the Kaffirs in the destruction of game, or in war, to put an end to a wounded or vanquished foe.

† See Harris's "Travels in Southern Africa," pp. 236, 309.

by his arms. By plundering and driving off the adjoining nations, he has forced them to become plunderers in their turn, and to carry terror and devastation through the remotest quarters of Southern Africa. In short, the people dispossessed by Chaka, became the marauding and cannibal Mantatees."*

Though starvation may have perhaps, in this instance, driven the Mantatees to devour their enemies, the Kaffir tribes with whom we have lately been at war never had a similar excuse;—and yet, prompted by an innate ferocity, combined with certain superstitious notions, which lead them to suppose that by eating the vital parts of a fallen foe, his strength and power are thereby inherited—they not only during the late hostilities made a practice of torturing such of our people as fell into their hands,† but it is positively averred that when an officer had the misfortune to be captured—after enduring a cruel and lingering death, and subsequent horrible mutilations being committed on his corpse,—the heart and liver were in some instances, next torn out, and made the materials of a diabolical feast, by these fiends in human shape!

And yet by some writers it has been gravely asserted that the Kaffirs "are not a cruel and vindictive people!"‡ However, Sir Harry Smith—whose long experience in Kaffirland entitles his opinion to some weight on this subject, says that *self-interest* and *fear* are the only motives which influence their conduct—"possessing the character natural to uncivilised man—easily pleased—readily offended—cunning—avaricious—treacherous—and *vindictive*—to which the Kaffir adds a peculiar restlessness of disposition, thirsting for news, and ever seeking a grievance, as he meditates mischief." It is, nevertheless, in favour of such an amiable set of beings, that forbearance and conciliatory measures have been so long preached, and "philanthropy" so strenuously recommended!—though it be true that these Utopian precepts have been, generally speaking, inculcated by *disinterested* advocates, whose persons and property were perfectly secure from the attempts of so "pastoral and primitive a people!"

This very mistaken sentiment of humanity, carried to a most ridiculous excess, and by which the colony has always hitherto so greatly suffered, prevented us at the outbreak of the last war from availing ourselves of the proffered services of Mosesh, the Basuto warrior; of Faku, the head of the Amapondas, and of Umtirara, the Tambookie chief; who, with their numerous tribes, would willingly have thrown themselves on the flank and rear of our enemies, gladly taken advantage of such an opportunity of "eating them up" (the expressive and characteristic African term for waging war), and only awaited from us the signal for so doing;§ but our consent was then—as on former similar occasions—withheld, from a delicate apprehension of our bloodthirsty and inveterate foes being too roughly handled by their fellow-barbarians!

Though it was the advice of Colonel Hare, the veteran and experienced governor of the Eastern Province, that we should avail ourselves

* Thompson's "Travels in Southern Africa," vol. i. p. 360.

† See Mrs. Ward's "Five Years in Kaffirland," vol. i. chap. vii.

‡ See, amongst many other instances of such assertions, that at page 74 of Rose's "Four Years in Southern Africa." Sir Harry Smith's opinion of Kaffir character will be found in the address, made by him at Cape Town on the 20th of Oct., 1837, after throwing up the appointment he held on the Eastern frontier.—*Vide* "Case of the Colonists," p. 21, by the Editor of the "Graham's Town Journal."

§ See in "Blue Book," for 1847, at page 181, Despatch, No. 18.

of the offer of the friendly tribes above adverted to, in order to cripple the enemy, his counsel was disregarded; and why? We would answer: from the same mistaken deference to that morbid spirit of would-be philanthropy, emanating from Exeter Hall, which has so long pervaded the public feeling in England, which has directed our naval operations on the coast of Guinea—swayed our proceedings in Southern Africa,—and ever caused us to set at nought the lives of our fellow-countrymen, as compared with those of a set of, generally speaking, worthless and ungrateful savages!

I have shown how we have been repaid by the Kaffirs for such misplaced lenity and forbearance,—a system of forbearance which, whilst holding out the strongest encouragement to their lawless depredations, has so continuously placed at their *mercy* the lives and property of British subjects; for even when *nominally* at peace, they unceasingly plunder the colony, unhesitatingly murder if opposed in their robberies; and the reader has just had an unexaggerated statement of their conduct towards us when at open war.

* * * * * *

I can only advert "*en passant,*"—as characteristic of their habits,—to the inhuman practice prevalent amongst the Kaffirs, of exposing their sick and aged relatives to be devoured by wild beasts. Whenever a Kaffir is considered as beyond hopes of recovery, he is carried into the bush, where a living sepulchre (the wolf or the jackal) invariably awaits the unfortunate wretch; for none but the chiefs have the privilege of being interred, and the cattle kraal (considered a sacred spot) is *their* last resting-place.

Though the limited space of a magazine will not admit of further illustration of Kaffir character and customs, I could say much more on the same subject, tending further to elucidate the real disposition of these barbarians, in every sense of the word.

It has been justly remarked, that, according to Kaffir interpretation, "forbearance is weakness, indecision a want of courage, and liberality a want of understanding;" our own vacillating measures, repeatedly *childish* conduct, and misplaced generosity towards these robber tribes during the last half century, have fully confirmed their belief in the truth of these maxims; and their deportment towards us has been regulated accordingly.

It is however to be hoped that the reign of "humbug" is—in this quarter—at last come to a close, that a deaf ear will now for ever be turned to the ravings of deluded or deluding philanthropists, of interested intriguers, and other myrmidons of Exeter Hall;* that after all our dear-bought experience, the Kaffirs will now, under the vigorous administration of Sir Harry Smith, be dealt with according to their deserts; and should they give any further trouble or molestation to the colony, that they will—as a just punishment for past, and a security against future offences—be driven "*en masse*" beyond the Kye,—the boundary originally fixed, in 1835, by Sir Benjamin d'Urban, and the only defensible barrier against these truly "irreclaimable savages."

* The reader must ere this, be heartily sick of the many allusions made in these pages, to the above-mentioned classes; but their meddling influence has been so constantly and perseveringly exercised at the expense of the welfare of the colony, and so intimately connected with all its transactions, as to render a frequent mention of them, unavoidable in any subject having at all reference to the Cape of Good Hope.

AN ATTEMPT TO SHOW THAT FISH ARE THE REAL LORDS OF CREATION.

While Man exclaims—"see all things for my use,"
"See Man for mine!"—replies a pampered Goose.

POPE.

MAKE an apology to my fellow creatures for refusing to acknowledge the title they have arrogated! Not I. Who would think of excusing himself to O'Brien for not saluting him as "Smith the First, King of Munster?" I have a proper respect for the featherless biped termed Man, but—"an't like your lordly lord protectorship," I do not recognise *pseudo* dignities and misnomers. Come into court; show me your patent of nobility; prove to me that you have been an honour to your assumed title, instead of making your title your honour; give me evidence that as virtue alone is true nobility, your soul is your herald's office, and your deeds your escutcheon; let me be convinced that your greatness is neither conferred nor usurped, but innate. Hosea makes the Deity say of the Jews, "they have reigned but not by me;" they had invested themselves with a sham seignory; and even thus hath man with his own hand put a crown upon his own head, and strutting his little hour upon the stage, hath exclaimed in the madness of his vanity, "Bow down to me all creatures of the earth, for I am lord of the creation!" I look for the emblazonments that attest his mental lordliness, and I behold nothing but vice, folly, and littleness. I seek proofs of his personal superiority, and in his natural state I see a naked savage flying in terror before a beast of prey; as a civilised being I mark him driven from the throne of his philosophy by the attacks of musquitoes, and running panic-stricken away from a viper, a scorpion, or a swarm of irritated wasps!

O braggart! thou hadst been discreeter,
Hanging thy monarch's hat so high,
If thou had'st dubb'd thy star a meteor,
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

By what scale do we measure the greatness of human potentates? By antiquity of possession and extent of empire, natural and admitted grounds upon which it may be shown without difficulty that fish, and not men, are the real lords of creation. The Mosaic account assures us that in the origin of all things, the Divine Spirit moved upon the face of the waters, dividing those which were above, from those which were under the firmament; the whole universe being then aqueous, and the first order for the production of animated creatures being issued in the fiat—"Let the water bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life." Universality of empire, and priority of formation are thus incontestably established, fully authorising the finny tribe, as the first born of the first world, to claim in rightful sovereignty that dominion and title so unwarrantably assumed by the featherless biped; which latter should recollect, moreover, that "great whales" are specifically mentioned in Scripture before we find the smallest allusion to man.

Nor is this the only instance of divine favour vouchsafed to the tenants of the deep. By what a signal and special mercy were they exempted

from all the exterminating penalties of the deluge! We may fairly presume that they had given no cause of offence to the Deity, since it does not appear that even a single fish was destroyed, at a time when mankind had become so wicked that the whole race was swept away by a terrible judgment, except the eight persons preserved in the ark. Contrast, too, their immunity from this destruction, and the manifest indulgence shown to them in the enlargement of their native domain, and the infinite increase of their sustenance from the drowned population, with the doom of the animals, who must have incurred the displeasure of heaven, since only a single pair of each kind was saved from perdition. How the carnivorous beasts, whose structure prevents their living on any other food than flesh, were supported in the ark, is a question very difficult of solution, since they could not dine upon any of their quadruped shipmates without destroying a genus for ever. It may be urged that the finny tribes were only spared in the general calamity because the waters were their natural element; but this is special pleading, for had they merited the fate of men and animals, omnipotence would presently have devised the means for involving them in a similar punishment.

No, let us be just, and assign their exemption from judgment to their freedom from offence. Tell me, ye rash impugners of my theory (if any such there be), *who* were the real lords of the creation when the whole human race, with the exception of a terrified octave in the ark, were cumbering the ocean grave-yard with their corpses? Then did the fishes hold an imperial triumph in the waters, rampant with the joy of a full-fed jubilee; then did the leviathan rush exultingly through the stately halls of submerged palaces; while the whale, in his intoxicate career, o'erthrew the altars and shattered the domes of temples, until they fell in ruins upon whole congregations of smothered worshippers. Then did the circular ammonite settle, in mockery of a crown, upon the head of drowned kings; and sea-serpents necklaced the fair throats of princesses; and worms made rings upon the fingers of beauty. Then did the finny lords of the creation banquet and gorge upon the biped usurpers of their title, as myriads of men, women, and children, the mighty and the mean, the negro and the white, the copper-coloured and the brown, lay stiff and stark beneath them, in their variegated masses, tesselating the shoreless floor of the shuddering ocean.

Survey the world even in the present day, and you will see that the empire of the fishes, much more extensive than the solid territory of man, stretches over more than two-thirds of the globe. And even for a large portion of the *terra-firma*, over which man presumes to claim dominion, to whom is he indebted but to a fish, to the coral insect, compared to whose gigantic structures the proudest human works sink into utter insignificance. In the Indian Ocean, to the south-west of Malabar, there is a chain of coral reefs and islets 480 geographical miles in length; on the east coast of New Holland an unbroken reef 350 miles long; between that and New Guinea a coral formation which extends upwards of 700 miles, besides various others in different parts, many of which are built up perpendicularly from almost unfathomable depths. What are the boasted temples of St. Peter's and St. Paul's, what is the stupendous Breakwater of Plymouth, compared to the Cyclopean walls of these diminutive architects? Well may the poet exclaim,—

Compared with this amazing edifice,
Raised by the weakest creatures in existence,
What are the works of intellectual man,
His temples, palaces, and sepulchres?
Dust in the balance, atoms in the scale,
Compared with these achievements in the deep,
Were all the monuments of the olden time,
Egypt's gray piles of hieroglyphic grandeur,
That have survived the language which they speak,
Her pyramids would be mere pinnacles,
Her giant statues wrought from rocks of granite,
But puny ornaments for such a pile
As this stupendous mound of catacombs,
Filled with dry mummies of the builder worms.*

Not less beautiful in appearance than wonderful in their works, these varicoloured and enamelled masons, when moving in their native element, present the appearance of a marine flower-bed, surpassing in its gorgeous colouring the most celebrated parterres of the East. Ehrenberg, the distinguished German naturalist, was so struck with the magnificent spectacle they afforded in the Red Sea, that he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Where is the Paradise of flowers that can rival in variety and beauty these living wonders of the ocean?"

By the pulverisation of their surface, a soil is eventually formed upon these coral reefs; plants, and seeds, and trees, are floated to it, bringing with them small animals and insects; shrubs and groves spring up, in which storm-driven birds find refuge; and, at a later period, man takes possession of the newly-created country. Methinks I can hear, with the ears of my imagination, the chorus of the coral tribes as they welcome the first human settler on their territory—"Build thyself a house, poor biped! on the foundations which we have reared up for thee, even from the bottom of the sea; dig and cultivate the land of which we are the makers and the lords; thou shalt be unto us as a vassal and a serf; thou shalt pay us rent by restoring to us at thy death the body which we shall have been the means of sustaining during thy life; and, until the restoration of thy dust to dust, forget not, O human worm! that thou hast been indebted for thy habitation, thy home, and thy maintenance, to a worm of the sea!"

If the lordly supremacy which I am claiming for the fishes can derive support from the important benefits they have conferred on mankind, I shall find little difficulty in establishing their title; premising, that in the establishment of this point, I shall occasionally attribute effects to somewhat remote causes. No one will deny that the greatest blessing ever vouchsafed to the world was the establishment of Christianity, with all its beautiful morality, all its exalting, loving, and civilising influences. And who were the main instruments in the diffusion of this glorious dispensation?—With the single exception of Matthew, a publican, all the rest of the twelve Apostles sent forth to preach the new Gospel, are understood to have been Galilean fishermen. Now, as these parties could not have exercised their calling, and would not have been found on the Galilean shores unless fish had existed, may we not urge, without irreverence, that the finny tribes, of whom I am the unworthy advocate, were unconsciously instrumental in delivering the world from Paganism, and in supplying missionaries for the propagation of an infinitely purer and more beneficent faith?

* James Montgomery's "Pelican Island."

Not to press this plea, which, indeed, is of a nature too solemn to be lightly handled, I proceed to show, that in numerous other instances, scarcely less important, and more immediately demonstrable, my clients have been the greatest benefactors to the world, and as such, are justified in claiming titular sovereignty. What saved ancient Nineveh, the most populous city in the world, from the threatened judgment of the Lord, but the intercession of Jonah; and who enabled him to perform this merciful mission by preserving him from the waters of the sea—a whale! Not only for their spiritual welfare have men been indebted to the tenants of the deep, but from the same source has been derived much of their intellectual improvement. What, from the beginning of the world to the present time, has empowered sages and philosophers, legislators and priests, historians and bards, to reform, exalt, instruct, and delight their fellow-creatures, but studies by the midnight lamp? And who supplied the oleaginous light that evoked all this mental illumination? Again must I record—a whale!—When the chandeliers of a crowded court saloon scatter around them a spermaceti radiance, whence proceeds the effulgence that adds a more becoming brightness to the blaze of beauty? Again must I repeat—a whale! From whom have the lovely ones of earth borrowed the plastic bones which, like the mysterious cestus of Venus, impart a new grace and elegance to the figure? Wearisome as may be the repetition, I must once more write it down—a whale! O, ye fair wearers of the Tyrian purple, of coral necklaces, and pearl bracelets, and tortoise-shell combs, and amber brooches, beware how ye oppose yourselves to my theory, for your rich dye and all your glittering ornaments have been supplied by fish.

If we consider the finny tribes in their political bearing, it will be impossible to over-rate their influence, and difficult to deny their claims, more especially at the present moment, when Europe and the world look up to this favoured country as their *decus et tutamen.* That proud and commanding position England owes to her unconquerable navy; that navy is principally manned by our brave fishermen; those fishermen would never have possessed so much courage and nautical skill, had they not been accustomed "to go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters," in the pursuit of fish. The scaly shoals that swim around our coasts are the germ of the gallant crews who have given us the masterdom of every sea. O Saint George! our far from immaculate patron! the nation needs not thy dragon-piercing lance.—Herrings, and mackarel, and whiting, are our real champions, and while these people the waves, Britannia shall rule them!

In final support of the political influence exercised upon our greatest men by our smallest fish, let me record the notorious fact, that England's ministers cannot close the Parliamentary sessions, nor decide upon the royal speech, until they have sate in consultation with a Council of White Bait, at a Greenwich or Blackwall dinner.

Notwithstanding the titular usurpation of which my clients have been the victims, signal and uniform has been their consideration for the wants and welfare of mankind. From Ash Wednesday to Easter, the period of the quadrigesimal Fast, when religion prescribes an icthyophagous food to the Romanist dwellers on the Mediterranean shores, immense shoals of anchovies invariably pass up the Straits, with the manifest purpose of supplying the sudden and enormous demand for this species of

food. For the encouragement of our fisheries, and consequently, as I have shown, for the aggrandisement of Great Britain, such immense pilchards periodically visit the coast of Cornwall, that on the 5th of October, 1767, as recorded by Dr. Borlase, 245,000,000 were caught at one time. Herrings, sturgeon, tunny, and cod-fish vie with each other in ministering to the wants of the human myriads, many of whom might starve but for the stores of this bountiful and boundless commissariat. Whether these migrations, like the tides, are influenced by the light of heaven, or by the varying temperature of the seas, remains among the mysteries of nature: we only know that they recur with unfailing precision,—a fact sufficient to show that the tenants of the deep, dumb though they be, have some means of communicating their wishes to each other, and exercise that faculty with an intelligence and benevolence that ought to secure to them at once the distinction for which I am contending.

Let it not be imagined for an instant that they tender fealty and homage, or make any admission of inferiority in offering up those countless shoals to man's omnivorous maw. It is a mutual accommodation. The biped devourers are preserved from famine, while the finny tribes get rid of a surplus population, which would otherwise become as troublesome to themselves and to their neighbours as that of Ireland. Among the many marks of peculiar favour bestowed upon my clients, is their astonishing fecundity. According to Lewenhoeck, a single roe of a cod contains above 9,000,000 of eggs; a flounder produces 1,000,000; a mackarel above 500,000; a herring of a moderate size more than 10,000. How simple, how effective a scheme have they devised for thinning their over-peopled ranks, while our own various plans for meeting a similar difficulty, either by colonisation, by culture of waste lands, or by poor-laws, have been discussed for years without bringing us a step nearer to a satisfactory solution. Truly the nominal might here take a lesson from the rightful lord of the creation!

Prolificness is not the only quality in which fish are superior to other animated beings. The sense of smell which guides them to their food is singularly acute, and when hungry, they will swim slowly against the current of the water, in order that the odoriferous particles floating in that medium may be more forcibly applied to their olfactory nerves. In rapidity of motion they are quite unrivalled. Large ones will overtake a ship in full sail, play round it without effort, outstrip it at pleasure. The flight of an arrow is not more rapid than the dart of a tunny, a gilt-head, or a salmon, which latter has been calculated to rush through 86,400 feet of water in an hour.

In point of duration their superiority is not less conspicuous, our paltry threescore years and ten cutting but a sorry figure by the side of fishy longevity. Buffon mentions a carp above a hundred and fifty years old: others are known to have exceeded two hundred; and a Greek inscription on a ring inserted into the gills of a large pike caught at Kayserlautern in 1497, shows that it had been put into the pond 267 years before it was taken. But these fade into insignificance before the whale, to which an eminent living anatomist, from examination of a skeleton exhibited in London, assigns a probable duration of a thousand years! Man, man! creation's pseudo lord, hide your diminished head.

Hitherto I have confined my claims to the piscatory classes, known to

us by their rising occasionally to the surface, or by coming within the shallow reach of our nets and lines; but who shall assure me that the unfathomable abyss of ocean, an *aqua incognita*, into whose mysteries man has never even attempted to penetrate, is not tenanted by living monsters analogous—at least in their gigantic proportions—to the extinct mammoth, mastodon, and megatherium that once over-awed the earth?

In those unknown waters, "deeper than did ever plummet sound," may lurk, perchance, the stupendous sea-serpent, whose occasional apparition in our shuddering upper waters rests on the unimpeachable evidence of many an American skipper! There, too, half filling some ocean vastness, might possibly be found the mighty Kraken, whose immeasurable amplitude it were contumacious to doubt, since it has the episcopal authority of Pontoppidan: and from those depths, haply, may emerge some communicative mermaid, not only to confirm the fact of her disputed existence, but to reveal to us from what submerged Sheffield she procures the hand-glass and the comb, which are indispensable to her proper equipment.

Graceful and honourable was the classic tribute to the sea and to its tenants, when a Deity was presumed to be their monarch; when Neptune and Amphitrite, reclining in their pearly car, were surrounded by shell-blowing Tritons, and dolphin-riding Nereids, scarcely less beautiful than the froth-born Venus; and the waves, the snorting and foaming coursers of the god, arched their proud necks as they drew the triumph over the welcome-flashing waters. But these are dreams of imagination, the fond invention of Heathen mythologists—"a breath unmakes them as a breath hath made." Hey, presto, pass!—they are gone.

Let us descend in the safe diving-bell of fancy, to the unseen and untrodden floor of the deep sea, and we shall find, in the grandeur and beauty of the piscatory empire, a habitation worthy of its occupants. Here are the mingled wrecks of time and chance, and of a bye-gone world, which have lain undisturbed for thousands of years, and on which no human eye hath ever rested. Here, amid growing sea plants, and living corals, that vie with each other in the brilliancy of their hues, repose the ghastly remains of submerged fleets and armaments, the sailor's skeleton lying beside the still loaded, but innocuous cannon; the soldier's, beside the rusty sword which he once wielded; the skulls of both encircled, perchance, by floated weeds, as if in mockery of a laurel wreath. Here lie, in glittering heaps, the gold and silver treasures "won from a thousand royal argosies," the hands that would once have risked life to grasp them, now gleaming amid the doubloons and the dollars in bony immobility. Here are wrecked merchant ships from the Indian Isles, making the surrounding waters aromatic with their scattered spices and perfumes. Here are the skeletons of relations, lovers, friends, still locked in the death embrace of their sudden immersion; sad proofs, alas! of man's perishable nature, and of the mouldering processes that make death unsightly; but cheering evidence, also, of the imperishable affections that render life delightful. In these hidden repositories may still exist the bones of Sappho, the tenth Muse, who threw herself into the whelming waves from the Leucadian rock;—of the murdered Orpheus, whose corse was carried—"down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore;"

—of Milton's friend, who by his watery death obtained immortality in the exquisite poem of Lycidas;—of the royal, the noble, the beautiful, the good, the gifted;—of the highest, the best, the proudest specimens of human nature.

And amid all this dead greatness of man, the most insignificant living fish may ply his fins at leisure, looking contemptuously down upon the wrecks beneath, and fastidiously declining to pasture upon any less delicate diet than a beautiful and newly-drowned sultana from the Bosphorus!

Reader! I have pleaded my cause, and if you can shake off the pride, prejudice, and *esprit de corps* of the featherless biped, I have little doubt of your deciding by your verdict that

"FISH" ARE THE REAL LORDS OF CREATION.

THE FIGHTING FAIRFAXES.*

EXPERIENCE has long shown that fair-haired men, and races of men, are more prone to contest than dark. It is not more common that gray locks are "*pursuivants* of death," than that iron-coloured hair is indicative of the propensity to fight. The red Esau was a daring hunter, while Jacob was a peaceful shepherd. The ancient and renowned family of Fairfaxes derived their name from a true Saxon peculiarity—their fair-hair. There were also always one or more of the family ready to distinguish themselves by feats of arms.

"A military and a poetical spirit," says a biographer of Thomas Lord Fairfax, "had characterised the house of Fairfax for many generations."

There is no doubt, also, that that spirit was more characteristic of the gallant Parliamentary general, than an unworthy love of intrigue, or a corrupt ambition, or, when Derby stands unchallenged in the first rank of the martyrs of loyalty, Fairfax would not have followed in the rear-guard of the confessors of republicanism.

The main feature in the character and disposition of that branch of the Fairfaxes from which Thomas Lord Fairfax descended, besides its hereditary military spirit, was a stern and unbending Puritanism, which originated primarily in the circumstance of the head of the family, Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, having been disinherited by his father, Sir William Fairfax, of Steeton, and of Denton, because of his Protestantism, and his having engaged, after the manner of aspiring youths in that age, in the wars of Charles V. and Francis I. as a voluntary, and having assisted at the sack of Rome, with Bourbon, in 1527. In the case of Ferdinando Lord Fairfax, these sentiments and tendencies received a further impulse from the feelings imbibed in carrying on wars of religious propagandism abroad, and in the instance of Thomas Lord Fairfax, the Parlia-

* The Fairfax Correspondence. Memoirs of the Reign of Charles I. Edited by George W. Johnson, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Vol. I. and II. Richard Bentley.

mentary general, there were superadded to all these, a union with a lady enthusiastically devoted, politically and religiously, to the cause of the Presbyterians. Always in extremes, Fare, Fac—say, do; as the name of the family is quaintly Latinised, after the fashion of canting heraldry, is singularly appropriate and expressive of the characteristics of its leading members.

Sir Thomas, although he was deprived by the above circumstances of numerous manors, including the family estate of Steeton, was not left wholly without provision. He inherited Denton in right of his mother, and from this source sprang that line of Fairfaxes who raised the historical reputation of the name to a greater height than it had ever reached before; and whose correspondence will occupy the important and interesting work, about to be given to the public by Mr. Bentley, and which correspondence the first two volumes now before us can only be said to open. There are indeed in this first portion of the correspondence, many letters of interest, but more curious than amusing, and more valuable as evidences of character, than instructive in an historical point of view. As the work advances, the interest of the correspondence will undoubtedly increase very much, especially when we enter more upon the stirring and eventful period of the Civil War. In the mean time we shall continue with our text of the "Fighting Fairfaxes" as the true key to the character of the family, and to the part which it was led to take in the great national struggle of puritanism succeeded by democratic turbulence and ambition, against sovereign rights and kingly errors.

In doing so we shall make the "Historical and Biographical Memoir of the Fairfax Family" attached to the two first volumes of the "Correspondence" our guide, commenting as we go on, but regardless of a disputed authorship, as it is evident that the materials are derived from the usual accredited sources; Clarendon, Burnet, Rushworth, &c., and still more particularly from the "Analecta Fairfaxiana," so invaluable in a research of this kind.

Thomas, eldest son of the first Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, was knighted by Henry IV. of France, or rather, by the Earl of Essex, for his valour displayed before Rouen, in the English force sent to the assistance of the French Protestant cause; and he afterwards signalised himself in the German wars against the House of Austria. Another son, Charles, was a captain, under Sir Francis Vere, at the Battle of Newport, fought in 1600, and in the three years' siege of Ostend, commanded all the English in that town some time before it surrendered. According to the "Memoir," Colonel Charles Fairfax was Governor of Ostend, and was slain at the siege by a wound in the face from a piece of the skull of a marshal of France, who was killed close to him by a cannon ball. This is not at all likely. It is more generally received that he was slain in 1604, and that at the siege of Ostend he only received a severe wound in the face from the splinter of the French marshal's skull.

Edward Fairfax, the translator of Tasso, was another son of Sir Thomas's. Collins says of Edward Fairfax, that "himself believed the wonders that he sung." He was indeed so much affected with the superstitions of his age, that it is related that he believed his children to have been bewitched, and that so firmly, that even the verdict of acquittal by a jury, little disposed as juries then were (or dared to be) to

favour witches, failed in convincing him to the contrary, for he left behind him a manuscript, entitled "Dæmonologia: a Discourse of Witchcraft, as it was acted in the Family of Mr. Edward Fairfax, of Fugistone, in the County of York, in the Year 1621."

John and William Fairfax, also sons of Sir Thomas, repaired, in 1620, to the Low Countries, from whence the Prince of Orange was to furnish them with sufficient convoy of horse for their further transport to the Palatinate, and it appears from a letter from William Fairfax to his brother, that Sir Thomas himself joined the army on this occasion, and participated in the hardships of the campaign.

The report of Spinola's intention to prevent our passage, has brought my white-headed father into the Low Countries, who, since his coming amongst us, is grown forty years younger than he was before; he resolves to make one (of us), and to that end has provided himself of horse and arms, and all other necessaries. He is received here with very great respect; the memory of his former actions, as well in those parts as in France, being the chiefest cause thereof.

Sir Thomas returned, however, soon after to England, but John was wounded in an attempt made upon a bridge held by the enemy on the Rhine. He thus quaintly records it:—"There it pleased God I should receive so favorable a shot through my arm, and made no entrance into my side, but only bruised a rib, that in three weeks was well recovered, but that it is somewhat stiff and must be recovered by use." The fate of these brave, but unfortunate, young Englishmen, was singularly melancholy. They both fell in the defence of Frankenthale, and the manner of their death is contained in the following extract from a letter of Sir John Burrough's.

Your son, John Fairfax, on Friday night, the 5th of October, being in an outwork, which forty of your son's company and as many of mine did guard, and my ensign-bearer to command them. The work was, within a quarter of an hour after the shutting in of the day, assaulted by the enemy, and after being defended some half an hour, the enemy took it and put to the sword all they found there, except three of mine and five of your son's company, which they took prisoners, and some few others that escaped: myself was then a near eye-witness of this loss, which could not but afflict me; for I had many good friends there, besides some that were near me in blood. When I saw it was gone, and no hope of recovery, I retired from thence, and went to another side of the town, where I heard the enemy was continuing an assault. In the way upon the bridge into the town, I met your son, the captain who then executed the place of serjeant-major, and had been giving out of orders. I told him what had happened, and that I would go to the other side of the town to see what was a doing there. I told him I had left some musqueteers in the next work to that the enemy had taken from us, with a sergeant, and entreated him that he would take some pikes out of the next work where he then was, and go where I had left those musqueteers, for fear the enemy should advance further; whilst he was drawing out those pikes, some soldiers that had been at the work told him particularly of that which happened, and of his brother's death. He it seems, being moved with it, advanced forward towards the work the enemy possessed of ours, and in the way the enemy met him at the push of the pike, and gave him a blow with the pike in the body, and tumbled him down; but he was rescued by those who were with him, the chief whereof was one Foxcroft, his clerk, and a soldier of mine, one Carr, of both which I heard him give a great many of good words, and how much he was beholden to them. This wound in his body made him keep his lodgings a week, so as that Friday se'nnight which he was hurt, towards the evening he

came down into the ravelin the English guarded, and there meant to watch all night, though many persuasions were used to him to the contrary, for his strength was not fit for it, yet he would have his own will; and, to show he was strong and well, he would go to the wall to shoot off a piece; at which instant, one of the enemy's cannon gave fire and pierced the parapet, lighted on his thigh, and broke the bone; so as that night, towards the morning, he died.

A great assembly of the people, soldiery, magistrates, and burghers took place upon the occasion of a monument being inaugurated to the memory of the valiant brothers.

Sir Thomas Fairfax had the misfortune to lose two other sons in the same year, 1621. They were also serving abroad; Thomas, who was killed in Turkey, and Peregrine, who was slain under the walls of Montaban. The particulars of the fall of the latter, possess all the interest of chivalrous romance.

During the siege of Rochelle, one Hicks, an Englishman, undertook the dangerous enterprise of conveying a letter from Rochelle to Montaban, through the camps of both armies, in order to encourage the garrison of Montaban to hold out against the assaults of the enemy, by apprising them of the good condition of the Rochellers, notwithstanding the large force by which they were surrounded. Hicks, who was a man of great nerve and daring, made clear his passage through the army before Rochelle, and arrived in safety at Thoulouse, where the Viscount Doncaster was ambassador from Charles the First. Here he joined the English, and fell in amongst the rest with Peregrine Fairfax, who belonged to the train of the ambassador. Finding young Fairfax of a bold and gallant spirit, and being anxious to have a companion with him in the perilous business he had undertaken, Hicks persuaded Peregrine to ride with him to Montaban. It being known that they were of the ambassador's train. they obtained free access to the works and avenues, Hicks all the time secretly watching his opportunity to fly into the town. According to the reports which reached England of this transaction, Peregrine Fairfax was entirely ignorant of the mission upon which Hicks was engaged, and was merely made use of by Hicks as an instrument through whose unconscious assistance, as a member of the ambassador's retinue, he would be the better enabled to effect his object. While they were both in the outworks amongst the troops, Hicks saw a favourable moment for the execution of his design; and, upon the instant, putting spurs to his horse, got off into the town through a shower of bullets, leaving Fairfax (astonished at the suddenness of the action) to fall a victim to the rage of the French soldiery. Their first impulse, after stripping him of his coat and pocket, was to kill him, but he drew his sword, and, making a desperate struggle for his life, was covered with wounds, and carried away into Montaban, where he lingered for a fortnight.

Charles Fairfax, the compiler of the "Analecta Fairfaxiana," was a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, but the family leaven was within him also, and in the Civil War he obtained the command of a regiment, in which situation he acquired the intimate friendship of General Monk, to whom he stood firm with his regiment in Scotland when the rest of the army wavered. He was subsequently made Governor of Hull (1659).

There are, however, no rules without exception. One of the sons of Sir Thomas (Henry) was more fortunate in his choice and mode of life. Having entered the Church, and been nominated by his father to the living of Bolton Percy, his quiet career offers a touching contrast to the turmoil and struggle in which the other members of the family existed. "He lived in seclusion, discharging the duties of his office with unremitting

diligence, and reconciling all factions around him by the gentleness and charities of his life. Upon a very small fortune he enjoyed a repose and contentment which was denied to the more celebrated members of his family."

After serving his country in so many various capacities, in the field and in the council, giving so many "hostages" to the state, and discharging with credit the duties of his position in the north, Sir Thomas was raised to the peerage, with the title of Lord Fairfax, of Cameron. He lived many years to enjoy his dignity, and died in 1640, at the advanced age of eighty. He was succeeded by his eldest son Ferdinando, 2nd Lord Fairfax, who was again succeeded in the title by his eldest son, the celebrated Sir Thomas Fairfax.

We see then how the long peace, which James I. so prided himself in preserving, was unable to extinguish the warlike quality of English blood. The noble youth sought action in foreign campaigns. Younger sons, and even elder brothers, engaged as volunteers in the contests of Holland, France, and Germany, where they imbibed principles, and acquired habits, by no means favourable to the state of things which the king was desirous to establish and uphold. Even the few expeditions undertaken by command, or with the countenance of the state, were all in behalf of revolted nations; and the assistance afforded to the United Provinces, to the French Hugonots, and to the German Protestants, was a practical acknowledgment of the right of resistance. The alliance of France with the insurgent Americans, contributed not more to the French revolution, than the alliance of England with the continental Protestants, to the temporary suspension of English monarchy.

Thus not only was the country stocked with hot-blooded gallants who had been habituated to separate the idea of military from that of civil obedience, and with soldiers of fortune, whose knowledge of the technicals of war, though perhaps not very profound or extensive, was formidable to a government, which busied itself with matters far better left to the decision of public opinion; but in the particular case of the Fairfaxes, there was a family grievance, for it was still fresh in their memories, that Sir Thomas, the father of the first lord, had been disinherited for his adherence to the Protestant cause, and that each successor in his turn now paid the penalty of martyrdom in the narrowness of his estates. This was not very likely to reconcile them to the arbitrary attempts of Charles I. to levy burthensome imports upon his subjects already impoverished by the pressing necessities of the state.

The Fairfaxes became thus from a variety of coincident causes allied with the rebellious party; but the author of the "Biographical Memoir" justly remarks that the formidable resistance which this influential family offered to the progress of the king in the north, was strictly confined to the field of battle to which the king challenged them; and, from the first to the last scene of this disastrous conflict, they never favoured the intrigues of faction, and it is but too true, that "if all men at both sides had acted with equal candour and magnanimity, the country would have been spared much bloodshed and calamity."

The first Lord Fairfax did not entertain a high opinion of the military talents of Ferdinando. He thought he was well fitted for the bench of justices, but that he was deficient in the intrepidity necessary to the con-

duct of military affairs. But upon the breaking out of the civil war, the energy displayed by Lord Fairfax, as general of the Parliamentary forces for the county of York, attested how fully he inherited the warlike tendencies of his ancestors.

Previous to this, however, Thomas, the son, who was born at Denton, January 17th, 1611, had distinguished himself as a soldier of fortune abroad, and as one of the most intrepid of the Parliamentarians, and that before his father, Lord Fairfax, had stood the brunt of a single battle. After finishing his school education, Thomas had been sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, and is said to have shown quick talents for learning. But his genius lay in a different direction, and while he was little more than sixteen years of age he joined the army in the Low Countries, anxious to reap distinction in more stirring scenes than the cloisters of a university.

Thomas served under Horatio Lord Vere of Tilbury, and was at the taking of Bois le Duc from the Spaniards. Lord Vere took so much interest in the young soldier, that on his return to England he gave him his daughter Anne in marriage. This young lady had been educated in Holland, and was so zealous a Presbyterian, that she is generally admitted to have had great influence in her husband's subsequent conduct. It is related in the "Biographical Memoir," as a proof of the eagerness of young Fairfax to distinguish himself in the cause, that when Charles made his first attempt to raise a guard for his person at York, he was commissioned by his party to present a petition to the king, imploring his majesty to abandon his design of raising forces, and to listen to the wishes of the Parliament. The king endeavoured to avoid the reception of this petition, but Fairfax was resolved at all hazards to discharge the duty which had been intrusted to him, and following his majesty on horseback to Heyworth Moor, he presented the petition on the pommel of his saddle in the presence of nearly a hundred thousand persons.*

Lord Fairfax having, as before mentioned, been appointed general of the Parliamentary forces in the north, Sir Thomas, who had been knighted in 1641, for the part he took in the first Scotch war as captain of the Yorkshire Redcaps, received a commission under his father as general of the horse. The first display of his valour and military experience was the driving a small detachment of Royalists from Bradford to Leeds, whither, in conjunction with Captain Hotham, he marched a few days after, and compelled the army to retire upon York. In order to secure the West Riding, from whence the Royalists derived their principal supplies, he next advanced to Tadcaster, whence he went to secure the pass at Wetherby with 300 foot and 40 horse.

The Royalists attempted to surprise them here, and Sir Thomas, according to his own account, had a narrow escape.

"I myself was only on horseback, and going out of the other end of the town to Tadcaster, where my father lay, when one came running after me, and told me the enemy was entering the town; I presently gallopped to the Court of Guard, where I found not above four men at their arms, and remem-

* A more commonly accepted version of this incident is, that Sir Thomas overtook and surrounded the king with his mob of followers, and laying hold of the pommel of his saddle thrust the petition into his hand, and so we find it related more at length in the Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 407.

ber two sergeants and two pikemen, who stood with me when Sir Thomas Graham, with about six or seven commanders more, charged us; and after a short but sharp encounter they retired, in which one Major Carr was slain; and by this time more of the guards got to their arms. I must confess I knew no strength but the powerful hand of God that got them this repulse."

This is from the "Short Memorials" left behind him by Lord Fairfax, and not intended for the public eye, but for the satisfaction of his own relations, but which were, nevertheless, published in 1699 by Bryan Fairfax, Esq., to prevent a surreptitious edition. This first exploit was followed by the affair at Tadcaster, in which the father first appears acting with the son. Cavendish, Earl of Newcastle, and Clifford, of Cumberland, united their forces at York, and advanced to assail Tadcaster with a superior force. The place having been judged untenable, the gallant Fairfaxes risked an engagement; but, notwithstanding the advantage of ground, were worsted, after six hours' hard fighting, and withdrew in the night to Selby. In the "Memoir" it is recorded that, "at last growing dark, the Royalists retreated into the fields, leaving upwards of 200 dead and wounded on the ground; and the Parliamentary forces having expended all their ammunition, took advantage of the night to retire upon Selby." But the bias of the "Memoir" is throughout Parliamentarian.

Three days afterwards Sir Thomas by a night march, in the course of which he passed several posts of the enemy, gained Bradford, and there entrenched himself. According to his own account, he had only three troops of horse, and about 800 foot, but, upon summoning the country, he made up the latter, 1200 or 1300, "too many to lay idle, and too few to be on constant duty."

In a war of posts and parties, boldness and the first blow are more than half a battle. A hot engagement, on the 23rd of January (1643), made Sir Thomas master of Leeds, with all the stores and ammunition laid up there.

After the capture of Leeds, Sir Thomas Fairfax defeated a considerable force at Gisborough, and received in the name of the king and Parliament, the submission of Wakefield and Doncaster. But to prevent any misunderstanding upon this point, for strange as it may now appear, there can be little doubt, that many of the Parliamentarians believed at the beginning of the Civil War, that the king was absolutely a captive in the hands of the malignants, deluded and overruled, and that the Parliament army was raised as much for his rescue and protection, as for the defence of the country against the traitorous attempts of courtiers and papists. To prevent any further misunderstanding, we said, upon that point, Ferdinando Lord Fairfax, and his son, Sir Thomas Fairfax, were proclaimed traitors by the Earl of Newcastle, and thus men, who, if bigotted, can scarcely have been termed fanatical, and certainly not disposed to extremities, were led to definitely wage war on the king, while they wished the conservation of the monarchy. First taking up arms to keep the peace, they refused to lay them down when impeached as traitors, because they had gone too far, and the king was too much exasperated to be trusted.

Sir Thomas marched from Doncaster to Sherburne in the hopes of surprising the enemy there, but they seeing him coming, posted off a

guard of horse at a pass near the town. Sir Thomas charged in person, and forced his way within the barricade, which was immediately shut in upon him. His horse was shot in the breast, but he fought his way into the town when his horse fell dead under him. Such, however, was his soldier-like fortune, that he got off in safety to Selby. The royal forces had now so increased that Sir Thomas was after this twice defeated by Lord Goring, at the head of twenty troop of horse. The first action was at Bramham-moor, the second on Seacroft-moor. The Earl of Newcastle had at the same time obliged Lord Fairfax to retire from Selby towards Leeds, which town both father and son reached, after an equally embarrassed retreat, within an hour of one another.

Sir Thomas, determined to revive the spirits of his party by a bold enterprise, attacked and recovered Wakefield, capturing the elder Goring, and taking 1400 prisoners and a large store of ammunition. Thus encouraged, the father and son formed a junction, and resolved to give battle to the Earl of Newcastle. The result of this temerity was the defeat of Atherton-moor, June 30, 1643. 2000 were slain or taken in the field, and 2000 more surrendered the next day. While the elder Fairfax retreated on Leeds, Sir Thomas remained in Bradford with only 800 foot and sixty horse. The Earl of Newcastle surrounded the town with a powerful force.

And when the last barrel of powder was nearly exhausted, Sir Thomas resolved to cut his way through the enemy with the intention of getting off to Leeds. In this desperate enterprise he was accompanied by his wife. Day was breaking as he moved out of the town with a handful of men who were nearly all slain, and several prisoners taken, amongst whom was his wife. "I saw this disaster," he tells us, "but could give no relief; for after I was got through, *I was in the enemy's rear alone*, those who had charged through with me having gone on to Leeds, thinking I had done so too; but I was unwilling to leave my company, and stayed till I saw there was no more in my power to do, but to be taken prisoner with them. I then retired to Leeds." Not many days afterwards, the Earl of Newcastle sent back the lady in his own coach.

Sir Thomas found the council at Leeds in a state of distraction, and preparing to retreat to Hull. On this retreat he was overtaken by a company of horse, and received a shot in the wrist, which made the bridle fall out of his hand, and occasioned so great a loss of blood, that he had like to have fainted. But overcoming nature by a strong effort of will, he seized his reins in his sword hand, and withdrew from the *melée*. But we must give his own account of this adventure :—

"I had been twenty hours on horseback after I was shot, and as many hours before: and as a further affliction, my daughter (afterwards Duchess of Buckingham), not above five years old, endured all this retreat a horseback, being carried before her maid; but nature not being able to hold out any longer, she fell into frequent swoonings, and in appearance was ready to expire her last. Having now passed the Trent, and seeing a house not far off, I sent her with her maid only thither, with little hopes of seeing her any more alive, though I intended the next day to send a ship from Hull for her. I went on to Barton, having sent before to have a ship ready against my coming thither. Here I lay down to take a little rest, if it were possible to find any in a body so full of pain, and a mind yet fuller of trouble and anxiety. Though I must acknowledge it as the infinite goodness of God, that my spirit was nothing at all discouraged from doing still that which I thought to be my duty. I had

not rested above a quarter of an hour before the enemy came close to the town. I had now not above a 100 horse with me: we went to the ship, where under security of our ordnance, we got all our men and horse aboard, and crossing Humber, we arrived at Hull, our men faint and tired. I myself had lost all, even to my shirt, for my clothes were made unfit to wear with rents and blood. Presently after coming to Hull, I sent a ship for my daughter, who was brought the next day to the town, pretty well recovered of her long and tedious journey. Not many days after, the Earl of Newcastle sent my wife back in his coach, with some horse to guard her; which generous act of his gained him more reputation than he could have got by detaining a lady prisoner on such terms."

These disasters rendered it necessary to increase the strength of the army, and the Scotch were solicited to send 20,000 men to their assistance, while Lord Fairfax raised new forces in the north. The Earl of Newcastle deeming the Parliamentarians dispersed, withdrew into Lincolnshire, but being soon strong enough for the forces which remained in the north, a good party was sent to make an attempt upon Stamford-bridge, near York. Upon this the Earl of Newcastle returned, Beverley was carried after a stout and bloody defence, and Fairfax and the wreck of his troops were driven to the very gates of Hull. On the 2nd of September, the now Marquis of Newcastle, sat down before Hull, then the only Parliamentary garrison north of the Humber. The horse being worse than useless in a beleagured town, they were despatched under Sir Thomas's command into Lincolnshire, to join that army, nominally the Earl of Manchester's, but of which the directing spirit was Oliver Cromwell. Having effected a union, they attacked and defeated a body of 5000 Royalists at Horncastle; while at the same time, the besieged in Hull made so desperate a sally that the marquis hastily raised the siege.

According to most authorities, Sir Thomas next set forth from Lincolnshire on the 29th of December, 1643, and marching across the island, was joined by Sir William Brereton, and on the 21st of January, 1644, attacked Lord Byron, first of his ancient house that bore that title (according to Moore, Sir John Byron was created Baron Byron of Rochdale in 1643) and who was besieging Nantwich, in Cheshire, with an army of Irish. Byron was routed, with great loss, and the celebrated Colonel Monk was made prisoner. The author of the "Historical and Biographical Memoir," p. lxxiii, records this as an engagement in which Ferdinando Lord Fairfax was concerned, and as having occurred in January, 1643. It is difficult also to gather from the same authority (compare p. lxxiv with xcix,) whether the defeat of Lord Bellasyse at Selby, in April, 1644, which followed upon that of Lord Byron, was due to the intrepidity of father or son. The fact is father and son united their forces at Ferrybridge. The attack was made in three divisions; the first led by Lord Fairfax, the second by Sir John Meldrum, and the third by Colonel Bright. The gallant young Fairfax commanded the horse. The battle was obstinately disputed till Sir Thomas, with the cavalry, forced a passage into the town and routed his antagonists.

This victory made the Fairfaxes once more masters of the midland portions of Yorkshire, and the Marquis of Newcastle having retired before the advancing Scots into York, that city was besieged, but in vain, by the united army of Parliamentarians and Covenanters. The gallant, but rash

Prince Rupert relieved the city, and taking the command over the more cautious Newcastle, sought out the allied armies of the rebels, who were arrayed on Marston Moor, eight miles from the ancient city, Oliver Cromwell being also there as major-general of the Earl of Manchester's army. Fifty thousand subjects of one king stood face to face on that Moor. The numbers on each side were not far unequal, but never were two hosts speaking one language of more dissimilar aspects. The Royalists had not then learnt that a pitched battle was not a hunting day. Prodigies of valour were performed on both sides. There were in that battle three separate engagements, in two of which the Royalists for a time prevailed, but ultimately the inflexible determination of the Puritans triumphed, and after a bloody and terrible conflict, the royal army was pushed, rather than driven, off the field.

The prince after his defeat fled into Lancashire, and the Marquis of Newcastle, seeing that all was lost, set sail for Hamburgh. On the 15th of July York surrendered, so that the whole country north of the Trent, with the exception of a few scattered garrisons, was in the hands of the allied Parliamentarians, Covenanters, and Republicans. Sir Thomas seems to have been more employed than any one else in reducing the few last scattered remnants of royalty; a service of more danger than distinction, for he had to deal with men determined to sell their lives as dear as possible. He was twice in imminent peril of death; first in the assault of Helmsley Castle, where he received a shot in the shoulder, which threatened to prove fatal, and again before Pomfret Castle, where he narrowly escaped a cannon ball, which passed betwixt him and Colonel Forbes, so close that both were knocked down with the wind of it, and Forbes lost an eye.

The schism that had taken place in the allied camp between the Earl of Manchester and his major-general, Cromwell, and between Waller and Essex, by leading the way to the famous self-denying ordinance and the resignation of the Earl of Essex, ultimately led to Sir Thomas Fairfax's appointment in January, 1645, as generalissimo of the Parliamentary army, Oliver Cromwell being appointed at the same time lieutenant-general. But as the volumes as yet unpublished of the "Fairfax Correspondence" are to be devoted to the times of the Parliamentary leader, it is unnecessary here to follow the brave captain through those victories and achievements won subsequently to his elevation, but which at once attest the martial spirit of the man, his military talents, and that his energy was equal to the greatest occasions. It has been justly remarked by the author of the "Memoir" that Sir Thomas (who had succeeded to the title of Lord Fairfax in March, 1647) was never inspired by the corrupt ambition which actuated the conduct of Cromwell and others. Impelled in the course he had pursued by the precedents of his family, by the bad example of continental warfare, and more than any thing by the imperious dictates of a warlike nation, he had been carried on by the force of circumstances, in a career pursued with more than an ordinary amount of the gallantry and chivalry of war, so far justified in his own ideas, but he shrank from those ulterior proceedings which struck at the life of his sovereign.

We have seen that Ferdinando Lord Fairfax commanded at the battle of Marston Moor. After that affair he was appointed Governor of York, which city was made the seat of a standing committee, whereby the affairs of the

whole country were controlled. It is not indeed with the father as it is with the son. Lord Fairfax's share in the military transactions of the period cannot be represented in an outline of the actions in which he was personally engaged, but must be traced in his organisation of the forces placed at his disposal, and his disposition of their movements. All these details are fully embraced in the very remarkable correspondence now laid by Mr. Bentley before the public. It may be remarked here, that the care with which the family records of the Fairfaxes were preserved is almost without a parallel. In no other collection are there to be discovered such a mass of letters and documents, public and private; pedigrees, not only of the different branches of their own family, but of all the families with whom they were connected by intermarriage; seals, mottoes, arms, and the varied paraphernalia of heraldic honours. All the Fairfaxes contributed something towards that curious depositary, the "Analecta Fairfaxiana," which covers a period little short of two centuries.

But it was in Leeds Castle, Kent, that the mass of correspondence from which the volumes about to be given to the public by Mr. Bentley have been mainly compiled. The circumstances under which the MSS. were discovered are so curious, that although previously laid before the Archæological Association at Winchester, we shall extract them here.

Mr. Martin having occasion to make some alterations in the Castle in the spring of the year 1822, set apart for sale a quantity of useless furniture; and amongst the lumber which was thus to be swept away was an old oaken chest, filled apparently with Dutch tiles. It was purchased for a few shillings by Mr. Gooding, a shoemaker, in the neighbouring village of Lenham. Upon the inspection of its contents, expecting, perhaps, to light upon treasures of another kind, Mr. Gooding found an enormous quantity of MSS., carefully arranged and deposited beneath the Dutch tiles, which were piled up to the lid of the box. Mr. Gooding, not attaching any special value to treasures of this description, consigned the papers to a cellar to be destroyed, as occasion served, for waste paper.

It was fortunately suggested to Mr. Gooding to offer the MSS. to Mr. Newington Hughes, a banker at Maidstone, and well known as a collector of antiquities. By this lucky accident the whole collection was preserved, Mr. Hughes becoming their purchaser. But in the meanwhile some havoc had been committed amongst them. "Some of the parchments," says Mr. Johnson, under whose editorship the first two volumes of the "Correspondence" are now issued, "had been cut into strips for shoemakers' measures; and a fragment of one, a grant of lands to Sir Anthony Saint Leger, is now before me in the form of a child's drum pelt. Some of the letters Mr. Hughes recovered from the thread-papers of the village mantua-makers; others had been taken by a gentleman's servant, and had found their way into the collections of Mr. Jadis, of the Board of Green Cloth, and of Mr. Upcot, the well-known collector of autographs. These were nearly all recovered; and the whole form that valuable and richly illustrated series of manuscripts from which this work has been prepared."

This correspondence, which extends over two centuries, is so full of interest in all that concerns the affairs of the Civil War and of the persons engaged therein, that we might have taken it up even in its earliest portions, as far as now published, under a variety of agreeable and instructive aspects. The early Parliamentary Struggles—Charles I. and Queen Henrietta—The Successors of Buckingham—The Star-chamber

Prosecutions—The Scotch Rebellion—The Fall of Strafford and Laud—The Encroachments of the Puritans—The Attempts of the King to get up an Irish and Scotch Party, and the Commencement of Hostilities, beyond which the correspondence of the first two volumes does not extend. Upon all these subjects there is a great deal of curious and interesting detail, which will for the future be indispensable to the student of the most remarkable times in the history of his country. These details are also so mixed up with notices of persons, that the correspondence may be made to furnish much additional light upon the history of the landed and other gentry of the time. It struck us, however, that the fighting propensity of the Fairfaxes was the true key to the history of the untoward part which that family took in the great rebellion, and for which, as might naturally have been expected, as their aristocratic blood and feelings could never be forgiven by a democracy, the greatest of them all, suffered ultimately only obloquy and persecution.

It is a curious circumstance in the history of the Fairfaxes, that the first Lord, a short time before his death (1640) prophesied in express words that his grandson would *destroy his house.* This curious fact is preserved by Charles Fairfax, as a postcript to the "Analecta," where it is designated

MEMORANDUM BY CHARLES FAIRFAX, OF MENSTON.

Having made some few entries of the most remarkable of the family that have come to my view or certain knowledge, I am now, for a sad epilogue, enforced to insert the passages of a discourse betwixt my dear father Thomas, first Lord Fairfax, and myself, which I dare not omit, by reason of a solemn engagement imposed upon me by him, with a quadruple charge, as 'tis hereafter specified, not many months before his death, the substance thereof, with some of the circumstances, was to this effect.

He walking in his great parlour at Denton, I only then present, did seem much perplexed and troubled in his mind, but, after a few turns, broke out into these, or the like expressions :—

"Charles, I am thinking what will become of my family when I am gone ; I have added a title to the heir-male of my house, and shall leave a competent estate to support it. Ferdinando will keep it, and leave it to his son ; but such is *Tom's* pride, led much by his wife, that he, not contented to live in our rank, will *destroy his house.*"

Looking now at the history of the family, Nun-Appleton, the estate of the Parliamentary general, sold to pay the debts of the Duke of Buckingham, husband to that little girl who we have seen carried almost in a dying state for forty hours across a country in arms; Denton Hall, built by the first Lord Fairfax when disinherited of Steeton, the ancient manor of the house; Bolton Percy, and other estates in Yorkshire, disposed of to redeem the mortgages of Lord Culpepper, and the gradual dispersion and descent of the family from their former position in England; these circumstances must be felt as fulfilling, in a remarkable manner, the prophetic fears of the founder of the Barony. The title still stands in our peerage books, but the closing line of the record points with startling emphasis to the shores of a distant continent—

Seats—Belvoir and Greenway Court, Virginia ; and Woodburne, Maryland, United States.

TICK;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD ETON BOY.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT, AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE COLONIES; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF AN EMIGRANT."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

I APPROACH this passage of my early life with considerable reluctance; more than once I have determined to pass over it in silence; but on looking forward I find that it forms so important a link in the chain of my life (I am a little in doubt about the correctness of this simile but I have no time to seek for a better) that I could not omit it without too great prejudice to the narrative; besides as I set out with professing that these confessions should be sincere I consider it a duty not to disguise my faults and follies from the reader, although it occasions me no slight twitches of uneasiness to reveal them. Another reflection aids me to bear the humiliation of their avowal;—and that is the hope that their revelation may serve to assist to the knowledge of human nature and of the affairs of real life, by showing how much we are all the creatures of circumstances;—and, lastly, I console myself in some measure, by the consideration, that the period when the present events occurred was the time of my early youth, when I had neither experience to guide me through the shoals and quicksands of life's course, nor strength of mind to enable me to face the present and lesser difficulty that perplexed me, instead of waiting to be overwhelmed by the greater which was more remote;—but in this weakness I may venture to say I was by no means singular; and if the aggregate number of improvident persons in this particular could lessen the smart of the individual consequences to each, mine would have been no great matter.

While I was meditating on these points in the early morning, in the long walk of the shrubbery, I spied a face peering over a gate on the left hand which led to the fields, with which I fancied I was acquainted, and which I presently recognised as that of a lad whom I had observed in the capacity of under-gardener at Willow Lodge. When he saw my attention attracted towards him he beckoned to me mysteriously; and after having looked around, with a comical sort of caution, to see that no one was watching him, he extracted a daintily-folded note from the crown of his hat, and presented it to me with a grin indicative of his being aware that it was a smuggling transaction; and also of his own opinion of his being a person of importance in whom a lady's confidence had been intrusted.

The letter was addressed to Leander Castleton, Esq., and the word "junior" was annexed in conspicuous characters in order to lessen the chances of mistake, the occasion being both delicate and urgent. My heart told me on the instant from whom it came; besides I could not fail

to recognise the same hand which had addressed to me an epistle of delightful excitement on a former occasion.

The letter was indeed from Lavinia; and it informed me in hurried language of the arrival of the aunt, the nephew, the bridesmaid and the bridesmaid's mamma—all together: it contained no other information; but in a postscript was added, "I think it would be wrong for you to come, but if you should, you will be sure to find me at the garden seat exactly as the clock strikes twelve; my aunt will be engaged then with my father and 'him'" (who the 'him' was(—)him I easily guessed), "but I think you had better not come; however you know best, and I look to you to guide me; for in whom else can I place my trust?" Under the postscript was written, "I wish I was dead!"

It may easily be supposed that if any additional stimulus was wanting to rouse me to activity, this was sufficient. I read the letter over, I believe, at least a dozen times, much to the amazement as I presently observed of the messenger; who was lost in wonder how so small a scrap of paper could contain such a quantity of writing as to need so long a reading. I hastily told him, "that would do," but as the lad still lingered as if he expected something else, I suddenly bethought me that Cupid's bow was always represented as being tipped with silver; I presented him therefore with a dollar as payment for work and labour done, and then with a second one as an "honorarium" as I expressed it, which he doubtless, translated into the vulgar tongue by the name of that for which he was well aware it was intended.

My mother remarked my absence of mind at breakfast, which I explained by assuring her that I was absorbed in the solution of a difficult problem, which in truth it was, but not one of Euclid's; and I accounted for my hurry to get it over by declaring that I was anxious not to lose so fine a day for fishing; on which my mother smilingly remarked that, she hoped I should have better luck than I had before, as it was difficult to make ladies' bonnets palatable cook them how you may. At this my father looked serious. I passed it off, however, with an air of extreme unconcern, although I fancy I had a very red face, for my father looked at me very hard, and I thought, was going to say something; but I interposed so skilful a question on the subject of a new method of draining which he was at that time experimenting on in the four-acre field about half a mile from the house, that I escaped that danger also. Without staying to risk the result of further conversation I quietly withdrew, and in order to avoid the chance of detention, forthwith repaired to the stables and desired my horse to be saddled without delay.

Great men, it may be observed, have had their warnings on the eve of important events. Julius Cæsar had a warning from his wife before he was slain by the Roman conspirators; and Brutus was forewarned of his fate at the approaching battle of Philippi; so did I also receive some cautionary admonitions from my friend the philosophic coachman: but like the doomed personages referred to, I also neglected the friendly omens.

"Mr. Leander," said he, as we stood by the pump in the yard, while a groom was getting my horse ready, "if I might make so bold, I should say that you was vexed with summat."

"We have all got our vexations at some times," said I;—"how do Jenny's pups get on?"

"The pups thrive beautiful; but what I was going to say, Mr. Leander, was this; that when a man is vexed and out of sorts he always rides more reckless, and Sultan is very fresh, and sometimes he takes to wanting his own way; and you ought to be careful."

"Oh!" said I, "I will be careful enough; Sultan has got a good bit in his mouth, and I have good spurs on my heels, and I warrant he shall know that I am his master."

"That's all very well, Master Leander; a bit is a very good thing in its place and so are spurs in theirn; but sometimes you see when we are hot we are apt to pull the bit at the wrong time, and use the spurs when we ought to hold the curb. The great thing is to know when to use them at the proper nick, on horseback, as well as in life, Master Leander."

"Very true," said I, "is my horse ready?"

"He will be ready in one minute; Robert is just combing out his tail.— So as I was saying, take care you ride careful this morning, and don't be too venturesome; and it's a good rule to look before you leap, Master Leander."

"Never fear," said I; "tell him to make haste with the horse."

"He's just dusting the saddle, and giving the stirrup-irons a wipe. And so you see, Master Leander, I've always observed your careless, reckless riders that just ride over every thing and through every thing, and never care for considering what's on the other side—a ditch or a pit may be—they always sooner or later come to a smash. Now I'm sure you'll excuse me, Master Leander, for you know I have the same regard for you as Jenny there for one of her pups: and so I say don't go along so helter-skelter over every dangerous thing you can find—but look before you leap."

My excellent friend the coachman certainly was not invested with the poetic character of Cassandra of old; but on this occasion his words were not less prophetic, and unhappily for me they were destined to the same remark of "nonunquam credita Teucris."—I went on my way.

How could I think of any other matter or of any one than Lavinia? Was it not natural that she alone, who was ever present to my thoughts, should on such an occasion entirely engross and absorb them? Was it my fault that one of the most unfortunate mishaps occurred that ever befel a luckless mortal? I arrived at the spot by a circuitous and unobserved route with which I was now well acquainted; I tied my horse to a tree, leaped the ditch which separated the grounds from the meadow; surveyed my ground carefully before I made my way partly over and partly through the hedge which bounded the garden; looked cautiously round; saw that all was clear; and then I hastened to the sheltered spot in which the garden seat stood almost concealed by the overspreading foliage; I beheld through the thickly clustered shrubs the form of Lavinia (as I thought of course) with her back towards me, and with her head leaning contemplatively on her hand, in the accustomed corner; my step was, in prudence, cautious, and my approach noiseless; I sprung towards her and, before she could turn round, clasped her in my arms!

There was no harm in that—were we not betrothed—solemnly pledged to each other?—were we not, as lawyers say, in the "inchoate" state of man and wife? Besides—but I need say no more on that point;

all considerate persons of both sexes will acquit me of improper temerity under such circumstances.

How shall I go on! I clasped her whom I supposed to be Lavinia in my arms; and to my utter astonishment—my confusion!—my dismay! I found that I had got hold of another young lady!

And of all the young ladies in the world—the very daughter of the sea-captain's widow—of Emily of the cottage in the valley!

What an embarrassment!

Fortunately, she was too frightened to shriek; but quickly recognising me, she blushed prodigiously; and, remembering, perhaps, the obligation to me which she lay under, she had the goodness not to exhibit so much anger at my forwardness as the circumstance warranted. As for me, I could not speak for a few moments so much was I abashed at my own seeming rudeness;—and I was confounded with my quick perception of the misunderstanding that it might give rise to! I was about to explain the reason of my boisterous behaviour—rather stammeringly I suspect—when she kindly stopped me:—

"Mr. Castleton," she said, "you are the last person in the world from whom I could take offence;—but forgive me if I positively request you to confine your greetings in future within the bounds of decorum which is usual between gentlemen and ladies who are not related to each other."

This she said in a manner that was exceedingly dignified, but with a grace that was quite charming.

"I assure you," said I, "that it was entirely—a . . . a . . . a . . . a mistake . . . "

"I am sure it was—it must have been a mistake; the elegant and refined Mr. Leander Castleton never could have intended an act of rudeness towards a lady who, I had reason to hope, possessed his . . . respect."

"Upon my soul," I reiterated, "it was a mistake; it was indeed; I thought you were . . . ."

She did not permit me to finish, but, with the sweetest smile in the world, said:—

"There—that's enough; I see that you are really sorry for having forgot yourself for a moment. But of course no such mistake must occur again; I am sure I should forfeit your good opinion if I expressed less; and I will not pain you by expressing more."

"But, indeed," said I, wishing to clear the matter up, and longing to hear tidings of Lavinia,—my conscience I must confess reproaching me at the same time in a strange mysterious way for something which I felt I had either done or left undone—"indeed . . . ."

"Well, I have forgiven you; that's enough; and now if you like we will talk of Chaucer, and of Spenser, and of all the poets in the world—yourself of course included. I did not know," she said suddenly, "that you were acquainted with the family here? I don't remember that you ever told me of it?"

"I don't think," said I, a little embarrassed, "that I ever did."

"I am sure you never did:—but that's no matter; have you known them long?"

"Yes, said I; that is, I mean, no; but you know one may seem, sometimes, to know people very long although one has known them only a short time. . . . ."

"That is true," she replied, and she mused a little on this; as if she was resolving in her mind some little problem of her own.

"How strange," she suddenly exclaimed, "that almost the first person whom I have met in this new part of the world is one to whom I am under so great an obligation!"

"Don't say a word about it," said I;—I was getting more and more embarrassed.

"However," she went on, "there are stranger things in the world even than this!"

"There are indeed," said I, as I observed Lavinia coming hastily down the walk and looking much flushed, for I had a presentiment of what was to come.

Chapter XXXVII.

Lavinia stopped short when she saw how the garden-seat was occupied; this was a bit of ill-luck quite out of her calculation as well as mine. With the natural reserve of her sex, in the presence of a third person, she saluted me rather formally, which I returned, though much against the grain, in the same manner. As Emily had not the slightest idea of herself being one too many on this occasion, knowing that Lavinia was about to be married to a gentleman who certainly was not the one present, she never thought of retiring to allow me the opportunity of a private interview with her new friend.

She remained, therefore, carelessly seated at one corner of the bench.

Lavinia who was very much vexed not to be able to speak to me without a witness, but who disguised her feelings with admirable fortitude, although I perceived she was so agitated that she could hardly stand, sat down at the other corner.

I felt very foolish standing up before the two; and not knowing what else to do I took my place between them.

Now, it must be confessed, that this was a very awkward situation.

We all three remained, for a short time silent; Emily from a natural deference, as a guest, and, as yet, almost a stranger to the family; Lavinia from vexation; and I from confusion.

This state of things, however, could not last for ever. As the only gentleman present, it was my duty to speak first, and to entertain the ladies. A pretty state of mind I was in to entertain anybody! And to which of them was I to speak first! And what was I to say!

Now, I will not be misunderstood here, and made to appear worse than I was. My embarrassment did not proceed from any doubt or uncertainty of the state of my own heart; nor did I feel guilty of having acted as a suitor towards Emily; my acquaintance with her had been accidental, and my intimacy—if it could be called so—was one of friendship. And, besides, I had reason to suspect that there was an attachment on the part of Emily in another quarter; for there was occasional mysterious mention made of a certain Lieutenant Sullivan which used to bring the colour into Emily's cheeks in an odd way; so that I considered her partly in the light of one engaged, and with whom my assiduities—for I confess to that—could have no serious consequence. No: my embarrassment did not proceed from that; but from the circumstance of my never having mentioned to Lavinia my acquaintance

with Emily; an omission which, considering the rather romantic incident which led to it, would, I feared, appear to Lavinia, strange, and perhaps suspicious; and, in the same way, I had made no mention to Emily, in all my familiar converse with her and her mamma, of my intimacy with Lavinia, whose acquaintance also I had made in a manner not less romantic than the other. I felt that some explanation of these unusual reticences would be expected—certainly by Lavinia—and perhaps by Emily; and both were alike embarrassing.

I began to fear that some most awkward catastrophe was impending.

It was necessary, however, that I should say something; and while I was still studying how to begin, Emily—to my infinite relief, as it was at the moment, but quickly to be followed by my infinite confusion—gave signs of saving me the task of inventing a commencement to conversation:

"I was saying to Mr. Castleton," she began, addressing Lavinia, "before you came, that, I was not aware that he was acquainted with your family."

(Here was a pretty beginning !)

"What!" replied Lavinia, in considerable surprise, "is Mr. Castleton an acquaintance of yours!"

"Oh dear, yes," replied Emily; "we were acquainted, and mamma too, at our house, which is about ten miles from the university."

Lavinia looked at me; I don't know what I looked at. Then she spoke, composedly—and with seeming indifference:

"At the university?"

"Oh! yes! But I dare say Mr. Castleton has told you of the little romantic adventure which gave us the honour of his acquaintance."

"A little romantic adventure?" repeated Lavinia.

"He saved me from the attack of a dreadful robber, who would have—murdered me, perhaps, if Mr. Castleton's gallantry and courage had not saved me."

"Indeed!" said Lavinia.

"Yes, he did, indeed; and I can never be sufficiently grateful for such a service!—and mamma too; and it was that which led to our intimacy . . ."

"Intimacy ?" said Lavinia.

"To his intimacy, with mamma, and our house," continued Emily; "and I was remarking to Mr. Castleton before you came, how odd it was that he should be the first person, as it were, whom I have seen here."

"It is very odd," repeated Lavinia.

"But how odd," continued Emily, "that he should never have mentioned the circumstance of the robber! But Mr. Castleton is known to be one of the most modest men in the world—particularly on matters relating to his own prowess."

"You were not aware, then," said Lavinia, "that Mr. Castleton was acquainted with me—that is, with our family ?"

"Oh dear no! He never mentioned your name; and I am quite surprised to find that he knows you, for he never said a word to us about it!"

"And yet," said Lavinia, with a shade of bitterness in her voice, which would not have been perceptible, perhaps, to any ear less sensitive than mine, "my acquaintance with Mr. Castleton had its origin, also, in rather a romantic adventure."

"Indeed!" said Emily; "how very extraordinary that he should have had a romantic adventure with both of us and never have said a word of them to either!"

"It was his excessive modesty, doubtless," said Lavinia in the same bitter tone, looking at me with a singular expression, and carrying her glance forward to Emily who sat on my other side.

"It is a very singular circumstance, certainly," responded Emily, regarding me and then Lavinia with a doubtful and inquiring countenance.

And then they were both silent; waiting for me, as it seemed, to clear up the mystery.

As the earth would not open and swallow me up, although I wished for it with all my might, I was obliged to say something:—

"It is certainly remarkable," I began, with a faint laugh which I fear had the sound of being a little forced, for both the ladies looked at me with an air of surprise; "it is certainly remarkable," I began again, making a new and desperate effort to assume an indifferent air—as if the matter was of no consequence at all;—"but you will understand the reason of my silence directly when I explain it . . . . ."

"Then pray do explain," said they both at once:—

"For it is so very droll," said Emily, with animation.

"It is so very strange," said Lavinia with an anxious air.

"Yes," said I; "it is so very droll; hah! hah!"

"Make haste then," said Emily, laughingly.

"Go on," said Lavinia, seriously.

"Oh!" said I, "my story is told in a few words."

"So much the better," said Lavinia, drily.

"Never mind the number of words," said Emily;—"we are not at all in a hurry to go away—only—begin."

"You see," said I, with as jocose an air as I could assume, "the fact is . . . . . the fact was . . . . that is . . . . you see," said I, turning to Lavinia, "Em . . . . that is—Miss Navis's house is close to the university . . . ."

"He is very polite to say so," said Emily, interrupting me, "but the fact is our house is a long way off; and I am sure it was very kind of Mr. Castleton to come and see us so often when dear mamma was so indisposed . . . . ."

"It was very kind," said Lavinia, in a strange tone of voice, which made Emily look at her with a little surprise.

"It is not every one," continued Emily, "who would travel ten miles to see a sick friend . . . ."

"It is not indeed!" said Lavinia.

"And day after day," continued Emily.

"Day after day!" repeated Lavinia.

"But I want to hear about your romantic adventure?" said Emily to Lavinia; "was it a robber that attacked you?"

"It is no matter," said Lavinia; "it was only a mad dog."

"A mad dog! Oh—my dear—how very dreadful! I do believe a mad dog is what I have the greatest dread of in the world! Good Heavens!—it didn't bite you?"

"No," said Lavinia; "happily it did not; but it might, perhaps, if Lean . . . if Mr. Castleton had not distracted its attention; but he risked his life to save me!"

"That was generous!" exclaimed Emily, reddening a little.

"He was riding on the other side of the river," continued Lavinia, pointing in the direction of the stream, "and he dashed his horse into the water to rescue me from the animal . . . and his horse could not mount the bank . . . and so . . . he fell back into the water . . . and it was thought he was lost . . . but I did not know what took place then—for I fainted."

"What a dreadful scene!" exclaimed Emily, shuddering.

"It was not the worst part of it," continued Lavinia, "for . . . Mr. Castleton—here—was taken into our house . . . that is . . . when he was taken out of the water . . . as they told me . . . and was supposed to be . . . gone. . ."

"Oh, Heavens!" said Emily, holding up her hands.

"You cannot imagine what I felt when I learnt that he had lost his life in endeavouring to preserve mine . . ."

"I can—a little— . . ." said Emily.

"You never can"—continued Lavinia. "Such an agonising thought was sufficient! . . ." (here she blushed deeply) . . . "was sufficient to excuse the wildest actions! . . ."

"What wild actions?" asked Emily, quickly.

I felt very awkward at this point.

"That is"—continued Lavinia, with a little embarrassment, "if there had been any wild actions."

"I need not ask if he was recovered," said Emily, "because . . ."

"My recovery," said I, "was owing to the care which Lavin—— which this young lady took of me when I seemed to be as all thought me—dead."

This I said solemnly.

There was a slight pause here. Lavinia seemed much agitated and ready to burst into tears; Emily remained for a brief space in a serious reverie; and for my own part I wondered how this extraordinary scene would end.

It was Emily who first broke silence.

"I suppose," said she, addressing Lavinia, "that you adopted the means recommended by the Humane Society for recovering drowned persons?"

"They were all tried," said I, "and failed."

"Failed!—then how were you recovered?"

"This young lady," I replied, "was herself the means of restoring me to life."

Emily looked at us both inquiringly, but said nothing.

"It was the influence of her presence—and of her sympathy"—I continued—"when I was supposed," I added,—emphatically, "to be lying dead—that re-animated me."

"What did you do?" asked Emily quickly.

Lavinia did not reply to this question, and was evidently embarrassed.

Emily mused for a while, and then she spoke again; but as it struck me with a shade of reserve in her manner that could not have failed to be observed by others besides myself.

"Mr. Castleton," she said, "has contrived to keep this romantic history very secret; not indeed, that, "mamma" had any right to be made acquainted with his secrets. But, what will surprise her, is that Mr. Castleton never told us how his life had been preserved, as he says, by

you; now I can understand why he should abstain from mentioning his own good deeds—that is . . . modest and proper . . .; but why he should not speak of his debt of gratitude to one who had been the means of recovering him from . . . death!—that is what surprises me . . . ."

At this moment a voice was heard from the direction of the house repeating the name of Lavinia, which I recognised instantly as that of Miss McDragon. Lavinia seemed reluctant to leave us, and looked at Emily as if inviting her silently, to accompany her; but that young lady, thinking, perhaps, that the aunt might have something to say to her friend, that was proper only for the ear of an expectant bride, remained still; and as the voice grew more impatient, Lavinia abruptly broke from us without making any observation—and I was left alone with Emily.

Chapter XXXVIII.

There was a silence between us for a short space; for I was planning how I should contrive a private interview with Lavinia; and Emily had her own thoughts, but what they were she did not think fit to communicate. Presently she said, as if speaking aloud the continuation of some previous thought:—

"And you saved her from a dreadful death?"

"At least, I endeavoured to do it," said I; "and she has the goodness to take the will for the deed."

"Doubtless," said Emily, "she must feel very grateful?"

Now I fancied this was a fishing question, and I determined to be on my guard, for the position of Lavinia and myself was critical. I rapidly ran over the circumstances of the case. The mamma of the young lady who had begun to question me was the old friend of Miss McDragon; any thing that I might tell to the daughter would be repeated to the mother, and by the mother repeated to the aunt. It was of importance, therefore, to keep Emily in the dark, as to my position and plans respecting Lavinia. To this effect it was a matter of prudence, to conceal from her my sentiments towards her friend; and it occurred to me, at the moment, that the best way to do that was to throw such a show of gallantry in my manner towards herself as would blind her as to my real intentions.—Now this was wrong; at least it was an unlucky contrivance; for it was calculated to give me the character of seeming to make love to two young ladies at the same time—a course of conduct than which nothing could be more foreign to my disposition: but, unhappily, it had the effect of placing me in that false position, and of giving rise to the disastrous consequences which I am about to relate.

It was with this object therefore,—the object of keeping Miss Navis in the dark relative to the mutual engagement of Lavinia and myself, lest she should inadvertently communicate the secret to her mamma by whom, it was to be feared, it would be revealed to the aunt of Lavinia—that I endeavoured to convey to Emily the idea that she and not Lavinia was the object of my passion; a manœuvre which, I considered, was warrantable under the circumstances, and certainly venial, as I was under the impression, as I have already said, that Emily's heart had been long

since transferred to that mysterious Lieutenant Sullivan to whom I have before alluded.

The slight pause which these rapid reflections occasioned, gave time to Emily to put her question in another shape :—

"I hope," said she, "that her marriage will be a happy one!"

"I hope so too," said I—(in this I was perfectly sincere).

"You will be present at the marriage of course ?"

"Of course," said I; (and thought I to myself, as it is my firm intention to be the bridegroom myself, it will be odd if I am not present at the marriage).

My answer seemed to be so far satisfactory to Emily, and the air of reserve which she had assumed began to subside ; but there was evidently something more that she wanted to get at ; and she framed her next question accordingly :—

"Don't you think her very handsome ?"

"I do," said I, ". . . for a brunette." (Emily was fair.)—This answer seemed to please her.

"You never mentioned your romantic adventure with her to . . . us !"

"A gentleman cannot boast of the services which it may be his good fortune to have the opportunity of rendering to others."

"True ; but—you never mentioned the service which had been rendered to yourself ; that would have been no more than an expression of gratitude—there could have been no objection to that ?"

"No other objection," said I, quickly, "but the presumption which it would have been calculated to give rise to, that, the one was mentioned only to furnish the occasion of being complimented on the other."

"Well—I think that is being too particular. I am sure I am not ashamed of making known, on any proper occasion, my debt of gratitude to you for having saved me from the hands of a ruffian !"

"That is," said I, "because you possess so much goodness."

"Ah ! now—you will be accusing me of saying that only for the sake of having a compliment paid me in return !"

"Indeed," said I, "I feel too strongly prompted to pay you compliments without any provocation to render that necessary ; my only fear is, that, I may pay you too many, and say too much !" (And this was true enough.)

As I said this with rather a sentimental air I believe, Emily began to examine a flower which she held in her hand curiously, as if she was anxious to ascertain its botanical identifications. I cast my eyes in another direction, and there, to my extreme surprise and confusion, I beheld Lavinia, examining us both as attentively as Emily was examining her flower, and who had approached us unheard and unseen. I was vexed at this ; especially, as there was an expression on Lavinia's countenance which made me fear that she had overheard my conversation with Emily, and which, perhaps, she had misinterpreted. Emily, in a moment after, wards, catching sight of her, blushed excessively as if she had been caught in a confession, and letting fall her flower on the ground, hastily stood up.

"Your mamma was inquiring for you," said Lavinia gravely.

Emily departed quickly without looking at me, and I was left alone with Lavinia.

THE CASTLEREAGH MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE.*

The times of Lord Castlereagh are so close upon our own, so many of his contemporaries are still engaged in the strife of politics, and so many memories still treasure up the chief records of his public career, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon details, the interest of which will remain for a future generation. For some idea of how those contemporaries have judged of the character and public services of this eminent statesman, we might quote the opinions of such distinguished men as Sir Robert Peel, Marquess Wellesley, Sir Walter Scott, Benjamin Disraeli, M. de Capefigue, and a host of others, which the solicitude of a relative—the present Marquess of Londonderry—has collected together as introductory to the correspondence. However much these estimates of character may differ *inter se*, they all agree in the main points, that the talents of the noble lord were of a high order, and his industry in the discharge of his official duties unremitting. "Party animosity," it has been justly remarked, "may question the wisdom of measures in which he was a principal actor, to save its own consistency, but it dares not breathe a doubt of his integrity and honour." The Marquess Wellesley says, "the whole course of my public service, as far as it was connected with the public acts of that most excellent and able personage, affords one connected series of proofs of his eminent ability, spotless integrity, high sense of honour, comprehensive and enlarged views, sound practical knowledge, ready despatch of business, and perfect discretion and temper in the conduct of the most arduous public affairs." Sir Walter Scott writes, "No man wishes more to see, or would delight more to contribute, to place that most upright and excellent statesman's memory in the rank which it ought to hold with his countrymen. I am conscious, that by dint of repeating a set of cant phrases which, when examined, have neither sense nor truth, a grand effort has been made to blind the British public as to the nature of the important services which he rendered to his country, and that the truth of history has in no case been so much encroached upon to serve the purposes of party."

Sir Robert Peel's testimony is of a still higher character:—

You well know that no vindication of your Brother's memory was necessary for my satisfaction,—that my admiration of his character is too firmly rooted to be shaken by criticisms or phrases, and cavils at particular acts selected from a long political career. I doubt whether any public man (with the exception of the Duke of Wellington) who has appeared within the last half century, possessed that combination of qualities, intellectual and moral, which would have enabled him to effect under the same circumstances what Lord Londonderry did effect in regard to the Union with Ireland, and to the great political transactions of 1813, 1814, and 1815. To do these things required a rare union of high and generous feelings, courteous and prepossessing manners, a warm heart, and a cool head, great temper, great industry, great fortitude, great courage, moral and personal, that command and influence which makes other men willing instruments, and all these qualities combined with the disdain for low

* Memoirs and Correspondence of Viscount Castlereagh, second Marquess of Londonderry. Edited by his Brother, Charles Vane, Marquess of Londonderry, G.C.B., &c. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

objects of ambition, and with spotless integrity. It is not flattering to say your Brother had these qualifications, and that by them and the proper use of them, he overcame practical difficulties which would have appalled and overwhelmed almost every other cotemporary statesman.

Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, all the most distinguished members of the British cabinet during Lord Castlereagh's official career, unite in similar honourable testimonials; but in the present day, except among a few rancorous partisans, it is doubtful if any such testimonials are necessary to the vindication of the by-gone statesman. His reputation as a minister is alike above the reach of both friends and enemies. The fact that, to his talents, energy, and persevering exertions we are mainly indebted for the great measure of the legislative union of Ireland with Great Britain, is of itself the proudest of all testimonials, but it must be added to that in the words of an eloquent public writer,—

> He was of one of the leaders of that Ministry which preserved the country from being subjugated by a power which subjugated all the rest of Europe, which fought the country against combined Europe and triumphed, and which wrenched the sceptre of dominion from the desolating principles that the French Revolution spread through the world, and restored it to religion and honesty.
>
> If to have preserved the faith and liberties of England from destruction, to have raised her to the most magnificent point of greatness, to have liberated a quarter of the globe from a despotism which bowed down both body and soul, and to have placed the world again under the control of natural law and just principles, be transcendent fame, such fame belongs to this Ministry, and, of all its members, it belongs to none more than to the Marquess of Londonderry.
>
> During a great part of the year, he toiled frequently for twelve or fourteen hours per day at the most exhausting of all kinds of labour, for a salary, which, unaided by private fortune, would not have supported him. He laboured for thirty years in the service of the country. In this service he ruined a robust constitution, broke a lofty spirit, destroyed a first-rate understanding, and met an untimely death, without adding a shilling to his patrimonial fortune, or, if we except the step which his father was advanced in the peerage, changing a letter of his patrimonial title.
>
> What the country gained from him may never be calculated; what he gained from the country was lunacy and a martyr's grave.

The settlement of the perplexed affairs of Ireland was as expensive and as difficult in former times as in the present day. The heaviest expenses of Queen Elizabeth's reign were occasioned by Ireland; but they were always insufficient. But there is this difference between the past and present times, that while Clarendon has told us ("Life," vol. ii. p. 107) that he made it his humble suit to the king, that no part of the Irish question might ever be referred to him; and Ormond, who of all men, had fullest knowledge of the subject and most personal concern in it, "could not see any light in so much darkness that might lead to him a beginning;" in our times, it is the pride and glory of all the leading statesmen of the day to have commenced their career, or to have grappled once or more with what has so long, and what still constitutes, the misery and the shame of one country and the reproach of the other.

> Heaven hath in vain bestowed
> Well-tempered liberty,
> (Its last and largest boon to social man)
> If the brute multitude from age to age,
> Wild as their savage ancestors,

> Go unreclaimed the while,
> From sire to son transmitting still
> In undisturbed descent
> (A sad inheritance!)
> Their errors and their crimes.

No sooner had Robert Stewart, member for Down, become Lord Castlereagh, than he accepted the Privy Seal for Ireland at the most trying of all times, at a moment when the turbulent development of the state of Ireland rendered it necessary for the Irish Administration to adopt a system of strong measures, in order to silence rebellion by terror, or extinguish it by severity. The next year of his taking office, he was nominated secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, and he began that career of able exertions and strenuous perseverance, by which the union of Ireland with Great Britain was mainly brought about. As the first two volumes of the "Memoirs and Correspondence" are made to relate solely to this epoch in the life of Lord Castlereagh (and it appears, indeed, that this portion of the letters and documents collected by that distinguished statesman in his various high official situations, and selected by his brother, the present Marquess of Londonderry, for publication, will relate mainly to Ireland), our quotations must naturally refer to that period—one of a most eventful character, and which bears an analogy to that which is again recurring, that would be curious did it apply to any other country but Ireland.

The year 1798 was incontestably the most important of any in the modern annals of Ireland, both on account of the events which actually occurred in it, and for those which immediately flowed from them as almost natural consequences. That turbulent spirit which unfortunately pervades the character of its people, had for many preceding years kept the country in a state of dangerous ferment, and made it a scene of commotion, outrage, and bloodshed. The mass of the population was divided into hostile associations, inflamed against each other by animosities, political and religious. The combination of Catholics of the lower order, who called themselves Defenders, produced that of the Orangemen, for the protection of Protestant interests. At length, persons of a higher class of society, assuming the appellation of United Irishmen, joined, to form a new system, dark and deeply planned, for collecting those discordant elements into one great conspiracy, for the treasonable purpose of overturning the government, and, with the assistance of France, separating Ireland from the British empire, and erecting it into an independent republic.

Disappointed of French co-operation, partly by accidents of weather, partly by the indefatigable vigilance, skill, and exertions of our naval forces, the Directors of the Society at length resolved to defy single-handed the whole power of the Government, when their plans were totally deranged by means of their disclosure. Thomas Reynolds, a silk-mercer of Dublin, a Catholic, having retired from business, and purchased an estate in the County of Kildare, had joined the United Irishmen, and been appointed a Colonel, also treasurer and representative for his County, and provincial delegate for Leinster. This man was induced, in the month of March, to reveal all that he knew of the designs of his associates to the Irish Government; the consequence was, the apprehension of four members of the Executive Directory, as it was called, after that of France: Arthur O'Connor, Oliver Bond, Dr. M'Nevin, Thomas Addis Emmet. Lord Edward Fitzgerald escaped.

A new Directory was soon appointed, and betrayed, in like manner, by a

Captain Armstrong, of an Irish militia regiment, who feigned to enter into the conspiracy. The brothers, John and Henry Sheares, two of the new Directors, were apprehended on the 21st of May; Samuel Neilson and many more on the 23rd. The night of that day had been fixed by the conspirators for commencing operations; but Government, having full information of their schemes, proclaimed Dublin in a state of insurrection, placed triple guards at all important posts, and effectually secured the metropolis from the intended attack.

Though the prime conductors of the conspiracy were in prison, the inferior agents ventured to proceed to the execution of the design. Baffled at the metropolis, the attempts of their bands, provided with scarcely any arms but clumsy pikes, were chiefly confined to small country towns. Till the middle of July, civil war, in its most hideous form, ravaged some of the western counties, particularly Wicklow and Wexford. The sanguinary scenes enacted there, not by rebels only, but by the king's forces also, were most disgraceful to both parties; but what to me appears to be particularly striking in the atrocities recorded by historians is the detestable ingratitude which appears so frequently in the conduct of the lower Irish as almost to make one doubt whether attachment or kindly feeling for benefits received find any place in the national character.

The promotion of his father in the peerage, conferred on Mr. Stewart, in 1797, the title of Viscount Castlereagh; and, in the same year, Lord Camden (whose sister was the second wife of Lord Londonderry) appointed him keeper of the Privy Seal in Ireland. On the sudden departure of Mr. Pelham, Chief Secretary of Ireland, Lord Castlereagh was induced, by the Lord-Lieutenant, to undertake the duty of chief secretary to his excellency, a position to which he was afterwards permanently appointed.

When afterwards, amidst the confusion incident to the rebellion, the Marquess Cornwallis was selected to succeed Earl Camden as Lord-Lieutenant, his high military reputation and civil administration of India, having pointed him out as peculiarly qualified for combining the command of the army with the general government of the kingdom, his excellency continued Lord Castlereagh in his post of chief secretary.

Excepting some secret information respecting hostile preparations in French ports, and some curious plans for the defence of Dublin, the early portions of the correspondence of the chief secretary does not present much to interest. By a letter of Lord Castlereagh to Lieutenant-General Lake, dated April 25, it becomes evident that as far as feeling was concerned, the secretary was in favour of adopting vigorous and effective measures to put down turbulence and disaffection. That however this feeling was tempered with mercy, is also made sufficiently manifest by the following extract from a letter, bearing date May 31, 1798.

The rebels still continue in force in the counties of Wicklow, Wexford, Kildare, Carlow, Meath, and King's County; it is difficult to bring them to any decisive action. They commit horrid cruelties, and disperse as soon as the troops appear. Should the insurrection confine itself within the present limits, a short time will dispose of it. There are some unpleasant appearances in certain parts of the North, but as yet all is in fact quiet in Ulster, Munster, and Connaught. There has appeared a considerable inclination amongst the insurgents in Kildare to surrender their arms and leaders, and submit themselves to the mercy of Government. Directions have been given to the generals to avail themselves of this disposition, without relaxing their military operations against the more determined insurgents, and in such a manner as in no degree to compromise the dignity of the King's Government.

An extract from a letter of the 12th of the same month is curious as evidencing the nature and aspect of the rebellion in Wexford.

In that county, it is perfectly a religious phrensy. The priests lead the rebels to battle: on their march they kneel down and pray, and show the most desperate resolution in their attack. The inclosed certificate is curious, as marking the complexion of the rebellion in that quarter. They put such Protestants as are reported to be Orangemen to death, saving others upon condition of their embracing the Catholic faith. It is a Jacobinical conspiracy throughout the kingdom, pursuing its object chiefly with Popish instruments; the heated bigotry of this sect being better suited to the purpose of the republican leaders than the cold, reasoning disaffection of the northern Presbyterians. The number of the insurgents is great,—so great as to make it prudent to assemble a very considerable force, before any attempt is made to penetrate that very difficult and enclosed country.

After the accession to power of Lord Cornwallis, some of the most notorious offenders in custody were tried by a special commission, condemned, and executed. Among these were John and Henry Sheares, M'Cann, Byrne, and others. Oliver Bond, who was condemned on the 23rd of July, had strong interest made to save his life, especially by his fellow-prisoners of the Executive Directory, who, on condition that it should be spared, agreed to make a full confession to government of all their treasonable designs, and which confession is given at length in the "Memoirs and Correspondence," (vol. i., p. 353). Bond was accordingly pardoned, but died soon afterwards in prison.

The following extract from a letter of Mr. Wickham's to Lord Castlereagh, dated August 10th, 1798, contains some curious information relative to the two Sheareses.

I was well acquainted in Paris with the two Messrs. Sheares, who lately suffered in Ireland. The fate of the younger did not surprise me, but I was astonished to learn that the elder was also implicated, for he was apparently a man of most meek and exemplary manners, the father of an infant, and a widower, ties sufficiently strong methinks, to have curbed his ambition. He was, however, entirely under the influence of his brother, and, though he said little, he was quite (as the French say), when he did speak, *à la hauteur de la Revolution*. The younger was the *boutefeu* of all *the exiled patriots* there. He was the man who proposed an address to the Convention for carrying arms against this country. If you look into the preface of my trial, you will see the account, though, while he lived, I never mentioned his name. I have heard it remarked, and I have found the remark just, that no subject of the British Crown, who entered into the views of the French, returned from France without importing with him much of the ferocity of the French character, and much of the bombast of their style. This has been fully illustrated by the manifesto that was found upon the younger. Laying aside his politics, he was a very accomplished young man. I went with both of them to Versailles, and we visited the little Trianon, which the Queen of France had constructed. The younger Sheares was so enchanted with the taste of a person who could conceive so beautiful a retreat, that he fell on his knees, and swore he would plunge a dagger in the heart of every Frenchman he met, if a hair of her head were touched. I have sent you this little anecdote of those unfortunate gentlemen, whom I presume you did not know. I will not conceal that I felt deeply afflicted at their fate, and I sincerely wish that the impression may not be lost in any part of our country. The example is awful. May it serve to guard the monarchy, and enlighten the deluded!

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, apprehended on the 19th of May in Dublin, died in Newgate on the 4th of June.

In a letter bearing date November 3rd, 1798, Lord Castlereagh writes to Mr. Wickham to recommend an arrangement in favour of Major Sirr, who was concerned, with Mr. Swan and Mr. Ryan, in the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The circumstances of this event have been so misrepresented, according to Mr. D. F. Ryan, son of the latter gentleman, that he transmitted to the Marquess of Londonderry the following account, which is more full and perfect in detail than any previously published.

NARRATIVE OF THE ARREST OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD, AND DEATH OF CAPTAIN RYAN.

In the year 1798, the numerous class of the disaffected in Ireland, though much disconcerted by the failure of their expectations from France, were so hard pressed by the vigorous and necessarily severe measures of Government, which had obtained intelligence of their plans, that they resolved no longer to delay making trial of their strength by arms. In the month of February, they formed a military Committee, which drew up instructions for their officers and commanders, but the great body of the lower class were wholly destitute of proper arms and accoutrements, for which they had relied on importations from France and Holland. Such, however, was their ardour, that they crowded to the standards of their chiefs, and during that and the following month the spirit of disaffection had spread itself over many of the Southern districts, whilst an active correspondence was carried on with those of the North. A general Insurrection had been determined on, in which the Castle of Dublin, the Camp near it, and the Artillery, were to have been surprised in one night, and other places were to have been seized at the same time. The disclosure of the plot, however, by one of the conspirators, led to the seizure of fourteen of the Delegates at a house in Dublin; and the information of a militia officer, who, it is supposed, had entered amongst them as a spy, produced other discoveries, which entirely defeated their design. Nothing now remained but an open appeal to arms, which, it was determined on, should occur on the night of the 23rd of May, but the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald prevented any outbreak in Dublin; though, on the 24th, the towns of Naas, Carlow, and, shortly afterwards, Wexford were vigorously assaulted.

Sir Richard Musgrave's account of the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, although contemporaneous with the event, is too concise: this he promised to correct, as well as to explain the extent of Major Swan's participation in the transaction, but he did not live long enough to publish a second edition. Mr. Maxwell has published a History of the Rebellion of 1798, which, from its style, is evidently an *ex-parte* statement. That by Mr. Moore was undertaken without due consideration or information, as will appear from his letter dated 8th July, 1831, which was published in the *Times* and *Standard* newspapers, of the 9th of January, 1839, in refutation of a very false account that was contained in the Life of the too notorious Thomas Reynolds.

Let me, for the benefit of the present generation, premise a few observations on the state of society in Ireland at the time of that Rebellion. At that calamitous period, treason and sedition had so inflamed the populace, that the safety of the loyalists and the Government depended entirely on the protection of the Yeomanry and the Army. In consequence of this widely extended disaffection, gentlemen of the highest rank and station were compelled to discharge the most menial tasks; upon one occasion, the High Sheriff of a County was forced to undertake the odious office of carrying into execution, with his own hands, the last sentence of the law. Hence it was, that we find, in the annals of that Rebellion, gentlemen in Captain Ryan's station concerned in the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, instead of the ordinary police agents who would now be employed in such services.

Although Lord Edward Fitzgerald remained in concealment near Dublin, from the 12th of March, yet it does not appear that any measures were taken for his capture, till the issuing of a Proclamation, dated the 11th of May,

offering a reward for his person. After that, information was received that he and several of his confederated associates would pass through Watling Street on the night of the 18th of May. Mr. Cooke, Under Secretary at Dublin Castle, having communicated this information and given instructions, Major Sirr and Captain Ryan, with another Volunteer friend, Mr. Emerson, and a few soldiers in coloured clothes, had a skirmish with them, when Major Sirr was fired at, and the whole party in danger from the desperation and violence of Lord Edward and his band of supporters; but Captain Ryan succeeded in securing John M'Cabe, a very active member of the Union, who was afterwards tried and executed. Unfortunately, in this affray, the strength of the party was divided; there being two approaches to the place, Major Sirr and Captain Ryan found it necessary to separate; and, from this division of their force, Lord Edward and his friends had the advantage of numbers over each of them during the encounter.

The Government were again informed that Murphy's house, in Thomas-street, had been selected as the place where Lord Edward was to conceal himself until he should give the signal for a simultaneous rising of the rebel forces; his uniform was accordingly sent thither. The information stated the existence of a staircase, communicating between Lord Edward's bed-chamber and the roof of the house, which, in case of surprise, afforded an easy mode of escape over the adjoining buildings, where a further retreat was prepared. This description of the premises is particularly necessary towards understanding that it was the knowledge of this means of retreat that led to Lord Edward Fitzgerald's desperation, and called upon Captain Ryan for the exertion of his calm and devoted courage.

On the 19th of May (just four days before the intended Insurrection), a Secretary of State's warrant was directed to Town-Majors Sirr and Swan, and Captain Ryan, requiring them, with eight soldiers, to proceed to Thomas-street, to arrest Lord Edward Fitzgerald. On reaching the house, Major Sirr and the soldiers remained below to defend the house against the mob, while Captain Ryan and Major Swan ascended the staircase. Major Swan first entered Lord Edward's apartment, and, on finding his Lordship, cried out, "You are my prisoner!" upon which the latter aimed a blow with his dagger at Swan, who parried it with his hand. The blade, after passing between the fingers, glanced along the side, inflicting a superficial wound, of which he recovered in about a fortnight. Swan, thus wounded, exclaimed, "Ryan, Ryan, I am basely murdered!" Captain Ryan, who had been searching another part of the house, on hearing this exclamation, immediately ran in, and, seizing Lord Edward, threw him back on the bed, where a violent struggle ensued, in which Captain Ryan received an awful wound in the stomach. He instantly started up, and attempted to use a sword-cane. A most unequal contest followed, and lasted for about ten minutes, in the course of which Captain Ryan, unarmed, resolutely maintained his grasp of his prisoner, who, with desperate ferocity, inflicted wound after wound, to the number of fourteen. Captain Ryan's hands being disabled, he clung round Lord Edward with his legs, and, though dragged through the room towards the door, effectually prevented Lord Edward's escape to the staircase; all this time, Lord Edward was unhurt, his opponent defenceless, nevertheless, he recklessly wounded, and brandished his awfully constructed double-edged dagger, worn for the express purpose of carrying death to any assailant. This horrifying scene lasted until the arrival of the soldiers, and was terminated by Major Sirr discharging a pistol at Lord Edward; the ball entered his shoulder, but even then, so outrageous was he, that the military had to cross their muskets and force him down to the floor, before he could be overpowered and secured.

By direction of Major Sirr, Lord Edward was removed in a sedan-chair to Dublin Castle, under a strong escort of military, who had been sent to support the small party at first employed on this important duty. In the Castle, every attention was paid to his Lordship's wound and situation, but he was afterwards removed to the prison of Newgate, under the obligation of the law, in reference to his crimes of treason and assassination.

It has been asserted that Lord Edward resisted the dressing of his wound, and, when it was done, tore off the bandages. Be this as it may, he was going on so favourably, that his recovery was fully expected; but, having heard that Captain Ryan was dead, and feeling that there was no escape from the charge of murder, he declined rapidly in body and mind, and died on the 4th of June. His remains were privately interred at Werburgh's church. On the 27th of July, a Bill was brought forward for his attainder by the Attorney-General, and was passed, notwithstanding the opposing influence of the highest personages, even Royalty itself.

Even after this some of the most determined of the rebels continued to lurk about the mountains of Wicklow and Wexford; but they finally disappeared after Hacket was killed, and Holt surrendered for transportation.

The great event of the year 1798 was, however, the sudden and unexpected landing of a body of French troops, under General Humbert, at Killala, in the county of Mayo, on the 22nd of August. Their numbers did not exceed 1100 men; but their commander, making amends for its smallness by the decision and rapidity of its movements, advanced to Castlebar, and gained an advantage over General Lake.

It may be remarked here, that there are, even in the early portions of the correspondence, very interesting details respecting the proceedings of the rebel Irish emigrants in Paris, and which were obtained by the British government from secret sources. Such are the "secret note received by a very circuitous route," August 18th, 1798, and the lengthy correspondence of Messrs. Reinhard, De la Croix, D'Auvergne, &c., on the Irish emissaries and the threatened invasion. As early as on the 25th of July, 1798, Mr. Wickham imparted to Lord Castlereagh intelligence relative to French officers and soldiers, who were endeavouring to find their way over to Ireland, from Hamburgh in disguise, and on the 3rd of August, positive intelligence of a division of the French fleet being at sea avowedly destined for Ireland.

Dr. Macnevin's memorial, also in the "Correspondence," addressed to the French admiral relative to a landing in Ireland is peculiarly Irish. It is precisely what we have seen in our own times in the representations made by Duffy and other rebels to the unfortunate Smith O'Brien. There are in it, such passages as these: "If a landing were effected, the people would rise *en masse*." "There are not fewer than 100,000 United Irishmen ready to march." "Half of the British cavalry are Irish, and they would to a certainty join their countrymen if there were any appearance of success." "The militia of Ireland amounts to 18,000, or 20,000 men, the finest and best disciplined of the British army. *We might reckon upon them, if they had a rallying point.*" "The Irish artillery is considerable, *but it consists almost entirely of men who are devoted to us.*"

It is difficult to say which of these statements carries the palm for extravagance. Possibly those in italics constitute the culminating points. It is not improbably from a knowledge purchased by a dearly-bought experience of the intense humbug of Irish rebellions, that the late executive government of Paris refused to act with the rebels of 1848.

What must have been the feelings of Humbert after such promises had been held out to his government, to find himself, after effecting a successful landing at Killala, joined by a mere handful of supporters? Here is the statement of John Jamieson, master of the *Margaret*, of Greenock, who was captured by the *Concorde* French frigate, and carried into Killala Bay.

John Jamieson, late Master of the Margaret, of Greenock, declares that on the 21st of last month he sailed from Sligo, in Ireland, for Pulakenny, to load a cargo of kelp for Liverpool. That, on the morning of the 22nd, he was captured by the French frigate *Concorde*, of 44 guns, in company with two other frigates of smaller force, full of troops: That all the troops were landed on the morning of that day: That he thinks the total number of troops landed did not exceed 1800 men: That his vessel was filled with military stores, and discharged the same at Killala on the morning of the 23rd: That the declarant was permitted to remain on board his vessel all the time that the French were at Killala, and was allowed to go on shore to the Bishop's house with a guard: That he was in the town of Killala on Wednesday last, the 29th ult., about two o'clock in the afternoon, by which time the enemy were joined by a great number of the country people, who were immediately clothed in uniform and furnished with arms and ammunition: That he heard that upwards of 3000 of the country people had joined the enemy at Killala. That he was informed by the Frenchmen that they had landed 60,000 stand of arms: That the French frigates left the bay early in the morning of the 24th, with a contrary wind: That, in the afternoon of the 28th ult., a 64-gun ship, three frigates, and a King's cutter, came into the bay and burnt the brig and some other vessels lying there, and remained there. Declares that, when at Killala, on Monday, the 28th ult., he heard that, on the day before, the enemy had defeated General Lake at Castlebar, and that he saw some of the King's troops brought in as prisoners to Killala.

JOHN JAMIESON.
CHARLES OGILVIE, Collector.

And that of Captain Taylor, afterwards Sir Herbert Taylor, Private Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, dated September 7, 1798.

My dear Lord—The troops arrived here early this morning, after a most rapid march from French Park. Upon our arrival, we learned that the enemy had crossed the Shannon at Balintra; that, during his march, he had been joined by very few of the inhabitants; had been deserted by many, and had thrown over the bridges and into the bogs eight of his guns. He has taken the road to Ballimore, and appears to be directing his march upon Cavan. Lieutenant-General Lake is following the enemy, but unfortunately Major-General Moore, who was sent to support General Lake upon the other point, is now, by the turn which the enemy has taken, one day's march in his rear.

It is Lord Cornwallis's intention to keep to the southward of the enemy, for which purpose we march before daybreak to-morrow, towards Mochill, and his Excellency will use every possible exertion to come up with them. The brigade of Guards is ordered to Mullingar, where, and in the neighbourhood, it is hoped its presence will restore peace and good order.

It is well known that Lake had the good fortune to overtake and beat the enemy before Lord Cornwallis's column came up, and that the Irish troops, instead of turning rebels, as it had been so falsely represented they would, distinguished themselves very much, and these circumstances are made matters of congratulation by the Right Honourable Thomas Pelham, in a letter to Lord Castlereagh, dated September 13, 1798.

At the latter end of the same month, information was conveyed to the Irish secretary, that the *Hoche* had sailed from Brest with six frigates,* crowded with men and arms, for Ireland; their destination being this time Youghall and Kinsale. The Dutch were also understood to have embarked about 5000 troops in the *Texel* for the same destination. About the same period the French corvette and privateer *Anacreon*, Captain Blankman, fitted out by the armateurs of Dunkirk, arrived at the

* Captain Countess, of the *Ethalion*, says, eight frigates.—*See* letter of Mr. Nepean to Lord Castlereagh, vol. i., p. 380.

little Isle of Rutland, on the north-west coast of Donegal; but getting information of the fate of their countrymen, they re-embarked in a very few hours, and sailed for Bergen, capturing on their way the *Langton*, of Lancaster, who were retaken the following day, and the *Tom* of Lancaster, which they took into Bergen. Those on board the *Anacreon* appear to have been almost solely Irishmen, at the head of whom were General Rae, General Napper Tandy, whose name alone would suffice to give him that notoriety for which he panted, two colonels, and a number of other officers, with about 170 or 180 men, including the crew of the corvette. This Napper Tandy had promised to the French Directory to raise a legion of 10,000 men for them in Ireland, and being importunate, they made him a general provisionally, and started him on board the *Anacreon*, with one Blackwell, a Jesuit, to look after him. A witness of the whole proceedings relates that this Blackwell had Tandy, like a child, in leading strings. The same witness adds—

My opinion of Tandy is, that he is too weak to conduct any extensive plan, too wicked not be abhorred by all who know him—and too insignificant for the British Government to take any other notice of him than to despise him.

His weakness appears very prominent in the following circumstance: he has got a few laced coats, which he is eternally overhauling and gazing on. The day he landed, for a few hours, on the Isle of Arran, at Rutland,* he intoxicated himself to such a degree as to be incapable of getting to the boat, and p——d on the shoulders of those who carried him to it; and one of the French officers says he paid him the like compliment in his boots; and, during the action with the *Tom*, armed merchantman, he squatted on the deck, with a pint bottle of brandy, which he emptied twice.

The only thing in which I saw him imitate the man was, that he had put two eight pound shot in his pockets to leap overboard, in case of striking to the English ship. This action happened near the Orkneys, after which he gave peremptory orders to the captain to bear away for Bergen, in Norway.

Another witness of the same expedition relates of his Irish companions as follows:—

There is one circumstance that occurred to us during our passage from Dunkirk, in the *Anacreon*; and though in itself it may seem little, yet it is

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* During his brief stay on the Isle of Arran, this contemptible wretch caused the following proclamation to be circulated:—

LIBERTY OR DEATH.

Northern Army of Avengers. Head Quarters. First Year of Irish Liberty.

GENERAL JAMES NAPPER TANDY TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

What do I hear? The British Government have dared to speak of concessions. Would you accept of them? Can you think of entering into a treaty with a British minister—a minister, too, who has left you at the mercy of an English soldiery, who laid your cities waste, and massacred inhumanly their best citizens; a minister, the bane of society and the scourge of mankind? Behold! Irishmen, behold in his hand the olive of peace! Beware! his other hand is concealed, armed with a poignard.

No, Irishmen, no! you shall not be the dupes of his base intrigues. Unable to subdue your courage, he attempts to seduce you; let his efforts be in vain. Horrid crimes have been perpetrated in your country: your friends have fallen a sacrifice to their devotion to your cause—their shadows are around you, and call aloud for vengeance; it is your duty to avenge their death—it is your duty to strike from their blood-cemented thrones the murderers of your friends. Listen to no proposals, Irishmen! Wage a war of extermination against your oppressors, the war of liberty against tyranny, and liberty shall triumph.

J. N. TANDY.

in the strongest degree indicative of their principles. They were becalmed off the Orkneys, or, at least, were standing under easy sail: there were a few Dutch fishermen, and, as they came up with them, they regularly boarded them, and carried off their fish and every thing these poor creatures had. They dressed themselves in English uniforms (many of them speaking English), and thus, in disguise, robbed their friends and allies, and laid the blame on those who were innocent of it. I observed to some of the Irishmen on board, "If they used their friends so, what might their enemies expect? With one hand they gave the fraternal embrace, and robbed with the other."

The following more general and comprehensive secret information relative to the plans of the Irish insurgents, and to the objects of the French invasion, was obtained from the same sources :—

While Buonaparte's expedition was going forward on the one hand, another scheme was carried on on the other, viz., an attack on England, made through Ireland by the Straits of Portpatrick and Drogheda. The Irishmen in Paris were formed into two parties; one attached itself to Napper Tandy, and the other to General Smith, viz., Theobald Wolfe Tone. The cause of sending so small an expedition from Rochefort was twofold; first, the Irish at Paris were afraid of the French; calculating, from their conduct in Holland and Switzerland, they thought they would be obliged to get rid of their new allies by force, which might cost them some trouble; another reason was, the Irish were so confident of their own strength, that they thought a few troops would do, and, on the part of the French, it was a sort of an essay whether they could land troops in Ireland through the English fleet; the English fleet being so much on their guard since General Hoche's expedition. The latter opinion gains additional credit from the sending of a large expedition immediately after it.

If Ireland should be attacked again, it was to be with from 20,000 to 30,000 men, but which, from the late havoc among their shipping and seamen, is next to an impossibility. The grand object of the French is, as they term it themselves, London. *Delenda Carthago* is their particular end; once in England, they think they would speedily indemnify themselves for all their expenses, and recruit their ruined finances. The navy of England, crossing them in all their monstrous views, is peculiarly obnoxious to them. One of their most particular reasons for attacking Ireland, with a view to sever it from England, is to strike a mortal blow at the navy of Great Britain, by cutting off, as they say, England's *right arm*—the seamen and provisions for the navy.

The British navy, in case they should be able to carry their horrid schemes into practice, is to be partly burnt and partly carried into the ports of France, thus clipping, as they say, for ever, the wings of the *English Algerines.* In case of the failure of the expeditions to Ireland and to the East Indies, and in case of a peace with the continental powers, an attack will be made on England. The French Directory will sacrifice 100,000 men in the attempt, and they are to live at free quarters, as Buonaparte did in Italy, with this difference, that very little restraint will be laid on the soldiery, either as to pillage or morality.

The means for landing these men are the various kinds of shipping and small craft in the different ports of France and Holland, from the Texel to Havre de Grace: and the time will be the long and stormy nights in the winter season.

On the 11th of October the principal French armament appeared off the coast of Donegal. It consisted of one ship of the line, the *Hoche*, and eight frigates, with four or five thousand troops. Pursued on the following day by the squadron of Sir John Borlase Warren, the *Hoche* and six of the frigates were taken. Another squadron of three frigates with 2000 troops, destined to co-operate with the former, anchored in the Bay of Killala, on the 27th of the same month; but on the appearance of some English ships sheered off precipitately for France and escaped pursuit.

On board the *Hoche* was found Theobald Wolfe Tone, who had distinguished himself by his zeal and talents in the society of the United

Irish. He was tried by a court-martial in Dublin, where he neither denied nor excused his crime, but rested his defence on being a citizen of France, and an officer in the service of that country. Being condemned, he requested the indulgence of being shot as a soldier, instead of being hanged as a felon, and on its refusal he cut his throat in prison, and died of his wound on the 19th of November.

This circumstance drew from Lord Castlereagh, in a letter to Mr. Wickham, by date November 16, 1798, some very judicious observations upon the expediency of military authorities trying by court-martial persons engaged in rebellion. The secretary points out, that whilst the rebels were in field in force, the necessity of punishment by military tribunals was so obvious as not to admit of a question; and that even afterwards, when the rebellion had degenerated into petty warfare, not less afflicting to the loyal inhabitants, the number of persons taken in the commission of the most shocking crimes was such as to render it impossible to trust to the usual administration of justice for the punishment of offenders. Such would indeed appear to been the feeling always entertained, and it is difficult to understand the sentimentality of the present day, which allows men to set all laws at open defiance, to appear in arms against the constituted authorities, to attempt to overthrow the Queen's government, and then shields them by all the technicalities of the law, and uselessly exposes the lives of twelve loyal men, by obliging them on their allegiance, to legislate in a case which ought to have been decided upon at the drum-head. It is always a gladdening sight to see the supremacy of the law established. It is still more gratifying, under such trying circumstances as have been brought about by the example of the continental revolutions, to see that the vigour of the constitution, as by law established and as by law explained, is unshaken throughout the three kingdoms. But still unsophisticated people will smile to hear of day after day being gravely spent in inquiring whether a man found in arms and surrounded with men—a man that headed a fight which lasted three quarters of an hour, against the constituted authorities, was guilty of treason! It is not only that by exchanging the jurisdiction, that from all times and in all countries has belonged to open rebellion, for that of courts of law; the state, as Lord Castlereagh justly remarked, is exposed to have its summary interference for its own prosecutions, deferred or thwarted in a manner most injurious to the public safety; but it is also, that beyond the identification of the prisoner and connecting him with his deeds, trial in such a case is a caricature of justice. We are by no means advocates of a vengeful justice, and still less so of capital punishment, except in extreme cases. Open rebellion is one of these, and even where we pity and would spare the individual, we would make an example of the man, for the sake of the many dear lives that he would have brought into hazard—the widows and the orphans that he would have made—the hearths that he would have left cold and cheerless—and the blood-stains that would have marked the track of his disloyal and treasonable footsteps.

The mischief sustained by the country from this unnatural contest is incalculable. The number of lives lost in it was computed at 30,000. Soon after the commencement of the insurrection, the sum of 100,000*l.* was voted by the Irish House of Commons, for the immediate relief of such refugees as should appear destitute of the means of subsistence.

The government afterwards extended its views to the compensation of loyalists, the total of whose claims amounted to 1,023,000*l.*, of which 515,000*l.* belonged to the county of Wicklow.

Towards the conclusion of this disastrous campaign, the governments of both countries, enlightened by the experience of the past events, seized the idea of an incorporation of the two islands into one empire, by a legislative union, with the greatest warmth. Such a measure had been proposed in 1703 and 1707, by the Irish peers, in addresses to Queen Anne; but their wishes were coldly received, and no further notice was taken of them. When, in process of time, the nation acquired importance through the interference of the volunteers, and its parliament was declared independent in 1782, the British cabinet earnestly wished for incorporation; but the idea had long ceased to be palatable to the Peers, and had always been unpopular, indeed odious to the Commons and to the mass of the people.

After two such escapes as the nation had just had from the horrors of rebellion in the first place, and from those of invasion in the next, the British administration conceived that the time was at length come for proposing the measure of Union with some chance of success, confident, at least, that it would not run the risk of rejection by the sterling good sense of the English Parliament; and preparations were immediately made for introducing it to public discussion in Ireland, previously to its being submitted to the legislature.

We see by the letter of Lord Bayham to Lord Castlereagh (then Hon. Robert Stewart), dated February 4th, 1793, that the mind of the future secretary, was, at the very onset of his career, occupied with the idea of a legislative union between the two countries; and he never lost sight of a measure, in the carrying out of which he afterwards toiled as much, and contributed as much, as almost any other two individuals. The second volume of the "Memoirs and Correspondence" now before us may be considered as entirely devoted to papers relating to arrangements for a Union. Out of forty letters of Lord Castlereagh's, consigned to the volume in question, almost every one contains reference to the same all-important subject. The Duke of Portland's letters, those of Mr. Elliot, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Wickham, and of Mr. Pitt, have generally reference to the same great object. The gratitude due to the illustrious statesman who, by his unremitting toil to benefit the two countries, ultimately sacrificed his health and spirits, and last of all his life, is best manifested in the fact, that since the passing of that measure, Ireland has had her population doubled, and her shipping and commerce, internal and external, quadrupled. By this Union she has obtained Parliamentary Reform, Roman Catholic Emancipation, a National System of Education, a Legislative Provision for the Poor, a Commutation of Tithes, a Reform in her Corporations, a perfect Freedom of Trade with Great Britain, and many other important advantages, more especially in a pecuniary point of view, such as she never before possessed, and such as she never could have gained by her local and dependent legislature; and yet there are those among her people whose moral and intellectual obliquity of vision is so intense, that they not only cannot see from whence the prosperity and happiness of Ireland flows, but they would cut off all the sources of such, and by severing the Union, bring back those days of misery and anarchy which belonged to the country of old.

A GLIMPSE AT REPUBLICAN PARIS LAST MONTH.

I HAD a fancy for seeing *Republican* France: and was enabled to indulge myself in it during the past month. I had seen the country under its latter monarchy, and I confess, to a kind of childish incredulity at times, that *all that* could have been changed.

I desired at any rate to realise to my own senses the great revolution which the newspapers had been telling us about ever since February last. The old revolution of 1792 was historical—living in the personal recollection only of our oldest old gentlemen. The revolution of '30 drove out one king, and brought in another. But here was an actual revolution in the year 1848, which upset the kingly office, and proclaimed not a Republic merely but—Democracy!

A man might possibly have reasoned himself, last year, into the opinion that all this might, could, would, or should happen before twelve months were over. But when it did come it was not the less astonishing to an Englishman, living in the midst of his monarchical and aristocratic institutions, and accustomed to regard the whole European system as monarchical and aristocratic.

"But I will go and have a look at this republic," I said to myself, and a few hours took me from my own door to the port of Boulogne-sur-Mer.

I had, somehow or other, the absurd idea, though not formally recognised in my mind, that in Republican France I should find every body, as well as every thing, changed. I never look at a Yankee, without a a sort of inquisitiveness, as though I should detect something personally remarkable in him as a republican; and perhaps the habit may not always be without justification in his case; but very unreasonably, no doubt, I had somewhat of the same notion as respects our neighbours on the other side of the channel, in virtue of their republicanism of February last.

The first view of the landing-place at Boulogne looked pretty much as usual: the same respectable English idlers, male and female, contemplating the packet-boat letting out its passengers and letting off its steam; and so finding an event for that day—the same mammas and their well-bathed daughters looking for the same papas from England, and waving their handkerchiefs at the worthy old gentlemen with their carpet bags—the same bevy of touters and luggage porters ready to pounce on passengers—and the same identical *corps de douane* in the green coats served out to them under the régime of Louis Philippe.

One is subjected to just the same trouble as ever on landing at Boulogne, which is to say somewhat less than one is subjected to at Folkstone or other true British ports.

But there, before our eyes, was indeed an evidence of the change that had taken place—behold in the searching warehouse the words "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!*" Who could help thinking forthwith of Robespierre, and Madame Roland, and Louis XVI., and the patriotic fishwomen of the Halles?

Boulogne on this, as on other occasions, may be dismissed in half-a-dozen lines. There are the same number of English as ever; and the same number of hotels, good, bad, and indifferent. The fishermen and their wives are unaffected by the republic, to any outward appearance,

and dry their nets quite as usual. But the public buildings are all jealously placarded with Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, lest they should be forgotten.

As far as one might judge from looking out of the window of a railway carriage, matters seemed pretty much as usual in the country. Men and women were working in their ordinary leisurely manner in the fields. There was the same morcellement cultivation going on, and the villages are not yet, any of them, replaced by Phalanstères. But one saw every here and there a "tree of liberty"—a young poplar lopped of its branches, but reserving a bunch of foliage at the top, decorated with tri-colors, and sometimes with garlands. That was the only sign of revolution in the rural part of my ride. But one could fancy the village politicians at work in the auberges, discussing the new era, and striving to make Jacques think more of his "rights" than the price of his corn.

But now we rush into Paris, the railway station being all right, and not in possession of any insurgents; as we fancy to ourselves it might have been. And there at the station are omnibuses, as usual, and that infinite variety of hackney vehicles for which Paris is famous—the cochers retaining their distinctive dress, and looking as sluggish, and as well assured of their pour-boires, as in the most monarchical times. By the way, I suppose the physiologists have noted ere now the specific differences between the cocher and the English cab-man?

But we get fairly into Paris, and then we find a change: then we find that one of those great events has happened, and is happening, which will hereafter be booked as "history" and be regarded with the same interest and wonder wherewith we of the present now contemplate the great events of the past—always looking the grander that their larger features are then alone seen; whereas, to contemporaries, how the mightiest passing occurrences are made to seem less significant than they really are, by the familiarising vulgarity of the petty circumstances attending them.

All around looks as though mischief were brewing. Paris, as we all know, was in a state of siege. In other words, it was kept in order by military law, and an overwhelming army incessantly under arms. Here was war—duly proclaimed; but by Frenchmen against Frenchmen, and on French soil. On the one side were the army, the national guard, the mobiles, the military police; on the other, the ouvriers, and those whose capital is in the bad passions and ignorant credulity of the ouvriers. Each side was watching the other, ready at the least opportunity for another death grapple.

I tramped off to the Tuileries. There was the old palace, looking so like its pictures—identified in our recollection as the scene of so many a revolutionary drama—of military pomp and popular insurgence—guards reviewed and massacred, escaping royalty, smashed thrones, and a bedlamite mob. Never, in the most peaceable times of the French capital, when I have contemplated that long but to my eyes not unpicturesque range, its lofty pavilions running up into the sunny sky, and all wearing an air of lazy repose, but I have unconsciously run on dreaming of Louis XVI. and the tumults of his day, and (though in a minor degree) of Charles X. and his dethronement. Revolution seems the genius of the place.

Now it looks gloomy enough. The garden front has the windows

mostly closed. The building looked for the greater part uninhabited. When I last saw it, it was on the last of the July fêtes; the last commemoration of that July revolution which gave Louis Philippe the bother and glory of governing 33,000,000 of Frenchmen. Paris then threw out its hundreds of thousands, less to think of the great days of July, than to see the sights provided for the occasion. Among these poor old Louis Philippe and family had to furnish one tableau. Out he came, on the balcony of the clock pavilion, leading his stately old queen, and followed by all the princes and princesses—the Prince de Joinville excepted, who was then with the fleet. And truly they were a fine-looking family-party. The old gentleman himself looked hard and tough, ten years at least younger than he really is; his queen a very model of an old lady; the princesses all either pretty or ladylike, if not both. D'Aumale looked like a good African soldier, as he is—Nemours just gentlemanlike, but with no countenance of any kind—Montpensier, a handsome youth. Their majesties seated themselves, the rest standing. The old gentleman placed before him the young Compte de Paris, a boy with a good head and countenance, and nice manner. There was the royal family of France, under the settlement of 1830. There was the aged man who for seventeen years had governed the French people, such as we know them, without running into foreign war, and affording security to person and property not, on the whole, to be surpassed in any other country, England alone perhaps excepted—under whose rule every material interest had prospered, and who in his own person had with unprecedented liberality patronised the arts and manufactures of France. There he was, with his numerous progeny, leaving no room to expect the dissolution of the Orleans monarchy through failure of direct heirs. There were three generations of his house, come forth to exchange congratulations with the people he had been called upon to govern.

If ever there was occasion to call forth feelings of loyal affection from the people to the Orleans family, it would have been the present one. But amongst the many hundreds of well-dressed persons who occupied the reserved seats under the balcony, and the many thousands of all classes spreading beyond over the garden of the Tuileries, I do not believe that twenty voices joined in cries of *Vive le Roi*. Even this trifling manifestation was acknowledged with many gracious bows, and the dynastic journals reported next day that his majesty had been very favourably received. But royalty may be strong and enduring, though not always popular; and there at any rate was King Louis Philippe, in the immediate possession of immense power, a large army yielding him obedience, and all the vast machinery of the civil administration of France worked and directed by attached partisans. In seven months thereafter we have him in England, a fugitive old gentleman: and the royal Palace of the Tuileries is a hospital for wounded insurgents. At this moment, as I have said, it appears untenanted. The galleries, however, facing the Rue Rivoli, and north of the Carrousel, seemed all occupied as barracks; and one could see the gilded apartments in what in England we call the first story, occupied by the soldiery.

I proceeded to the Carrousel. It was the parade, at guard-mounting. There were, as usual, only in far greater numbers, both national guards and troops of the line; but behold in addition the garde mobile!

I had been very curious to see this new body. There were now about

six companies before me, all mere youths; and smart-looking lads they were. In dress they are like the old nationals, except that they have green in place of red epaulettes, and red cloth caps instead of black beaver. But being on permanent service, living in barracks, and subjected to constant drill and military discipline, they have all the appearance and uniformity of regular troops. They seemed to march not quite so steadily as the line, but with a certain *aplomb* in their movements—with more indeed of the agility of youth. Some of them appeared really not to exceed fourteen years of age, and the average to be about eighteen or nineteen. From being the most dangerous revolutionary body in Paris, the mobiles are perhaps for the moment the surest defenders of public order. It was no doubt a good idea to take the hot youth of Paris, and thus give a legitimate direction to their energies and enterprising spirit.

On the parade the line and national guards had each their own bands; and the mobiles had theirs also—all youngsters again; and their drum-major was a slight elegant fellow of three or four and twenty. Their chef-de-bataillon was, perhaps, of the same age. They looked lads of various degrees of life. Many had the coarseness of the working classes, but a large proportion looked well-bred and nurtured.

And this is in reality the case. The officers were, to a man (and I may extend the remark to all the mobile officers I saw in Paris), good-looking and gentlemanlike; extremely careful in their dress, which they wear with a perfect military air;—and I was told that in the election of officers, the choice fell, remarkably enough, yet quite naturally, upon some of the best bred lads who had joined this force. Upon subsequent occasions I saw large bodies of mobiles passing through the town, and it was strange to see how many youths in civil dress intermingled in the ranks, to laugh and jest with their *now* military friends. The uniform and appointments of the young soldiers were plainly the subject of much comment.

It seems quite impossible that this force can remain as a permanent one. As such, it must become part of the standing army in France; and the veteran officers of the line would feel justly mortified at seeing these youthful commandants and captains with permanent military rank, and the men of the line unavoidably malcontent at being paid less by a half than their mobile fellow-soldiers. On the other hand, to reduce the pay or to appoint other officers, would be impracticable. Then the disbanding of the force would be attended with great risk. Would they *consent* to be disbanded; or, if disbanded, would they not be a mischievous body let loose upon society? Clever contrivance, then, as the formation of the Mobile was, to meet the evils of the moment, it has in it the germs of much future mischief. It is understood to be a subject of much uneasiness to the authority at present acting as a government; and perhaps some method will be devised of ultimately absorbing the mobile into the regular army of France.

General Changarnier inspected the troops on parade. He was a smart-looking, well-dressed man, far younger than we are apt to see English generals. He was present as commander-in-chief of the national guard, and wore the handsome uniform of that office. His manner is said to be brusque, and to stand in the way of his performing a more distinguished part in French politics. Not having heard this at the time, I can only say that I remarked to myself what extraordinary politeness he appeared

to display, as, passing along the line, he addressed himself to the different commanding officers, and even several of the inferior officers, whom he appeared to recognise as old acquaintances. I had never seen any thing like it at inspections of English troops, of which I have chanced to see many. But then your ordinary inspections in an English garrison town are dull affairs of routine—here the general had not merely to note how well drilled and dressed were his men, he had to make himself acceptable to an army of excited politicians as well as soldiers; and there was no telling the moment when he might be called upon to lead them into danger.

Among other indications of the recent troubles which I witnessed upon this occasion, were the training of national guards in the court of the Tuileries as artillerymen. Before the parade took place some half-dozen field-pieces were brought out, and about thirty men, some in uniform, others in frock-coats and blouses, were practising the art of managing these conservators of Paris peace. On parade, again, in the different companies of the national guards, were to be seen a considerable proportion of men without uniform, merely bearing muskets. They were perhaps too poor to purchase their military equipment, or their attachment to the national guard was considered as transient.

I proceeded to the Champs Elysées. Here I found a regular military encampment; I should judge not less than 2000 men under canvass. It seemed an object of interest to *flâneurs* of all classes, as an unusual *sight* in that quarter.

One respectable mamma, with her daughter, was listening with an air of impressed gravity to a corporal, who by his gestures was plainly affording madame a lesson in modern castrametation.

In the evening it was amusing to see close to this military camp all the usual attractions of the locality in full play. There was Franconi's cirque, the Chalet, the singing booths attached to the sylvan cafés, Punches, sagacious dogs, roundabouts, &c., &c., all as attractive as usual to young and old of all classes. The only thing in these amusements that bore special reference to the times, was a patriotic song, sung by a tall vocalist, one of the artistes of the Café des Ambassadeurs, who sported the large republican waistcoat, with its facings turned over the coat, and flourished, at appropriate passages, a grand tricolor. These exhibitions are a gratuitous accompaniment to the ices and lemonade; and I should be disposed to question whether, as a stroke of business, it were not a mistake thus, and at such a time, to attempt to fan the flames of republican patriotism. People seemed more disposed to slake their thirst than to have their sterner feelings roused; and the singer, despite the republican "energy" which he threw into his style, and the noisy orchestral accompaniment, awoke but little responsive enthusiasm. These spurious excitements are well enough in the dull times of prosperity and contentment. At present they must be a *bore*.

Proceeding over the river we find fresh encampments stretching along the south bank, towards the Ecole Militaire. But on the esplanade of the Invalides, an extensive range of temporary buildings is being fast run up, for the accommodation, during winter, of many of the troops now under canvass. They are, in fact, buildings which may last for many a year; and the erection of them shows pretty clearly the opinion

of General Cavaignac and his party, that it may be necessary for a long time to come to overawe Paris with a military force. In the cité I found another encampment, at the back of the Palais de Justice. In the palace itself was a large force of mobiles. The Panthéon was no longer open to strangers; but I got a glimpse of its inside, and saw that it was full of soldiers of the line. The Luxembourg again was garrisoned with troops.

The last time I saw this latter building, I was present at one of the debates in the Chamber of Peers, when I had the satisfaction of hearing Guizot, who attended to afford explanations of his foreign policy. Was it possible that that stern minister, bearing in look and manner the consciousness at once of power and upright purpose, was now a fugitive —the great body he was addressing a nullity?

I never heard a public speaker who more impressed me than Guizot. He stood erect—posed himself, not affectedly, yet with an attitude such as an actor or posture-master might assume. There he was, in ministerial costume, resting his weight on one leg—one hand in his bosom, the other extended. Out came his words—readily, rapidly, without the slightest hesitation—his voice clear, his ideas all at command—he bore the impress of consummate ability. The great man has fallen, less from the errors of his schemes of policy than a slight miscalculation of means. His power was just a shade less than he thought it. Had he not felt that the armed authority of the state was wholly at his command, he would have seen the imprudence of standing out against the Reform banquets—he would have seen the *necessity* of permitting those demonstrations, however he might, in reference to his own principles of Conservative progress, have deplored his inability to prevent them. Is the public career of M. Guizot yet ended?

I went to the top of Montmartre. There is about Paris what there is not about London. Paris has a physiognomy. It has a compact vastness, and one embraces all its great features at a glance. London is Saint Paul's Cathedral, in the centre of a province of black brick houses. I never was so struck with the difference between the two capitals as on this occasion.

Look at that vast assemblage of houses, inhabited by a million of human beings. Contemplating a large capital thus in its entirety, one is led to reflect on the *graduality* with which the vast and intricate social machinery of the old countries of the earth has been accumulated. The town, as it stands, is the growth of centuries, but not less so are the habits, customs, sentiments, social and economical relations, morals and institutions, of the people who dwell in it. What brainless men, or heartless knaves, are those who would attempt by any "system" suddenly to reorganise the world? As the world has grown, and improved with its growth, so I believe it will continue to grow and improve, and always at an accelerated ratio; but it can never be quacked or conjured into universal happiness and prosperity.

Looking out from Montmartre, the eye could trace encampments of troops in all directions to the north of the Exterior Boulevards; from each the sound of drums proceeding at nearly the same time.

The Boulevarts were much thronged, especially from the Boulevart Montmartre eastward. Towards evening, a dense crowd occupied the pathways all the way to the Boulevart Beaumarchais, and this occurred

for the half-dozen evenings in succession which I spent in Paris on this occasion. The weather was beautifully clear and warm, and brought out the whole array of loungers, notwithstanding the agitation observable in the *populace.* A Bonapartist demonstration was expected, or at least thought quite possible, and the government had notoriously felt it prudent to prepare for one. Every here and there were some rude orators surrounded by a dense auditory, indulging in socialistic rant. I saw no enthusiasm, except in the talkers—the listeners inclined their ears for a moment to catch the words of wisdom, and then walked on.

None of the ouvriers I saw about appeared to realise the desperadoes of June. I expected to see them, cap on one side, with swaggering air, full of their new-born liberty and equality; but those I noticed seemed, I thought, rather dejected than otherwise. The poor fellows are being sadly duped by the professional agitators.

The cafés and restaurants were open, as of old; but an unusual number of military officers, regulars and nationals, were regaling themselves at them. I was struck with a couple of handsome mobile sous-lieutenants, who seemed to be treating a close-cropped private soldier of the line; at the same to be "chaffing" him, in a good-humoured way. Perhaps they were joking him upon his inferior prospects in the "line."

Nothing displays the great difference between the social state of the French people and the English more than the relation of the army to the rest of the nation. There goes a most respectable elderly gentleman, leaning on the arm of a simple soldier of light infantry—it might be his son. Fancy a decent solicitor, or insurance-broker, or even a thriving London grocer, proceeding down Regent Street, arm-in-arm with a private of the 13th Foot!

Corps de garde are multiplied in all directions. At many of them the *cantinières* were prominent figures. These are a picturesque and dramatic appendage of French military life. It so happened, that most of those I saw were comely wenches. One of those attached to a legion of national guards I had seen paraded at the Tuileries, was a very pretty little damsel, dressed with great regimental nicety. She might have tripped in on the Opera stage in a grand ballet of action; and, in truth, I noticed some interesting pantomimic displays—not transgressing military propriety I should say—between her and a drummer of the same regiment. It was amusing to see the girls march past the General Changarnier, keeping the military step with great gravity.

I now never speak to a French tradesman, but I contemplate him as a disguised national guard; as I never see a national guard that I don't transform him into a boot-maker, bill-discounter, or other useful and industrious member of civil society. Which is the normal state of the Frenchmen? Now the two conditions were ludicrously blended. Not a few of the shopkeepers were in full uniform: a larger number had on their slashed trousers, surmounted with a civilian's coat—the last being quickly changeable for the regulation-tunic, upon the first tap of the drum.

The revolution has undoubtedly called up a furious military feeling. The French had it already, to a mischievous extent; but this civil war has made it pervade society with inconceivable intensity. I should judge that the most flourishing *commerce* in all French towns, at this moment, was that in military weapons and appointments. The tailors' shops are

filled with rows of national guards and other military bipeds—only wanting the men inside. But so wadded and be-stuffed are the coats, that no figure is required to give them the correct set. A man with forty or fifty francs need not lose a moment in jumping into any warlike costume he may be called upon to assume. A ready-made uniform is as handily obtained as a pair of slippers. All the lads of the colleges were transformed into soldiers; and the most popular toys were military caps of the last pattern. One child of six or seven years of age, I saw walking with its mother, dressed in full uniform as a red lancer.

Let us fancy all our hatters' shops with their windows more than half-filled with chakos and cocked hats, all "ticketed," and inviting by their cheapness the citizens to go in and fit themselves: all our "ready-made" tailors' establishments full of padded soldiers' coats and cross-belts: every third man you meet in military dress of some kind or other: the Blue-coat and King's College boys transformed into Woolwich cadets: bayonets flashing across every bridge over the Thames: large barracks in every parish: an encampment in St. James's Park: St. Paul's a barrack: every tradesman, not on guard, with his belt and bayonet dangling from his desk, ready to be assumed on the first alarm of a row: Young St. Giles, Hounsditch, and Whitechapel, turned into well-fed regiments—and you have some idea of Paris in its "state of siege," the year One of the Second Republic. But fancy further all our citizens, young and old, of all classes, familiar with scenes of blood and carnage! May the day be far distant when such a change as that in the habits of Englishmen shall have taken place!

One odd example I witnessed of this strange mixture of the warlike with the ordinary routine of worldly affairs. In the large hall of the Palais de Justice, I saw an avocat coming along with his forensic gown and cap on: as he approached I saw his military uniform as a national guard under his robes.

As night closed in, the town was patrolled by strong detachments of horse and foot, who proceeded noiselessly through the streets. Though the pathways of the principal thoroughfares were thronged, the roads were clear of people; so that these armed bodies were clearly seen, their arms and accoutrements flashing in the gas-light. It was a picturesque sight; and quiet as they seemed, one could not help feeling that a military instinct possessed them to be glad of a pretext for finding an enemy. The new "Republican Guard" furnished a large portion of these patrols. This seems a fine body of experienced soldiers. Indeed a great proportion of this corps is but a resurrection of the old Municipal Guards—the truest and bravest defenders of Louis-Philippe—men whose duty led them to appreciate duly a Paris mob, by whom they were so flatteringly hated, and whom in turn it was the *esprit de corps* very thoroughly to despise. No doubt they are a good police force; and I dare say their notion of the military oath is like Dugald Dalgetty's—they have taken service with the existing powers of the state, and will be true to them, at least so long as those powers have an ostensible existence. But will it be the same with the army, that body of armed electors, petted and wheedled out of insubordination by their generals? Fidelity is a great military virtue—but fidelity to whom, is the question in France. But here one touches upon topics far too expanding for me to venture upon in this place.

Doubtless with all their experience the French have not yet found the art of "Revolutions made easy." Perhaps in time a theory of the kind may be established; and the general prescription may be—keep things; but change names, national emblems, and the colour of your soldiers' breeches. To prevent a revolution in essentials, be always ready with one in externals.

I noticed the "guardiens" of Paris, who have succeeded to the old "*sergens de ville*," the same in substance as the functionaries they have replaced. Tunics have here supplanted swallow-tails, a broad-brimmed a cocked-hat, and a short sword a long one. The one was a monarchical, the other is a republican institution ;—it is to be hoped each will equally serve to keep the rogues in order.

I cannot resist the idea that to the French imagination there is something of the fête about this revolution of theirs. Don't let me be mistaken. Not a man, I am very sure, but deplores seriously the events of June, if we except the thieves and forçats of Paris. Yet there is the cessation of business, of toil—the perpetual excitement as to what new scene is to be produced next—the constant military display—the many dramatic situations introduced into the reality of life,—all these go to recommend a revolution to French instincts.

The misery seems not yet to have been felt in sufficient extent, practically and physically, to give Frenchmen a true conservative disrelish of these great national experiments.

The French are even more fond than we are of displaying their notables of the day in pictures. General Cavaignac is seen in endless attitudes and circumstances,—now storming a barricade in general's uniform —now reclining on a sofa in gentlemanlike black, every picture unlike the other. But the predominant pictures of September were of the Bonapartes.

Louis Napoleon was of course made as captivating as possible—a smirking benevolence being the expression chiefly aimed at. Even the old pictures of the poor young Duke of Reichstadt have been resuscitated, to aid in the impression. France has evidently the spirit of hero-worship, but wants the hero ; and default of a better, is content with this Louis Napoleon,—a democratic tribute to the hereditary. As the "National," I think it was, which said, he represents an idea,—his uncle's cocked-hat!

But is France truly democratic ? What are the mass of the people ? Have they, seriously and honestly, *any* settled convictions, except that it is desirable to have a belly-full, and to work as little as they please ? Tell the mass they are "sublime"—that they exercise a noble franchise in voting for their rulers,—but add (there is no need for it to be done very adroitly) that Louis Bonaparte is of all others, the man to double their dinners and diminish their toils, and they are clamorous Bonapartists. If any thing at all, the paysans, I was told by intelligent Frenchmen, are Bonapartists ; the working people of the towns, where they can be operated upon by the popular orators and incendiary publications, are more certainly republican ; the middle and higher classes are monarchical. But now, shall we not hear all classes (the thieves and forçats aforesaid excepted) crying out for *a strong government at all events*, to control that liberty which does not mean "Leave me alone," but "let me do what I like with any body and every thing." Liberty,

which means a license to every man to put the lives and property of his neighbours in jeopardy ?

Observing that M. Dallière's drama, "Napoleon and Josephine," was announced for representation at the Ambigu Comique, I thought I would stroll in, partly to see how the piece was placed on the stage, but chiefly to witness its effect on the audience. The main action of this bombastic absurdity was *the divorce*—which gave, of course, opportunity to *Josephine* to spout first as a wronged and insulted woman, and then as a high-souled generous martyr ; while *Napoleon* was enabled to whine about this sacrifice of his heart's fond wishes to the policy of an empire. It was quite a "classical" affair, in rhyme, of course, and carefully preserving the unities. As usual on the French stage, the dresses were remarkably correct. *Josephine*, and her daughter *Hortense*, looked the originals of portraits taken at the commencement of the century ; and *Napoleon's* green coat and white culottes were preserved to the life. All the accessories were in the same minute fidelity. But the *characters*, that of *Napoleon* especially, were ridiculous. To see the hero going about the stage weeping, almost blubbering—deploring this dreadful *sacrifice*, the word ringing to a rhyme every tenth line, as though he had been the most unselfish being in the world—was almost too good, even for French dramatic license ; and the audience, it struck me, thought as much. *Josephine's* more just and natural indignation seemed to earn the most applause. If the production of this drama at this time were a "spec," in reference to the fancied Bonapartism of the fauxbourgs, it was surely an unhappy selection to take a piece illustrating, perhaps, the most heartless act of that heartless man's career.

Even those parts of his orations intended to be most telling were not generally applauded; but loudly by a few. It was no exception to this remark, when, pompously enumerating the results of his future policy, he adverted to that Albion who, like another Carthage, mistress of the seas, and with her Punic faith, was finally to succumb to the victorious arms of a rival. A few received this sort of thing very rapturously. A certain M. Mondidier figured as emperor ; and has been praised by the journals for his representation ; but assuredly he presented a very different man from my own humble conception of the great Corsican. He made himself up well enough as regards externals, considering that he had no natural resemblance to his original. His forehead appeared to be piled up with plaister, to give it the true Napoleonic elevation.

I was grieved, if only in the interest of the arts, to see the equestrian statue of the Duke of Orleans taken away from the square of the Louvre. It struck me as a very beautiful work ; a great contrast to that awful affair of our Duke at Hyde Park Corner. I do not know what can have possessed our artists both in the case of that work, and the statue facing the Exchange, to make the horses such star-gazers. One sees horses, no doubt, often so looking, but it is generally when they are going to give their sides a good shaking. There is no moral obligation on artists to act in a spirit of impartiality to Nature, and imitate her in all her moods and aspects. Better repeat the old, than seek for the new in the unsightly.

In a week I did not see in Paris but one carriage, an ambassador's ; and perhaps about a score of shabby broughams.

I was struck with some excellently drawn lithographic pictures in the windows of the print-shops of one of Fourier's dreams—the *Phalanstère*. There it was, wearing a most seducing appearance, as a thing in real existence. A most imposing assemblage of buildings, of palace-like elevation and architecture, displayed itself in the mid-ground, such as might be contrived out of a dozen or two of Escurials. This was the residence of a community of happy "Socialists." Picturesque woods waved in the distance of the landscape, with roads radiating through them from the centre, nicely contrived for all the purposes of pleasure and of business. In the foreground are groups of equally improbable children, all happy and beautiful without exception. Here was a fraud, if ever there was one. How fascinating! Who would not wish to renounce his mud cabin in the country, or his garret in the filthy faubourgs, for that bright elysium, where all is joy, and plenty to eat and drink. The ignorant and the poor look, wish to believe, and are not long in believing, that society ought to be forthwith regenerated by Victor Considérant.

I believe, in matters of political economy, the French, as a nation, are behind all other people; for they have such conceit in their false systems, and have such an elaborate system of dogmatism with respect to them.

It seems likely, I think, and, indeed, I believe it to be the opinion, more or less openly expressed, of all parties, that France will settle down into a nominal republic, for a few years at all events. But it must reflect in some way or other the opinions of the more influential classes. It must be practically a Police—a power to preserve good order, and to protect property and industry. Duly to protect these is the only way to minimise destitution, and to attain a permanent fund for the support of the really destitute. But in a country so addicted to *fêtes*, to show, to pleasure—among so theatrical a people—the republic can never be a *stern* one. It must be a gay and gaudy one. Its ceremonies must be impressive and processional. Authority must continue to clothe itself in "uniform," and must not only exist, but be a thing ever present and visible. An old gentleman will no longer live at Neuilly, driving daily in the midst of guards to the Tuileries, and back again, and taking the first place in the ceremonial of government, but with that exception I doubt not we shall see things externally much as they were. The Guizots of the day will govern without a king reigning.

Not insensible to the many merits of the French people, and fond of their country as I am, I returned to England after a week spent in Paris in September, 1848, well contented that I was an Englishman, and congratulating myself that we had, in the best spirit of civilisation, found out the method of effecting both organic and administrative reforms, without passing through the ordeal of sanguinary revolutions.

KOL.

October, 1848.

THE VISIT OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL GUARDS TO LONDON.

BY MR. JOLLY GREEN.

[IT will, we are persuaded, be a satisfaction to the readers of the *New Monthly Magazine* to learn that our gallant countrymen, Mr. Green, has safely returned to England after the numerous perils and hardships which he lately encountered in Paris. We had already prepared for publication an account which Mr. Green was so kind as to forward to us, of his imprisonment in the Château de Vincennes, and his escape from that fortress, but the more recent visit of the French National Guards to London, under his care and pilotage, has induced us to postpone that narrative until next month, believing that the latest intelligence from so enterprising a traveller would be the most welcome. A few introductory words which Mr. Green has prefixed to the present paper, will sufficiently explain how it happened that he was in a position to assist in dispensing the hospitalities of the metropolis to our warlike and well-whiskered neighbours.

ED. N. M. M.]

An ancient Roman poet—Hesiod or Plato, I am not sure which,—has fancifully compared human life to a chess-board, the black and white squares by which it is equally divided bearing the same relative proportions to each other as the amount of good and evil which falls to our lot in this world. The illustration is, in my opinion, not an unhappy one, for whether we act from impulse, necessity, or design, we all have an equal share of both, just as the pieces on the board shift from black to white, and from white to black at every move. The sable hue has latterly predominated in my fortunes, but I am happy to say that their present aspect is as bright as heart can desire.

In explanation of this state of things, I shall briefly observe, that when General Cavaignac became aware that a mere *escapade*, a simple ebullition of youth and ardent spirits, had been magnified into a political crime, and that there was in reality nothing dangerous in me (I mean, of course, in a political sense), he at once, in the name of the French Republic, made me an ample apology for the privations and ill-treatment which I had undergone; and in a private interview conferred upon me the privilege of wearing the uniform of the National Guard, with the honorary rank of captain; with the distinct understanding, however, insisted upon on my part, that I should at no future period be expected to bear arms against my native country. On Podder, as the faithful companion of my misfortunes, a similar privilege was bestowed, with the inferior rank of private.

In consequence of this diplomatic appointment,—for so I think it may be considered, being one eminently calculated to establish a good understanding between France and England,—I left the capital, accompanied by Podder, and proceeded to Boulogne, where I proposed remaining a short time to recruit my health and spirits. The pure sea air effectually established the former, and the agreeable society into which I was thrown

completely restored the latter, and led in some degree to the circumstances which form the subject of what I have now the honour to communicate.

I believe it is scarcely necessary for me to remind my readers that while I have successfully cultivated the arts of peace, I have also always manifested a strong military tendency. With the quick eye of a consummate strategist, General Cavaignac detected this propensity in the course of the interview I have already adverted to, and this no doubt led him to make the offer I have described, as the one best calculated to be agreeable to my feelings. It would have been a sad want of *politesse* on my part, both towards him and the gallant nation he so wisely governs, had I not constantly worn the brilliant uniform of the National Guard during the period of my sojourn in France. There was, indeed, no occasion, public or private, on which I did not appear in it, and I obliged Podder, though a little against his will, to do the same. The secret of his unwillingness lay, I apprehend, in the fact that he knew he had not a good military figure; I was disturbed by no such scruples, and it would have been absurd to have entertained any, for every person I met at the *table d'hôte*, at the balls and everywhere else, actually went out of their way to inform me how well I looked in regimentals. And I have not the slightest doubt I did, or why should the men have stared and the women have smiled at me in the way they were in the habit of doing.

My means being tolerably ample, and money going further in France since the revolution of February than it did before that event, I lived in as good style as the place afforded. I went to every party, gave several myself, and, in short, became very popular. The English looked upon me without jealousy, and the French literally adored me, the National Guard especially, who hailed me as a brother-in-arms, and did nothing but fraternise with me. I never sat down to breakfast at the Hotel des Bains (where I was stopping) without being surrounded by ten or a dozen of these fine fellows, who, I must do them the justice to say, had capital appetites of their own. At dinner, too, it rarely happened that three or four of the most *distingué* amongst them were not my guests, and the night seldom passed without a party of us going to the theatre or some other place of amusement together. Never in my life have I met with merrier dogs; and so well disposed were they to enjoy themselves and entertain me, that let me say or do what I would, they were always ready to laugh. This is the real lightness of the French character, which to those who understand them as I do, makes them so agreeable. Podder, whose perceptions are not like mine, seemed less amused at their sallies. It made no difference to me, but the greater part of them knew English or spoke it, though in a broken sort of way, and were consequently better able, poor fellows, to understand my jokes than if they had been only uttered in French. There is nothing sets a man off so much in society as being a linguist, and for my own part, knowing the two languages so well as I do, I think I am fairly entitled to the appellation of a *double entendre.*

The officer whom I most distinguished from the rest, and with whom I soon became on terms of the closest intimacy, was Hyppolite Percale, a captain of the 7th Paris legion, at that time on leave of absence from the capital with a few other friends. He had a brother in the National Guard at Boulogne, and had come to pay him a visit, profiting by the occasion to take the nineteen dips which are the ultimatum of a

Frenchman's sea bathing for the season. Captain Percale was not an aristocrat by birth (though his sentiments were truly noble), and he had for some years conducted a linendraper's establishment in the Rue St. Denis, which, previous to the revolution, was a tolerably thriving concern. Had he depended upon his profits since that event, the sum he expended on his *ménus-plaisirs* would have been small enough, but luckily he had saved money, and was thus able to put a better face on matters than most of his neighbours. With military frankness he let me completely into the state of his affairs, and his confidence was not ill-bestowed, for, on various occasions, I managed so as to prevent his making unnecessary inroads into his slender capital, without appearing to perceive that a few hundred francs more or less could make any difference to him.

One evening, after a party at billiards at the Café Vermond, a knot of us, including Podder, Percale, Captain Froment, of the same legion, Lieutenant Haricôt, Brigadier Botargo, and a few others were enjoying ourselves drinking burning punch, in what the French call *a particular cabinet,* when a bright idea flashed across my brain.

"I say," I exclaimed, holding my cigar at arm's length as I spoke, "I say,—what do you think?"

This truly British address roused the attention of my companions; they saw something was coming.

"How should you fellows," pursued I, "like to pay a visit to London?"

"My God!" replied Captain Percale, "I should be ravished, enchanted, if I went there!"

"I have want to see him all my life," said Captain Froment; "but was never expect to be so very lucky."

"Sapristie!" exclaimed Lieutenant Haricôt.

"Diable!" ejaculated the brigadier.

"There would be no great difficulty about it," continued I, "if you were willing to go."

"London is a very expensive place," observed Captain Percale; "he must have a long purse what will go there."

"Et le mal de mer," added Lieutenant Haricôt.

"As to the expense," returned I, "that I think could easily be arranged; and for sea-sickness, why it's all over in two hours; nine times out of ten the sea is as smooth as the basins in the Toolery Gardens. Just make up your minds, a lot of you, and say you will be of the party, —and I'll manage the affair to your satisfaction."

"A tought have strike me," said Captain Percale; "England and France are two great nations. More and more zey should know each other. Ze Captain" (meaning *me,*—I was always called so by them,— just as people say 'The Duke') "have confide himself to ze honor of our beautiful Paris,—we will pay one visit to the hospitable shore of London. Ze National Guard of France shall fraternise wiz ze Anglish peoples."

"Good!" exclaimed I; "you shall go in your uniform, in full fig, hey? I'll wear mine. I'll take you everywhere. I know every body, —*it shan't cost you a farthing.* How they will stare at us. 'Pon my soul, it's delightful."

There was something infectious in the enthusiasm with which I spoke; every man *now* seemed charmed with the thoughts of the excursion.

A few eloquent words of mine had gained the day. I ordered in more punch, and we discussed the project more fully.

I decided upon despatching my secretary, Podder, by the early boat next morning, to make all the necessary arrangements at the railway-station at Folkestone, to secure apartments at the Sablonière Hotel, and procure the insertion of a few paragraphs in the London papers, announcing the intended visit of the National Guards of France to the British metropolis, with an intimation to certain of the illustrated journals that we should be quite ready to sit for our pictures (at dinner) the moment of our arrival in Leicester Square.

As I am one of the *nunc aut nunquam* school of politicians, and like the Roman conquerors, who made a point of striking when the iron was hot, always ready for the Cæsarian operation, I put my intentions in force the next day. Podder had an audience in my bedroom to receive his final instructions. I supplied him with what money was necessary, and dismissed him on his journey. He fulfilled his mission in a very satisfactory manner, informing me, by letter, of having completed every arrangement, so that on the second day after his departure we were ready to start.

It was a fine morning on the 12th of October, 1848, when seven travellers, attired in full military costume, might have been descried approaching rapidly towards the quay opposite the custom-house at Boulogne-sur-Mer, with the evident intention of embarking on board a steamer which was then lying at the wharf. They were gallant-looking fellows, especially their leader who, though he wore the same costume as his companions, and exhibited an aspect no less martial than theirs, was distinguished by an air which showed that he was born to shine, not only in the warlike camp, as the poet says, but in the glittering court and in the shady grove. On his firm brow and in his steady eye might be read the indomitable resolution which distinguishes the native of the British isles, and in the manly stride with which he trod the quay, the pace that has overrun the world.

A multitude of persons were assembled to witness the departure of this compact body of adventurers whose destination was the far-off shores of Albion, and as the last carpet-bag slid down the ladder which communicated between the steamer and the quay, a loud and unanimous shout of adieu burst forth. It was genially responded to by those on board, nor did the echoes of this touching farewell cease to vibrate along the rocky shore as long as the gallant vessel, with her yards apeak, her anchor ataunt, her capstan fidded, and her bowsprit well belayed, still lingered on the verge of the horizon. Up to the latest moment, the gallant individual already alluded to, might still have been seen conspicuous on the prow, waving that schako which had so often faced the battle and the breeze. When all had faded into silence and dim obscurity, the helm was put hard-a-midships, the windlass caught the freshening gale, the funnel, like another crater, poured forth fresh volumes of smoke, the paddle-wheels revolved, and once more ploughing the ocean, the wanderers pursued their solitary way.

Such, I have no doubt, will be the language of the future historical novelist in attempting to describe the departure of the French National Guards from Boulogne with me at their head; but the task of narrating what befel them on the soil of Britain is one peculiarly my own.

Though the day, as I have hinted, was fine, there was a fresh breeze stirring, which, as it came off the land, was little noticed as long as we were inside the harbour, but made itself manifest as soon as we had crossed the bar, the shock from which, as we grated above its iron surface, we could distinctly feel. Like Lord Byron, I had made the middle passage too often to dread its dangers; neither did I suffer (any thing to speak of) from sea-sickness, but I am sorry to say such was not the case with the brave National Guards. Lieutenant Haricôt, in particular, was uncommonly ill, nor was Captain Percale much better; they repeatedly urged the crew to cast them into the ocean, but as the hardy tars did not understand what they said in their "sea-sorrow," they paid no attention to the request, and after an arduous voyage of two hours and a quarter, in the course of which, to my surprise, we did not see the sea-serpent, which, I was told by the sailors, was cruising about in these latitudes, thanks to the gallant seamanship of Captain Smithett, we were all safely landed in Folkestone harbour. Podder was in waiting to receive us as well as the obliging Roman pro-consul, Mr. Faulkner, who devotes himself with an energy worthy of his nation to the wants and wishes of shipwrecked mariners. He kindly passed all our baggage through the custom-house (including a canary-bird in a cage, the property of Brigadier Botargo), and accompanied us himself to the Pavilion, where he did us the favour of joining us in a nice little dinner, which I had instructed Podder to have prepared in readiness for our arrival.

Our landing was a complete triumph; the vessels in the harbour were decked in their gayest colours, every one of them at least half-mast high, and a royal salute was fired from the gun on the battery. The inhabitants of Folkestone and the vicinity thronged around us, accompanied us in procession to the hotel, and rent the air with cries of "Hooray! the Nationals for ever!" the meaning of which I at once translated to my grateful companions. At the banquet which ensued we drank several toasts to the honour of the two countries, and were assured by the pro-consul that nothing should be wanting on his part to facilitate the intercourse between them, a declaration as friendly as it was disinterested. Before we broke up, to continue our journey, I addressed a neat allocution (as the French say) to the company, in which I proposed, in the absence of Captain Smithett (who was unavoidably detained in preparing for the outward-bound voyage at the turn of the tide), that we should get up a testimonial to that officer expressive of our admiration of his perfect seamanship in the midst of the greatest dangers, and of his uniform politeness to the passengers and crew throughout the voyage. I drew up a letter of thanks, which was signed by each of my military friends, and the pro-consul kindly undertook to deliver it on Captain Smithett's next return to port. When that veteran lays-to at the close of his existence he will doubtless reflect with heartfelt pleasure, as he gazes on this testimonial, on the happiness he has experienced in having been instrumental in saving so many lives!

The hour drawing nigh at which the train passed through for London, I paid the bill (and never did I perform that act with more satisfaction),—a well-appointed omnibus came to the hotel-door, and once more amid the acclamations of an enraptured population, we drove off to the railway station. What occurred here I shall give in the words of Captain Percale, in a letter to his grandmother, in the Rue St. Denis; they have

already appeared in the *Times*, but, as the extract I propose to make is a brief one, my readers will tolerate their appearance here.

"One of the superior *employés* of the line," observes the gallant captain, "caused us to take our places in a carriage on which was inscribed, 'Entrez bons Français! Places destinées à la Garde Nationale de Boulogne.' When we proposed to pay, the price of our places was refused,—the journey was to be given *gratis*. At the different stations numerous marks of sympathy were given to us."

Touching the price of the places I could, if I had pleased, have enlightened Captain Percale's respectable grandmother, but as I wish to avoid ostentation I said nothing on the subject. All I need inform the British public is that, owing to a skilful manœuvre of mine, prepared beforehand, the South Eastern Railway Company lost nothing by their apparent generosity. Captain Percale, however, is right as to the reception we met with along the line, but I need not say how much more deafening it would have been had the inhabitants of Pluckley, of Runcorn, of Edenbridge, of Stoat's-nest, and other large manufacturing towns through which we passed, been aware that their countryman, Jolly Green, formed one of the bevy of foreign warriors then traversing the fertile valleys of England. But the fact was that, as I well knew what the consequences would have been; I preserved a rigorous incognito throughout the journey, making a point of speaking nothing but French to the railway porters and policemen at every station.

It was ten o'clock at night when we reached town, and, there being nothing to be seen at that hour, we collected our baggage as speedily as we could (my friends travelled in very light marching order), and drove off in several cabs to the Sablonière Hotel. With the exception of a trifling overcharge of six shillings from one cabman, and seven and six from another, but which they speedily recanted when they found *I* was of the party, nothing material occurred during the transit. We were cordially welcomed by M. Pagliano, the worthy host, and speedily sat down to a very substantial supper, to which we all did ample justice, and after some brief conviviality we retired to our respective apartments. It will be long before I forget the glance of admiration bestowed upon me by the chambermaid as she showed me to my room, nor her excessive astonishment when I chucked her under the chin, and said, in spite of myself, "Good night, my dear," in the purest English.

On the morning of the 13th, we were up betimes, as we purposed setting out immediately after breakfast to see, as I expressed myself, "Les Lions de Londres,"—a phrase which Captain Froment understood in a literal sense, until I explained that it meant the public edifices and principal thoroughfares. As the captain had served in Algeria, where lions are as common as rabbits, his mistake may be pardoned.

It was a noble sight to see us as we defiled along Leicester Square, in our way to the Haymarket. I will say this for the French, that they know how to perform that manœuvre better than any other nation in Europe, nor did they on this occasion belie their fame. We marched two and two, keeping step in the most accurate manner; I led the way, leaning on the arm of Captain Percale, and Podder, who had struck up a great friendship for Lieutenant Haricôt, brought up the rear; Captain Froment, Brigadier Botargo, and the two others, whose names were Cruche and Poire, formed the intermediate files.

Our first visit, as in duty-bound, was to Westminster Abbey, which,

as I humorously observed to Captain Percale, may be likened to a fire-place, *because it contains the ashes of the great,*—a joke which, though I had laughed at it very often, he did not seem to understand. On the way I indicated and explained a number of interesting objects.

"Here," said I, pointing right and left, as we descended the Hay-market,—"here are the rival theatres of Thespis and Melpomene,—classical spots, sacred to the memory of Nesbitt and Jenny Lind. That statue representing a cavalier in the act of saluting a distant army by waving his cocked hat in the realms of space is our late gracious monarch, George the Third, in the very dress he wore at the Battle of the Boyne; he was the last sovereign of Great Britain who ever drew his sword in defence of his throne,—a fact which the pigtail the sculptor has fastened to his coat-collar, will hand down to posterity. Yonder column, rising proudly into its native element and surmounted by the figure of a naval officer, is the unfinished monument which a nation's gratitude has dedicated to the heroic Nelson. As there was no end to the exploits he performed, the progress of the builder is happily typical of the warrior's fame."

I may observe, *en passant*, that during this allusion to the hero of the Nile, the six National Guards looked any thing but comfortable, so to excite a train of more agreeable thoughts, I hastily directed their attention to the National Gallery, asking them, with a triumphant air, whether they had ever seen any thing like *that?* They one and all admitted frankly that they *never had*,—a tolerable admission for foreigners to make.

"The next statue which we come to," I continued, "is called Charing Cross. It was erected by Charles the First, to commemorate a pilgrimage performed by his pious queen, and is still true to its original destination, for it regulates the fares of all the 'omnibuses in London. The space in the midst of which we now stand is haunted by a thousand historical associations. There, at the corner of Spring Gardens, stands the shop of Mr. Farrance, the well-known pastrycook; on the opposite side is that of Mr. Thomas, the celebrated butcher; and looming in the distance, though not visible to the naked eye, is the no less renowned establishment of Mr. Grove, the fishmonger; these are objects, it may be said, that only affect the senses,—true,—but as long as turtle, and turbot, and venison are appreciated, the names of these distinguished purveyors will be held in grateful remembrance. An Englishman likes good sense, and what better sense is there than a good appetite?"

Ben Jonson has truly observed that in no city of Europe does the tide of human nature run so strongly as at Charing Cross; we found this to be the case, and not only from the crowd occasioned by the casual passers by, but by that formed of the numbers whom curiosity brought round to gaze at us. An English crowd is proverbial for its politeness, and the generous impulses that swell its bosom, and Captain Percale has well expressed these attributes in the letter I have already referred to, where he says:—

"I shall ever retain the remembrance of the reception which was given us in the streets of London. At one moment the people took us by the hand, and exclaimed, 'Be welcome,' at another they shouted 'Hurrah for Boulogne, hurrah for the National Guards!'"

I am able to testify to the fact that there was a good deal of "hooraying," and as a proof of the national enthusiasm, I can state that the very boys of the street, the gamins of St. Martin's, as I may term them, climbed

the lamp-posts to take a sight at us, while mirth and good fellowship were broadly depicted on their innocent features. Private colloquies often afford strong evidence of popular feeling. I overheard an instance of this kind.

"Them's rum coves," said a butcher's boy to the cad of an omnibus, that was drawn up close beside us.

"Ah," replied the cad, "I vishes there vos twice as many on 'em and I'd got 'em all in my 'bus. Vouldn't ve vip 'em along!"

"I believe you, my boy," joyously returned his friend, and shouldering his tray, walked off in the opposite direction.

Here was a simple but convincing proof of the regard which the foreigners inspired;—a perfect stranger to them, an omnibus cad, would not only have been happy if their numbers had been doubled, but would gladly have placed the vehicle he conducted at their disposal. It was a trait worthy the heart of a British cad.

Gracefully bowing and frequently pressing our hands on our hearts as we moved along, we proceeded down Parliament Street, passing by Drummond's, where, as I told my friends, Sir Robert Peel and I keep our accounts; by the Admiralty, the cradle of our brave tars; the Horse Guards, which in more senses than one, gives the time of day to the whole of the civilised world; Whitehall, built by an uncle of my friend Sir Henry Jones—(I have his authority for that fact); and the Treasury, that admirable resource for supplying the scions of nobility with pocket-money. There was nothing, in short, on our route, that I did not point out to my admiring companions, expatiating on every thing worthy of notice, with a fluency which Cicero, whose office I now held, might well have envied.

Westminster Abbey was our great goal, and here I felt myself really at home. Of course we were assailed, on entering, by an ignorant verger, who insisted upon describing all that was to be seen. I repelled him with some degree of haughtiness, at first, but as the man persisted in following us, and intimated that he got his living by showing the abbey, I took him aside and spoke to him.

"My good fellow," said I, benignantly, "I have no wish to deprive you of your profits; on the contrary, I am well disposed to add to them, and have no objection to give you an extra gratuity, provided you don't interfere too much. I am rather celebrated for my historical knowledge, and these friends of mine, who wouldn't understand your language, desire particularly to hear what I have got to say on the subject. I have no objection to your telling those two," pointing to Podder and Lieutenant Haricôt, "the little you know, but the others I must reserve for myself, and I beg you will not speak too loud."

"As you please, sir," replied the verger, humbly, "it's all the same to me provided you pays me."

I gave the man a crown, which he pocketed with a very low bow, staring very hard at me all the time, but I could not help thinking that the sale of indulgences was not altogether a Romish fiction, and that Martin Luther's mad bull might be let loose again with advantage to the community.

Rejoining my friends who, I perceived, had been listening to some stupid observations of Podder's during my absence, I immediately began to brush up my recollections.

"Westminster Abbey," said I, in that tone of authority which carries conviction to the hearer's mind, "was founded in the middle ages by Julius Cæsar, less perhaps out of piety than from a motive of policy towards St. Peter, whom he wished to conciliate, and to whom he dedicated it. Antiquarians differ with respect to the etymology of the abbey, but in my opinion there can be little doubt it was originally called Best-Minster, that is to say, the best minster in England, for every one knows that the letters b and w are synonyms in the early Saxon, and are still used in that sense by the lower orders, amongst whom the vernacular dialect latest lingers."

I was interrupted at this point of my oration by a very loud yawn from some one behind me; I turned hastily, and seeing Brigadier Botargo's mouth wide open, I made no doubt that the noise came from him. He is a rough, good-natured fellow, but has evidently no taste. We all know that yawning is epidemic, and I suppose this was the reason why Captain Percale, and I may add all the rest, including the verger, followed his example. I made no remark, but compressing my knowledge into a small compass (and it is surprising in how small a space one can confine all one knows), I briefly resumed:—

"It is in this venerable abode of learning that the monarchs of England are always crowned. There is the famous coronation chair, made of the cedar of Lebanon, a present fron Solomon to the Queen of Sheba. Beneath it is a mass of Scottish granite,—the greatest Scotch mull ever manufactured,—it was captured at the battle of Scone, when William the Conqueror defeated the Old Pretender. You perceive that the chair is very much worn, from which you may infer that the Anglo-Norman kings were a very heavy race, and probably reigned a long time. Here are the tombs of a great many of them, the most worthy of notice being those of Henry the Fourth (who, I need not tell *you*, was the 'Henri Quatre' of Great Britain), Edward III., otherwise called the Confessor, from having turned monk in his old age,—this is his shrine; Henry VII., who gave himself up to the study of architecture and built the chapel yonder, which bears his name; Queen Elizabeth, whose death was occasioned by pricking her finger with a needle in consequence of working on a Sunday; and Mary Stuart, who was buried here because she was Queen of Scotland."

"Cette pauvre Marie Stuart," ejaculated Percale; "Ah! que Rachel est sublime dans ce rôle-là!"

"Magnifique," exclaimed Brigadier Botargo, taking a large pinch of snuff, some fragments of which got up my nose and made me sneeze so violently, that I was obliged to resign the task of description to the verger, who continued in his humdrum way till we got into Poet's Corner, by which time I was sufficiently recovered to continue.

"Here," said I, "you see the portraits of all the poets this country has ever produced. In England, such is the providence of the government, that no sooner does an author die of distress than his likeness is taken, and a tablet is raised to his memory."

"Voilà qui est beau!" said Captain Froment, "il faut être Anglais, pour mériter une telle récompense!"

"I hope they are all here," I observed, "but I will not answer for it, for I understand that a stone-mason, of the name of BORE, has lately been chipping and hacking away at a great rate. I should be very much dis-

posed to punch *his* head—hard as it may be—if I caught him in the fact!"

"Here is an alteration, sir," said the verger—"Jonson's grave-stone—the original has been removed by the gentleman you speak of."

"What!" said I; "the one with the incription 'O rare Doctor Johnson,' which was written by Garrick?"

"Ben Jonson, sir," suggested the man.

"It's of no consequence," replied I, "which it was. The man was a brute who changed it."

As it would have been absurd to dwell on names that every one knows, I confined myself to those with which the unlearned are not so familiar, and thus added greatly to the information of my friends, Captain Percale taking notes, as well as he was able, of all I said. I saw his memoranda afterwards, and found he had made one or two slight mistakes, such as describing Old Parr as the father of English poetry; Sir Cloudesley Shovel as the inventor of steam (probably supposing from his name, that he was a stoker); Dr. Busby as the author of "Junius;" and Mason as the builder of the abbey. These, however, are trifles to a Frenchman when he is writing English history.

We quitted the building with regret, and to vary the nature of the sights, I led the way along Great George Street into the Park, and crossed over towards the Horse Guards. We arrived, fortunately, at the moment when the officer commanding was about to troop the guard, who perceiving a foreign corps of observation approaching, came forward, and saluting us with military precision, invited us to be spectators of the scene. Captain Percale's account of what took place is so graphic, that I give it in the very words he afterwards used:—

"On reproaching ourselves of the Colonel of the Royal Guard, le Captaine Green drew his sword, and devancing our party in a short walk, presented us by his name and rank. The colonel then placed us on his sides to witness the defilement of his magnificent Horse Guards, in their noble jack-breeches and boots, a grand and imposeful spectacle. When that ceremony was finish, the officers have invite, with a hearty cordiality, us to breakfast. The repast was very gay, with plenty of rounds of beefs, mutton-shops, red herrings, and all what the English call the delicacy of the season, Champagne, Laffitte, and the London Bottle of Stout's Porter. During the dessert, Brigadier Botargo, one of our companions, carried the first toast to the healths of the lovely Queen of these kingdoms, and all her interestiug family. Le Capitaine Green, with eloquence which caused the tears of many to shed, offered wishes reciprocal to the French Republic, and the venerable walls of the Horse Guards of England trembled to the toast. In fine, we have leave that refreshment, carrying with us those wishes of a friendly esteem which remains to his death in the Frenchman's inside."

Percale was right; I did make a good speech; and our fellows,—the regulars,—seemed to wonder who the deuce I was.

After shaking hands all round, we again sallied forth, and left the Park at the Giants' Steps, the fac-simile of those at Venice, down which the Council of Forty used to push the superannuated Doges. We then visited several of the Clubs. At the "Senior United," which was being painted, the veteran porter showed us out of the spacious hall; at the "Athenæum," to which I belong, having been elected by the Committee

on account of my works on France, we saw the only member in town, breakfasting with a degree of dreary splendour that perfectly realised the image of that Oriental potentate who was monarch of all he surveyed; at the "Travellers," the porter refused us admission, in spite of my informing him that I had twice been as far as Paris; but at the "Conservative" we were warmly welcomed by a very courteous member, well known to fame, who only regretted that the shortness of the notice prevented the Club from giving the National Guards a ball in their magnificent drawing-room.

We then, to use a military phrase, enfiladed the streets in various directions, debouching on Piccadilly, turning the Duke of Wellington's horse's statue's flank at Hyde Park-Corner, and counter-marching on Charing-Cross by way of Oxford Street and Regent Street. After this we took shipping at Hungerford Wharf, embarking on what has been so truly and poetically called "the silent highway," in the half-penny steamer, though I must say that our party were any thing but silent highwaymen. The brave National Guards were full of admiration at every thing they saw, and paid the British lion, who bestrides the brewery on the Surrey side, some very well merited compliments, highly flattering to him, both as an individual and as the representative of a nation's pride. They winced a little as they passed under Waterloo Bridge, which, I informed them, was built the day the battle of Waterloo was fought, but completely recovered their spirits when they got abreast of the fine botanical gardens of the Temple, that splendid conservatory of Law. There were no black friars visible at the spot under the bridge that bears their name, but to make up for this loss the crow's nest on the top of St. Paul's was plainly to be seen. If the Commissioners of Woods and Forests demolished the Rookery in St. Giles's they have at any rate atoned for that wanton act by encouraging the birds to build on this elevated spot.

At length we landed at the London Bridge Stairs, and passing Billingsgate, whose celebrity for fresh fish and feminine accomplishments my friends were pleased to learn, we proceeded to the Tower, a spot that caused me to expatiate much to my brothers in arms, but which I refrain from repeating here, being warned against it by want of space. The reader may form a general idea of how I entertained them, when I say that I gave the history of that celebrated fortress from the day when, according to Geoffry of Monmouth, it was first erected by Brute, the grandson of Jupiter by his daughter Venus, down to the present governor, Field Marshal his Grace the Duke of Wellington. I did not, of course, omit to mention, that in this remarkable donjon-keep, Richard III. was barbarously murdered by the two young princes, his nephews; and I took especial care to direct their attention to the fact, that it was here the present ex-king of the French was confined when he was only Duke of Orleans, and that he solaced the hours of his long captivity by playing on the harp and writing those agreeable poems, a volume of which, richly illuminated, is now to be seen in the library of the British Museum. It interested them also very much to be told, that the identical crown which the Queen always wears at dinner at Buckingham Palace, was once stolen from the Tower by a certain Colonel Blood, who disposed of it for a very trifling amount to a pawnbroker in the Edgeware Road, shortly after the famous battle, which takes its name from that locality.

On our way home to dinner we inspected the Monument, the only

building left standing after the great fire of London, and paid a visit to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, where I had the honour of introducing my fearless companions to his lordship, as he was in the act of distributing civic justice from his bench. The noble peer informed us that he was "proud and happy to see so many brave men in the city, of which he had the pleasure of being the principal ornament, and he trusted that this expression of opinion on his part would have the effect of drawing still closer the bonds of sympathy which already united the two greatest countries in the world."

A slight détour from the direct route brought us into Eastcheap, it being my desire to introduce Captain Percale and his friends to London Stone. It is supposed to have been originally a thunderbolt which fell on the very spot where it now stands; its principal historical interest arises, however, from the circumstance that the famous Jack Cade sat upon it when, as Shakspeare says, he was created "Lord of the City,"—in other words, Lord Mayor.

St. Paul's was the last place we entered. I had reserved it as a *bonne fortune*, and so my friends found it, or I am greatly mistaken. I need scarcely say I told them that they stood in the largest edifice, sacred or profane, that had ever been erected, though, singularly enough, it was built by one of the smallest men that ever breathed. I allude to the architect Christopher, who took the name of Wren on account of his diminutive stature. He might well say, "Circumspice," for a spicier thing than St. Paul's is not to be met with, I will venture to say, in any part of the globe.

The Nationals did not enjoy the monuments so much as I expected, but perhaps as they were raised to the memory of the heroes who thrashed the French in so many different places, this is not to be wondered at. They were struck, however, with the fine wood-carvings, the workmanship, I told them, of Grinning Gibbon, the satirical historian, who could laugh at the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Lieutenant Haricôt (whose private occupation in Paris is that of a *marchand de légumes*) was very much pleased with the monument of Dr. Dodd, (so I understood the verger,) that eminent father of the church, who is represented in a shroud, wearing a pair of very long moustaches, and with his feet in a kind of mustard-pot. The party were too much fatigued to mount higher than the Whispering Gallery, so having given vent to a few soft nothings in that place of amusement, much to the astonishment of a young lady in a pink bonnet, who was startled by a very sonorous "I loff you," uttered by Brigadier Botargo, we returned to the street, and proceeded by an omnibus to Leicester Square, or, as Percale persisted in calling it, "Lay—ces—terre Squarr."

I must be brief, or would willingly have described the capital dinner which Monsieur Pagliano gave us, and have dwelt on the convivialities which followed. We did not, however, sit late, as I had a surprise in store.

Amongst the various clubs of London, the most recent and the most moveable, (albeit established under very high literary auspices,) is one called the Kittenton, on account of its innocent, playful tendencies, which are chiefly to afford amusement combined with instruction to young men who might otherwise congregate at the Coal-Hole and Cigar Divan—and then, as the kitten sports with a ball of cotton before it attacks a mouse,

prepare the way in harmless guise for the severer struggles of life. Of the Kittenton Club Podder is a prominent member, and it was with a glow of the ruddiest satisfaction that he handed me a note during the dessert which informed him that the president and members would be most happy to receive an impromptu visit that evening from the National Guards of France. The fondness of the French for society being so well known, no one will be surprised to find that the proposition to adjourn to the Club was received with the greatest pleasure. After a bumper or two to each other's healths which, added to what we had previously taken, put us in very good case for developing our mental energies, I ordered cabs and we drove down to the Strand, that being the most easterly point which the Kittenton migration has yet reached. It happened, singularly enough to be the evening of the weekly *réunion* of the Club and, as the *Morning Chronicle* afterwards said in describing the scene, "on their entering the drawing room they were loudly cheered, a gentleman at the piano-forte striking up the 'Marseillaise,' as if in honour of them." The same paper adds:—"The 'Chœur des Girondins' was then sung *in fine style* by the visitors, after which, 'God save the Queen' was struck up in chorus by the company, among whom the National Guards were not the least prominent." This is true enough, but Podder, who sent the account round to all the papers, should have added that it was I who sang the solo parts and was *most* prominent in the chorus.

I shall continue the extracts:—"Several of the visitors then partook for a short time, *with evident Parisian gusto,* of the pleasures of the dance," yes—we did, and the lovely girls with whom we polked (ladies being one of the Club emollients) were eloquent in praise of our exquisite *tournures* which were shown to such advantage beneath our tight uniforms. One soft creature who confided herself to me, tried (for the honour of the Club) to get up a little French, but I think she took fright at the purity of my accent, which was rather too much for her, and I was obliged to continue the conversation—much to her surprise—in English. "After this the party adjourned to the dining-room, where a supper *à l'improviste* had been prepared, the chair being taken by a member of the managing committee. Due honour having been done to 'the roast beef of old England,'" (I beg to say it was cold roast beef and pickles, the last rather dangerous on account of the cholera, the best remedy for which in *my* opinion is Rowland's Macassar) "the chairman *in excellent French,*" (I cannot help smiling at this, as if an Englishman, merely as an Englishman, not having *my* advantages, could speak "excellent" French), "expressed the extreme gratification it afforded the members of the Kittenton Institution to receive the National Guards as visitors, and after having passed a warm eulogium upon them for the services they had rendered to their country, aided, he must say, by *one of the most chivalrous Englishmen whom this age has produced,*" (cheers, and all eyes directed towards me) "and having dilated upon the benefits that were likely to accrue from the friendly intercourse of nations, and the gratifying contrast it presented to by-gone times, he concluded by giving 'Prosperity to France and the National Guard.' The toast was received with an enthusiasm peculiarly English, which appeared not a little to startle and amuse the visitors." (It did not startle *me;* I have been too much used to the Kentish fire at the public dinners at Peckham, myself in the chair.) "The applause having subsided, one of the guests, a captain of the legion, rose and expressed, &c." It was fully

expected, that I would have risen, but I wished to give Percale a chance, and therefore sat still while he spoke (*verbatim*) as follows.

"Ladies and Gentlemens. It trill my heart wiz a pleasure what I cannot expose to come into zis grand and pleasant contry, to stick my feets into ze Anglish earth where wiz kindness unheard of welcome to us was been given. For to pay such a visit it is now time, ze noble nations of France and England having for too long a while been separate by mutual blows and animosities, what shall nevare be ze case no more. Ze dobble fist of pugnancy shall not no longer clench himself but for him ze opening hand of friendship shall be spreaded in true and religious fraternity. We shall kick away all our prejudice and de Anglishman and de Frenchman shall loff de ozer, like ze happy family of ze dog and ze cat what I zis day have see in Lay-ces-terre Squarr. I offer you a toast, drink it, my fine fellows: 'A la fraternité des peuples!'"

The reader will perceive a striking omission in Percale's speech; however, I bear him no ill-will for not alluding to me (although the example had been set him by the former speaker), as he was very nervous on the occasion. This brought the events of the day to a close. There were many incidents connected with the visit of the National Guards to London which, at a future period, I may be tempted to reveal; but at present I shall content myself with quoting from the letter I have already made use of, in which my friend Percale shows that he writes much better than he speaks:—

"At length, after a stay of only thirty-six hours, we left London full of gratitude to the inhabitants of the great city who had shown themselves so sympathetic to the French nation."

The bill at the Sablonière was a stinger, but it was paid by him, who in every vicissitude of life is still the same honest Briton, and still

JOLLY GREEN.

P.S. *October 25th.*—While I am in the act of putting my monogram to this sheet, I hear loud shouts in the street; I rush to the window—what do I behold?—a legion of National Guards in the square! The waiter tells me 1200 more have just arrived. I hasten to fraternise with them—and become, I trust, the Tacitus of Gaul. J. G.

THE HABITUE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

"SHIKSPUR! who wrote Shikspur?" asks one of the masters (or mistresses, I forget which), *pro tem.*, in "High Life Below Stairs," a query answered by one of his or her *camarades* as follows.

"Why, Kolley Kibber."

With equal correctness might we reply to the question, "Who wrote 'Mildred Vernon?'"

"Why, Hamilton Murray."

And yet, in so replying, we should have the title-page of the book itself, aye, and all Mr. Colburn's advertisements into the bargain, to bear us out; sufficient authority, no doubt, for the uninitiated, but for *us*,

nenni, nenni! Hamilton and Murray are two good old Scotch patronymics, and together harmonise into a very taking, a very nice name, but as the fat boy says, "I knows a nicerer."

Don't be alarmed, madame, your secret is safe with the *habitué;* it needs no conjuror to tell that for "Mildred Vernon" the world is indebted to a lady's pen—every page of the work itself affords sufficient evidence of *that*—but beyond this one excusable admission, nothing will be got out of me. No, no, friendly, but inquisitive reader, were you to assume the form of Paul Pry himself, with blue swallow-tail and umbrella accompaniment, you would worm out nothing further. "I'se Yorkshire too."

As a picture of Parisian life "Mildred Vernon" possesses unbounded interest for all those who have resided long in the French capital, and who are thereby enabled fully to appreciate the very remarkable observative and descriptive powers of the writer. The various characters are hit off with masterly cleverness, and those (by far the greater portion) which are taken from living models are daguerreotyped with the minutest accuracy. Be the originals French or English, there is no mistaking them; the prototype of Aurélie de Cévèzes herself, unquestionably *the* personage of the book, is not more vividly present to the reader's mind than are those of Lady Elfrida Thompson, of Madame Jacques Vavin, and many other equally microscopic delineations.

Rarely have the drawing-room mysteries of *la vie Parisienne* been so graphically anatomized as in this clever work—its lively and sparkling pages transport us from the *salons* of the Faubourg St. Germain to those of the Chaussée d'Antin, from the impenetrable strongholds of legitimacy to the gay and gaudy show-rooms of the *parvenue*, the habits and peculiarities of each *locale* being described with correctness and piquancy.

Viewed merely in the light of an amusing and interesting novel, "Mildred Vernon" has every claim to great and lasting popularity; while as a faithful record of the state of Parisian society *sous* Louis Philippe, it is invaluable.

I have been digressing from my usual topic, but I do not intend to apologise for so doing; there are literary as well as theatrical *habitués*, nor is the one *métier* by any means inconsistent with the other. Like Mr. Pott's immortal writer on Chinese metaphysics, I have an occasional fancy for combining my information, and if I *do* poach now and then on other people's preserves, why, from the days of Ruth downwards, where is the corn-field in which there have not always been a few ears left for the gleaner?

* * * *

During the last month there has been a steady improvement in the receipts of the various Parisian theatres; the *caissier* of the Montansier, especially, has more than once taken 2000 francs a night, which in the dead seasons of summer and autumn is much above the ordinary average. But M. Dormeuil, like Paddy O'Rafferty, was "born to good luck," and always contrives, after the fashion of a Dutch tumbler, to light on his—feet. Even this last summer, in the very worst part of the *crise*, political and dramatic, when all the other managers in Paris were wishing their respective theatres at Jericho, the proprietor of the little snuggery in the Palais Royal (old style) could afford to smile as affably as usual. *He* had lent (for a considerable consideration) the major part of *his* company to his London *confrère*, our worthy and indefatigable caterer, Mr. Mitchell. When the poor *préposée à la location*, with her fat jolly face

elongated like those newly-imported little German deformities whose heads you can squeeze into any shape, and looking as woe-begone as the backers of Surplice after the Cesarewitch, pointed to the *feuille du jour*, and mentally set down the night's receipt at fifty francs, M. Dormeuil's imagination was far away, gathering not wool, but bank-notes, and jingling sovereigns in *perfide* Albion.

This enterprising director has recently lost one of his liveliest *pensionnaires;* Mademoiselle Aline Duval, who has been at the Palais Royal ever since she emerged from the obscurity of the Panthéon, took it into her head not long ago to throw up an unsatisfactory part, and with it her engagement. Her place has been more than filled by Mesdemoiselles Azimont and Anouba, who, though their *emploi* is far from being the same as hers, nevertheless numerically complete the feminine *ensemble* of the *troupe*. The first of these is a smart and rather pretty girl, an importation from the Variétés, and quite at home in a *soubrette's* cap and apron; the second, though a mere novice, dramatically speaking, is equally good-looking, can *pincer un cancan* as neatly as Frisette or Mogador, and wears her hair *crêpé* very becomingly. If M. Dormeuil in this exchange has been a loser as regards *aplomb*, and I may almost say impudence, he has decidedly gained on the score of *gentillesse* and beauty.

At the same theatre a species of pantomime called "les Parades de nos Pères," has been lately produced, Amant being the *Cassandre*, and Mademoiselle Honorine Lagier the *Colombine*. The former receives in the course of the piece more thumps and kicks than would suffice to tame even that refractory and historical character, the donkey "wot wouldn't go;" and the latter indulges in such very Mabilleian gestures and antics as to make one wish that she would take a lesson from *the* Columbine *par excellence*, the pretty and modest-looking Mademoiselle Béatrix, of the Funambules.

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That versatile and impassioned *jeune premier*, *le chaleureux* Laferrière, still wisely prefers the hearty enthusiasm of Boulevart play-goers to the colder suffrages of a more aristocratic public. His delineation of *Maurice* the young *mobile* draws forth a nightly fountain of tears from the eyes of sympathising admirers in *percale* and *indienne*, and vast indeed is the consumption during each *entr'acte* of apples, oranges, and *sucre d'orge*, as well as of "orgeat, limonade, la bière;" a *grisette's* appetite in a theatre being invariably regulated by the state of her pocket-handkerchief.

Some two or three years back, it was reported that this excellent actor was about to be married to—guess, *je vous le donne en mille?*—to Déjazet. One of *Frétillon's* comrades laughingly asked her if it was true that she was on the point of changing her condition.

"Moi me marier," replied she, "la charge est bonne, et *contre* qui, s'il te plaît?"

"Ma foi, Virginie," was the answer, "puisque tu n'en sais rien, les noms propres seront sacrés pour moi; mais je t'assure qu'on m'a parlé de *l'affaire hier*."

There is at the Gymnase a venerable relic of antiquity, named Bordier, who from time immemorial has played the serving men in and out of livery, from the major-domo to the *chasseur*. His duties chiefly consist in opening and shutting doors, and in receiving orders with a de-

ferential bow; occasionally, but rarely, his part is enlivened by such phrases as "Madame est servie," "Oui, Monsieur le Comte," and similar effective sentences, which he dwells upon as long and as affectionately as if they were "angel's visits, few and far between." Whenever I see him open his lips to speak, I involuntarily think of *Athos's* exhortation to his faithful mute:—

"Grimaud, en considération de la gravité de la circonstance, je vous permets de parler."

I know few stage exhibitions more tiresome to witness than a piece the principal character in which is *mimed*, not spoken.* Such a piece is "le Muet d'Ingouville," which has been lately revived at the Variétés for Bouffé, who is himself one of its authors. If the personage represented by him were invested with any strong melodramatic interest, or even if the inanity of the plot and characters were bolstered up by the help of attractive scenery and picturesque costume, the talent of the actor, in spite of the intrinsic worthlessness of the piece, might, to use old Bagsby's pet phrase, contrive to "pull it through;" but to see a genius like Bouffé dodging about in a black frock coat, waistcoat, and trousers, twisting his expressive features into every imaginable and unimaginable kind of contortion, and uttering guttural sounds as indistinct and apocryphal as is the umbrella-mender's cry in Wexford—to see him stamp his foot with rage like Rumpelstiltskin when the Princess tells him his name, and gesticulate during two long mortal acts, much after the fashion of the gentleman in black, who is so unmercifully pounded by Mr. Punch's cudgel—is a spectacle at once wearisome and painful.

The only pleasurable recollection connected with "Le Muet d'Ingouville," which is present to my mind, is the grateful exclamation of my neighbour in the *stalles d'orchestre* who, stretching himself at the end of the second act like a dog coming out of the water, thus testified *his* idea of the interest of this telegraphical drama; "Cré nom d'un petit bonhomme, ai-je bien dormi ce soir!"

Léon Gozlan, the clever author of "La Main Droite et la Main Gauche," has just awoke like a giant refreshed from a somewhat protracted nap in order to enrich the *répertoires* of the Variétés and Porte St. Martin with a novelty a-piece, viz., "Le Lion empaillé," and "Le Livre noir." The first is witty but slightly *scabreux*, and requires a consummate comedian like Lafont (who, like Déjazet, can *say* any thing) to bring it safely into port. Mademoiselle Page lends him the aid of her brilliant eyes and dainty figure, and Delphine Marquet, with her arch smile and graceful *tenue*, acts the part of satellite in the background. *Abondance de biens ne nuit pas.*

"Le Livre noir" is a dramatised version of one of Gozlan's own stories, not quite so *décousue* as are the pieces of his fellow-townsman, Méry, but still, though brimful of talent, very rambling and carelessly *charpentée*. The leading male character affords scope for some excellent and impressive acting on the part of Munié, Ravel's brother-in-law, who, notwithstanding a certain coldness and disadvantageous stiffness of manner, does not want for *moyens* when he chooses to exert them. His deportment, moreover, which is quiet, graceful, and gentlemanly, is

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* "Yelva" is a splendid exception to this rule, the surpassingly beautiful acting of Rose Chéri being more than sufficient to atone for the substitution in her part, during the greater portion of the piece, of pantomime for dialogue.

greatly in his favour. Mademoiselle Grave also comes in for her share of applause, and for *more* than her share of bouquets, when there are any.

* * * * * *

Encore du Praslin! a fresh record of that fearful tragedy, and exhumed by Madame Ancelot, of all people in the world. "Les Femmes de Paris" is a tissue of horrors, worthy of the Gaîté and unworthy of the authoress of "Marie." By all that is delicate and feminine, Madame, leave such abominations to your *collaborateur*, M. Michel Delaporte, if he have a fancy that way; but *coûte qui coûte*, wash *your* hands of them. Writers who pander thus to a depraved taste are, after all, but a bad lot, and *en ce lot*, believe me, madame, your name should *not* appear.

Another piece equally reprehensible, and far more dangerous at the present moment is "Catilina," written by the inseparable Dumas and Maquet, and just produced with great splendour at the Théâtre Historique. In it Catiline appears a demi-god, and Cicero a ninny; revolutionary principles of the worst order are advocated in every scene, and the entire piece is an apology for the most degrading excesses and crimes that disgrace human nature. If the members of the Executive Government of France possess that precious gift of the fairy in the nursery tale, one drop of common sense, they will *immediately* prohibit the representations of "Catalina."

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"Well, I was right, on Saturday, September 30th, at a quarter past seven (by—not Shrewsbury but—the Bourse clock) P.M., ere the last number of the *New Monthly* had submitted its uncut pages to the paper knives, visiting-cards, or even forefingers (as the case may have been) of the reading world, my lively, bustling, little acquaintance, Têtard, drest in Harlequin's motley garb, tripped lightly before the curtain to proclaim officially to the public in three *couplets d'annonce* the re-opening of the Vaudeville.

Then did the gladdened hearts of the *habitués* (from the little dandy in the centre stall of the front row *côté droit*, to the two old men who never pay for their places and sit on seats with no backs to them,) leap with joy, and their hands ache with clapping as they welcomed, one by one, their old favourites, *les vieux de la vieille*, besides many new and promising candidates, each sustaining some well-known character, some glorious record of by-gone successes. Every pointed allusion, every snatch of melody, dating from the days of Piis and Désaugiers, and familiar as household words to a Parisian ear, elicited fresh enthusiasm; and at last, when Madame Doche, *la reine dè cëans* (who has, by the way, since appeared in a new *rôle*, that of godmother to one of her *camarade* Têtard's little responsibilities) came forward in the *costume Suisse obligé* of *Kettly*, with her fair hair so coquettishly peeping beneath her tiny velvet cap, adorned with a bunch of simple field-flowers, to sing the parting *vaudeville* to the popular air of "tant, tant, tant," M. Clairville must have felt himself for the time being "monarch (through his spectacles) of all he surveyed," for had his prologue of "L'Avenir et le Passé" been the most immortal *chef d'œuvre* ever put on the stage, it could scarcely have been more applauded.

I don't know how it happened, but I found myself insensibly improvising a farewell *couplet* to the same air, wishing all the while I could

write French as well as Mr. Dudley Costello, for then, perhaps, I might have prevailed on Madame Doche to sing it; when finished, I was somewhat puzzled what to do with it, until the lines of Burns,

> "A chiel's amang ye, takin' notes,
> And faith, he'll prent it,"

came across me. Egad, thought I, and so I will; *et le voici.*

> On peut remplacer souvent
> Ce qu'on perd dans cette ville,
> Mais on n' peut, jusqu' à présent,
> Remplacer le Vaudeville.
> Vous qui l'aimez tant, tant, tant,
> Messieurs, faites-y-domicile,
> Nous n' pourrons. çà nous plait tant,
> Craindre un tel *attroupement.*

After the prologue came an adaptation of Jules Janin's "Chemin de Traverse," which, thanks to Félix, Luguet, and Madame Albert, rattled along *comme sur des roulettes*, and, despite its title, met with no *crosses* by the way.

"Le Vaudeville est bien heureux," whispered a flatterer in the *coulisses* between the pieces, to one of the most fascinating syrens of this theatre, "de posséder les plus beaux yeux du monde . . . les vôtres."

"Mes yeux!" replied the fair Circe, glancing at one of her comrades, a clever and intelligent *jeune premier* favourably known in London; "mes yeux! pourquoi faire? n'a-t-il pas aussi *mon talent!*"

P.S.—Even at the risk of making the printer of this magazine my enemy for life, I cannot refrain from communicating to my readers an anecdote—as yet *inédite*—which has only just come to my knowledge. Madame Doche, who, as has already been mentioned, lately officiated as godmother to M. Eug ne Tétard (*ex Eugeniâ Eugenius*), was present, two or three days previous to the ceremony, in a *tribune* of the National Assembly, for the purpose of hearing a speech of M. de Lamartine.

Were I to enumerate those among the gallant legislators whose glances were perpetually wandering in her direction, I might cite the entire chamber, including the worthy president himself, *le petit père* Marrast, as the *Corsaire* calls him. Suffice it to say that neither the important questions then under discussion, nor even his own projected *discours*, could prevent the author of "La Chûte d'un Ange" and "Jocelyn" from seeking inspiration in the bright blue eyes of the fair visitor; at length, turning to his neighbour Altaroche, once editor of the *Charivari* (who, as it happened, was destined to act as godfather in the *affaire* Tétard), he expressed a desire to be presented to Madame Doche, of whose *esprit* he had heard enough to apply to her Corneille's description of *Cleopâtre*,

> "Ses yeux savent ravir, son discours sait charmer."

"Rien de plus facile," replied Altaroche, "j'arrangerai cela."

Two days after, the trio dined together, and the poet was so enchanted with the wit, grace, and conversational powers of the fascinating actress, that he begged her acceptance of a copy of his works, prefaced by an original dedication in his own handwriting.

Et tu quoque, Brute!

October 23, 1848.

THE THEATRES.

WITHIN something like a month, and after a pause which threatened to be perpetual, the theatres have re-opened in every direction—that is to say, in the North and in the West of the metropolitan district, for we ignore the other points of the compass.

Novelty has not as yet been the order of the day. Setting aside Sadler's Wells, where "Coriolanus" was brought out with new scenery and "appointments" (—what are *they?*), and the ballet of "Les Amazons," a rifacciamente of the "Revolt of the Harem," wherewith Mr. Bunn has been pleased to regale the patrons of Covent Garden, the motto, "Old Favourites," seems to have been inscribed on the managerial banners of the newly-opened theatres, at least, as far as the opening night is concerned.

Melpomene and Thalia may be said to have done nothing as yet, but to repose somewhat lazily on their Parnassus, dreaming, we trust, of the future, but not working creatively in the present. It is a tenth Muse, that has been especially busy since the summer—the muse of cleanliness—the muse who rather looks to the *salle* than to the stage of a theatre, and whose attributes ought to be a set of paint-pots, many penny-loaves, several reams of gold-leaf, and not a few yards of materials for hangings. Certainly all the houses in London look very pretty. Mr. Sang (*auspice* Manby) has worked up the Adelphi and the Haymarket to the acme of polychrome gaiety, freely realising those arabesque dreams, in which cupids, birds, and flowers, play as in a genial region, till their several natures become blended with each other. Sadler's Wells, in a quieter style than these two, with less unity of adornment, leaves the hands of the decorator fitted up in excellent taste; and the Princess's, though less elaborately redecorated, has a new ceiling, and has reaped the benefit of a thorough burnishing.

At present, (the word "present" signifying something like the 25th of October), the theatrical bill of fare for this large, grave, peaceful metropolis, is as follows:—

At Covent Garden, in which some of the boxes of the "Royal Italian" are publicised, the dilettanti will find old operas unbrilliantly put on the stage, but with the advantage of Mr. Sims Reeves, unquestionably the best English singer. He will also find a ballet respectably put on the stage, and enlivened by the fascinating Mademoiselle Plunkett.

At the Haymarket, the lover of the drama will witness tragedies, with Miss Laura Addison and Mr. Creswick as the hero and the heroine. He will admire the energy and carefulness of the young lady, and he will offer a silent prayer that she may mend many faults in her style of delivery. Also the circumstance will be impressed on his mind that there are no better actors in the world than Mr. James Wallack, whom we rejoice to find entrusted with the stage management, Mrs. Glover and the two Keeleys, while he will indulge in pleasing anticipations respecting the return of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean.

At the Adelphi, Mr. Hudson, a lively delineator of Irish humour, with less unction than poor Power, is at present the ruling "star," and acts in Power's pieces.

The Lyceum is rendered attractive by Mr. Charles Mathews and Mr.

Harley, for Madame Vestris, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Buckstone have not yet appeared. In a finished representation of certain characters in the eccentric light comedy sphere, there is no actor in London who can approach Mr. C. Mathews.

At the Princess's, Mr. Charles Braham is creating no small sensation by the fine quality of his voice, and his approximation to his father's manner. The opera in which he sings, and which is composed by the mediocre Flotow, is common-place enough, though based on a pretty story of the "Giselle" kind. However, the voice of Mr. Braham, and the personal appearance of Miss Rafter, endow it with attractive power.

A steady adherence to legitimacy distinguishes the excellent management of Sadler's Wells, where there is a good working company, and the *mise en scène* is most creditable. At Marylebone, there is no longer the old attachment to the "legitimate," save when the lovely Mrs. Mowatt steps in to the rescue of the ideal and the poetic.

The Olympic, which opened in the course of the summer, is working steadily with dramas of domestic interest, in which there is some very good acting by Mrs. Stirling and Mr. Leigh Murray.

The general aspect of theatrical affairs does not, indeed, present many striking features, but on the whole the prospect is hopeful. Even the general renovation of the theatres—this painting of ceilings and box-panels—is a healthy indication of the determination of managers to put their best foot forward, though we would warn them against imagining that a newly-painted *salle* allows of a relaxation of energy with respect to the productions on the stage. The number of decidedly great actors is now-a-days very small; but the theatres at present open may, with proper management, become the foci of several working companies. Sadler's Wells, a theatre not of five years' standing, and starting with a good name or two, has succeeded in forming a very efficient troop for its purpose out of a material previously unknown to London. Who, some years ago, had heard of Mr. Scharfe, Mr. Hoskins, and, we might almost add, Mr. A. Younge? Yet all these gentlemen have proved themselves very available personages, and, if engaged in legitimate work, are pretty sure of pleasing the audience before whom they perform. The Keans and the Keeleys are a sufficient basis to make the Haymarket a prominent temple of the higher tragic and comic muse; while, for the purposes of strong melodrama and broad farce, there could scarcely be a more efficient *corps* than that of the Adelphi, if a good man could be found for the serious hero. The best hero of domestic serious drama is, unquestionably, Mr. Leigh Murray, of the Olympic, who has voice, figure, and manner, all in his favour, and he, with Mrs. Stirling, Mr. F. Vining, Mr. Emery, and Mr. Compton, may easily form a little nucleus of talent at the Olympic—if, indeed, the situation of that theatre is not too strong a counteraction to all exertion. Vaudevilles, and the more elegant burlesques, can be done at the Lyceum as they can be done nowhere else. The company, to which Mrs. Yates is now added, is complete of its kind, and no managerial taste can be compared with that of Madame Vestris and Mr. Planché, as far as stage-decoration is concerned.

The great point with each house should be to acquire for itself a character of doing some specific class of work. A perpetual change in the class of performances at any one establishment is destructive to the functions of a company, and must ultimately reduce a theatre to insignificance.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE TWO BARONESSES.*

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN has a great advantage over writers of fiction in this country. His narrow wood-grown islands—"rose branches cast into the water,"—his fishing villages and quaint inhabitants, his old manor-houses, and his legends of land and sea are perfectly new to us; whereas our own battle-fields, castles, manor-houses, hamlets, and huts have for the greater part been ransacked in the search for legendary lore. So it is also with the chivalrous chronicles of France and the traditions of the Rhine. They have been wrought, both by our own and by continental authors known to us by languages that are familiar to many. Not so the languages of Scandinavia. They are as little generally known as the country itself, and it is only within these few years that Berzelius, Oersted, Finn Magnusen, Rafn, Thorwalsden, Andersen, Jenny Lind, and other gifted Northerns have brought their country into the circle at once of European science, learning, literature, and art.

But even were that not the case, Andersen would, by his own peculiar merits, rank high among living novelists. The simplicity of his style and manner is most commendable. His subject-matter also by no means attaches itself solely to lands and legends, previously unclaimed by the novelist. His eye is ever open to the poetical in every-day life; his descriptions of persons and characters are admirable; and, to use his own words, he has always in view to solve the poet's true problem, "by pointing to the invisible thread which in every person's life signifies that we belong to God; by letting us see the peculiarities in the nature of ourselves, our family, and in mankind; by finding the impress of God, even where it is hidden under the fool's dress, or the beggar's rags."

The open-boat,—the Northern Sea, to which our terrors, far more than our sympathies incline—and the three young students of noble parentage, Count Frederick and Barons Holgar and Herman, with their tutor-student Moritz; make an agreeable introduction to what are in reality throughout as much a series of sketches as a continuous story. Then the ruinous old manor-house, in which they are obliged to seek shelter, the poor organ-grinder's wife dying in child-bed in one of its crumbling apartments, and the drawing lots as to who shall father the orphan daughter, Elizabeth, and the heroine of the story, partake at once of the touching and the humorous.

But these introductory scenes are eclipsed by a character that could not be met with in all countries—that of the Baron Herman's grandmother. Her early history had been strange; her subsequent conduct was always eccentric. The proprietor of the estate where this original grandmother lived—her father-in-law—had been one of the most barbarous men of his time, and that, too, when the lot of the peasant in Denmark was truly deplorable.

* The Two Baronesses. A Romance. In three Parts. By H. C. Andersen. 2 vols. R. Bentley, New Burlington-street, London.

An opening was still shown in the gateway where the peasant was let down into what they call "*the dog's-hole.*" The damps from the moat penetrated through the walls below, and in wet seasons the floor was covered with mud and water, in which the frogs and water-rats gambolled at will: here they let the peasant down, and why? Often because he could not pay what was imposed on him for the miserable farm, which the proprietor had ordered him to take, and on which the peasant's little inheritance was expended. *The Spanish cloak*, which many an honest man had been compelled to bear, still lay in the tower; and in the centre of the court-yard, where there was now a fine grass-plot and Provence roses, once stood "*the wooden horse*," on whose back the peasant had often sat, with leaden weights fastened to his legs, until he became a cripple, whilst the baron sat in his hall and drank with his good friends, or flogged his hounds so that they howled in rivalry with the rider in the yard.

One of the latter, who had saved a little money, and therefore became obnoxious to his lord, was placed across that old implement of punishment, the wooden horse, his wife standing by, her eyes filled with tears, while a little girl, three years of age, and beautiful as an angel, tried to push a stone under her father's foot, but the baron observing what was passing, struck the child with his great riding-whip, and kicked her mother. So dark a scene of her childhood lived in the memory of this old woman, long after she herself had become a baroness; for this child, so brutally chastised for sympathising with her father's torture, became in time the wife of the baron's son. And long after that, and after little Elizabeth had grown up to be a girl five years old, as the *protegée* of the baroness, she used to frequent a mysterious chamber, that was always kept locked, once in the year, on the anniversary of the day on which her father had ridden on the wooden horse.

There, between four walls was inclosed the mystery of the house, and the whole neighbourhood: and this was often and often spoken of amongst the servants; little Elizabeth had frequently listened to all this, and when they least imagined it, had sat and thought about it.

Some said that there was nothing in the chamber but a pair of wooden shoes and a milking-pail, which her ladyship herself had worn and carried when she was a poor peasant-girl, and which on the occasion of her visits, she put on, saying,

"So I was, and so I am now!"

Others said that she concealed a little man there in a bottle, who told her every thing that was to happen during the year.

Elizabeth thought of nothing else but to get into this chamber and see what was there. To effect this purpose, she took the key out of the little casket in which it lay the night previous to the anniversary, but having got into the room, her light blew out, and the door shut so that she could not open it from the inside, so that she had to remain in the mysterious chamber all night, till the grandmother came in the morning on her annual visit; and she saw the horse that "long Rasmus" had ridden all mouldering before her, and above the portrait of the barbarous baron, upon which the old baroness spat in contempt. But the little girl, who by changes of fortune somewhat similar to what had attended upon this strange old lady was destined to be wife of Herman and the *Second Baroness*, was expelled the house for her improper curiosity.

Count Frederick and Holgar are, in the meantime, both fascinated by

a beautiful young lady, whom they meet in the great saloons of court, and at court balls; but Holgar loses the fair Clara by the peculiar circumstances of a button giving way, while Count Frederick carries off the prize. It will be seen from this, that Andersen's sketches of common life are rather more successful than his incidents of high life. The latter also sometimes convey no small amount of information in regard to the habits and manners of his countrymen. Witness the following:—

The honest old clerk was called Mr. Katrineson; and by the name we may understand that he was from the little island of Oro, where the unusual custom exists, that the sons generally take their mother's name, when she has been well known as a clever woman. Thus the clerk was called Katrineson after his mother, whose name was Katrine. His wife was also from Oro, somewhat younger than her husband, of a very lively disposition, and highly industrious: it was particularly on account of this last quality, that Madame Krone was fond of her. Madame Katrineson made excellent soup of hips and elderberries; her tea was native manufacture, a composition of marsh marigolds and millefoil. Her coffee was mixed with chicory root from the fields, and cleared with dried flounder-skin. No one had better starch than she had; the potatoes were riven on the grater, and the refuse was washed again and again, until the white starch lay on the linen to be bleached in the sun.

Andersen is as successful in the pathetic as in the simple and humorous. The tutor student Moritz had been long engaged to a maiden of good but rather eccentric character, Caroline by name, and Moritz's sister's son, a boy four years of age, had been left in charge of Caroline, previous to her marriage with Moritz, which was to take place soon, as the tutor student has just got a living at Halligers, on the coast of Sleswig, and he was on his way to claim his beloved bride.

Two evenings before his arrival the little boy was taken ill, very ill, and Caroline sat up with him, and nursed him; she was unceasing in her attentions to him. The doctor could not as yet say what ailed the child. He would always have Caroline with him; she sat up with him again the next night: it was typhus. The doctor had just pronounced this to be the child's illness when Moritz arrived. He was to remain some weeks, then the marriage was to take place, and directly afterwards he was to depart with his fair bride to the Halligers, by the foaming Baltic. The joy of meeting was mutual; they were both afflicted on account of the little boy, whose mother was absent, and whose only joy he was.

The child's bed stood in Caroline's chamber, for she could not leave the sick boy; she also was attacked, and lay suffering when they bore the little child, as a corpse, out of the chamber.

Moritz had come with his heart full of summer's pleasures; for months and weeks these days had shone before him as days of happiness, and now he sat beside—perhaps a death-bed. It was a wet, raw night, one of the coldest that the autumn had yet brought with it; the windows stood open, and the little dead boy lay in an adjoining room. Caroline had fallen asleep with her head on Moritz's arm; he could not find in his heart to withdraw it, although it pained him. Her long hair had fallen down over her forehead, and a hectic flush stained her cheeks. It was quite still, and in the middle of the night, when the door of the room in which the little dead boy lay sprang suddenly open. At any other time there would have been nothing striking in it; the door had often sprung open in this way, but that it should occur this night was somewhat strange. The lamp was placed so that the light should not fall on the face of the sufferer, and it now cast its whole light on the face of the dead child, which lay there clothed in white, and with a wreath of flowers around its head. Caroline opened her eyes at that moment, and gazed on it. "Yes, I knew well that he was dead," said she, in a low voice. "I shall also die, but

do not grieve for me. I once thought it would be so terrible, but now I do not think it at all so. I can even bear the thought that you remain behind; it seems to me as if I shall only say good-night to you; we shall see each other to-morrow,—then I shall not fail to joke with you, but now I cannot: good-night!" and she laid her head down again.

It was so still in the chamber—so raw and cold. A bird screamed in the garden. Was it death's bird? In the adjoining chambers there lay two dead bodies—the little boy's and Caroline Heimerant's.

The scene that occurs when young Elimar and Elizabeth are nearly drowned by the uprising tide, is exceedingly well told; and when afterwards Elimar is, by the rascality of Jos Tappen, who assumes his name, threatened with punishment, Elizabeth, who had read Scott's novels, thought of Jeannie Deans, and resolved to carry a petition to the king. The perils which she is made to undergo on her heroic errand, both by the wayside, and when in the metropolis, are the perfection of what Andersen most delights in—the poetical and picturesque in every-day life.

Hans Christian Anderson dedicates this delightful work, the first that he has sent into the world in the English language (and truly remarkable it is even in that point of view) to Mr. Bentley, to whom, he says, with much proper feeling, it was both natural and proper to address it, as to the first "who had the spirit and inclination to take under his protection, a young and unknown author."

I was intimate with Shakspeare's land and Burns' mountains before my corporeal eye beheld them; and when at length I visited them, I was not received as a stranger. Kind eyes regarded me,—friends extended the hand to me. Elevated and humbled at the same time by so much happiness, my heart swelled with gratitude to God. My next thanks are to the dear friends I possess in your great nation and amongst them, to you, my friend, as one of the first. To you, who adopted my first romance, I here present my latest. I know you will receive it in that kindliness of spirit with which it is offered, and my friends will receive it with the same feeling as yourself.

It is not Italy's beauty, and the manners and customs of her people which are here depicted: it is Danish nature—the life and the world around me—in the land wherein I live. May it preserve the affection of my friends for me!

How can it be otherwise, so long as simplicity, truth, and poetry have a claim upon the intellects and feelings of readers. For our own parts, we feel grateful alike to author and publisher for a work so perfectly pure in character, and at the same time possessing such remarkable interest.

MARY BARTON.*

It has seldom fallen to our lot to read a work written with more earnestness of purpose, or more feeling than "Mary Barton: a Tale of Manchester Life." It excels in pathos and descriptive power. There may not be the little touches of humour or the sly insights into nature of Charles Dickens, there is not the child-like simplicity of Andersen, but there is surpassing energy and vitality. It is a painful book to read, but it is also impossible to do so without being benefited by the perusal.

* Mary Barton: a Tale of Manchester Life. In 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

Every scene is indeed a touch of nature, almost sanctified by its wholesome truthfulness. The meeting of the friends in "Green Heys Fields," the earnest self-willed John Barton, the future Chartist, an intellect struggling against poverty and want of proper information. George Wilson, a working man, yet in his own way a philosopher and a philanthropist; the two wives weeping and condoling for one poor sheep that has gone astray, a pretty pert young maiden, the heroine Mary, and her lover, hard-working, steady, and "gallant" Jem Wilson; "gallant!" the reader will exclaim, can a workman be gallant? yes, read that most stirring scene of a fire in a factory, in which Jem Wilson saves so many lives at the peril of his own, and gallantry will not be denied to rude coarse men, akin to that of any knight's most glorious deeds.

A tea-party of the poor, pleasantly sketched, is followed by a scene full of pathos, the sudden death of Mrs. Barton. One of the ties which bound John Barton to the gentle humanities of earth being thus loosened, he became more obstinate in his aversion to the rich, and his gloom and his sternness became habitual. The authoress professes to have nothing to do with political economy or the theories of trade, she says that she merely wishes to impress what the workman feels and thinks, but she allows the discontented to murmur in prolonged strains without an attempt to chasten the heart or to correct the understanding. Barton rails at all capitalists as being so only through the toil of the poor. This would be staunch communism. There surely must be capitalists or the condition of the poor would be worse than ever. We are told in Scripture that the poor shall never cease out of the land, but we are also told that their expectation shall not perish, and that those who trust, shall be fed and be delivered out of affliction. Further than this we are told that the person of the poor should no more be respected than that of the rich should be honoured, and while it is sinful to oppress and a duty to assist, so also to the poor that will not hear rebuke, their poverty is their destruction.

While the father gets more and more involved in Chartist plots, Mary engages herself as an apprentice to a milliner in a little street leading off Ardwick Green, and where she is seen and admired by Harry Carson, son of the opulent mill-owner. The interest of the rivalry of the working-engineer and the young gentleman, is, however, for a time absorbed by passing scenes descriptive of the sore afflictions of the poor. The cellar to which Barton and Wilson repair to carry comfort to a starving family—three or four little children rolling on the damp, nay, wet brick floor, through which the stagnant, filthy moisture of the street oozed up; the fire-place empty and black; the husband dying of typhus, the wife crying in the dark loneliness of the dying man's lair, is appalling in its horrors.

These poor people have strange superstitions, too, in the midst of their trying afflictions. Wilson carried home the typhus to his own home, and two children fell victims to the infection. One is already gone.

"Is there any chance for the other one, think you?" inquired Mary, who had come upon a Samaritan errand of rather rare occurrence, since she had now the affections of a young gentleman.

Alice shook her head, and told with a look that she believed there was none. She next endeavoured to lift the little body, and carry it to its old-accustomed bed in its parent's room. But earnest as the father was in watching the yet-living, he had eyes and ears for all that concerned the dead, and sprang gently

up, and took his dead son on his hard couch in his arms with tender strength, and carried him upstairs as if afraid of wakening him.

The other child gasped longer, louder, with more of effort.

"We mun get him away from his mother. He cannot die whilst she's wishing him."

"Wishing him?" said Mary, in a tone of inquiry.

"Ay; donno ye know what wishing means? There's none can die in the arms of those who are wishing them sore to stay on earth. The soul o' them as holds them won't let the dying soul go free; so it has a hard struggle for the quiet of death. We mun get him away fra' his mother, or he'll have a hard death, poor lile fellow."

So without circumlocution she went and offered to take the sinking child. But the mother would not let him go, and looking in Alice's face with brimming and imploring eyes, declared in earnest whispers, that she was not wishing him, that she would fain have him released from his suffering. Alice and Mary stood by with eyes fixed on the poor child, whose struggles seemed to increase, till at last his mother said with a choking voice,

"May happen yo'd better take him, Alice; I believe my heart's wishing him a' this while, for I cannot, no, I cannot bring mysel to let my two childer go in one day; I cannot help longing to keep him, and yet he sha'not suffer longer for me."

She bent down, and fondly, oh! with what passionate fondness, kissed her child, and then gave him up to Alice, who took him with tender care. Nature's struggles were soon exhausted, and he breathed his little life away in peace.

Mary, in the pride of her new conquest, discards the young engineer, and refuses his offer of marriage only to repent a moment after, and that so bitterly that she follows up one refusal by another, and loses both lovers at the same time. She is the more confirmed in her resolve in respect to Henry Carson, as he intimated that his intentions had not at first been of an honourable character. The pith of the story hangs upon the events which follow upon the dismissal of the two lovers. The fallen Esther warns Jem Wilson that a fate similar to hers awaits Mary, and in an attempt to prevent this the workman assaults his young master. Not long after this John Barton, worked up to madness by his false notions of the relation of master and workman, shoots Henry Carson with Jem Wilson's gun. The young engineer is tried, and only saved by an *alibi.* The manner in which Mary Barton declares her preference for the prisoner then at the bar, is a most effective scene. The old man acknowledges his guilt to the father of young Carson, who, at first full of revenge, is at the conclusion made to feel that those who are strong in God's gifts are meant to help the weak, and that a perfect understanding and complete confidence and love may exist between masters and men—the interests of the one being the interests of all.

LADY GRANARD'S NIECES.*

Lady Granard's nieces are two wayward children of wealth and fashion. Differing totally in manners, and in the outward manifestations of feeling, still Ada and Elfine Harolde are embued with precisely the same habits of thought and principles of conduct. The demeanour of Ada is described as gentle, yet repelling, from the excessive coldness of her manners. Her face and form are replete with loveliness, and yet there is no play of expres-

* Lady Granard's Nieces. A Novel. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

sion—the eye, brow, and cheek seemed more like the chiselled features of a statue than those of a living being. Yet cold, proud, and severe as the lady fair appeared to be, she is also stated to have been endued with the strongest passions that ever warmed the heart of woman.

And this is the lady to whom the sensible Everard was betrothed, and had on his return from the continent to woo! Well might the old father exclaim, "Is it a warm-hearted English girl who thus welcomes an old friend to his native land?" And no wonder that it should dwell on the old man's lips that his were better times for courtship than the present. Pride, the enemy of the good, the wise and the great, the subtle essence of all evil, when not properly curbed, was, however, equally strong in both, and stronger than love; so much so, that each took care not to manifest by word or deed the preference each felt for the other. So as people must reap as they sow, a very brief finale is brought about by a rupture between the lovers, and Ada's marriage to another—a certain Sir Francis Ellerton—only to know the extent of the error committed by each—on Lady Ellerton's death-bed.

Ada, it will be seen, reflects no great credit on Lady Granard's system of education, nor is the light, sparkling, sarcastic Elfine much better or wiser. There is, however, such a perpetual flow of spirits, so much wit and humour about the young lady, that we cannot but pardon her, her similar prominent faults of pride and disparagement of others, the more especially, as she holds by her lover, Charles Lennox, to the last, and although she very unfairly keeps him in abeyance for the length of three volumes, still even that is also to be pardoned, since it cures him of that insufferable puppyism and unmanly affectation of manners by which he is characterised in the earlier portions of this narrative.

This is a slight and delicate frame-work for a novel, yet with an episode relative to a young French wife, of Harolde, brother to the "Nieces," who is for a time unjustly repudiated; it is really the mainstay of three volumes of light and amusing reading, evidently the production of one of those facile, ever ready pens, which, in the hands of lady authoresses, evolve a novel with the same ease that they would do a love-letter of so many foolscap pages.

MR. EDWIN LEE'S NEW WORKS.*

Mr. Edwin Lee is well known as a voluminous and a successful writer on professional subjects; more especially upon such as lie as it were on the out-skirts of science, such as climate, bathing, mineral waters, hydropathy, homœopathy, animal magnetism, medical institutions, &c., &c. But he has likewise earned distinction in the treatment of subjects of a strictly professional character, as in his Jacksonian prize essay, on the comparative advantages of lithotomy and lithotrity.

The first on the list of Mr. Lee's works now before us, and the latest published, is adapted for home reading as a book of travels, as well as for an indicator to the continental visitor or valetudinarian, but it is in the latter point of view that it must rest its claims to permanent interest.

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* Continental Travel; with an Appendix on the Influence of Climate, the remedial Advantages of Travelling, &c. By Edwin Lee, Esq., Member of the principal European Medical Societies, &c.

The Baths and Watering-places of England, considered with reference to their Curative Efficacy; with Observations on Mineral Waters, Bathing, &c. By Edwin Lee, &c., &c. Second Edition, enlarged. W. J. Adams.

There are plenty of hand-books and guides for mere continental travel, but whether a valetudinarian or not, it appears to us that it must also be, with travellers or sojourners alike, a desideratum to know the comparative claims of different places in a sanitary point of view.

Mr. Lee leads the reader by Boulogne to Paris, thence down the Rhone to Marseilles, and by Montpellier to the Pyrenees. He appears, however, to have visited the latter at an unfavourable season of the year, and to have formed, therefore, an erroneous idea of the severity of the climate. He also perpetuates the error of confounding Cagots with Cretins. From France he proceeds by Nice to Genoa, and thence into Southern Italy, returning by the Simplon and Genoa. Thence into Tyrol, Bavaria, Austria, Bohemia, Saxony, the Rhine, &c., &c. The tour, indeed, comprises every thing worth seeing or recommending in Europe, and as the accuracy and soundness of the author's details can be depended upon, the work cannot but be one of very general utility.

The little book on the watering-places of England may be considered as a *complement* to that on continental sanatoriums, baths, and watering-places. The resources of our little island in that way are so far from being contemptible, that they probably comprise in one form or other, almost every thing that can be obtained from more fashionable because foreign, but not more efficacious sources. Mr. Lee's book is a capital little manual, containing in a small space all that the unprofessional reader can possibly wish to know of the sanitary resources of his own island, and the author possesses the invaluable art of being interesting at the same time that he is scientific. A second edition proves the popularity of this little book.

THE MORAL, SOCIAL, AND PROFESSIONAL DUTIES OF ATTORNIES AND SOLICITORS.*

The well-known author, Mr. Samuel Warren, having been induced by the Incorporated Law Society to deliver a course of lectures during last Trinity Term, on "The Moral, Social, and Professional Duties of Attornies and Solicitors," we are indebted to the recommendations of the same society for the publication of this highly valuable and interesting course of lectures in its present form. To say that the well-known eloquence and high-feeling of the author pre-eminently characterise a work of this sober and serious nature, would be but trite praise on our part. There is a mixture of firmness and delicacy in dealing with his subject that is truly admirable, and it would have been difficult to have imagined a work better calculated to uphold the station and character of the profession, and to stimulate and benefit its younger members. The author has, at the same time, imparted an interest to his work, beyond that which belongs to mere professional readers. It has been one of his leading objects to show both attornies and solicitors, and their clients, what are their reciprocal rights and duties; that both parties are bound to be honourable, liberal, reasonable, and conscientious, in their intercourse and dealings with each other. He has done this with taste and ability, and he has satisfactorily shown that the interest of the profession of Law (as that of all other professions) and of the public are identical.

* The Moral, Social, and Professional Duties of Attornies and Solicitors. By Samuel Warren, Esq., F.R.S., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. William Blackwood and Sons.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TICK;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD ETON BOY.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT, AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE COLONIES; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF AN EMIGRANT."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"MR. CASTLETON," she began . . .

"Mr.!" "Castleton!" exclaimed I. . . .

"Sir," she continued, "I have heard all; your congratulations of my marriage with Mr. McDragon, your love-making to another, your falsehood and your treachery! I have heard all! And now I understand why you concealed from me your romantic adventure—romantic adventure indeed! and your assiduous visits!—How kind it was of the attentive and compassionate Mr. Leander Castleton to travel ten miles—every day—and day after day—to wait upon the sick mamma! The sick MAMMA! Out upon such treachery."

"Lavinia," said I, "hear me . . ."

"Don't Lavinia me, sir; to you I am Lavinia no longer! There is an end for ever to all communication between us! My aunt was right—she knew you well—and I see now it was kindness in her to rescue me from the artifices of a villain! . . . . ."

"Lavinia—are you mad? . . . ."

"No—Mr. Castleton—I am not mad. I have suffered enough to make me mad—but thank Heaven, my senses are left to me—to perceive all the extent of your horrible baseness and treachery! . . . ."

"Baseness and treachery!" said I; "how?"

"How! Is it not baseness and treachery to make love to two women at the same time?"

"Certainly it is—that is if it is really making love—and not merely flirtation . . . . ."

"Flirtation! even flirtation is cruel! But did I not hear with my own ears what you just now said to . . . ."

"Granted; and it is what I am sure, you, on more mature reflection, will approve of."

"I approve of such wickedness!"

"Yes;—approve of it—when you know the reason."

"What reason can justify such conduct?"

"My devotion," I replied, "to you—which prompts me—in order to baffle the abominable designs of your aunt—to go all lengths...."

(Lavinia shook her head at this).

"... to go all lengths," I continued, "to succeed in our mutual resolve..."

"This is merely trifling, sir—and an insult to my understanding! Did I not hear the very words you spoke to her?"

"You did."

"And did I not see you take her hand?"

"You did."

"Good Heavens! Do you stand there to justify to me what you have done?"

"I do:—and for this purpose...."

"No purpose can justify it!"

"Yes: this purpose can. Who is Miss Navis? Is not Miss Navis the daughter of her mother?"

"What nonsense, sir, what then?"

"And is not her mother the friend of your aunt? Now, observe:—It was impossible for Miss Navis not to perceive my devotion to you even in the short time when she was present; indeed I am sure she did perceive it; and I observed also that she was puzzled how to reconcile the circumstance of your marriage with that fellow—that nephew of your aunt—with the admiration and devotion for you on my part which it was impossible for me to conceal....."

"But why should you make love to her?"

".... which it was impossible," I continued, without taking notice of Lavinia's interruption, "for me to conceal, and which I feared every moment—for women are so quick-sighted in these matters—she would see was permitted—and approved by you...."

"But why should you make love to her?"

"And in that case, was it not to be feared that if she discovered our secret, that she would tell her mother?..."

"But why should you make love to her?"

"And then when she told her mother, was it not to be expected that her mother would tell your aunt?..."

"But was that a reason why you should make love to her?"

"Is it possible that you do not see my object! If Miss Navis could be made to suppose—only temporarily—that I was paying my addresses to her, she would conclude that I was not plotting against your marriage with your aunt's nephew...."

Lavinia pondered on this and I went on:—

"So that, she and her mother might be made auxiliaries in our stratagem without their being aware of it; as it would be likely that the mother would let drop some hint to your aunt which would put her off the scent...."

Lavinia shook her head at this; but it was evident that this new view of the case had shaken her. She mused, and was embarrassed; willing to believe what she wished to be true, but still impressed with the fact of what she had seen and heard, and which had wounded, in the severest manner, her pride and her affections.

"If I could only believe you!" at last she said in a sort of despair.

"You cannot doubt my sincerity, dearest Lavinia," said I, "after all that has passed between us; and your own heart must tell you that it is to you alone that I am devoted for life and death."

"But, indeed," she said, "it is wrong for you to pretend to make love to any one without having serious intentions; . . . besides I don't like such plots and contrivances.—It would be better to throw ourselves on Miss Navis's kind feelings and generosity and tell her all."

But to this course I objected as too dangerous under the circumstances; and I endeavoured to persuade her to allow me to continue my feigned addresses to Miss Navis, assuring her it would lead to no ill consequences, as I had reason to believe she was engaged—and I had not the self-conceit to suppose that Miss Navis had any preference for me—or that her regard went beyond the feeling of gratitude which it was natural for her to entertain towards one who had happened to do her a signal service. But to this Machiavellian policy she was decidedly opposed as likely to lead to embarrassing consequences; besides, as she maintained, it was wrong in itself, and might lead to misunderstandings and mistakes on all parts; but she consented to keep our engagement and our designs concealed from her new friend; suggesting at the same time, that it would be prudent and proper for me to avoid Miss Navis's company, and especially not to be alone with her lest it might give rise to erroneous surmises, &c., &c., &c. To this I agreed; and our quarrel being now made up, which, according to that edifying rule of the Latin grammar which was early inculcated in me "*amantium iræ amoris integratio est*," increased my demonstrations of attachment, we proceeded earnestly to discuss the difficulties of our position in the most cordial manner.

Lavinia informed me that the object of the agitated note which she had despatched by the lad who helped in the garden, was to communicate to me the intention of her aunt, backed by the authority of her papa, to hurry on the marriage so as to give her no time to think or to determine what to do, or what step to take to counteract it; and that, in fact, it was fixed for the following Thursday—and as this was Saturday, there was no time to be lost if means could be found to break it off or to delay it even—and concluding with many tears which I kissed away, that "all that was left for her to do was to die!"

I declared that, she should not die, or that, if she did that I would die with her, which I was sure was a catastrophe that she did not wish for; but, that for my part, I thought it was much better to live—for, as I very wisely represented to her, people could always die when they had a mind to it, and therefore that it was always best to defer it to the last moment at any rate; but that after dying no one had ever been able to return to life that I had ever seen; therefore, I concluded, that it was better not to think of that alternative; and it was agreed, after a few mutual protestations, that we should live for each other. Having come to a proper understanding on both sides on this important point, I proceeded to explain to Lavinia how it was possible for her to baffle the vigilance of the "old cat," meaning her aunt, and to escape from the detested Peter—(that is to say unless she preferred my killing him on the spot, which I was quite ready to do, but on which she put her positive veto)—in the easiest way in the world, as it required nothing but four

quick post-horses and a few hours' start—and fathers, and mothers, and aunts, and rivals might be defied under the sanction of the law; that loop-hole having been expressly left open by modern chivalry for the relief of persecuted damsels and distressed lovers of all sorts; a convenience, which on the present occasion, I felt, could not be too highly commended.

Lavinia hesitated at this, at first, fearing to brave her terrible aunt in so daring a manner, and shrinking from giving pain to her father for whom she cherished strong filial affection; but dread of a hated marriage, and disgust of a sordid suitor who could not but be aware of her repugnance to him, and who persevered in a manner so indelicate and brutal in forcing her into an unwilling union with him, at last overcame her scruples; and she consented, as a last resolve, should it be necessary, to adopt the desperate expedient which I proposed to her as the only means of evading a dreadful doom.

"And now," said I, with transport, "we may defy all the machinations of your aunt; now I look upon you as mine."

"Oh! Leander," said Lavinia, "if she should chance to discover such a plot as this, she would kill me! she would indeed!"

"The old cat!" said I; "I think I see her putting up her back and spitting with rage when she finds that the bird is flown!"

"Oh! Leander! if she should find it out—I am sure I should die with fright!"

"The abominable old hag!" said I; "if she were to hurt a hair of your head, woman though she is, I should be tempted to throttle her on the spot!"

"You have no idea what she is," continued Lavinia, in manifest terror of her aunt's fury, "when she is really angry!"

"I don't doubt," said I, "that she must look frightful enough when she is in a passion—the ugly old witch!"

"Oh! Leander! If she was to know what you are saying! Gracious Heaven! what noise is that? Leander, I am sure there is some one on the other side of the hedge behind us! There is some one—coming round—It is—oh; merciful Heaven, it is her;" and as she uttered these words, Miss McDragon, furious as a she-buffalo goaded with the arrows of its enemies, to which my complimentary epithets might be fitly likened, sprung by a succession of unwieldly leaps to the place where Lavinia sat aghast, and even I was momentarily troubled at her terrible aspect.

Chapter XL.

A variety of similes here occurs to me, ancient and modern, descriptive of a Fury in the highest possible state of excitation:—Æschylus has done it very well—although the accounts which have been handed down to us of women falling into fits at his tragedies, I take it, may be attributed to a friendly critique of some forgotten editor of those days;—there is Euripides' Medea, a vixen who came out rather strong on more than one occasion:—and Virgil, decorous and subdued as he generally is in his refined descriptions, exhibits his Dido in a sufficiently rabid state; for when she is affronted—witness the "hircanæ tigres" passage, &c., the

lady speaks her mind pretty freely, and is right royal in her vituperation;—with other examples which will readily occur to the classical reader. But none of these come up to the mark; besides they have all been sadly hacked;—after all the metaphor of a mad cow in a hayfield with her tail, &c., hits the case better than any other that I can call to mind at the moment; besides it is forcible and striking—and popular which is a great point;—but even that, and indeed all the illustrative similes together that I have ever heard or read of fall short of the actual furor of the McDragon. The compliments which I had handed over to her as she stood behind the hedge listening to the concoction of my plot with her niece in defiance of her schemes and of her authority—sugar-plums—such as "old cat," "wicked hag," and "ugly old witch" which I had so enthusiastically showered on her, had roused her up to madness! She couldn't speak—at first; and positively I thought she would have burst before she could set her tongue a-going and give vent to her pent-up feelings.—Lavinia, at sight of her, tried to run away; but terror overcame her, and she fainted, or something like it, in my arms; a spectacle that increased, if possible, the rage of the rabid duenna!—When she did speak, it was not mere speech that came from her mouth; it was a shriek—or rather a succession of shrieks jostling in frantic struggles for articulation.

"Old cat!" she began;—"I'm an old cat am I? But you see the old cat can watch! Old cat! eh!"

"Keep off," said I; "you shall not hurt this dear girl . . . . ."

"Ugly old witch! am I! Here's the ugly old witch at your service! I'll old witch her when I get hold of her! I'll show her what an old witch can do! Old! Eh!"

"Keep off," said I, "or I shall do you a mischief."

"Old hag! I'm an old hag, too! a witch and a hag! and a cat! an old cat! and you thought you were deceiving the old cat cleverly, didn't you!—both of you!—But you shall learn, miss, that the old cat as you call her can put out her claws . . ."

"Don't attempt to put them out here," said I, "or by the heaven that is above us I will forget that you are a female—that is if you are a female—you must be a she-devil!"

"Oh, my God! a she devil too! And you will dare, you young puppy, will you, to raise your hand against me in my own grounds, into which you have stolen like a thief—yes like a thief and a pickpocket and a burglar . . ."

"Have a care," said I, "the pond is not far off . . ."

"The villain! he threatens to murder me because I would prevent him from robbing a respectable gentleman of his daughter! Yes villain! you shall be hanged for this! hanged by the neck—and I'll help to pull the rope! And as for you, you minx, I'll find out a way to break your spirit! Run off to Gretna Green will you? I'll run with you! And you, you coxcombical, proud, thieving and dirty beggar—you who can't pay your bills—the bill which my good nephew forgave you—that is—gave you time for—for of course he is not to lose his money—you are the hero are you who are to rescue that poor persecuted lamb there from the claws of the old cat! Take care they don't clutch you—you would find it easier to get in than to get out from them!"

"Old woman," said I, for exasperated as I was, I was determined to hit her on her tenderest point,—"OLD woman—it is impossible for me to express the scorn and contempt with which I regard you!—you wicked—old—woman!"

"Old woman indeed! Well—it's something to be a woman; just now I was a hag, and a witch—and a cat—but now it seems I am a woman . . . Old woman, forsooth; but I can do more than you can Mr. Jackanapes, for I *can* express the scorn and contempt with which I look upon you—you poor, sneaking, cheating, beggarly fellow,—pay your bills!"

The pond was handy, and I was sorely tempted—but I restrained myself;—and I trust that this act of self-denial and proof of self-control may stand to my credit in striking the general balance against me for the sins and follies that I have at other times committed. I must admit, that, Lavinia had considerable influence in preventing me from any aggressive proceeding; for as I still held her in my arms, to shield her from the threatening attacks of her aunt, my hands were not at liberty, so that we were necessarily confined to our tongues in which, as being more familiar with the use of the weapon, the lady had a decided advantage. Voices were now heard in the direction of the house as of many persons, and at this Lavinia, making a little effort, released herself from my arms, and at the same time approaching her lips to my ear she whispered to me "for God's sake" to retire, and that she would take care to write to me and inform me of all proceedings.

"Kissing him, I protest," exclaimed the aunt, as she now advanced with a determined air; "Oh the baggage! I'll give it her for this! And you too!"

"Yes," said I, "and I too," accompanying these words of defiance by an overt act by kissing Lavinia's cheek in a very decided manner, to show that our compact was signed and sealed, (even) in the presence of Miss McDragon; and as I finished this formal act of natural betrothment, Lavinia gently disengaging herself from my embrace, fled with a light step towards the house by a path different to that in which the tread of many feet was now heard closely approaching.

Miss McDragon was taken so unawares, and was so astounded at my last audacious proceeding, that she could neither interfere nor cry out, and as I had nothing further to say now that Lavinia was gone, I remained standing with a fierce air like a stag at bay, with Miss McDragon opposite, eying me like a wild cat as if seeking to discover the most vulnerable point on which to attack me.

In these attitudes of hostility respectively, the company broke suddenly upon us.

From the number and the variety of the company it might have been supposed that a public meeting had been called of all those whom I least desired to see, for the especial purpose of making disagreeable speeches on the embarrassment of my personal position. As they passed before me, they had the air of a platoon of auxiliaries in aid of the duenna; and each as he gave way to the other and moved round me in a circle fired a shot at me in his or her own way;

"Mr. Castleton!" said the father of Lavinia, who headed the party; "I did not expect to have the pleasure of seeing you here!"

"Mr. Leander Castleton!" exclaimed the lady who had his arm, and who was no other than the mother of Emily; "well—this is a pleasant surprise!"

"My young friend Castleton!" cried out a military-looking man, whom I instantly recognised as Major Touchwood: "by all that's jolly I am glad to see you; though I didn't expect it; we must have another bottle together.—'Captain Fireball—Mr. Castleton; Mr. Castleton—Captain Fireball':—Fireball my boy, this young fellow would make our regiment blush! By all that's jolly I do believe he could lay half the mess under the table."

"Sir," said Captain Fireball, making his salute, "I have heard of you already, and I am proud to make your acquaintance, although I didn't expect to have the pleasure of seeing you so soon."

"My dear Frederick," said Emily's mother from the other side of the ring, "this is Mr. Castleton of whom I was about to speak to you just now."

"Mr. Castleton," said a fine young fellow of five and twenty bearing a manly likeness to Emily, with sailorly frankness, "I am glad to shake hands with you: my mother has told me that she is under a great obligation to you! I don't know what it is, but that's all the same; I've not had time to hear the story, for it is not more than two or three hours that I have been in the house; we have come quite unexpectedly upon them—as you have it seems;—oh, you know Mr. Castleton, do you," he said to his sister who held his arm and who bowed to me as they passed on.

"We are acquainted with Mr. Castleton," replied Emily, "but I little expected to have the pleasure of seeing him here to-day."

"I must introduce you to my friend Mr. O'Sullivan," said the brother.

(This then thought I is *the* Mr. Sullivan of whom I have heard mysterious mention; but I was not aware that he had an "O" before his name—that "O" I don't know why, coming suddenly to my ear, sounded like the "click" of the cocking of a pistol.)

"Mr. Castleton," said the O'Sullivan, regarding me, as I thought with a doubtful expression, and glancing his eye at the middle button of my coat as if from a habit of taking aim at that convenient level, "I'm delighted to make acquaintance with a gentleman, although I didn't expect to make yours so soon and that's a fact—who has done a service to the sister of my friend here; but (still eyeing the button) we can talk that over another time."

"Mr. Castleton," said Mr. Peter McDragon, with a very pale face but with an excess of civility, "I am quite charmed to have the pleasure of seeing you—so unexpectedly too!—for we all thought you were from home."

"Unexpectedly!" chimed in Miss McDragon; "yes, quite unexpectedly! It seems that no one expected to see you, *Master* Leander, but of course the pleasure is the greater, *Master* Leander."

What made the she McDragon thus seemingly complaisant to me I could not understand, although it struck me at the time, that there must be some devilry in it; and the wicked old woman in calling me "Master" Leander, as if I was a mere boy, touched me on the tenderest point, and put me, for the moment, in some confusion; but quickly recovering my-

self I joined the moving party with all the good humour I could muster up, which was not much I must confess, particularly when I found myself side by side with the abominable Peter, with whom I was constrained to converse in as easy a manner as I could assume; and he replying to me in the politest and blandest tones, at the same time that we were mutually wishing each other at Old Nick; while Lieutenant O'Sullivan was taking measure of me, mentally, as I afterwards had reason to believe, and picturing my person to himself in the picturesque perspective of a distance of twelve paces.

The short interval, however, that intervened between my joining the party and their turning the bank by the side of the river in their progress of return towards the house, gave me time to reflect on my present awkward position, and to determine on what course to pursue. Making a rapid obeisance with suitable compliments to all the company, not forgetting Miss McDragon and saying something specially polite to Peter, I took advantage of the bank which screened me from view, and walked as fast as I could to the house, where I hoped to see Lavinia, and to take counsel with her for a few moments before my departure; but in this I was disappointed; for while I was seeking for her through the place, I heard the voices of her aunt and nephew both talking together and very much out of breath at the garden entrance. Giving up all hope, therefore, of seeing Lavinia again at that time, and trusting to her wit and my own to give me prompt intelligence of any immediate danger, I made the best of my way to my horse, which fortunately had not moved from the spot where I had fastened him, and rode home in rather a feverish state; and wondering how accident could have brought together at such a time so many persons likely to interfere with and to thwart me:—there was Emily's brother; that, I felt was awkward; and there was that Lieutenant O'Sullivan; I had a presentiment that his presence would prove more awkward than the brother's; and then there was Major Touchwood; the sight of him, though he was a very good fellow, excited disagreeable reminiscences; and, Captain Fireball—his name boded no good; and then—Peter—I was haunted with the idea that I was predestined to shoot that fellow. Altogether I was in a state of embarrassment and excitement that seemed to signify the approach of some important events. And those important events, thus dimly foreshadowed, came upon me more violently and more quickly than I expected.

Chapter XLI.

The tactics of the Machiavellian aunt quickly developed themselves. I received a letter the next morning from Lavinia by the agency of our trusty messenger the gardener's man, communicating to me the distressing intelligence that the marriage was to be pushed forward with all possible haste; that she had attempted some remonstrances with her papa, whom she had found inflexible; that he had declared that it was all caprice and nonsense; that she didn't know her own mind; that she had accepted Peter once, and that she, as well as himself, was bound in honour to fulfil the engagement; and that (as he more than once repeated), "as she had put her name to the bill she must take it up." Lavinia informed me,

also, that she was sure she was watched constantly by her aunt, who contrived to keep her continually in her sight; and moreover that the said aunt had established herself the night before (the letter was written on the Sunday morning) in a room adjoining and leading into her own, on the pretext that her niece was ill and flurried, and required her own affectionate attendance. This excessive attachment was rendered more annoying by the circumstance of her being obliged to pass through her aunt's chamber in going in and out of her own, there being no other mode of exit except through the window. The letter concluded with some warm expressions of attachment complimentary to myself, natural under the circumstances, but not necessary to be communicated to the public.

Matters had now nearly approached to a crisis; the marriage was fixed for Thursday, and this was Sunday; there was no time to be lost; that was clear. Lavinia was evidently enthralled, and her free-will was coerced by the hard inflexibility of her father, and the domineering tyranny of her aunt; and unless summarily rescued would fall a victim to her filial obedience and her terror. This rapid view of the imminency of her danger--and of my own—roused me. I was mad with vexation, with the apprehension of coming evil, and with excitement. I determined at once to urge her to an instant evasion of her enemies without delay—for *my* sake—to save *me* from the despair, &c.; a sort of instinct prompted me to insist that it was for my sake and not for her own, that she was to commit an act of the greatest indiscretion, and that it would be an act of generosity on her part to save me from the death which would be sure to overtake me if I lost her! Thus, without being experienced in such matters, assailing the female heart where it was most susceptible, by making it appear that she was to sacrifice herself for me, and by representing that which was the height of rashness as the triumph of self-devotion.—I was very young at the time, but all these specious arguments arose to my mind as naturally as if they had been innate ideas.

I immediately returned to my private room, and composed a brief but energetic exhortation, which I endeavoured, at the same time, to couch enigmatically, lest, in the state of surveillance to which Lavinia was subjected, the missive should fall into evil hands, and spoil the plot. It was in the following terms:

"If you do not wish to see me dead at your feet—listen to me. The obstacles which beset us are insurmountable, the enemy watchful, and the evil deed determined on by those who are inexorable. Have you love? Have you generosity? Have you courage? Need I ask these questions? Is not my happiness dear to you? Is not my life dear to you? Will you save them both? That is the question.—If I lose you I will die.—Decide then quickly and firmly:—will you have my life or my death? If then you have that love for me which you have confessed, prove it by your acts. In one word we must fly from your enemies and mine—together. You must contrive to elude the vigilance of your watchers, and be prepared for a journey—need I say whither?—as fast as post-horses can carry us this very day. At seven in the evening I will have every thing ready. I entreat you to throw aside all scruples and to think only of saving me from despair and death. Summon up all your courage, then, and meet me at the green bank at the end of the

garden at seven o'clock precisely. As strong as is the sincerity of my devotion to you, so is my trust that you will not fail in your resolution in this extremity, for your own happiness and for mine. Your ever devoted,

"LEANDER CASTLETON."

This morsel of eloquence being duly sealed, I hastened with it to our messenger who was in waiting at the gate where he had seen me the first time. I placed it in his hands, with an earnest admonition to be careful to deliver it to the young lady when no one was near her, the propriety of which he seemed to understand, and which he promised to execute faithfully; to add weight to my injunctions I accompanied them with a piece of gold to ensure his fidelity, and which he received with some surprise, and with undisguised satisfaction. I told him that I had not addressed the letter, which he would observe was blank, which he did, turning it over several times very curiously as if wondering what could be inside;—but, as I impressed on him, he was to give it to the same young lady to whom he had delivered a letter from me before; and I had reason to believe, that he understood this perfectly, as he said that he was aware that it was for "Miss' Livy." This satisfied me and I let him go; he did not indeed fly through the air like the feathered Mercury by reason that instead of having wings to his feet, he had on very heavy and thick-soled highlows, being indued also with gray worsted stockings, and with a nether garment of substantial leather, with a blue apron instead of a robe, and a red worsted nightcap on his head; and in his hand instead of a caduceus he maintained a pitchfork—a costume in which I do not remember to have seen the messenger of the gods ever represented; however, he served my purpose, and that was enough; and there was a carefulness with which he had enclosed my love-letter, in the petasus represented by his red worsted nightcap as the safest place of deposit, that augured favourably.

In the mean time I set about my preparations.

Fortunately I had received only the day before my quarter's allowance from my father, which I calculated would be sufficient for our journey to Gretna Green, although where that celebrated place exactly was, except that it was due north and near the confines of the habitable world, I had no very exact idea—but that I left to the postillions. I was well aware however, that the one thing indispensable was ready-money, it being exceedingly inconvenient to go on tick in such expeditions. I bethought me also, that a brace of pistols would be convenient, and would look business-like and add to the manliness of my appearance. To aid me in my preparations I called in the assistance of my friend the coachman, desiring him to order the chaise and horses for a secret purpose; he kicked a little at it at first, and objected the disapproval of "the governor" as he styled my worthy father; but I assured him that it was all right in that quarter; and then he suggested that it would be better to make use of the gig, which was less calculated to excite suspicion, and which I could leave at the next town where I could easily get post-horses to forward me on. I did not much like the notion of running away with a young lady in so vulgar a vehicle as a gig which destroyed all the romance of the flight, and was by no means the regular thing; but on reflec-

tion, I thought it best to sacrifice style to safety, and the gig was finally determined on.

Thus far all went on well; the gig, the carpet-bag and the pistols were ready; nothing was wanted but the young lady to perfect the arrangement; but before that prize could be secured some tedious hours must elapse. My father and mother, I ought to say, had left home to pass the day at a friend's house at some distance, and where I also was expected to follow on horseback in the course of the afternoon to join them at dinner. My father drove her over himself attended only by a groom on horseback; so that the coast was left clear for me at home, and the services of my ally the coachman were available on an emergency.—But as the longest days, as some one has very sagely remarked, must come to a close at last, so did this. I consulted my watch every moment, and compared it with the hall clock continually, and felt the full force of the observation "with whom does time halt withal?" when at last the stroke six-times repeated, every one of which made my heart vibrate in a strange manner, announced to me that the exciting moment for commencing the expedition had arrived. The gig was ready to a minute; my carpet-bag, dressing-case and pistol-case were stealthily stowed under the seat; no one knew where I was going; and with my fidus Achates—the coachman—by my side—I started.

"By George," said I, as the horse sprung forward without touch of whip at the rate of ten miles an hour, "I think we have got something between the shafts that can go the pace at any rate."

"Master Leander," said my philosophic friend laying his hand affectionately on my knee—not on my arm that would not have been coachmanlike—"Master Leander, don't be too confident:—a young man, Master Leander is like a young colt that thinks it can take any leap before it has tried;—but some look easy as is most difficult, for it's hard to know what's on the other side of the hedge; and as to this here spec of yourn to that there place—it's like taking a cross-road instead of the regular turnpike one—and when you begin on it, there's no saying where it may end; mayhap it may turn out well, and mayhap it may turn out ill . . . ."

"Mante kakōn," said I, laying the whip gently on the gig-horse, "do not mutter those evil prognostications;—has the horse been well fed?"

"I mixed a good handful of beans with his oats, and he has had a double feed besides," replied my friend with professional circumstantiality, "and you may reckon there's good go in him for forty miles on end if it should be wanted; but I wish, Master Leander, you would not use such hard words from your school learning. Now what you said seemed something about a cake but not of any English sort I fancy; and then that word 'prognostifications;' I think I know the meaning of it, but to my mind such long-tailed words are as onhandy as switch-tails to horses that are far better cut short and docked convenient to handle, &c., &c."

In such instructive and sprightly converse we quickly traversed the space that separated me from the point near Willow Lodge which I had pitched upon as a convenient halting-place; I would willingly dwell upon it longer for it is with a sort of reluctance that I proceed to relate the events which followed;—however I have made a compact with my readers and my task must be done.

Chapter XLII.

It was a lovely evening towards the close of the autumn; but the falling of the leaves and the early absence of the sun had given a sort of melancholy air to the face of nature that prompted the mind to sadness. Although enthusiastic and excited it was a sensation which I could not entirely shake off; and which was increased by the serious nature of the proceeding which I was engaged in; and which, young and inexperienced as I was, presented itself to me as a matter of tremendous importance—that is to say, it was not the taking to myself a wife that seemed to me a serious matter, but the running away with one; although to more seasoned adventurers it is the converse of this catastrophe that constitutes the worst part of the bargain.—But I must drag myself back to my story.—

It was already dark. Leaving the coachman to take care of the equipage, I made my way cautiously to the spot that I had appointed, and where I ardently hoped, but could not confidently trust, I should meet Lavinia. To my excessive joy—and never shall I forget the tumultuous emotions with which my heart bounded when I caught sight of a female dress—I beheld in the obscurity, a form which I thought was hers.—I sprung forward—and clasped her in my arms!

Oh thanks! a thousand thanks! I began to whisper for this generous confidence!—but as I spoke I perceived, that, a second time—such and so great was the spite of the Fates against me—I had taken possession of the wrong young lady! It was Emily and not Lavinia!—Before I could recover myself, she spoke:—

"Mr. Castleton," she began gravely, "nothing but the deep obligation which I feel I am under to you, could have induced me to give you the present meeting.—I have received your extraordinary letter . . ."

"In the name of heaven how did you get it?" said I eagerly.

"It was delivered to me by your messenger who is I believe an under-gardener here; he gave it to me, in a clandestine way which made me blush, as I was sitting alone by the window of the parlour which looks into the garden. Your messenger even seemed ashamed of his office for he did not so much as look at me; but thrusting the letter into my hand, retired instantly.—I read it; for how could I know what it contained? and when I had read it, I blushed Mr. Castleton for you and for myself."

"I don't wonder at it!" exclaimed I, unconsciously.

"If I had not known your handwriting I could not have believed that one for whom I cherished esteem could have hazarded the wounding of my feelings—so acutely—by a proposition so strange and so extravagant; but trembling—I confess it Mr. Castleton, and I hope the expression will not offend you—trembling lest by some rashness on your part the proposal contained in that letter should reach my brother's knowledge—I thought it best to trust no one—not even paper—with my reply, but to come myself and to say to you as I do now . . . ."

Whatever it was that the kind and considerate Emily had determined to say to me was interrupted at that instant, for as she pronounced the last words the rustling of a dress was heard, and in a few moments

Lavinia, who I could perceive, notwithstanding the dusk, was agitated and out of breath, hastily approached us !—

"Is Leander ?—is Mr. Castleton here?"—she exclaimed hurriedly : "Emily ! are you here! But there is no time for explanations. Oh ! Leander! fly! hasten and fly! I have overheard my aunt and that horrid man talking together! They have set a bailiff to arrest you, and as my aunt says, to take you to prison !"

"You have not received my last letter ?" said I, interrupting her, and hardly knowing what I said.

"I have received no letter!—but fly, dear Leander—fly: they will put you in prison—they will indeed—my aunt says so—and they will lock you up in a gaol behind bars! and oh ! I don't know what to think! but I shall go mad !"

"I will fly," said I, "but not without you ; I have everything ready, and I had written to tell you of it, but, by an unlucky mischance, it has fallen into other hands . . . ."

"That letter was not intended for me, then !" exclaimed Emily, in great astonishment.

"Oh no !" said I, "how could you suppose it! It was intended for another. . . ."

"What letter ?" exclaimed Lavinia, "what letter is this that you have been writing to Emily ?"

"It was a letter proposing an elopement," replied Emily, and . . ."

"Good heavens! Leander what is the meaning of this ? You never can have been proposing to elope with both of us at the same time !"

"Oh ! Lavinia," said I, "how can you utter such words !"

"Let me see the letter," said she, "who was it addressed to?"

"It had no address," said Emily, "but it was delivered to me, and I came to . . . ."

"And you came to run away with him ?"

"Oh heavens! what a supposition !"

"But why did you not give the letter to me for whom you must have been sure it was meant ?"

"Meant for you! for you who are engaged to be married to another man in a few days, and at which marriage I have been invited to attend as bridesmaid !"

"But why then did *you* come here ?"

"I came to tell him how deeply I was wounded by a proposal so extravagant and absurd ; besides I feared . . . ."

"But the letter ?" said Lavinia, "where is the letter ? Let me have the letter, that I may see what was said and who it was for :—there is some mystery here after all !"

"There is indeed," said Emily, "and it is one that I cannot at present fathom . . . ."

"But the letter," repeated Lavinia.

"The letter! what did I do with it! Oh! I remember—there was no light and I could not destroy it at the moment which I ought to have done ; yes, I put the letter in my bag, and my bag is left on my toilet table. I must run and secure it—if my brother were to see it, there would be mischief!—Mr. Castleton—I can say no more to you at present; I must run this instant and secure the letter."

"Stay," said I to Lavinia, who struggled to get away from me; "stay one moment, while I explain all."

"I cannot stay now—perhaps I will come again—if I can—that is after I have seen the letter; and . . . . surely I hear some one coming down the walk!—it is a man's step; but fly, oh! fly Leander and save yourself before it is too late; there is some one coming; let me go;" and disengaging herself from my hold, she fled after Emily in the dark; and in a few seconds afterwards I was conscious of the near approach of a third person, who with a firm tread, and as rapidly as the obscurity would permit, advanced towards me.

Chapter XLIII.

"I make no doubt," said a voice that was not familiar to me, "that I address Mr. Leander Castleton."

"That is my name," I replied briefly.

"And mine, Navis; lieutenant, of his majesty's ship *Hawk;* you may guess the object of my seeking this prompt interview."

"I leave you to explain," said I; although I had a presentiment of what was to come.

He resumed.—"I am the brother of the young lady to whom you addressed a letter to-day."

"Pardon me," said I; "the letter was not addressed to her."

"Pardon me again," said he; "I would not willingly suspect a gentleman of prevarication; but the letter was delivered to my sister by some man who works here in the garden; he was seen to deliver it by her mother, who saw her read it, and put it afterwards in her work-bag; it is not my mother's custom, sir, to spy into her daughter's letters, but accident caused her to read a few words which made it a duty for her to read the rest; and that letter was signed Leander Castleton."

"That is quite true, sir; but still the letter was not intended for your sister."

"I have no right to ask, sir, for whom, then, it was intended; but I have a right to observe that there was only one other young lady in the house at the time, and she, as you are doubtless aware in common with the rest of the world, is engaged to be married by her own choice, to a worthy city gentleman on Thursday next as I am informed; so that it could not well be intended for her: and I may, perhaps, venture to surmise that it was not intended for the only other lady unmarried—Miss McDragon."

"No," said I, "by George, that it certainly was not!"

"I could have ventured to form that opinion;—but such being the case, Mr. Castleton, I, as the brother of the young lady to whom the letter was delivered, and whose voice I heard in conversation with you before I came up, can come to only one conclusion."

"Lord love ye," exclaimed a new voice with a slight Irish accent, and which proceeded from a new-comer whose approach we had not perceived during our earnest conversation; "Lord love your hearts, don't come to any conclusion before I come; for just let me tell you that no conclusion that you can come to can be satisfactory to me unless I have a hand in it."

"O'Sullivan," said Emily's brother, "this is a matter belonging to me and not to you."

"It may belong to you, my dear fellow, as much as you please, but that doesn't prevent its belonging to me too. Don't think that I want to cross you, my dear boy; all that I claim is to have the pleasure of going out with Mr. Castleton, first."

"But, my dear fellow," observed the other, who seemed the most reasonable of the two, "perhaps we may accommodate matters without that. Mr. Castleton, perhaps, may be able to explain."

"Oh, never mind explanations," replied the other; "they are of no use in life in these matters, especially in this one; besides, there will be plenty of time to explain afterwards. Mr. Castleton—but it's so dark that I can hardly see—I presume I have the very great pleasure to speak to Mr. Castleton?"

"The same, sir," said I.

"Ah! then it's all right:—Mr. Castleton, your friend Major Touchwood has given you such a good character one way, that I don't doubt you are ready to act as a gentleman should do in another."

"What is your pleasure, sir?" said I.

"My pleasure, my dear fellow, is just to stand at twelve paces distance from each other, and try in a friendly way, which is to have the young lady."

"Which young lady?" I asked.

"Which young lady! By the powers, this beats all! As if there were two young ladies for him to choose from! Which young lady? Why the sister of my friend here, that you want to run away with. By all that's impudent, however, you're a brisk spark; it's to ask and to have it seems! Why I suppose you expected the young lady to go off as easy as a pistol with a hair trigger! But allow me to acquaint you, sir, that I claim to have a voice in that bargain. Do me the favour to name your friend at once that no time may be lost."

Now I may take it on myself to aver, that, I had not a particle of fear as to going out with my red-hot acquaintance; but, still, I did not like it; for the cause of quarrel was unsound, and there was a sort of ridicule in the matter the consequences of which I wished to avoid; besides I had no mind to be engaged in so serious an affair, which possibly might end fatally to one or both parties, in the present conjuncture of affairs with regard to Lavinia. I endeavoured, therefore, to enter into some explanations; and I began by assuring the fiery lieutenant that I had no intention of making a proposal of marriage to the young lady in question; but I had no sooner pronounced these words than he cut me short in a fury, declaring that to make such a declaration was to aggravate the insult a thousand-fold; "for what the devil," he said, "were my intentions if I wanted her to elope with me and not to marry her;" and as to any explanation that I endeavoured to make respecting the letter not having been intended for her, he would not listen to it, in which view of the case, indeed, he was supported by her brother, and the altercation soon increased to an extent which rendered a hostile meeting unavoidable, even had there been no other provocation to it than the mutual affronts which then passed between us.

While we were in the height of a dispute which was becoming so noisy

that nothing but the distance from the house prevented its being overheard by its inmates, another footstep was heard approaching, and we were presently joined by Major Touchwood and Captain Fireball, who had been dining at the Lodge that day, and who, prompted by the desire of sociality, were come to seek their missing companions. Their arrival was hailed by the O'Sullivan as most opportune, who declared, that, now, as seconds were provided, nothing more was wanted than pistols to settle the little affair there and then, as nothing was more disagreeable than to let a lively quarrel that was relishing while it was hot, get stale and cold before it was pleasantly concluded.

I was nettled with some observations of the Irish lieutenant, which he had inadvertently let drop, in his heat, for he studied all along to preserve the forms of politeness, about my seeming disinclination to smell gunpowder; and thus thrown off my guard by passion, I replied to his inquiry about pistols, that, "if they were wanted, I had a pair in my gig hard by which were at his service."

"On my honour and conscience," exclaimed the Irishman, "I believe that my new friend is of the right sort after all, seeing that he travels provided in so gentlemanlike a way with tools all so handy; and let me ask," he added, "are there lamps to the gig?"

"There are lamps," I replied, "ready for lighting."

"Then by the powers," he exclaimed joyously, "we can do it delightfully since there's light and all, and so let's lose no time but make all sail to the gig—since a gig it is—though we shall find it a very different sort of craft to a real ship's gig I'm thinking."

An explanation was now hastily entered into, so far as it could be called an explanation, with Major Touchwood as to the points in dispute. He, at first, tried, good-naturedly to reason with the Irishman; but quickly finding all reasoning useless in a matter where fighting was concerned, he gave it up; and seeing, as he good-naturedly said, that we should not be happy till we had had a shot at each other, he consented to act as my second; O'Sullivan claiming that kindly office on his part from Emily's brother; but the brother declared doggedly, that if any one had a right to call me to account, it was, unquestionably himself; and the dispute grew warm between them, as we proceeded to the spot led by myself, where I had left my gig in covert, as to who had the right to have the first shot at me in preference. The conciliating major seeing that it was not likely that the point of precedence could be settled amicably their own way, suggested that they should toss for it; and as that course seemed fair to all parties, it was forthwith carried into effect; Emily's brother representing heads, and the Irishman tails.

Chapter XLIV.

The group, to an artist, might have appeared interesting, as a life was thus heedlessly tossed for; but there was neither time nor opportunity for sketching or philosophising at that moment. The coin was spun into the air; remained suspended for an instant; and then fell noiselessly on the grass.

The Irishman lost; he swore a little against his ill-luck; and then

urging the major to lose no time, as he thought he heard, he said, the voices of a number of people advancing, he proceeded—to him a labour of love—to measure the ground, taking great care not to exceed the distance, as any irregularity of that sort, he observed, was apt to put people out. The gig lamps were then lighted, brought to the spot, and hung on the branches of trees at equal spaces so as to give the advantage of light to neither party; we were placed opposite to each other; the word was given; and we fired together.—

Now, without stopping to discuss the laws of duelling, and whether it is imperative or not for a party in that unhappy position to take aim, lest by showing his avoidance of it he exposes himself to the accusation of seeking to shirk a second shot in the case of his being missed by the first—I declare solemnly, that, I took no aim; that I levelled my weapon in the direction of my antagonist is true; but I looked neither at him nor at my own barrel; I felt that I was dragged into this duel unwillingly, and I acted as an automaton put in motion by others and not by its own will. Let me add, that I never before had fired at any thing of more consequence than a pheasant or a partridge; and I may say, that the experience which I then acquired, convinced me, that, to fire at a human being is a very different affair; and that the best and coolest shots may be thrown out of their calculation in such an encounter.—Besides, without canting, to see a pistol levelled at you deliberately and to speculate on receiving the contents is not pleasant—that's a fact.

Whether it was that the lieutenant felt the influence of this disturbing power or not, I could not tell; but I had reason to believe afterwards that he took no pains to hit me; but for himself the result, unhappily, was more disastrous. O'Sullivan had hardly begun to express his surprise that both had missed where the ground was so level and the light convenient, when the brother of Emily, after tottering for a few seconds as if trying to balance himself, fell heavily to the ground. I waited for a few moments, and then joined the others, who on seeing him fall, hastily ran to the spot. I was about to express my regret and sympathy, and to declare that nothing was further from my intention than such a catastrophe, when our attention was called to the sound of loud voices of people rapidly approaching us; and by the lights which those who were advancing carried we perceived that there were two females among the crowd.

In less time than it takes to narrate it Lavinia and Emily in concert sprung forward, both inquiring in tremulous accents if any one was hurt. Seeing me standing up and apparently unharmed, Lavinia rushed towards me, and overcome by mingled emotions, fainted. Emily looking hastily round and missing one whom she expected to see, cast her eyes on the wounded man on the ground, and quickly recognising her brother, shrieked and wept. The mother now advanced; she said nothing; but by mute gestures indicated her desire that her prostrate son should be borne to the house. Mr. Peter McDragon now showed himself, by no means pleased to see Lavinia lying in my arms, and with a visible discontent, to my eyes, at my being alive instead of the other; however the rascal had another card to play against me—but of that presently.

Major Touchwood now represented to me the prudence of my instantly withdrawing from the spot and of seeking some place of refuge; as the

news, he said, would be quickly spread abroad and I should certainly be arrested; and lying in prison, perhaps for some time, with the trial that would come on afterwards and perhaps a vulgar jury who might return a verdict of guilty—of murder, he assured me, I should find disagreeable—to say nothing of the sentence; all of which was, if possible, to be avoided. I could not but acquiesce in the propriety and friendliness of these representations; but Lavinia, who had now recovered sufficiently to be aware of what was going on, overhearing some remarks which fell from Mr. O'Sullivan touching the cause of quarrel, which as he protested, arose from my having made the most improper overtures to his friend's sister, disengaged herself suddenly from my arms, and without speaking, stood aloof, regarding the group which surrounded the victim of my supposed treachery, with painful interest.—I advanced towards her, but she turned away from me, not knowing what to think of O'Sullivan's declaration, and perplexed with the mystery which seemed to attach to my proceedings with her expectant bridesmaid; and certainly appearances were against me. I was at a loss to know how to proceed under circumstances so novel and overwhelming, and I stood sorrowful and irresolute; when the major, seeing my hesitation, renewed his advice to me to provide without loss of time for my safety; assuring me that my presence there was utterly useless, and that delay would only expose me to certain arrest without helping any one. Broken-hearted and utterly depressed, and no longer caring what became of me, I suffered him to lead me away, and we proceeded to the spot where I had left the gig which I found under the care of a stranger in top-boots, the zeal of my friend the coachman having incited him to mingle with the crowd in the hope of being of service to the unfortunate lieutenant.

My thoughts were too much pre-occupied to pay attention to my new attendant, and bidding adieu to Lavinia and the goodnatured major who did not cease to urge me to depart without delay, I jumped in, and the man in top-boots mounted up beside me.

The night was clear and I knew the road, so that I soon got over a good deal of ground, till I came to a point where two roads met; one of which, to the left, led to my father's house, and the other to the nearest town. I was about to turn down that which was most familiar to me, when my fellow-traveller represented to me in the most urgent terms the extreme danger of returning to my father's house which would be the very first place, he said, where the constables would go in search of me. I was surprised at the man's earnestness; but as I could not gainsay the prudence of his caution, I acceded to his counsel—the more readily as, really, at that moment, I did not seem to care which way I went.

We continued our way, therefore, to the town; but as we went along, it suddenly occurred to me, that Lavinia had warned me, that, there were bailiffs out to arrest me; and on examining my companion as well as the darkness would permit, it struck me that he certainly had a very suspicious look. And then I began to cogitate on his excessive politeness in thus accompanying me, to his own great personal inconvenience, on an indefinite journey. His anxiety to get me away from the family-mansion and into the town was, also, suspicious. With these thoughts I cast about for the means of getting rid of him, but I was conscious that it was necessary to proceed warily.

I pulled up as if I thought there was something the matter with the horse; and begged him, as a favour, just to get down and examine the shoe on the horse's near fore-leg; but he assured me that it was all right, and that there was no occasion for either of us to alight, in such a dogged manner, that I saw there was no getting him out of the gig that way. I then got out myself, and he instantly got out too, exhibiting the most obsequious attention towards my person. Seeing the necessity of bringing matters to a crisis, and preferring to meet the difficulty there rather than at the town which was at that point about two miles off, I politely but firmly communicated to him my wish that he would perform the rest of his journey on foot, for the reason, as I represented, that, as it was necessary for me to make all possible haste on my way, the addition of his weight, notwithstanding the extreme pleasure which I had in his company, was an incumbrance which it was highly expedient for me to get rid of. The man in top-boots, on his part, seeing that I smoked his object, and that it would be in vain for him to attempt to dissemble any longer, now threw off the mask, and announcing his name and title, said that I was his prisoner by virtue of a writ of arrest which he had in his pocket,—advising me at the same time to go along with him peaceably to avoid unpleasantness.

I replied to this by a sudden and vigorous blow between his eyes which I thought had stunned him, and I sprung round towards the body of the gig and tried to jump in; but the bailiff was not so easily settled; he was a practised bruiser, having done his utmost to perfect himself in the art of boxing as an accomplishment useful in his craft. Coming up to me he dealt me a side blow on my left side, under my arm, which made me feel, for the moment, very queer; but recovering myself quickly, and trusting to my youth and agility, I gave him a dreadful punch in the stomach which made him cough a bit; but he returned it before I could turn round by a prodigious thump on my chest; and now we got fairly engaged in a regular stand-up fight; the bailiff having the advantage of experience and weight; and I of quickness and agility. I have a notion that my eyes were better than his in the dark, which had been so frequently fomented with hot brandy-and-water that they had become somewhat bleared and dim. However it was, it soon became evident that I had the best of the fight, for I gave him half a dozen blows to one from him. It was hard I thought, to be obliged thus to fight with my fists in the night with a bailiff; but then it was for liberty; and somehow it seemed to me that it was more humiliating to be grabbed by a bailiff for a debt, than to be arrested by a constable for a murder. And, as I say, I fought for liberty; and that thought inspired me with fresh vigour, and I dealt thump after thump on the bailiff so unremittingly, that at last, by a fortunate blow just under the left ear, I knocked him over, and he tumbled down on the hard road. Without waiting to learn the result of my last blow, I jumped into the gig, laid the whip on the horse, who all the while had behaved in the most gentlemanlike manner by standing quite still till I had finished the bailiff; and now having rested a bit and recovered his wind, he took me along at a pace that soon left my enemy far behind.

I drove through the town without stopping, and kept on without pulling up for about thirty miles further, directing my course, by a sort

of instinct towards the coast. At the end of that distance my good horse showed symptoms of distress, as I reached a certain town about thirty-five miles from the sea. To my great joy the mail was on the point of starting to the very place that I wanted to reach. Leaving my horse at the inn, to remain till called for, and giving a feigned name to the landlord, I transferred my baggage to the coach, and in due course arrived at its place of destination. As if Fortune who had lately so persecuted me, was now determined to favour me, the packet was about to sail at break of day, and in a few hours I was landed in France. On my passage I had time to make many and serious reflections. I marvelled at the contrariety of Fortune; and of the concatenation of events which had caused me instead of effecting an elopement to Gretna Green, to fly for my life, or my liberty at least, to a foreign country with the pangs of conscience too assailing me for having, undesignedly though it was, been the cause of the death, in cold blood, of a fellow-creature. Much too did I think of Lavinia, mixed with thoughts also of Emily; and bitterly did I deplore my hard fate; and then I cursed the bill which I had put my name to, and which I accused as the cause of all my misfortunes by prejudicing the father of Lavinia against me, and forcing me to endeavour to secure by indirect means a success which that unlucky and confounded instance of Tick had prevented me from obtaining by straightforward courses. But these reflections could not change the facts, and I felt very miserable and lonely.—The only part of recent events that I could look back on with satisfaction was the having licked the bailiff—

"But at least," said I to myself, "there is an end, for the present at least, to my immediate difficulties;"—but I was mistaken; instead of the end it was only the beginning.

As the further adventures, however, in which I was now to be involved, have a distinct character from those which preceded them, I shall close, at this place, the first part of these Memoirs. They have been unavoidably desultory as their title from the first imported; but in closing them I cannot but marvel at the pertinacity with which the Demon of Tick which has ever pursued me, still follows me to the last; for what am I now doing? I am obliged to go on Tick; still Tick; Tick everlasting; to go on Tick, I say, with my readers for the remainder of these reminiscences, for which I can only entreat their usual indulgence; leaving in their hands my promise, as a note of hand, to pay the debt which I have incurred with them at the earliest possible time, and hoping that the account will be settled eventually to their perfect satisfaction.

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

THE acts of violence committed in Vienna, which compelled the emperor for a second time to quit his capital on the 6th of October last, left no hopes of legal order being restored, except by force of arms. The chiefs of the insurrectionary party had, subsequently to the retreat of the emperor, only succeeded in retaining the authority which they had forcibly assumed, by an act of horror which has few parallels in history. They commanded the city through multitudes excited to the most frantic passions or in a state of wildest intoxication, while the remainder were paralyzed by fear. They were establishing treasonable connections with revolted Hungary, and sending emissaries to all the provinces of the empire, even where perfect order prevailed, and they were everywhere attempting to plant the standard of rebellion under the pretext of guarding endangered liberty.

In the manifesto of Ferdinand, published at Olmütz on the 16th of October, the emperor announced that he was compelled, with bleeding heart to meet the rebellion which then so shamelessly reared its head in his residentiary city, to oppose it by force of arms, and to combat it till it should be completely quelled, and the murderers of his faithful servants Counts Lamberg and Latour punished. From this moment insurrection at Vienna and Pesth received its doom; happy if such an attitude had been assumed at an earlier period in the history of the rebellion in Austria, and happy for the prospects of general civilisation and the safety and security of lives and property, if such an example should be successfully followed in Prussia and throughout all Germany.

Field-Marshal Prince Windischgratz, who had so distinguished himself in the Revolt of Prague, was accordingly appointed to the command of the army sent against the capital, and the troops thus placed under his command comprised the Bohemian corps of 20,000 men; the Moravian of 12,000, and the army of Poland 12,000 strong; added to these was the Contingent under General Auersperg, consisting of 20,000 men, and the Slavonian army, withdrawn from its unsupported and consequently insufficient operations against the Magyars, to co-operate with the army of Vienna and which army amounted to about 62,000 men, of all arms under the command of the Ban Jellachich. The armies thus united from divers parts of the empire to assist at the reduction of the capital could not have amounted to a force of less than 120,000 men.

The commander-in-chief upon bringing up his army, established the centre of his operations at Hetzendorf in the rear of the palace of Schönbrunn, by which his extreme right was connected with the Slavonian army, while his left extended by the high country west of Vienna to the Danube, the left bank of which river was occupied by the Imperial troops from the flying bridge established at the outpost of Floresdorf, to the Island of Lobau, where it came into contact with the Slavonian army, and thus completely enveloped the city and suburbs.

The Slavonian army had seen hard service during the first fortnight in October. Many even of the officers had not taken off their uniforms

nor seen a bed, and their horses had scarcely been unsaddled for a few hours for days together. It had been intended by the sturdy Ban to have given battle to the Hungarians approaching under Kossuth and Messaros, between Raab and Presburg, but when information was received of the insurrection at Vienna, which had once more driven the emperor from his home, the troops at once set off, under the Ban's personal command, to the relief of the imperial dynasty. The advanced guard of the Slavonian army, being without baggage, travelled with such rapidity as to arrive at Kaiser Ebersdorf in three days from the time of receiving the news; this was on the 10th of October. The Ban finding, however, that the capital was completely in the hands of the rebels, withdrew on the 11th in the direction of Modling, and established his head-quarters at Inzersdorf, near Laxenburg, where he waited for the expected reinforcements. These came on rapidly, Bohemian cavalry and infantry, and troops from Upper Austria and Galicia under Count Auersperg, and the Gallician contingent under Count Schlick, joined their forces to those of the Slavonians within a few days; and the junction thus effected with the Austrian army enabled the line to extend itself to the island of Lobau on the Danube, an island celebrated in the history of Napoleon's campaigns, and thus to invest Vienna along the whole extent of its eastern and north-eastern aspects, and at the same time to interpose between the capital and any relief that might be expected from the side of Hungary.

The Viennese did not, however, lose all hope nor confidence. The state of excitement within the town was great, and only exceeded by the excesses that intoxication and insubordination were effecting in the name of liberty; every lover of law and order, and even strangers, being compelled at the risk of their lives to fight in the ranks of rebellion and discord. The imperial palace and other public buildings of the ancient and noble capital of Austria were, it was reported, filled with gunpowder and destined to be blown up the moment a hostile gun was fired against the city. Two imperial generals in the hands of the rebels were threatened with death in case of bombardment of the city. The Committee of Public Safety not being deemed to be sufficiently energetic Dr. Schütte convoked another assembly for the 23rd inst., for the purpose of constituting a committee that would act with more resolution. The main hope of the Viennese, however, lay in the succour of the Hungarians. Ever since the outbreak of the 6th, which had been mainly brought about by agents of Kossuth, they had placed their dependence on the co-operation of the Magyars. On the evening of the 20th a proclamation from the Hungarian camp was posted in the streets of Vienna, which is characterised by the boastful language, and we regret so to express it, the false and perverted statements in which the Magyars have so largely indulged ever since the commencement of the insurrection.

The Hungarian nation has been united for centuries to the people of Austria by the most intimate bonds. The constitutional liberty conquered in the days of March by the people of the monarchy, and sanctioned by the monarch, has more firmly consolidated these bonds. It is our common duty to defend our constitutional and legal liberty. The Hungarian army hereby declares that it has come to succour its Austrian brethren, and that it will pursue with its whole power the Croatian army, which has been chased from Hungary,

and which is at this moment ravaging the plains of Austria. We are persuaded that in chasing from Austria the hostile army of Jellachich, and re-establishing the interrupted communication with the city of Vienna, we shall render the greatest service to the liberty of the people as well as to the dynasty and to the whole monarchy. The Hungarian army is ready to live and die for the interest of all. Men of Vienna, have confidence in us, God will never abandon our just cause.

This characteristic document was signed by Dionys Pazmandi, President of the Hungarian National Assembly; Moga, commander of the Hungarian army; and three Commissaries Plenipotentiary.

The Hungarians actually crossed the frontiers at two points during the siege of Vienna, but without advantage to the besieged. Six steamers, it is said, were employed to bring a detachment of the Magyar belligerents up the Danube, but the foremost having been received with a brisk fire, the rest deemed it advisable to turn back again. According to some reports, the steamer that was fired upon was sunk. When the siege had attained its height the Hungarian force encamped beyond the Leitha, advanced into the Austrian territory from 15,000 to 20,000 strong, and, as will be afterwards seen, were attacked in the neighbourhood of Schwechat and Kaiser Ebersdorf by detachments from the left wing of Windischgratz's, and the right of Jellachich's army. The route of the Hungarians was complete; the artillery of the Imperial army entailed great losses, and they were thrown back, according to some, upon Brück, according to others, they were *driven into the Danube!* It was also reported that soon after the commencement of the battle of Schwechat, a great part of the Hungarian troops went over to the Austrian army, and among others the regiment Lichtenstein.

The city being, however, effectively invested, Prince Windischgratz made known to the committee the conditions under which the appeal to the force of arms might be avoided, and which were the possession of the capital, the complete disarmament of those who had taken arms since the 6th of October, the dispersion of the academical legion, the closing of the university, and the extradition of Count Latour's murderers. These conditions meeting with only a categorical answer on the part of the committee, the Imperial commander-in-chief gave notice that if the committee did not surrender by the evening of the 24th, he would bombard the city on the next day.

In the sitting of the Diet on the afternoon of the 22nd, a resolution was passed which declared the proclamation of the state of siege and of martial law as illegal. In reply to this protest of the Diet, Prince Windischgratz stated that his full powers did not extend to a negotiation with the Diet, which he recognised only as a constituent assembly. The only legal authority which he recognised in Vienna was the municipal council, which, he said, was subordinate to him. The commander-in-chief persisted at the same time in granting only to the 24th (that was forty-eight hours from the time of answering the protest) for submission, and that there might be no mistake upon that point, issued a second proclamation, dated head-quarters, Hetzendorf, Oct. 23, 1848 :—

In pursuance of the state of siege and martial law for the city of Vienna, the suburbs and the immediate environs, announced in my first proclamation of the 20th of this month, the following conditions are subjoined by me :—

"1. The city of Vienna, its suburbs, and immediate environs, have, forty-eight hours after the receipt of this proclamation to declare their submission, and either by legions or companies, to deliver up their arms at an appointed place to a commission; to disarm all individuals who are not in the ranks of the National Guards, including those arms which are private property.

"2. All armed bodies and the Academical Legion are dissolved; the Aula closed; the leaders of the Academical Legion and twelve students to be given up as hostages.

"3. Several individuals yet to be named by me are to be given up.

"4. During the duration of the state of siege all journals and newspapers are suspended, with the exception of the *Wiener Zeitung*, which is to confine itself solely to official communications.

"5. All foreigners in the capital are to be prepared with legal documents as to the cause of their residence. Those who have no passports are immediately to leave the city.

"6. All clubs are suspended and closed during the state of siege."

Every person who resists the above measures either himself or by exciting others; or who is proved guilty of disturbances, or participation in the same, or who shall be seized with weapons in his hands, shall be subject to martial law.

For the fulfilment of these conditions the term of forty-eight hours is granted after the publication of this proclamation. In the contrary case I shall be forced to adopt the most energetic measures in order to compel the city to obedience.

Prince WINDISCHGRATZ, Field-Marshal.

From the moment that the investment of the city had been perfected, which was by Saturday, October 21, Prince Windischgratz had also commenced cutting off the supplies and interrupting all communications. The Viennese were also on their part making preparations for defence, and the right bank of the Danube and the suburbs were garrisoned by 35,000 men, among whom were many strangers, who had been forced to serve.

The term thus given to the Viennese did not expire till noon of the 24th; but as early as seven in the morning of that day, the engagement commenced by the battery at the Tabor bridge firing a volley of grape-shot, by which several Austrian officers were killed or wounded. A detachment of the Imperial artillery was forthwith ordered to return the fire of the insurgents; and the officer who commanded it advanced to reconnoitre the enemy's position, when both he and his horse were felled by grape-shot from the same battery, which stood under cover of a barricade, at the opposite extremity of the bridge. The Imperialists proceeded, accordingly, to cover their position by a similar barricade, and then they returned the fire of the insurgents slowly, but with great precision, so much so that almost every one of their shots told among the rebels. During this cannonade, which lasted, with short intermissions, from eight o'clock in the morning till three in the afternoon, the insurgents are stated to have wasted much powder and shot by firing over the village in the direction of the Floresdorf Railway Station, from whence the troops had been moved during the night to the Nussdorf lines and to the isle of Lobau. By three o'clock in the evening, the barricade being blown to pieces about the ears of the insurrectionists, the latter made a precipitate retreat to the suburbs, leaving the Imperial troops in undisturbed possession of the

Tabor bridge. This first success of the Imperial troops led the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to send a flag of truce, and the whole of the Imperial forces in and around Floresdorf crossed the Danube shortly afterwards, and proceeded at once to open fire upon the barricades at the entrance of the suburb of the Aue.

A slight and irregular cannonading was carried on the same day from the lines at Nussdorf and Lobau, and, as darkness came on, the sky was reddened with the flames of fires, kindled by the guns of the Imperialists, and of houses and public buildings devastated and fired by the insurrectionists. The conflagration thus brought about, lasted till past midnight, and heavy pieces of ordnance were every now and then discharged in the direction of the fires. During the skirmishes upon this occasion, the Imperial troops succeeded in capturing a gun, to which were attached four cream-coloured horses belonging to the Emperor Ferdinand, which the insurgents had pressed into the service of their artillery.

Next morning (the 25th) guns were heard booming in all directions soon after nine o'clock, and Prince Windischgratz, certain of the results of the coming struggle, had the bridges destroyed which kept up the communication between the two banks of the river at Floresdorf, in order to prevent the insurgents making their escape, in case of a general assault.

From this date desultory attacks continued to be made upon the Imperial troops by the insurrectionists, and a good deal of skirmishing took place on the Breitensee and the suburb of Lerchenfeld. In consequence of the continual repetition of these attacks, a portion of the Moravian army was ordered to advance upon the insurrectionists, who were intrenched in the Schmelzer church-yard, and the place was carried by the fusileers, under cover of a brisk fire of grape and canister. On the Nussdorf side the insurrectionists were thrown back, and all the neighbouring places, as well as Funfhausen and Sechhausen were occupied. The Ban had also gradually advanced on his side, and his troops occupied the Lusthaus in the Prater, and the powder magazine.

Deputations were in the mean time continually coming from the city to Prince Windischgratz. In consequence of one of them, which was headed by the deputy Pillersdorf, the prince issued the following proclamation :—

Proposals have been made to me to come to an amicable mediation with the city, and to enter Vienna with my troops, in order myself to bring into operation the conditions prescribed by me.

I appeal to the sense of justice doubtlessly prevailing with a large portion of the inhabitants of Vienna, and I ask them whether it be possible, after all that has passed—after my troops, without giving any provocation, were fired upon at their very first appearance,—whether, I say, it be possible for me to enter Vienna with them—to enter that city which, according to the assertion of all, swarms with armed and evil-minded men, before these men be disarmed, without immediately causing a bloody engagement in the streets? I ask whether those who offer me peace, who call upon me unhesitatingly to enter Vienna, even if they are sincere with me—whether, I say, they would be able to command moderation and order in those who have for weeks, with arms in their hands, terrorized the city?

It is my duty to inform the well-disposed portion of the inhabitants of Vienna of what has taken place since the short time of my appearance here, and previous to it, as I am convinced that those events have been most grossly

misrepresented. For several days continued attacks have been made upon my troops, who are under orders to answer them only in case of the most urgent need, which has in fact already occurred in several places. The party which demands from his majesty an amnesty for the authors of that unexampled deed of crime perpetrated on the Minister of War, Count Latour, and even on his corpse—which, moreover, demands the withdrawal of the troops so shamefully attacked—which made a proposition for the banishment of several members of the Imperial house, and even lately protested against the full powers confided to me by his majesty the Emperor, and declared my mission altogether illegal—this party sends messengers of peace for the purpose of inducing me to enter the city with all my troops without any guarantee!

Far from me be the thought of employing unnecessary compulsory measures; my heart is filled with grief that I am compelled to act hostilely against the capital of the monarchy; but I again ask the right-minded inhabitants of that city, is mediation possible in the form proposed to me, and under such auspices?

PRINCE WINDISCHGRATZ.

Head-quarters, Hetzdorff, Oct. 25.

Notwithstanding the difficulties encountered in negotiating, and the little faith observed in temporary truces by the insurrectionists, the commander-in-chief gave orders that the firing should be everywhere suspended wherever it was not unavoidably called for aggressions on the part of the insurrectionists. He had also indicated the individuals to be given up to him, viz., General Bem, Pullsky (the Hungarian secretary of state), and Schütte, and he had twice extended the term for deliberation; the last term expiring on the evening of the 27th. The prince also notified to the municipal council that he should consider it responsible for all the damage which might be sustained by the city from his being obliged to have recourse to compulsory measures.

At length no satisfactory answer having been obtained, a general attack was ordered to take place on the morning of the 28th. The insurrectionists defended their outposts with great bravery. The battalion Schönhals, which had to storm the grand barricade at the entrance of the Jagerzeil, and which was defended by twelve pieces of artillery, was almost completely destroyed. The barricade was subsequently taken by the chasseurs and grenadiers. Jellachich's chasseurs were reported to have taken thirty barricades in the Landstrasse within three hours, and the regiment of Nassau (some companies of which had shown mutinous dispositions on the 6th of October) is said to have greatly distinguished itself. The fighting was, however, chiefly confined to the south and east suburbs of the city; on the west the batteries were only heard by fits and starts. Early in the afternoon the Ban's troops had completely taken the suburbs Landstrasse and Erdberg, and had occupied a position near the Frauzensbrucke and Meiergasse, at the entrance of the Leopoldstadt, which was commanded by his batteries. In these suburbs, when the insurrectionists were defeated, the victors were received with acclamations by the householders, and flowers were thrown to them by the ladies.

The Gloggnitz railway terminus was defended with great energy, but was also taken the same day, as well as the outer lines of the south and east side and the suburb Wieden, where great resistance had been met with. At dusk, four different parts of the suburbs were observed to be on fire; these were at a large manufactory near the Gloggnitz railway station, and in the suburbs Landstrasse and Wieden, where thirty or forty

houses were burnt down. At 11 o'clock at night nothing was decided beyond the victorious advance of the Slavonians. The inhabitants of the city itself were said to have raised white flags of truce as early as the previous evening, which, however, were torn down by the operatives. Messenhauser, the commander of the national guard, had proclaimed martial law, and threatened with capital punishment all those who should shut their houses. On the other hand, Prince Windischgratz had threatened with the same fate all those who should not shut their doors and windows. The deputies sent into the camp thought fit not to communicate this proclamation to the city. Only a few shells were thrown into the city during the engagement of the 28th, and these were chiefly directed against the university, as a means of inspiring terror. It was remarked that no students were to be seen in the fight, and it was therefore supposed that they had laid aside the distinguishing parts of their dress, in order that they might not be recognised.

During the ensuing night, the Belvedere, the Schwarzenbergische Garten, the whole of the Leopold-vorstadt were occupied by the Imperial troops, the officers declaring that they had been so occupied in order to spare them in case a bombardment should become necessary, and in order to be enabled to assign a place of refuge to those citizens who would not take part with the insurrectionists.

On the 29th, at mid-day, the Imperial troops had gained the glacis—that great space which intervenes between the old city and the suburbs, and whose prodigious breadth, converted into public walks, is the great peculiarity of Vienna, and distinguishes it from all the other cities of Europe. In this dilemma the Communal Council of Vienna sent a deputation to Prince Windischgratz to inquire if he would desist from his resolution of putting the city in a state of siege after its capitulation. The prince refused to comply with the proposal, and demanded unconditional submission. He nevertheless promised that he would not fire any more on the city throughout the whole of that day, in order that the inhabitants might have time for reflection. Notwithstanding this, the Viennese opened their fire in several quarters, but their demonstration soon ceased.

In the evening the Communal Council assembled, in consequence of the prince's reply, and called to its deliberations the commander-in-chief, and all the other officers of the National Guard, in order to deliberate whether the city could be any longer defended, and whether it would be advisable to continue the resistance. M. Messenhauser declared that he was quite ready to continue the defence, if the Communal Council should command him to do so; but that the position of the Imperial troops was such as to give the city no possible chance of an effectual resistance.

The council then proceeded to vote, and the resolution to submit immediately was carried by a majority of two-thirds of the votes. A deputation accordingly repaired to the prince to inform him of their unconditional submission, and the following proclamation was immediately posted about the streets.

"Citizens!—The Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard has communicated to the Communal Council the intelligence that the National Guard and the Guard Mobile, as well as the Academic Legion, have resolved to throw down their arms and submit to the conditions imposed by Prince Windischgrätz. A deputation, composed of the members of the Communal Council

and of the National Guard, has repaired to the prince for the purpose of making this communication to him.

"The Communal Council of the City of Vienna."

"Vienna, October 29, 1848.

What a night must that of the 29th have been to the pleasure-loving Viennese? Their long favoured promenade converted into a camp, the gardens in which they had been accustomed to listen to their well-conducted orchestras, dotted with batteries that frowned open-mouthed upon their own domiciles, the darkness only relieved by the watch-fires of the Croats, the silence only interrupted by the pass-word of an enemy's sentinel, the heavy step of the patrole, the occasional discharge of a fire-lock, or the booming of a gun. But there were probably few to look on or to listen. Within the city, all was anarchy and disorder. The insurrectionists would not give up their arms to the Communal Council, yet conscious of their inability to oppose the imperial troops, wished to use them at the last moment for the purposes of robbery, plunder, and devastation. If we are to believe most reports, the students were no less ready to avail themselves of the few last moments of power that remained to them to commit the most fearful and criminal excesses. But the details of the sad occurrences which characterised this extraordinary siege, have not yet come to light, and will constitute a history that yet remains to be read with a painful interest, but one, it is to be hoped, that will convey a lasting lesson to the orderly citizens of metropolitan towns not to be carried away either by the fantastic theories of a parcel of mad-cap, unreflecting young men, and still less the designing and Satanic councils of a knot of arch-demagogues.

On the morning of the 30th Prince Windischgratz offered the insurgents the following terms:—

1. A large Austrian flag shall be raised on the tower of St. Stephen, and white flags are to be raised at the city gates as a sign of pacific submission.
2. The General of Artillery, Baron Reisey, and all the other prisoners, are to be conducted to Hetzendorf with all the honours.
3. All the cannon in the possession of the insurgents is to be transported to the artillery barracks of the Palace of Schönbrunn. All the other arms are to be deposited in the arsenal.
4. All the money in the possession of the National Guards and of the armed corps is to be handed over without delay to the Municipal Council.
5. Those of the National Guards whom the Municipal Council shall propose as guards over the public buildings are to remain armed.
6. All these stipulations are to be carried into effect before eight o'clock on the afternoon of the 30th, otherwise the military operations shall be resumed.

The same morning an attempt to relieve the city was made by an Hungarian force, which advanced as far as Schwechat. It is said upon doubtful authority that Kossuth was with this force, and that General Moga, in consequence of a dispute with the minister, did not command. Prince Windischgratz sent a body of Austrian and Slavonian troops against them, and although we are not yet in possession of full details of this engagement, it is certain from the despatches of Prince Windischgratz, that the Hungarians were defeated with great slaughter.

The following proclamation of Messenhauser leaves little doubt as to

the manner in which the capitulation would have been kept by the city if the Hungarians had been successful :—

"*From the Spire of St. Stephen's.*

"The battle appears to be drawing towards Oberlin and Ingersdorf. The fog prevents me from having a clear view. Hitherto the Hungarians appear to be advancing victoriously. In case a defeated army shall approach the walls of the city, it will be the duty of all armed bodies to assemble under arms, even without command.

"MESSENHAUSER, Provisional Commandant.

"Vienna, Oct. 30, quarter to 1 p.m."

On the morning of the 31st, delegates of the Municipal Council appeared before Prince Windischgratz, with the declaration that the greater portion of the citizens were well inclined to accept all the conditions imposed by the commander-in-chief; but at the same time declaring, that they were far too weak to resist the power of the Polish democratical club, that of the students' committee, and that of their tools —the armed insurrectionists, who together exercised actual terrorism. They added, that they were not only unable to render their own wishes in the slightest degree effective, but, that they were obliged to implore the field-marshal's protection for their persons and their property, as the insurgent horde intended to bury themselves under the ruins and the conflagration of the city.

Under these circumstances, Prince Windischgratz ordered the immediate advance of the main body of the army through the suburbs to the glacis. White flags had been hoisted, according to the conditions, on all the bastions. But as the troops defiled into the glacis and approached the gates of the city, the insurrectionists, who could not be kept back by the better disposed, opened a brisk fire upon the Imperial troops. This treacherous act was answered by a discharge of shells and rockets, and the bombardment of the city was now unsparingly inflicted.

The main resistance was made at the Burg-thor, which had been strongly barricaded. The Imperial troops concentrated their force on this point, and after several volleys had been fired, and three several attacks, the barricade was carried at the point of the bayonet, and eight guns were captured. After this first and great success, the Imperial troops forced the gates both of the Burg-thor and the Kartner-thor, carried the palace by assault, and occupied the Kartner-Strasse and the square of St. Stephen—the very heart of the city.* At six o'clock the bombardment had ceased, but the Imperial library and museum, the church of the Augustins, and part of the Burg were on fire. It was with difficulty that the troops saved these buildings, and especially the valuable library and museum, from total destruction. The fire in the Imperial

* In allusion to the part which the Ban took in this affair, a correspondent to the *Times* writes, "On that dreadful night of the 31st of October, I saw the glorious fellow, a young and magnificent-looking man, by the blaze of the burning houses and the flashing of 200 cannon, lead his wild Croats and Servians to the storm, his tall, white plume shining like Henri Quartres, at Ivry, as the pole-star of the whole army. All agree that he is one of those remarkable men who are raised up from time to time to mould the destinies of nations." Who can tell what effect such victories and triumphs may have upon the long prostrate Slavonians and Servians ?

library was not quite extinguished till the next day, and the gallery of Natural History suffered almost irreparably. The spire and roof of the church of the Augustins broke down, but the fine monument of Canova was, it is said, not much injured.

When the imperial troops had thus gained possession of the head of the city, the arch-rebels, Poles, students, and others, took refuge in the university and the Saltzgrier barracks, which they fortified, taking in also cannon to defend themselves with. They demanded a full and unconditional amnesty to induce them to lay down their arms. On the morning of the 1st of November Prince Windischgratz ordered the gates of the city to be closed against every body, and the Saltzgrier barracks were assaulted and carried, but the students made no defence at the university, most of them having made their escape, and are supposed to have joined the Hungarians, but a great number were made prisoners, and by noon the whole of the Aula was in possession of the Imperial troops.

Prince Felix Schwartzenberg repaired at the same time to the building where the Diet held its sittings, and occupied all the entrances with soldiers. The houses in the city were also being strictly searched, and an immense number of arrests took place.

On the 2nd of November Prince Windischgratz issued a proclamation to the effect, that although the city had announced its surrender on the 30th of October, the conditions of that capitulation having been broken by the most disgraceful treason, he decreed that the city of Vienna, its suburbs, and environs, to the distance of two miles, were in a state of siege. The academical legion and National Guard were to be dissolved. A general disarmament, to be executed by the Municipal Council, within forty-eight hours after the proclamation, after which any one found in possession of weapons of any kind whatsoever, would be arrested and tried by court-martial. All newspapers and clubs were suspended. It was forbidden for more than ten persons to assemble in the streets.

The Diet was prorogued and declared to be an illegal assembly. A new ministry was named, of which Baron Wessemberg was the president, Prince Felix Schwartzenberg Minister for Foreign Affairs; Bach, of the Interior; Buchner, War; Helfert, Public Instruction; Bruck, Commerce. All foreigners and Austrians who were not citizens were expelled the capital, and General Baron Cordon was appointed commandant of the city. Prince Windischgratz had established his head-quarters at Schonbrunn, and the Ban Jellachich in the palace of the Archduke Maximilian d'Este. Of the immense number of prisoners thousands were destined at once to serve as soldiers in the campaign that was to follow against the Hungarians. This was also the lot of a large proportion of the *ci-devant* academical legion—a sad fate for the foolish young men. The commander-in-chief deferred for three days his decision with regard to those who should be subjected to trial by court-martial.

On the fourth of November, Prince Windischgratz and the Ban established their quarters in the Imperial palace. The inner city as well as part of the suburbs presented at this period a picture of destruction. Many houses from which the firing had been kept up by the insurrectionists after the imperial troops were in possession of the city, had been broken

into and plundered, in addition to such as had been devastated by the rebels, or damaged by the bombardment. All the public places and squares were occupied by the soldiers. As night set in groups of semi-barbarian Croats were to be seen at every corner sitting round their watch-fires, singing national airs, their rude features, and picturesque costume (Turkish pistols, and Greek capotes) brought into bold relief by the contrast of light and darkness. Even the grand portal of the Cathedral of St. Stephens, otherwise held so sacred in the eyes of the Viennese was converted into a bivouac, and the palace of the archbishop had been taken possession of by the officers of the staff.

On the same day a notification of the municipal council was placarded, calling on all persons who should shelter in their houses M. M. Messenhauser, Bem, Pullsky, Schütte, and Fenneberg, to deliver them up in six hours. In case of contravention they were threatened with trial by court-martial. It was intimated by the same notification that Prince Windischgratz had made dependent on the arrest of those individuals the restoration of free communication between the city and the suburbs, and the most lenient possible form of the state of siege.

This proclamation appears to have had some effect, for the chiefs of the National Guard, Messenhauser and Fenneberg, the chief of the Aula, Professor Fuster and the deputies of the Frankferter, left; Robert Blum and Trobel, were said to have been arrested on that day, the two latter at the London hotel. Dr. Schutte and the artist Aigner, who commanded the Academical Legion, were said to have committed suicide. According to other reports, General Bem had effected his escape. Is was also stated that sixteen rebels were shot after trial by court marshal, on the 2nd, eleven on the 3rd, and sixty on the 4th of November, but this appears to be an exaggerated statement, if not totally unfounded! Among those who suffered the last penalty of the law in the seven was also mentioned the democratic Allnager. Pullsky the Hungarian under Secretary of State and the chief agent of Kossuth in the capital was also said to have been arrested the same day.

On the 8th of November the Communal Council issued a proclamation stating that free intercourse between the city and the suburbs was restored from five o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock in the evening. Prince Windischgratz, who had at first prohibited the publication of all daily papers, with the sole exception of the *Wiener Zeitung*, had relaxed his rigour, and one after another the *Presse*, the *Gierzel*, (scourge) and the Austrian Lloyd made their appearance. Great numbers of the inhabitants of Vienna, who had the left city since the 6th of October were returning to their homes. Field-Marshal Welden was appointed Governor of Vienna, and upon his arrival Prince Windischgratz took up his head-quarters at Hetzendorf previous to his putting himself at the head of the Imperial army destined for Hungary. Robert Blum, the Leipsic demagogue, and a member of the National Assembly of Frankfort was shot in the Brigittemau* on the morning of the 9th. Considering that Blum was one of those who by their violence indirectly contributed towards the murder of General Auerswald and Prince Lych-

* Messenhauser has since experienced the same fate.

nowsky, no pity can be felt for his fate. It is indeed said that his ambition was to be a German Danton.

Some difficulty will present itself in regard to the lesson conveyed to the extreme left of the National Assembly, by this execution of one of its distinguished members, but if so it will be of trifling importance. It will never do that leaders of an insurrection should be deputed by that assembly to carry on war and anarchy into the various German states. If so, they must be expected to be treated as any other exciter to rebellion would be, and the cause of loyalty and true patriotism will always gain by the deaths of such persons, not to mention the thousands of lives sacrificed to the ambition and vanity, or even the disappointments of one man.

It is not the least remarkable feature of modern times, that war, which was formerly carried on between nation and nation, should be now almost solely had recourse to, to decide differences of opinion among parties within a nation.

Paris, Frankfort, Berlin, and Vienna, have alike exhibited this strange and unnatural phenomenon. It is truly desirable that this should be the last mode of manifestation of war, and that what is becoming discarded by reasonable and experienced governments, should, as a last and dying struggle, have been lit up only by political demagogues and an anarchical and plundering populace. Of all the sieges that Vienna has undergone, that which has been self-inflicted will not be looked upon by future historians as the least interesting or the least remarkable. In what a foolish position does such a scene, also, place those remnants of medieval insecurity and barbarism, the walls and glacis which divide an inner from an outer town; walls, by-the-by, that were repaired and enlarged with the ransom of 40,000*l.* paid for our Richard I. in 1194, and which, in Vienna, as in the great European capitals, appear now to be of no utility but to protect bodies of anarchists against regular troops and established forms of government.

There certainly never was a period in which such stirring events had to be chronicled as are occurring within such brief periods of time. The capital of the Magyars will soon have to pay probably far more dearly than Vienna, the penalty of insurrection and rebellion, and of crime and murder superadded. But amid all these reactionary successes, the Austrian emperor and his general have avowed their intention of abiding by the constitution lately granted to the people, and the Ban of Croatia has only lent his assistance on the condition of the nationality of his followers—the long prostrate Slavonians—being recognised. These are so many bulwarks of peace, and that peace has the greater chance of permanent consolidation, and constitutional monarchies of rising up upon a lasting basis, the more the arch-demagogues of republican, communist and anarchical principles, are brought under a proper regime and constitutional restraint.

SIR RICHARD MACGINNIS AND THE SHERIFF.

A REMINISCENCE OF SOLDIERING IN TIPPERARY.

A merry going out often bringeth a mournful return, and a joyful morning a sad evening. THOMAS À KEMPIS.

"OCH, and sure yer honor won't forget Tim! Tim, yer honor!" exclaimed one of those contortions of nature, ycleped, a dwarf, to a fine well-made son of the sister isle, as he walked down Dame Street, Dublin.

"By this, and by that, you are the *biggest* little blackguard I ever saw in my life," replied the gentleman, throwing him at the same time a tenpenny.

"Long life to yer honor, and thank yer honour," shrieked the dwarf, as he hobbled off to waylay another passer by.

"Well, Sir Richard, has the bay gelding won at the Curragh? I am just after seeing Larry Burns, and by dads, from his long face, and up-turned nostril, I guessed you had had no luck. Why, he turned on his heel, and would not deign an answer," said a short gentleman with a low crowned hat, knowingly stuck upon one side, and a bright green cut-away coat mounted in brass.

"Then you have guessed too true, for as soon as the blackguard was called upon he shut up. However, my book is pretty square. I made up my loss out of Captain Seymour,—one of the castle aide-de-camps; he *would* back the English mare against a true bred son of the Emerald Isle."

"Arrah! Sir Richard, you did well. Ireland, mi boy, for ever. Never mind, you are not cut out for a *flat*, eh? Twenty to ten you win the Cahir Steeple chase, with Brien Borhoime."

"I wish I may. Good day, good day."

The charitable donor and loser of the race was Sir Richard Macginnis, or, as he was familiarly styled,—ears polite, are we to utter it?—"Hell-fire Dick," was a true specimen of an Irish Gentleman. Kind, brave, liberal to a fault, ready to resent an injury, but lastingly grateful for a benefit; he had had many an "affair," and paced many a distance in the Phœnix, and had dropped and won many a fifty pound note at Daly's; but the days of which we chronicle were very different to these of pikes, felons, trials, and soldiers in the old capital of Ireland. She was then in the zenith of her glory, the envied of the envied, or, in the words of Lever, "There was wealth more than proportioned to the cheapness of the country, and while ability and talent were the most striking features of every circle, the taste for gorgeous display, exhibited within doors and without, threw a glare of splendour over the scene, that served to illustrate, but not eclipse the prouder glories of the mind."

At an early age Sir Richard Macginnis had come into an *Irish* property of about four thousand a-year, a *little* encumbered with debts, in Tipperary. Ah! many a time had the old walls of Castle Knock vibrated with the merry song and chorus o'er the generous port, many a time had its oaken-floor received the ponderous shock of a four-bottled-man. Many and many a guest had enjoyed true Hibernian hospitality in the old castle; many a fox had been tally ho'ed away from its covers, and many a snipe or 'cock had fallen to the unerring aim of its noble owner, or his

sporting friends; but alas! these palmy days were not to last for ever. Sir Richard, bitten with the mania of travelling, determined to view the *beauties* of England, where at Cheltenham, he met, wooed, and won, the fair, accomplished, though dowerless daughter of Admiral Howard. For a time affairs went on smoothly; Dublin was yearly sought; and expense followed expense, but in a few years the baronet found his property mortgaged to lawyers and money-lenders, his rents badly paid, the Union passed, and blessed with a son as errant a pickle as ever lived, whose education was entrusted to the combined care of the Protestant clergyman and Father Gleeson (for though Sir Richard was a staunch Catholic himself, he considered *all* sects, whether Roman, Greek, or infidel, as—brethren). But the young scion and his two pedagogical divines were much like a person attempting to sit upon *two* chairs at one and the same time, and the old issue was the consequence; but the youth's fall was either upon his legs or seat,—for he almost daily contrived to escape the exhortations of the Rev. Mr. O'Neil, or the Latin expositions of Father Mark, to rush to the whoo—op of Pat Sullivan the Irish huntsman, or the to-ho of Jack Moffatt, the English keeper; in time his view holloa was clearly heard at the cover side as he saw sly reynard steal away, and his merry laugh re-echoed through the sylvan glades as he shot the errant woodcock, until he became as good a shot as his father, and few could beat him with the Tip. Hunt on black Mungo. * * * *

The — Dragoon Guards were quartered at Cahir (or, as some garrison punsters, unjustly though it be, call it "*dull care*") and a subaltern's detachment was thrown out to Fethard under the command of Lieutenant Mytton.

Jack Mytton was the only son of a wealthy Yorkshire squire, who not being able to manage his son at home, procured him a commission in the — Dragoon Guards, as he then hoped his son would be under some restraint. Poor Jack! he had talents for every thing but soldiering, he could make as good a book on the Derby, play as good a game of chess, calculate the odds, or win a rubber of billiards as the best man alive, but to manœuvre a troop, or tell off a squadron, was far beyond his comprehension; and in proof thereof, he had ridden and won two steeple-chases before he had been dismissed his riding drill, and had made a good "pot" on the St. Leger, before he could change front to the right.

One day a party of Mytton's brother officers drove over from headquarters to see him at Fethard.

"Ah! ah! Jack, old boy," cried Captain Osprey on their arrival, "how are you? Had any shooting?"

"How is the detachment?" inquired Cornet Whiskerless.

"How is the hay?" inquired a third.

"What is the price of meat a pound?"

"Hunting any more of her Majesty's troopers?" asked Captain Osprey.

"Ah, my boy!" replied Mytton, "recollect the Italian proverb, 'Li matti banno bolletta di dir cio che voglion.' So hold your peace of troopers."

"I see you have Boatswain still," said Whiskerless, as a shaggy Irish spaniel came jumping and fondling to the party.

"The best dog that ever lived," replied Mytton. "I was shooting at

Colonel Mullahone's last week, and having bagged twenty couple of snipe—"

"Oh! oh! oh! O! O! o!" chorused the party.

"Well, believe me or not, my story is true. Well, I had drawn my left barrel's charge, and was returning home through a little cover, when old Boatswain sprung a woodcock, but not liking to discharge my right barrel, for fear of repealers, I walked on and took no notice; not so old Boatswain, who reared himself on his hind legs and marked him—on I walked—but the dog tugged at my jacket. At last, I followed him, and he led me to bush, whining and looking in my face, until I had re-loaded my gun, when he sprung forward, and up rose a fine woodcock—which, gentlemen, I am happy to say I have ordered for this day's dinner.

"Ah! ah!" cried Osprey, "the author of the 'Arabian Nights' has at last been discovered."

"Why, I suppose you are first cousin to the young gentleman who *walked out* of an Affghan tent at Sobraon after his legs had been shot off."

"Why Mytton, you are quite an Herodotus," said Osprey.

"By-the-by, you did not send the sea-serpent story to the Lords of the Admiralty, did you?" inquired another.

"That certainly was a very *fishy* tale," said Whiskerless.

"Well come," replied Jack, "a truce to your disbelief, however, after your drive, I make no doubt a little luncheon will be acceptable."

"I have a very unpleasant duty to perform to-morrow," said Mytton, as they sat in the old oaken-panelled mess-room at Fethard on the night in question. "I am ordered to assist the sheriff, who is going to levy a distress warrant upon Sir Richard Macginnis. Poor Dick! the best friend I have in these parts."

"Oh! oh! oh! fancy Mytton aiding the civil power," chorused the whole party. "What time do you start?"

"The route says six," replied Jack.

"Six!" exclaimed Osprey, "why you will hardly have the very slightest appetite for breakfast. By gad, I know I never have one till noon."

"Oh! establish a commissariat on the road; send a fatigue party off to-night with liqueurs, moselle, and champagne; and if there is one thing a shoeless, dirty, Irish cook can toss up better than another, it is a lamb coutelette à la Tata," said Whiskerless with a sneer.

"Yes, I am sure you will have quite a little *fête champêtre*," said a third. "How I envy you."

"Well," cried Mytton, in rather excited tones, "a pony all round that I perform this duty so that were his Grace of Wellington commanding he could not do it better."

"Done! done! done!" said the party, and the bets were properly booked.

Then followed the usual light desultory scandalous conversation of the mess-room, where the flirtations of Miss Smith were duly discussed, with the merits of the Derby winner, and the tenets of the Bishop of Exeter, with Bendigo the prize-fighter; and after these topics had been drained equally with the claret, a little hazard—à la poulette concluded the excitement of the evening.

At six o'clock the following morning Lieutenant Mytton and his party of

dragoons left the barracks of Fethard, he inwardly execrating his luck at having to leave his brother officers, who were going that morning—in the words of the Irish gossoon—to "slate" the snipe, while they (his brother officers) were delighted at the preposterous idea of Mytton ever being detached upon duty. Half-way on his road, Mr. Sandy Macgregor, the sheriff, and his two coadjutors, as ruffian-looking gentlemen as ever graced—or disgraced, the Bog of Allen, joined the dragoons. Mr. Macgregor was a Scotchman, as you might conceive from his name, the only son of a humble butcher in Glasgow, but early in life he showed the *cacoëthes scribendi,* and he used to supply the poet's corner and local information of the provincial press with "the paper bullets of his brain" until a contested election took place, when, for some good work for the radical member, he was appointed agent, or factor to a Tipperary estate, which, not relishing such a woodcock life, he quickly resigned, however, for the lucrative office of sheriff and C. P. of the riding.

"Foin day, captain," said Macgregor.

"It is," was the sulky reply.

"It's too good a day for the deed, captain; but if a mon boorows siller, he mon pay, that's Scotch law; but this is an unco stoney wynd," said the sheriff, as his horse stumbled over the loose stones. "My curse upon ye, ye stumbling brute! ye ugly creeping blastit wonner! He is but a stitched up thing, captin. I borrowed him of the vint'er of Clonmel; my ain galloway is sairly racked wi' the rheumatics, and he's as lame as an ould cat."

"The Duke of Leeds writes that Eisenburgh cured his feet, perchance that chiropedist might do your horse some good, or indite a note to Lord Aldborough, he is always writing to the papers about some pills, he may give you some advice, gratis, yah!" replied Mytton, with a yawn, "do any thing, in short, but weary me, with your stories of your horses."

"Beg pardin, captin. But I have an unco drouth, let us stop at this 'shebeen,' as the Irish folk call it, and have a drappie of bunch-toddy, eh? you ken what our poet sings,

> "But bring a Scotchman from his hill,
> Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
> Say, sic is royal George's will.
> An there's the foe,
> He has nae thought but how to kill
> Twa at a blow."

"Well," said Mytton, "I do not mind a small drop of whisky; I am rather cold, and it is such a bore this work."

"'Thunder and turf,' as the Irish say, I agree with you," replied the sheriff, as they drank their whisky.

"And sure then," observed one of Macgregor's deputies, when the detachment was once more in motion; "if he preached what he practised he would give us poor devils a drop. Didn't I hear him hold forth at Manchester as how we were all brethren, all equal, all men?"

"Your govenour, I suppose. Oh, I could well believe it, the d—n hypocrite," observed a dragoon, who had been every thing from a methodist parson to a pickpocket, "but a day of reckoning is at hand."

"And sure we all know that, it's the day Dan O'Connell brings in repeal," said the Paddy.

"My friend! I speak not of terrestrial, but of celestial matters. I speak of that time when those who have received much, of *them* much will be required," said the dragoon, with emphasis.

"Well and sure, isn't that the day when we get repeal? Hasn't O'Connell got much? God help ye! two and threepence of mine last Palm Sunday; and, by dads! shan't we require much of him? He requires a tithe of our wages—but, mi boy, when Parliament sits in College Green then we shall be repaid cent. per cent."

"But I am afraid the cent. per cent., like my promotion, will be a long time coming," answered private Lomax. "My only hope is Mister O'Connell will introduce equality; let us have a Commonwealth, it is the only principle to find favour with the masses. Let us divide the funds of the aristocracy. You know—

> "Princes or peers may flourish, or may fade;
> A breath can take as a breath has made;
> But a noble peasantry———

That is the new name we will agitate under. Was not Adam our common father? Why should the aristocracy be rich? I do not see it laid down in the Bible to be the case. Look at my profession, the soldier gets drunk by day, the officer by night—what is the upshot? Why, the soldier sleeps on the floor of the mill, I beg your pardon, the guard room's trestle, the officer on his feather bed—but halt!

> "———we're on dangerous ground,
> Who knows how the fashions may alter?
> The doctrine to-day, that is loyalty's sound,
> To-morrow may bring us a halter.'

"Come you, Mr. Lomax," said Serjeant-major Fieldday, riding up; "if you don't sit steadier on your house, I will give you a taste of awkward drill when we get back to barracks."

"Will it rain whisky," inquired Tom Shrub, "when you get repeal?"

"Be dads, and it will," replied Paddy.

"Then hurrah for repeal! I'll be any thing for a glass of whisky, except a coward to my country, or a traitor to my Queen," said Shrub.

"Do you hear?" cried Serjeant Fieldday, "press down your heel, Lomax; feel up your horse, Shrub—or awkward drill."

When the party approached the mansion of Sir Richard Macginnis, every thing pertaining to it had the stamp of poverty and blunted exertion plainly marked. The old iron-gates creaked and groaned on their rusty hinges; the woodbine and ivy were allowed to throw their unrestrained tendrils over the dilapidated lodge, while the pig shared the inside of the cottage with a dirty, slatternly woman and some half-dozen children of the same clique; while the hens were grubbing their resting-places among the uncultivated flower-plats. A kind and beneficent nature had this autumn poured forth her gifts with a liberal hand, and as Sir Richard generally received his rents in kind, many a portly stack stood forth in the staggarth, and many a turkey or fat pig gobbled up the stray ears of wheat that lay scattered in all directions. Mr. Macgregor had already appropriated, in *his mind*, a fine fat turkey for his next Sunday's dinner, and compressed his lips at the bare idea of the juicy bird.

While the sheriff and the soldiers were defiling up the avenue, Sir Richard was engaged in levelling a rising knoll of the park.

"Be gorha, Sir Richard!" shouted a shoeless, sockless lad; "here's the military, yer honor, here master, ein sidour—dou—ah! ah! fithche, ah! buidhean—ein maor—Oh! Sir Richard, we shall be kilt."

"You are right, my boy, the soldiers are here; run, you young devil's spawn, run to the bog, tell the men to come down with the carts and take the farm-yard away to Conmaherra Mountain—run, you devil."

"Ah, your honor, and I will, and itsnt Pat that won't have sixty men from Barrymacrowdy Bog. Bad cess to the blackguards. Yes, Mr. Macgregor, it's queer to me if you die in your bed."

"Ah! the top of the morning to you, Jack, my boy," said Macginnis, welcoming Mytton at the front door; "marching order, eh?"

"Why, no—not *exactly*. No—Mr.—Mr.—this man—General ——, got the—orders," replied Mytton, very much abashed.

"Yes, sir, *I* am the cause. *I*, sir, Sandy Macgregor, sheriff, late of Glasgow, but now of Clonmel,—the suit of one Mahali Solomons, a member of the Hebrew persuasion—800*l.*, to speak in round numbers, due the 15th of last month."

"Oh, Solomons' bill; well, sir, I am happy to have it in my power to settle it, so if you will leave the soldiers there, and walk into my study, I will pay you in Bank of Ireland notes. As for you, Mytton, old boy, a ride over our hills will have given you an appetite for breakfast; you will find Lady Macginnis in the dining-room."

"Sir, I do not think it the strategy of a general to leave the soldiers in the rear," said Macgregor, not at all relishing the idea of walking into the lion's jaws alone.

"Oh, hang your strategy and soldiers, I am for breakfast," replied Mytton, delighted at the termination of his duty; "go and get the money and join me in the breakfast-room; let the men dismount, Serjeant Fieldday, and you can piquet the horses here until I come."

"Let us go into the drawing-room," said Lady Macginnis, after the breakfast was over, to Mytton, "I have got some new music from an English opera—'The Bohemian Girl'—it came out last season at Drury Lane."

"Oh, delightful!" said Mytton.

Lady Macginnis sat down to her pianoforte and sang some beautiful airs from that sweet opera, and hacknied though they be now, still they bear with them that freshness and plaintiveness that must make them popular in all seasons and in all ages. She then changed her theme to one of the song-loving Italy, or broke out into a wild chanson of her own native Isle.

Mytton was in the seventh heaven as he drank in the silvery tones of the fair songstress. "Could I but command my wishes it would be," exclaimed he, "to be sent upon a like duty every day."

"Are you sure of that?" said Lady Macginnis, with a meaning smile.

"Sure? Did you ask me such a question!" said Jack, his heart beating against his side. "Yes, Lady Macginnis, I AM sure."

"Ah! but we poor ladies know what you officers are. However, I suppose you have heard Lord de Grey has resigned the vice-royalty?"

Mytton heartily wished the vice-royalty at the bottom of the waves, he wished to resume the subject of love.

"You must really see my new garden, Mr. Mytton; so if you will remain here until I join you, I will show it to you, I only want to put a shawl and my cottage bonnet on—here is the *New Monthly* or the *Globe* to amuse you until my return," said Lady Macginnis.

Mytton turned the matter over in his own mind; he had made an impression, there was no doubt; he looked down the lace of his trousers, and brushed up his hair and came to the conclusion he was a much better looking man than he had ever thought himself before. Lady Macginnis was in love with him; on that point there was not a shadow of a doubt, in his opinion, but would she show it, or must he make the first advances, as Hamlet says, "Ay, there's the rub."

* * * * *

"Now to business," said Sir Richard to the sheriff, taking down a deal box.

"What's that for?" said Macgregor.

"Simply to aid our business," said Sir Richard, unlocking the box, and producing a pair of pistols.

"Now listen to me, sir."

"I will," said the sheriff, in abject tones.

"These pistols alone, or nearly so, remain to me of a once fine fortune, now, alas! gorged by those land cormorants—Jews and bill-brokers. Not satisfied is Solomons with making me pay cent. per cent., not satisfied with pillaging my property, not satisfied with insulting me, but to crown all, he sends a reptile like you to seize the subsistence of the next six months, backed as you are by soldiers. Sir! know then, by my own recklessness, by putting my faith in men I *believed* to be my friends that has brought me to my present crisis, but not by dishonesty or fraud—my tenantry now owe me far, far beyond the amount of the bill you hold, but would I turn them from their hearths and homes, for their children to beg their bread or become meet subjects for the hulks? however—enough, here you sit until released by my orders—you shall then go unmolested, unhurt, but if you stir an inch it is at your peril. Moffat," he exclaimed, and a short stiff man with a bullet, bulldog head, entered, "Guard Mr. Macgregor; should he attempt to stir, give him—"

"A cold pill," growled Moffat, eyeing him under his shaggy eyebrows.

"Oh, Sir Richard! for pity's sake, leave me not with that—that thing—I will be so quiet, mon. I won't stir limb or leg. I won't—"

"Won't do what?" inquired Sir Richard.

"Won't say what I was going to say."

"Well, Sir Richard," replied the sheriff, after a pause, "suppose that velveteen gentleman should fancy, *fancy*, I say, I moved, and just popped the cold pill into me, it would be culpable homicide, indeed it would, Sir Richard. Lock the door, bind me hand and foot, do any thing, but leave me to the mercy of that thing."

"Never fear," said Sir Richard, as he left the room.

And there the sheriff and keeper sat, the latter as Homer sings—

Ὥστε λέων ἐχάρη μεγάλῳ ἐπὶ σώματι κυρσας
Εὑρων ἢ ελαφον κεραον, ἢ ἄγριον, αἶγα,

the former, upon the tip end of his chair, pale, with perturbation and fear breaking forth at every pore.

* * * *

"I think she takes a precious long time putting on that cottage bonnet and shawl," exclaimed Mytton, as he turned over the concluding page of the *New Monthly*. "By every thing that's beautiful, half past three!! Hush! I hear breathing—a gentle tap—the lady's maid at two to one—French perhaps—love is the soul of a strapping dragoon—so I shall just take one kiss," and he stole on tip-toe to the door, opened it, and bosh and clash he went headlong into the hall, over the prostrate body of Sandy Macgregor!

"Take that," said Mytton, when he was once more upon his legs, administering a swingeing box on the ear, "take that for eaves-dropping."

"Mon aloive, I have feeling; weel mon, that's my ear, and I will make you pay for it, too. A pretty kettle of fish you have got into by keeping the dragoons in the park."

"Where are the dragoons?" inquired Mytton.

"I dinna ken," replied the sheriff.

"Where is Sir Richard—Lady Macginnis?"

"I dinna ken."

"What the devil do you '*ken*?'" inquired Jack.

"Why this, I have been caged up with a gay ugly body, cocking and uncocking a gay ugly pistol for twa hours. I have lost 800*l.* and *fees*, and I varily believe, Sir Richard is gone."

"G! O! N! E!" exclaimed Mytton, as a light suddenly broke out upon him. "Why the d—l didn't you knock the ugly man down—cried murder—anything?"

"Me knock the ugly beast down? no, captin, you may be a man o' war, I am one of peace. I'm nae si fond of knocking men down."

"My master's compliments, and he desired me to give you this note," said a footman.

Mytton tore it open and read:—

"Dear Mytton,—Allow me to assure you that it is with feelings of sorrow as far as you are concerned, that I am obliged to leave you in the sudden and unceremonious manner in which I have done, circumstances over which I had no control compelled me. I have gone to 'the Cave,' the entrance is guarded by a natural barrier of rocks, which I have strengthened by two Tipperary boys as sentinels; recommend Mr. Macgregor not to follow except he wishes to become the supper of the eagles. Accept the apologies of Lady Macginnis and myself, together with the assurance that we shall at all times be delighted to see you at Castle Knock. Believe me, very truly yours,

"Richard Macginnis.

"30 past 2 P.M.'

"Duped!" exclaimed Macgregor, "and the stock and corn gone too—*duped by an Irishman!*"

"Duped!" re-echoed Mytton, in faint tones.

But let us now turn our thoughts to the dragoons, whom we left picqueted in the park. Nearly opposite the lodge lived Terence O'Flarthy, who had an uncommonly handsome daughter, with long black ringlets

and melting brown eyes—so when Sergeant Fieldday had kept post over the picquet for some hour or so, he became weary, and to disperse his *ennui*, strolled to Mr. O'Flarthy's house to whisper soft nothings into Miss O'Flarthy's ear. Presently, Corporal Canteen espied a snug little shebeen near the other lodge gate, and he thought he might just step over there and taste the quality of the whisky. Thus, link by link was that chain of responsibility broken, so lauded by the greatest captain of our age, the Duke of Wellington. The soldiers followed the example of their superiors, and when Mytton returned he found the horses linked together in charge of a recruit. Tom Shrub, insensibly drunk, Blackwood, a Sheffield rough, swearing he would not go home till morning, while Private O'Rourke swore "Jack, Lieutenant Jack bedads, was a trump."

But the retreat to Fethard! Oh, for the talent and pencil of a Leech or a Brown! First rode Mytton on his black charger, heels down, in a hard gallop; then followed Macgregor, toes down, heels up, arms a-kimbo in a good round trot, while his dirty dressed subs *would* ride the soldiers' troopers, ludicrously contrasting their gay trappings with the men's patched coats, while one finished the picture by appropriating a soldier's helmet, giving him in return his crownless hat. In short, the whole road was strewed with relics of that day's adventure. Napoleon's retreat f Waterloo, or that of the Ten Thousand in ancient history, never equa it.

But let us drop the green curtain, simply to rise it for the reprint of the *London Gazette*:—

"Cornet Waterloo, Quartre Bras Snooks to be lieutenant vice Mytton who retires."

P——p.

WRITTEN AT VISITING THE TOMB OF

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH AND HIS DAUGHTER,

IN HAMPSTEAD CHURCH-YARD, ON A FINE EVENING THIS SUMMER.

BY CYRUS REDDING, ESQ.

A YEW-TREE's shade, 'graved letters, and a tomb,
  All Mackintosh that now belongs to thee!
Thus onward pass to the same common doom
  They of whom Fame once spoke unceasingly*—
That breath in life of Syren melody,—
  That fragrance wasted on a dead man's shroud,
That idle dream of human vanity
  Howe'er the harlot voice speak low or loud!
Sleep on by thy loved child, the nightingale
  Is making night harmonious round thy grave;
The bright stars watch o'er thee, and moonbeams pale
  Curtain thy death-rest—quiet ever have
Thus fading in the past, till time proclaim—
  "Here lies more dust of unremembered name!"

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* "The world talks much of Jammie," said Dr. Parr to me one day at Hatton; "Jammie acquired his fame by his first book; his conversation is even better than his writing. He is a great man."

OLD MEN AND MUMMIES.

O Life, thou Nothing's younger brother!
So like that we may take the one for t'other.—
Dream of a shadow! A reflection made
From the false glories of the gay reflected bow,
Is more a solid thing than thou!
Thou weak-built isthmus that dost proudly rise
Up betwixt two eternities,
Yet canst not wave nor wind sustain,
But broken and overwhelmed the ocean meets again.

COWLEY.

We are told that immediately after the Creation, when a single couple had to perform the tedious and troublesome duty of peopling the world, it was absolutely necessary to give time for the performance of so arduous a task, and the ordinary age of man extended accordingly to 900 years and upwards. Immediately after the Flood, when the three sons of Noah had to stock the earth with human beings, their tenure of life was so much reduced, that Shem, the oldest of those patriarchs, was not above 500 or 600 years old, when he was carried off. As men multiplied the longevity of the race decreased so rapidly, that in the second century we find none reached 240 years: in the third, none but Terah, the father of Abraham, attained the age of 200; a portion of the earth being by that time so well peopled, that its inhabitants had built cities and formed themselves into nations. By degrees, as their numbers still further increased, their longevity dwindled, till it came down at length to the comparatively paltry modicum of seventy or eighty years, where it stood and has continued to stand ever since the time of Moses; leading to the inference, that at this happy medium the world is neither overstocked nor under-stocked, but that life and death nearly balance each other.

Perhaps this conclusion has been too hastily adopted, for there are writers who maintain that the population of the earth, now roughly estimated at about 1,000,000,000, very considerably exceeds, though in a proportion that we cannot exactly ascertain, its amount in the earlier ages; and that this increase is constantly proceeding. Should such be the fact, how fortunate is it for us that longevity has not continued to decrease with the augmentation of the race, at the same rapid ratio as in the patriarchal times! From Shem to Terah, being only three centuries or so, the average of life dwindled, as we are told, fully 300 years; and in the same period, which brings us down to the birth of Moses, we learn from the Scriptures that another and still more marked declension occurred, it being then declared that the years of man were threescore and ten. Had this alarming diminution continued, upon any approximate scale, down to the present times, our second cradle, the coffin, would be put in requisition before we had well quitted the first, and man would be nothing more than a human ephemera. In fact, the race must have died out; a plethora of men would have led to the extinction of mankind.

By what mysterious law the population of the world is governed, we know not; yet that it is subject to some unerring regulation is mani-

fested in the singular fact that the proportion between the sexes, however it may vary in single years, always accords in a series of years; the small but uniform predominance of males being probably intended to meet the greater casualties to which they are exposed from the greater violence of their passions and their bellicose propensities.

To recur to the patriarchs. *Did* Methuselah live to be 969 years old, and then expire, in the year of the flood, just in time, lucky man! to escape being drowned? Upon the subject of the great ages ascribed to the ante and post-diluvian fathers, the gravest doubts have been entertained; and no wonder, for the Hebrew text, the Samaritan, the Septuagint, and Josephus, all differ widely from each other. A late ingenious writer observes, that a Greek or Roman transcriber at the distance of a few hundred years, "would be likely to mistake the more ancient notation of his own language, particularly after the invention and general introduction of the Arabic notation. The distinctions, too, which varied the value of Hebrew numerical expressions, were so arbitrary, and often so minute, as to be likely to lead to confusion, a dot over a number indicating an increase tenfold, and two dots a hundredfold. The addition of a dot would, therefore, convert 1 into 10 or 100, or its omission reduce 100 to 10 or 1. The more ancient and simple notation consisted in specifying the several items of the amount, and joining them together with the Hebrew *vau*, synonymous to the Arabic plus +." Hence he assumes that Adam lived *nine*, and a *hundred*, and *thirty* years, or 139 years; and not 930 years as heretofore supposed; the difference arising solely from adding the Hebrew character *vau* between the nine and the hundred. The Scriptures tell us to "put off the old man which is corrupt," and here we see how easily the same result may be obtained by corrupting the punctuation. 'Tis but to strike off a point or two, and lo! the age of Adam falls beneath that of Parr and Jenkins, effectually demolishing the theory with which we started, that he required a protracted term of existence, in order that he might fulfil his great mission of replenishing the earth with inhabitants. On the other side, what a fearful power would this system place in the hands of your evil genius, who might steal Death's register, and put a point over your name, on which the grim serjeant should no sooner cast his eye, than he might hold himself instantly warranted to *dot and carry one!* leaving you the miserable solace of upbraiding him by inscribing on your tombstone that you died of a mistake in numerical punctuation.

Among the many mysteries of nature none is so inscrutable, none so little susceptible even of a guess at its solution, as the law which apportioned to different animated beings, at the time of their first creation, the average term of their existence. Apparently, the rule bears no relation whatever to their importance, either physically or morally considered. It might have been surmised that animals being incapable of progressive development, and consequently of any useful application of longevity, would have been restricted to a limited tenure of life. In the construction of their habitations, the bee, the spider, the beaver, and others, exhibit a skill which may fairly be termed architectural; but exactly thus did they build at the beginning of the world, and exactly thus will they continue to the end, for fixedness is the distinctive characteristic of instinct. Reason, on the contrary, being not only a much higher faculty in itself, but capable of an almost infinite expansion and improvement, it might

have been expected that the possessor of this superior endowment would have been allowed a proportionately longer term for its general perfectionment. So far is this from being the case that many of the meanest creatures have a more enduring vitality than the noblest. Why should a donkey or a mule, for instance, be longer lived than a horse, a parrot than a lion; why should a lord of the creation be less favoured as to his life-hold, than many a bird or reptile? Why should a raven or a tortoise have a longer time to croak and crawl in the dirt, than a philosopher to improve the world, and exalt his species by the discovery and diffusion of new truths; and above all, why should a toad in a block of marble live two or three times as long as Methuselah, even if we give the latter the full benefit of his millenium? From the inspection of a whale's skeleton recently exhibited in London, some of our most learned anatomists expressed an opinion that at the time of its death this ocean patriarch must have been at least 1000 years old. That a ten or twenty-fold superior longevity should be bestowed upon a fish and a reptile, is at once a humiliating rebuke to our pride, and an inscrutable mystery to our apprehension.

Surrounded with crawling, and swimming, and flying creatures, that may well look down upon us as the comparative insects of an hour, no wonder that the poor lord of creation, occupying such an almost imperceptible point between the two infinitudes, of the past and the future, should endeavour to obtain some compensation for his living evanescence by posthumous preservation. No wonder that he should endeavour by existing as a mummy ten times longer than he did as a man, to attain a dead endurance which might rival the vitality of a toad or tortoise. Oh, ye departed magnificoes of ancient Memphis, and Thebes, and the many stately cities, "from the tower of Syene to the border of Cush!" natural and warrantable was your ambition to defy and conquer dissolution, though ye might succumb to death; and he who contemplates your solid and beautiful sarcophagi in the Egyptian saloon of the British Museum, will honour ye for the prodigality of labour and expense bestowed on the accomplishment of this corporeal immortality. And yet when I lately stood beside the handsome tomb of "Petehesi, a Bard," inscribed with hieroglyphics which I doubt not were extracts from his own poems, probably as well rounded and as highly polished as the arched top of his marble coffin, I could not help ejaculating "O most illustrious unknown! hadst thou been as careful to embalm thy mind in a book as thy body in cerements, thou mightest have come down to an admiring posterity as a Memphian Homer, instead of transmitting to us an empty coffin and an emptier name. Alas! what avails it to preserve the shrine when the divinity hath perished?"

Still more elaborate and magnificent were the larger sarcophagi that arrested my wondering admiration, some of which, perchance, had contained the remains of the primeval Thoth, or Phtha, or Rameses, or Ozymandias, or Shishak, or the later Pharaohs, all of whom, I presume, possessed the faculty of posthumous mesmeric *clairvoyance*, since the interior of their sepulchres was not less profusely inscribed with hieroglyphic writings than the outside! What a truly luxurious death, thus to recline, stuffed with spices and perfumes, swathed with innumerable folds of fine linen, in a gilded sycamore box within a richly sculptured monu-

ment of porphyry or granite, perusing the surrounding inscriptions that silently trumpet your living grandeur and exploits, or perchance, as in the case of "Petenesi, a Bard," conning over the sculptured product of your muse, and complacently ejaculating in an inaudible self-whisper—

> "These my own anthems shall become
> My lasting Epicedium!"

Pity to destroy so pleasant a subterranean elysium! yet the ruthless body-snatchers had been beforehand with the antiquarian stealers of sarcophagi, from all and each of which the coffin had been sacrilegiously abstracted. Not that these marble chests, in accordance with their cannibal name, had devoured the bodies they once contained; not that the mummies had been transferred to the cabinets and museums of collectors, but that the nefarious Arabs, those Ghouls of the desert, derive a subsistence from them by stealing them, cutting them up into blocks, and selling them for fuel, a purpose for which they are admirably adapted from the quantity of wax and bitumen in which the cerements are steeped! "To what base uses may we not return? Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay," suffered a more endurable fate than the royalty, aristocracy, and hierarchy of Egypt converted into fuel, stacked in a huckster's yard as so much peat, and finally carted away to the squalid lanes of Cairo, to be sold by the half-hundred weight! Imagine Osiris or Typhon, who once ruled the roast over the whole of Misraim, now performing that duty in the hovel of a Fellah, after having been knocked about the mazard with a coal-dealer's spade. Figure to yourself a Memphian beauty, once a favourite toast, now browning the toast and warming the bosom of a black slave. Fancy a Pharaoh making the pot boil for some Jewish family, whose ancestors he condemned to make bricks for him without straw. Conjure up to yourself the spectacle of a chief-priest ascending to heaven in the form of smoke, or obtaining a final settlement, as a deposit of soot, in the very parish over which he presided as a pastor. In these ashes of the great will live more than their wonted fires; but what a terrible reflection that kings, lords, and a whole bench of bishops may pass up the chimney as an unsavoury effluvium! What a frightful suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*, when a burly Pharoah or obese Hierophant may be whiffed away in an exhalation! Whither, however, to what perilous quagmires, to what revolutionary pitfalls is my will-o'-the-wisp fancy deluding me? "Quò lapsus sum; quid feci?" I commenced this rambling paper with no such stuff in my thoughts, simply intending to inculcate that to reach a great longevity is generally to survive ourselves, and to attain a sort of death in life:—to embalm and mummify our corpses, is but a vain and unenduring attempt to achieve a species of life in death. Better is it, when we have "shuffled off this mortal coil," to pay the debt of nature honestly, by restoring to her the dust which we had borrowed from her.

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL

BY CYRUS REDDING.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Poet abandons his Editorship—Conduct on his Retirement—Defence of the Classics—More of his Contributions—Character of Reviews—The *Metropolitan* undertaken—Leaves his House in Scotland-Yard—Visits Hastings—Anecdote of his kind-heartedness—the Polish Society—Life of Mrs. Siddons—Visit to Algiers—Later literary Undertakings—Departure for Boulogne—Death, and Burial in Westminster Abbey.

AT the close of 1829, and beginning of 1830, the Magazine had sustained the loss of many of its earlier and more valuable contributors. Some who had greatly aided in raising the work to its high eminence had been taken away by death. It was striking to see how considerable was the number of names that had disappeared in this way. Then others had ceased to aid the publication, in consequence of the temptation held out by pecuniary offers made to them as novel writers. This was a more lucrative employment in those days, and one much more facile of execution. A magazine requires a continual change of subject, and consequently a large and various stock of information to qualify a contributor of estimation. The articles must be concise in order to occupy as small a space as possible, and this to such a degree that there is frequently not sufficient developement for important subjects that must therefore be excluded. The novel admits of the diffuse treatment of a single prime incident. out of which collateral events flow naturally. Every writer knows the difference between following up one imaginary subject through a single or through successive volumes, continually aided by the association of ideas, and on the other hand, having to write in a narrow compass, upon a hundred topics, each wholly different. The magazine story of those days was to be marvellously condensed and still be effective. Essays or facetious papers were to be made attractive, and to exhibit no brotherhood, to be new and varied, amusing and not abstruse, creating interest, and adapted to the multitudinous taste. Hence the talent for success in magazine writing was a peculiar talent, aided by extensive reading, deep reflection, and a particular tact in the handling. Nothing is so easy as to write, and nothing is so difficult as to write to the real purpose, whatever common place people may think of the matter.

This class of contributors it was not easy to replace as they disappeared, and the difficulty was now on the increase. It was not less singular than true, that while several of the old contributors made good novel writers, such novel writers as became contributors to the Magazine, with the exception of Theodore Hook, whose versatility of talent as well as wit was unequalled, although in learned acquirements he never soared very high, did not equal those who had aided in conferring its early reputation upon the work. The publisher, whose prejudices were not unnaturally in favor of a different conclusion, based upon the specious aspect of the case, thought differently. Hence, about this time the publication was inun-

dated with wiredrawn articles of a class that ran out their tether and left no impress on the reader's mind either of novelty or information. A sickly taste for excitement began to be cherished by the "trade," not foreseeing the inevitable re-action when the game could no longer be played. This change, intermingled with diffuseness and want of that solid interest which to be lasting, must be of sterling value, caused the work to assume in some degree an altered character, and to carry with it less attraction for reflecting and well-educated persons than it had done before.

In despite of what may be thought to the contrary, there is a weight attached to the opinions of the educated and thinking part of social existence, which leads after it the more frivolous, who are content to take opinions ready made to their hands. Hazlitt, one of the best magazine writers of the day, died this year. His last contribution was called the "Sick Chamber," published in the number for August. If a love of literature, properly so called, should revive in England, Hazlitt will be more highly estimated than he has yet been, and more liberally judged.

Campbell, whose inertness made him incapable of acting with vigour under any circumstances, left things to take their course as usual. True, he observed, authors of high success in one department of literature were not often so in another. Of which truth he might himself have been quoted as an example. The consequence was that the stream flowed as it listed. I had been some time tired of the position in which I stood between inertness in every sense on one hand, and "pressure from without" on the other. Papers written by what may be styled "trade" writers were continually inserted in consequence, and in 1830 the practice was carried to a considerable extent. These papers were inserted anonymously, and had therefore to rest upon innate merit for their effect with the public. The result was, as had been foreseen, that they made no way. Had the authors' names been affixed, the public might have thought them excellent, and the name and not the quality of the writing might have decided the merit or demerit.

There were writers of considerable popularity whose contributions were inserted that were as meritorious as any they had produced, but they made no way. This was not their fault. A literary reputation had been too frequently made for those who would never have possessed one otherwise by newspaper paragraphs; and good and bad being confounded, the public never ceased to judge thus artificially, the abstract question of merit being a matter either too troublesome for the application of its judgment, or out of the sphere of its ability.

There were several papers this year inserted by Mr. Bulwer, the novelist, now Sir E. L. Bulwer. Had his name been attached to them, they would have drawn attention from his previous reputation, but as anonymous magazine articles, they were of no service. They were not of the class that had secured its former circulation, nor did they supersede that class by any peculiar attraction. This the publisher ultimately found to be the true state of the case. The articles of a magazine defeat the object when they are all of one hue. They must be a mixture of the useful and the instructive; whilst too the fiction that is best adapted for such a work has its own distinctive character.

When interest in the conduct of a work flags, and there is a feeling that the customary time and labour are hopelessly bestowed upon it

under the consciousness of a wrong system, it generates a feeling of indifference as to its conduct. The poet had shown this state of mind, but with him it was the natural course of things after the novelty of the excitement had subsided, even within the first year of the editorship. Under circumstances similar to these, the work proceeded through the best part of 1830, or until the October number, when my connexion with it stopped. On telling the poet of it, and that our united labours for the best part of ten years had ceased, he said, "I am sorry you go first—I shan't be long after you." In December he resigned his editorship.

"I could not go on comfortably as we did formerly," said the poet, when he had quitted.

"And as to the state finances?" I observed.

"Devil take the finances. It is something to be free, if a man has but a shirt and carpet-bag. Don't damp our jubilee?"

In this way the poet joked, and I verily believe felt, in giving up his editorship, almost without labour, and 600*l.* a year, as if he had really flung off a burthen equal to the Old Man of the Mountain. We dined together the same day, and he inquired what was to be done now we were both out of Mr. Colburn's Paradise. I never saw him in better spirits. Did I not think he could travel about with an electrical machine, and turn lecturer to Lord Brougham's mechanical corps. I said how will you tramp with the machine on your back—you can neither ride nor drive.

"True," said the poet, "and I must learn how to manage the instrument."

"You have thrown philosophy in my teeth of old," I observed, "and now it is to stand you in some stead—you had better take a magic lanthorn."

"I never thought of that," he replied, "there would be less call upon the mind that way, and in consequence in the way of the world, much more profit. Then we could have our old contributors painted on the glasses, and in spite of Mr. Colburn, we might "publish" them. This, ladies and gentlemen, is the head of Horace Smith, who wrote the addresses of all the poets, and this is friend C——, who could never write his own address in a plain hand, much less the addresses of other people."

"Goldsmith travelled with his flute," I observed.

"Yes, but the magic lanthorn would be a more complex thing, and people would have a higher opinion of an optical illusion. The black art always had admirers."

"Yes," I said, "I see the Sieur Campbell posted in large letters at the corners of the streets, a new Katerfelto conjuring for his bread."

"Then," he said, "I could make ballads but not set them nor sing them—that I cannot do like Moore."

I never remember a merrier *tête-à-tête* than this was with the poet, when the man of the world would have been thinking of profit and loss, and have merged his hilarity in sulkiness about future gains to the same amount. The poet was at the moment as lively as a child let out of school. It is true for a poet he was still independent and even rich, but he thought only of the present, and of his imaginary, rather than his real, emancipation. He talked of a visit to the Continent, and of numerous literary projects he had conceived, which never had an existence out of

the "ideal" of that moment. Then wandering from this to other topics he got out of humour with me because I said that I thought, after all, the classical authors bequeathed by antiquity had contributed little or nothing to the existing spirit of freedom; for, until the shackles of priestcraft were broken civil liberty had made no progress, and that in this country at least, the vices, or properly the crimes, of Henry VIII. had aided the reformers, and effected as much as they had done themselves in bringing it about. That for fifteen hundred years the priests and people had possessed the classic authors, at least such of the people as could understand them, and no sensible effect had been produced. I cannot recollect the entire ground upon which the poet argued on the reverse side, but my impression is, that he referred almost wholly to Greece and her history, "elevating and heroic as it was," to show I was wrong, while I replied, that I did not question the institutions of Greece being great and free, but their effect on the intervening ages, from the decadence of Rome to recent times. He asked whether the classics had produced no effect in Italy during the middle ages, whether their action was not seen in the works of the Italian writers. He was surprised at my having so unfounded, so absurd a notion. I said that works, such as those of Petrarch and Dante, showed no more than the reflection of their own enlarged minds, indignant at corruption, and that the Italians did not seem to have learned any thing from them conducive to civil liberty in our sense of the term. With all great minds these Italians were indignant at tyranny. I did not see how the classics produced any effect here, separate from natural causes and things under their own eyes.

"You will not be convinced of any thing," said the poet, "your philosophy is stoical. You are incredulous. You have no value for the noblest specimens of human character the world has produced. You have your own hard notions about all."

"Pardon me," I replied, "I never assailed the glorious characters of antiquity—let us keep to the point, whether the works of the classic authors left to us contributed any thing of moment to the public liberty of modern times."

Here the poet, as was his custom, no longer argued, but declared I was all wrong, that they had greatly contributed to spread civil freedom; that it could not be otherwise, because they advocated it, that I loved paradox, and had not reflected on the subject half enough.

"My dear fellow," said he, "the classic writers left to us devoured their foster-fathers, the monks, those fat rascals to whom we are indebted for them, they destroyed the monkery that preserved them, and that was doing all for freedom."

"I said I thought common sense and Martin Luther did more.

"Poh!" said he, "it was here monk against monk, and the monk Luther had the liberal side,—he was the 'radical' of his day. Don't promulgate your notions about the classics, it is blasphemy."

In the September number of the last year of his editorship, he wrote a review of Hugh's "Travels in Greece and Albania." Here he got upon his old and favourite theme. On reading it the supposition of its being the production of the author of the letter to Moore about Byron, or even of the review of Flaxman's "Lectures" would hardly be indulged. Here there was no controversy, no censure of others, which, when the poet attempted, was certain to lead him into a style very dissimilar from

his own, as already remarked. Here he expatiated upon a favourite subject, assisted by the light thrown upon his own knowledge through the observations of the traveller. He had written in former times a paper or two for the *Edinburgh Review*, but Jeffrey used to complain of his laziness. What those papers were I do not know, but I should imagine on analogous subjects to the present, upon which he was quite at home. The relations of the traveller enabled him to picture in his imagination more correctly, perhaps more vividly, the scenes on which he delighted to dwell. He alludes to the temples of Agrigentum with evident predilection; he lingers over the ruins of Syracuse with melancholy retrospections, passes briefly over the republic of the Seven Islands and enters the Peloponnesus, full of remembrances of his youthful studies and pleased to recur again to the sites of ancient cities, the crumbling wrecks of Doric temples, and the ruins of Cyclopean architecture. This was the most elaborate review that Campbell wrote during the whole period of his editorship, and he extended it through two numbers, feeling, perhaps, there was a necessity for this amplitude, and that what has already been remarked about the state of the publication as to its contributions seemed to call for something from his hands more than he had been in the habit of recently presenting in its pages.

He wrote in the December of the same year his last contribution before laying down his editorship. It was entitled "Thoughts and Facts respecting the Civilisation of Africa." No poetry came from him to the publication for the entire year. His muse had been silent, as if anticipating the future. The colonisation of Africa was a favourite subject with him. He adverted in it to Algiers, which he had at the moment little idea of visiting four years afterwards. He took his text from a publication of Jules Planat upon the regeneration of Egypt. In this paper he somewhat overvalued the influence of the French with Mohammed Ali, miscalculating their policy, which had shown itself from its nature so adverse to the conciliation of the inhabitants whenever they have attempted settlements. But Campbell was the sanguine friend of freedom in all he put forth, and if his zeal was too lively it was never misdirected. His heart always beat with the generous and the just. He never compromised a right principle to policy, and the very excesses of an honest spirit are outpourings hallowed by the wise and good.

Thus closed his editorship of the *New Monthly*, occupying a period which may be said to have concluded the most important portion of Campbell's literary history. He had reached the summit of his reputation as a poet and an author. Some of the verses which he had contributed to this work were worthy of his pen, others fell below it, for no writer can ensure the attainment of the level of his best productions in all he may publish. The stanzas "Men of England," to "The Rainbow," the "Last Man," and "A Dream," are among his better poems. In all he published thirty pieces, some of which are not more than a dozen lines in length. His prose contributions, composed for the Royal Institution and the Glasgow students; a letter to Colonel Brant, the son of the Indian chief mentioned in his "Gertrude;" papers on his project for a college or university in London, of the merit of which furtive attempts have been made to deprive him; on the sonnets of Shakspeare; on Flaxman's "Lectures;" on Moore's "Life of Byron;" on the civilisation of Africa; and reviews of Milton's newly-discovered theological work, and of Hugh's novels, include all his prose contributions of moment

beyond a page or a couple of pages in length. He wrote some of the short criticisms in the small print for a little time, but soon got tired of them. Some of these were very hurriedly and loosely executed, so that his own neat hand was scarcely to be recognised in them; others were done with care, according to the humour of the moment. When he lost any particular friend, he would now and then give me a few lines of his own regarding him to be introduced into the obituary, but I think this did not occur more than half-a-dozen times. He did not take the least interest in the articles I inserted in the small print relative to any distinguished characters of the hour who had become deceased. I doubt if he ever read them, unless his attention was directed to them upon some occasion by his friends, his indolence getting the better of his interest or curiosity. Thus it may be seen that his contributions were few enough, and his labour as small as the lightest possible editorship could involve.*

There was one excellence in the *New Monthly* which had it been observed in all publications of the same kind, and even in newspapers, would be highly advantageous to readers in general, in the way of forming a correct judgment of the contents of books. Those reviews and notices which were of any moment were placed in the hands of individuals well acquainted with the subjects treated upon. The ignorance displayed in modern criticism on technical books and those works of which it is necessary for the reviewer to have some information on the subjects treated of to write about them, has become so palpable, that criticisms are since called "notices," the last name being substituted, it is presumed, to evade the charge of ignorance against the writers. Raw youths from Scotland or Ireland often make those notices with a spice of commendation or censure to "order." Under this venal system scarcely a correct or honest criticism is to be found. In the *New Monthly* the works were sent to men properly qualified for writing upon them. Thus works on Northern and Western Africa were reviewed by James Grey Jackson, who had resided in Morocco for sixteen years, and was best known as "Morocco Jackson." He was profoundly learned in the Arabic tongue, and perfect master of the characters and customs of the different nations in that part of Africa. J. B. Frazer, too, the well-known traveller and accomplished novelist, generally called "Himalaya Frazer," had been a most valuable contributor. This system had much to do in raising the character of the work. Depping, Beyle, and Sismondi were valuable continental associates, writers who understood far better than the assumptive English sent out to be the correspondents of modern publications, the social lives of the people about whom they write.

I have now brought these recollections to the period when the poet left the *New Monthly Magazine*, and fear I have trespassed sufficiently on the kindness of its present editor in the space which I have occupied. After

* The contributions of some of the earlier writers for the magazine were very considerable. The authors of the "Rejected Addresses," James and Horace Smith, were large contributors. James Smith wrote above a hundred articles in nine years; Horace, his brother, about a hundred and fifty in six years. Henry Roscoe above a hundred; Talfourd a hundred and twenty on the drama alone, besides others in large type on various subjects, and the present writer a hundred and seventy in the large print alone in nine years. These articles were all published anonymously.

that event the poet lived fourteen years, which were perhaps as eventful as any portion of his life. They include, too, a period in which great changes took place in his habits as well as bodily health, more especially after 1835. There are several circumstances in relation to his affairs and friendships, and many anecdotes, which it would be impossible to compress into less than several new chapters. I shall therefore be as brief as possible here, and do little more than enumerate a few of the leading incidents in the remainder of his career.

In 1829—30 Campbell gathered round him a few friends and formed the "Literary Union," which, not through his means, but through some members of the committee, was changed both in design and character, and shaped into a common West End club. I believe the poet continued a member of it until it ceased to have an existence, though with the precise time of its dissolution I am unacquainted. His zeal in and characteristic negligence of the means for working out his ends, were here conspicuous on numerous occasions. While thus occupied he joined several other persons and formed a society of the friends of Poland. There were many motives which urged him to be hearty in this cause. Mr. Bach, who was honorary secretary to that society, told me that he had seen the poet cry like a child, when drawing up some of the papers in behalf of that despoiled people.*

While thus occupied a publisher in Waterloo Place asked me whether I thought, Campbell being idle, he would undertake the editorship of a new magazine, and whether I would join. That as the poet did so little work, he could not afford to pay him as he had been before paid, but he would give him the moiety of the sum. It would be for little but his name. I mentioned this to Campbell, and he immediately acceded. Thus appeared the *Metropolitan Magazine*, which at first promised well, but the publisher had too little capital, got embarrassed, and sold the work to Mr. Valpy, who ultimately disposed of it to Captain Marryat. The Captain ultimately became his own editor, at which time Campbell and myself both ceased to be connected with it. This was in a few months after the sale took place. Three distinguished poets contributed to this work at its commencement, Campbell, Moore, and Montgomery.

The poet quitted Middle Scotland Yard, while this work was in hand, and went to lodge at 31, Upper Eaton Street, Pimlico, transferring there the books and moveables he immediately required. Soon after he set off for St. Leonard's, Hastings, where he took a lodging close to the edge of the sea, on the right hand side of the road from St. Leonard's to the old town, that the "waves might come up to his window." There were several incidents characteristic of the poet that took place here, where he performed his duties under the new editorship by writing the verses that appear in the publication with his name annexed. I cannot suppress one incident showing his excellence of heart. It is part of a letter to myself, dated "Christmas, St. Leonard's, 1831.—In consequence of what *you say* print the verses; I hardly know what title they should have. Perhaps after all the one I have given them will do—but pray let me have a proof. You will get the letter Monday, to-morrow morning, and by to-

* In the chambers of the Polish Society in Duke Street, St. James's, now occupied by this gentleman, there is an attic to which the poet used to steal for purposes of study, out of all chance of intrusion. In this room there is a marble tablet affixed by this warm-hearted friend, recording the circumstance, which the owner of the house has promised shall be a fixture.

night's mail I can have a packet Tuesday morning, and I could send it back by coach that day—so that we have time. * *
* * * * *
I am almost at my last pound, for that poor blustering creature has sent me not a farthing of my arrears, but I have enclosed two pounds, which I shall be singularly obliged to you to see given to the object for whom they are meant, and the person who has written to me about her distress is a man unknown to me, so that I do not like to trust him. The unfortunate creature to whom I crave your kindness is Mrs. ——, —— Street. I never had one feeling of interest in that hapless woman, but rather a perception of something in her nature and character ill fitted for the wretched life she leads, from which I have made many endeavours to snatch her, and shall not cease to make them. But I shall be obliged to her to tell me if the child which she has with her be the same about whom I interested M—— in hopes that he might get her a place.

"I am sorry to trouble you with so heavy a package."

The death of Mrs. Siddons, in 1831, and the request she made of the poet, that he would be her biographer, caused him to set about a task, as a reluctant duty, for which he was notoriously unfit. He was like Bunyan's Christian, with the burthen on his back, during the whole time he was writing it. The style of the book is wholly foreign to that of his former works. It is a biography on stilts. When he thought he was earnest and effective, he was really inflated and unprofitable. It was an undertaking that, after all, few or none could succeed in. There can be no record of mind in the sayings of those whose lives are spent in doing no more than repeating the sayings of others, the whole matter being as to whether those sayings are well or ill declaimed. His sense of the weight of his task was almost ludicrously expressed. Most others in similar circumstances retire out of sight and go heartily at work, but Campbell almost converted his employment into an advertisement for the book. He talked of it and wrote about it to every body to whom he wrote any thing else. He put up a little paper notice at the door of his chambers, as lawyers do in the Temple, when they go out or lock themselves in, saying they are absent,—parcels and letters, so and so. The poet, in his simplicity, stuck up his notice that he could not be disturbed, being busy about the biography of Mrs. Siddons. For a time he had but that one idea. I asked him what were become of all the rest, that he had been fifty-five years in acquiring.

"O, my dear friend, you cannot imagine what a burthen I have brought upon myself."

"It is only because you think it so; you have never been accustomed to that kind of work."

"I have promised to finish it, and I will; but it will knock me up."

Then I would strive to turn the conversation, and ask him a question, to which I really wanted a reply. I got only a remark about Mrs. Siddons in return. I remember telling him he was like a pretty girl I once knew in the country who was deaf.

"How! I am not deaf, though this cursed book will make me deaf and blind, too, before long."

"Why," I replied, "because if I ask you about any thing else, I get Mrs. Siddons as an answer. That pretty girl I once addressed:—"Mary, good morning,—how do you do to-day?" She replied:—"Gone up the Mediterranean, my dear creature!" The fact was, she

had a sweetheart, an officer in the navy, of whom she was always thinking, and she supposed nobody could address her about any thing else."

Campbell laughed heartily, and I got him to attend to what I wanted, and to meet and dine together afterwards,—a great difficulty at that moment. A lady, whom I have mentioned before, could not get him to dine on Christmas Day, 1832. She had sent him a gold pen as a present, but she got only the reply:—

"My dear Mrs. M——, with the beautiful pen in my hand, I thank you, with all my heart, for your Christmas present. I never in my life received a prettier or more welcome one.

"I am, indeed, a downright galley-slave in this biography that I am writing, and obliged to have written by a certain day, and spin it out to two volumes. I literally see none of my friends,—but the first exception shall be your honoured self.

"Believe me, your sincere friend,

"THOS. CAMPBELL."

As Nelson said of the firing at Trafalgar, "This is too hot to last long," so the poet relaxed after the first brush with his work; and it was 1834 before his two volumes made their appearance, inscribed to Rogers, by him who, in 1828, had thought all dedications idle things, and begged me to leave them out of the poems, of which I undertook to be editor, in his behalf, during Mrs. Campbell's illness. A proof how much he acted in such things upon the impulse of momentary thought, and how little some of his actions were to be imputed to deliberate reflection. He would do things contrary to his known habits at times, and lay himself open to singular observations, which were but the result of this propensity. Things, on reflection, he would have willingly recalled.

Had the poet not assumed so singular a style, and one so different from his usual elegance in prose composition, although little could be said for the biography, as the composition of so able a man as Campbell, beyond what others, less gifted, could have produced, it would be difficult to tell how any thing more could have been made of what had no stamina in itself, no startling matter to work upon, nothing but indescribable merit to delineate. It is the most difficult of all difficult things in authorship to make bread out of a stone; to produce elaborate works out of materials remarkable alone for their poverty, and the fleeting recollections of illusive personification. Yet the great expectation of such a piece of biography must be almost wholly founded upon what can be thus effected if it is to differ from that of common existences.

The poet still kept close at work, and for some time was not seen by any one. He had got rid of Lawrence's biography to another, which had been deputed to him. But he had told me he had promised Mrs. Siddons to write her life, and that he would not break his word. He collected all the scanty materials he could get together. He talked to all who had known the great actress about her and her family; he wrote letters of inquiry in all directions, and everything he obtained made but an unsatisfactory mass of material, as far as respected entertaining facts or interesting adventure. The incidents in the life of an actress of the highest class, of staid manners, and plain good sense, could not be expected to abound in incident. All those little points of action, that chit chat and anecdote recorded of many theatrical ladies, were, to say nothing of less moral incidents and their attendant circumstances, necessarily wanting in the life of

one so lofty in feeling and pure in morals as Mrs. Siddons. Though the greatest actress that ever trod the stage, her real excellences could not be described, they belonged more than half to vision.

What was there besides her acting in which she was superior to many others of her sex. She was not a woman of genius; and she was not a woman of reading beyond her profession. The very nobility of her person and her serious depørtment, showed that the quips and cranks of comedy, seasoned with natural wit, were not her accompaniments to startle or amuse a reader. In truth, Campbell's motto, signifying that the animated graces of the player live no longer than the breath and motion that represent them, was, in Mrs. Siddons, eminently true. Nor in her conversation, that I ever heard myself, or heard others state, was there any thing worthy of record upon paper. She was not a De Staël. Yet in spite of all this, how truly great she was on the boards, and how high the general feeling of respect was for her, need not be repeated. This feeling Campbell personally experienced to the fullest extent.

There was another circumstance unfitting Campbell for such a task ; he had gone to the theatre as any other spectator would, a mere spectator, he had never mixed as a matter of amusement with the Thespian corps behind the scenes, as was common in former days for authors to do. He was not versed, if it may be so termed, in the *patois* of the theatre, a thing in some degree necessary, to write about it with ease, and to be "at home" upon the subject in treating of a common, much less an *epic*, actor or actress. Campbell was never a man of the world in the sense that would be attributed to the term by play-goers. He was a solitary student, the matter of whose prose writings was drawn from a knowledge of books, whose poetry was kept down by rule, and whose genius, even in its admiration of natural things, he carefully clipped of every exuberance. His simple, and often boyish levity of temper, had no affinity with the artificial beings of theatre-going folk. He was also on these accounts, unfit for the task he undertook. Is his book then worthless ? it may be honestly replied in the negative. If he has not produced any thing that has conferred additional fame upon his literary character, but rather the reverse, still he has said all that could be said, and left unrecorded nothing that such a subject would admit of being recorded in its regard.

His life of Mrs. Siddons was published in 1834. In the copy with which he presented me he as usual wrote his autograph. It was published by Mr. Wilson of the city. I believe it did not reach a second edition. Expectation had been kept too long on the stretch and too much was expected. The public is like a spoiled child, if kept too long without its toy it turns in the interim to other things, and when the long expected bauble appears, regards it with an indifference fatal even to the best productions. This is well known to keen-scented bibliopolists, who calculate to a fraction of an hour how long the many-headed monster may be stimulated before reaction ensues, and accordingly play the game commensurate with the most satisfactory conclusion.

A sudden impulse when on the continent drew the poet to Algiers in 1834, just after he had published the foregoing book. I was not in London when he returned. His letters on Algiers are before the world. Early in 1835 I was in town again, and visited him as usual. It happened that I contemplated leaving London for Staffordshire in 1836, and on telling him of it he said,

"You are going away, then—all things are changing. Come to my chambers (the York Chambers, St. James's Street), and let us dine together once more."

I went accordingly on the following day at six o'clock. I found him in low spirits, and rallied him upon it as we were alone. He said he was not well, had not been so since his return from Algiers, and never should be well again. The fever he caught there had shaken him, and he should not live long. He was almost touching to the feelings in his remarks. I spoke of his father's great age and that of his sister. He said, "No matter; I am convinced of it—you will outlive me." We had much conversation that day, as it was eleven o'clock when I left him. I left him, too, feeling affected with a sort of presentiment that he was no longer the Thomas Campbell of preceding years—I scarcely knew why either. About the same time he seemed to forget and even ceased to visit many of his old and ardent friends. I charged him with neglecting Lord Holland. It had become disagreeable to him to dress for dinner; then there was this or that pretext, really meaning nothing. I found, too, a mark of premature senility, that he showed a greater fondness for money than he once did, and got often into company about that time with individuals whom in past times he would have avoided. I left town with the impression that he was fast breaking. The high spirit which he once exhibited on literary affairs he seemed to have utterly lost. Between three and four years that I was absent in Staffordshire I know little of his proceedings except in the way of publications to which his name appeared. I only saw him for half an hour during that time on making a call upon any momentary visit to London. He published a life of Shakspeare, another of Petrarch, and suffered his name to appear as editor of the "Court and Times of Frederick the Great." He affixed his name and supplied verses to a catchpenny annual in 1838, when those publications were nearly gone out of vogue, a thing he would have scorned to do in his better days, as Sir Walter Scott did, who would not sell his name when asked to do it for the *Keepsake*. These were clearly works which the desire of money natural to advancing years alone induced him to undertake. Those who knew his extreme fastidiousness, his stern resolution in the days of his better fame, never to suffer his name to be made use of but in a manner calculated to preserve the self-respect for which he was remarkable at that time, were now greatly surprised. Telling him I saw the papers had attacked him about one of these works, and said he had sold his name.

"I don't care," he replied, "Moore called upon me just now, he came up to town upon a literary work proposed to him, and seems so frightened at what is said about me that he has gone back again without settling upon any thing."

I replied, "So would you in old times."

He replied, "Why talk of them? they can come back no more!"

In 1842, he published the "Massacre of Glencoe," already alluded to as painfully illustrating the utter decay of the poet's once brilliant genius. Fortunately his reputation as a poet had been immutably established half a century before! In truth, he had not in advanced age that mental power which, in his own beautiful "Essay on the Poets," he observed had been bestowed upon Dryden. His youth was not renewed like the eagle's. For he remarks, that Dryden published his "Æneid" at sixty-

six, and after that wrote his fables and ode on St. Cecilia's day, brightening to the last. That Waller had lost none of his mental power at eighty-two, and that Milton, between sixty and seventy, had published "Paradise Lost." But then to such men of genius there are others to be opposed, who, like Campbell, have exhausted their powers in their earlier efforts with a vigour too intense to be prolonged—too intense, at least, for their conformation in other respects. Such is the difference in the most gifted humanities!

I returned to London out of Staffordshire early in 1840, and took lodgings in Upper Baker Street, where the poet came the last time he was ever under my roof, and had breakfast. He did not leave me until five o'clock. He conversed nearly all the time, and looked much as he had appeared years before, but that look was evanescent: perhaps it was my fancy. After this we met only at intervals of two or three months. He several times lamented our distance from each other, and made now and then, but rarely, regretful allusions to past circumstances—but I must conclude.

The last time I saw him was on the eve of his departure for Boulogne, in 1843. His books were packing up when I called one morning in Victoria Square. I told him I remembered I knew not how many removals of him and those books in the preceding twenty-five years. He smiled and told me of his bad bargains in getting rid of his house in Victoria Square. He looked far older than he was and feeble, but did not seem in bad spirits, saying he should be well at Boulogne, the air agreed with him. I promised to go over and see him. I took a biscuit and glass of wine with him, we shook hands, and I saw him no more. This was at the end of September, 1843; I think I am certain of the month. A mutual friend told me of his illness the next year, and I instantly wrote over to inquire how he was. My letter reached him only a few days before his death. His niece replied at his request, sending his "kind remembrances," and adding that her uncle was fast sinking, as I apprehend, of pure debility. This communication was dated on the 8th of June, 1844, and he died on the 15th, on the same day of the same month that another great poet and master of the Ode, was buried fourscore and eight years before—the poet Collins.

Respecting the poet's last hours, I heard that life went out like the expiration of a taper, gently and almost imperceptibly. I only state this, however, as a hearsay. I had no personal knowledge of the poet's medical attendant and executor, who, report said, was present during his last moments.

I was at the funeral on the 3rd of July, 1844. It was numerously attended by the titled and untitled, by the literary and non-literary. I could have smiled, if a smile had been possible at a moment to myself of no ordinary emotion, to see the poet's living antipathies appended to his name when dead—the "*LL.D.*" and "*Author of the Pleasures of Hope*," emblazoned on his coffin. I wonder it did not revivify him. There, in that chill and cheerless receptacle of the illustrious dead, I saw the poet laid in a very shallow grave, alongside the ashes of Sheridan. As the coffin was lowered, the hand on the clock in the aisle above where he now lies (not in strictness in the poet's corner), pointed to a quarter before twelve. The Rev. Mr. Millman, himself a distinguished poet, read the service at the foot of Dr. Barrow's monument, standing close to were Samuel Johnson was seen standing and weeping at the funeral of Garrick, just sixty-five years before.

A VISIT TO THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF CRESSY AND AGINCOURT.

IN LETTERS ADDRESSED TO H. P. SMITH, ESQ.

BY H. L. LONG, ESQ.

LETTER VI.

AGINCOURT.

NOTHING but the direst necessity, the sternest and most imperious instinct of self-preservation, could have dictated this fearful order. A few moments, perhaps, and the real state of affairs might have been discovered, and the order countermanded, but in such a crisis a moment's hesitation might have compromised the safety of the whole of Henry's slender forces —they were victors where they stood, but naturally must have been somewhat exhausted, and were surrounded by confused masses of enemies, so as to be in reality ignorant whether, although masters of the field of battle, they could consider the day already won. Quickly forming, and prepared for a fresh action, they attacked a column of French under the Comte de Marne, which remained unbroken, and having defeated this body, the king sent a herald to some more of the enemy he observed still assembled, " commanding them either to depart out of his sight, or to come forward at once and give battle ;" but accompanying this message with a threat that in the event of their renewing the attack no quarter would be given either to them or to such prisoners as remained in his hands. " The Frenchmen, fearing the sentence of so terrible a decree, without further delay posted out of the field, and so about four of the clock in the afternoon, the king, when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreat to be blown, and gathering his army together, gave thanks to Almighty God for so happy a victory, causing his prelates and chaplains to sing this Psalm 'In exitu Israel in Ægypto,' and commanding every man to kneel down on the ground at this verse, 'Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam,' which done, he caused the 'Te Deum' with certain anthems to be sung, giving laud and praise to God without boasting of his own force or any human power."

These decorous observances were in accordance with the same pious spirit which previous to the engagement had led the whole army to bend devoutly to the earth, and each man to place in his mouth a morsel of the "tawny soil" of Agincourt, in lieu of the consecrated wafer, and thus shroven and assoiled, to rush fearlessly to action.

Ten thousand French, many, indeed most of them, gentlemen of note, perished in this fatal conflict. The number of slain was augmented, doubtless, by the unfortunate slaughter of so many prisoners. The laurels of Henry cannot with justice be deemed to have been sullied, by what was in truth accidental, and originated in the misconduct of the enemy. The best contradiction to the charge of the order having been issued under the influence of a groundless apprehension, or a needless cruelty, is to be found in the fearless, generous, and humane character of

the king himself, who throughout the campaign had protected not only the persons of the French, but even their private property, hanging up the Nyms and Bardolphs of the army who were convicted of plundering. Indeed so much convinced were the French that the real authors of the massacre were the cowardly bandits whose attack upon the baggage had first created the alarm, that had the dauphin lived, the Seigneur d'Agincourt and the rest of his party would undoubtedly have been led to execution, "his death was their life, and his life would have been their death."

An honourable interment was all that the slain could receive at the hands or by the permission of the victors; a sepulchral chapel was subsequently erected over the bodies of the great men who fell in this action, and this remained in a ruined state until very lately. You probably remember its being examined by Sir Alexander Woodford at the time the Guards were quartered in that vicinity. I have heard that some representation from the prefet put a stop to his researches, but this interposition does not seem to have arisen from any especial veneration for the spot; at least if any such sentiment then existed, it speedily evaporated, and with it the mortuary chapel itself, for not a vestige of it is now to be seen. With respect to the illustrious prisoners who remained in Henry's hands, and were conveyed by him to England, the lengthened captivity, and sorrows and poems of Charles Duke of Orleans, are the most remarkable. He, like another literary Duke of Orleans, four centuries later, survived a long exile in England, returning to France, not indeed to be king himself, but being the father of the future monarch, Louis XII.

Of the 500 English who fell at Agincourt, those of rank were extremely few, the brave Gam died nobly in the field, and his body alone received the honour of knighthood, which the soul that had left it did not remain to accept of. The remains of the Duke of York and the Earl of Suffolk were bouilli* and transported to England; the body of the duke after a magnificent funeral service performed in St. Paul's, was deposited in a collegiate building he had founded at Fotheringay; that of the Earl of Suffolk was interred at Ewelm. All England rang with rejoicings, but amid the triumphal scenes the modest bearing of the victorious monarch was the most marked as well as the most pleasing feature.

We live in days of prolonged peace—few there are among us unable to perceive and appreciate its inestimable blessings—still fewer who would seriously contemplate any renewal of scenes of bloodshed without a revulsion of horror. We are told indeed that the sword has been a civiliser and that crusades and military expeditions have proved beneficial to the human race, as the promoters eventually of social intercourse, and we may readily and reasonably believe that such events would not have been permitted to take place without adequate good cause. As regards the general question of warfare tending to the development of human destinies, such may be the case in barbarous countries, in Cabul, Scinde, or China, and cannot be denied even to the sanguinary conflicts which fol-

* I would not translate this word "boiled," in spite of the authority of Sir Harris Nicholas. The English signification of "boil" does not quite correspond with the French "bouillir" as thus applied. In the description of the armour of the archers we have "hamettes ou capelines de cuir bouilli," which would signify tanned or pickled.

lowed the French Revolution ; but we will hope that Europe at least has now adopted the better and happier means of that friendly diffusion of persons and ideas, in which are discernible the real elements of the security and improvement of mankind.

Where are we to look for the benefits produced by the famous contests of the Plantagenets for the unattainable possession of France ? The mere glory which attaches to these victories is an insufficient result. When it was proposed in the House of Commons in the days of Pitt to omit the lilies from the escutcheons of England, and the "D. G. Franciæ Rex" from the legend of George III.'s coinage, the minister objected at first to an attack upon a "harmless feather." The "feather"—the object of Henry's or Edward's ambition—might have been as unimportant, although not so harmless as the armorial bearings and titles transmitted to their successors. But it is not in France, the scene of all their glory, that we are able to detect any thing like a real advantage purchased by their vast expenditure of blood and treasure. We are, however, in England not wholly unable both to see and to feel something which has come down to us from those times and those actions to which we may appeal for proof that all this warfare was not waged in vain, "Delirant quicquid reges, plectuntur Achivi," is the usual effect of such contests, not so exactly with the Plantagenets and the commons of England. Harry V. easily obtained his subsidies and fifteenths from a Parliament, which appeared dazzled by his success, and disposed to assist his ambitious projects, but all this time it quietly pursued its own course, little solicitous about acquisitions in France, but especially careful to preserve and extend, and assist the privileges of the English House of Commons. A few years beheld all these mighty foreign acquisitions melt away like the gifts of fairies, and all the disasters of the reign of Henry VI.

> Populumque potentem
> In sua victrici conversum viscera dextrâ.

But in the midst of reverses abroad, and strife at home, the Parliament never lost sight of what it had gained during the days of Agincourt, and at this hour we are in the enjoyment of the plenary results, which have terminated in the establishment of a free constitution. These are matters for reflection at home—but on the fields, bravely fought and fairly won, we may willingly do justice to the merits and glories of our countrymen, which have invested the scenes with an unfading interest. It is one great charm in visiting these places that we may with perfect confidence believe ourselves beholding, unchanged, the very scene, as far as the face of the country is concerned, which presented itself to the eyes of the actors themselves in those great events. In an open champaign country, unless plantations and houses spring up, or positive violence is done to the surface, the aspect remains unaltered by any thing, but the common variations of agricultural crops. What open violence can do, we know well from what it has done upon the arena of another conflict, more desperate and important than Cressy or Agincourt ; those who now visit the impressive plain of Waterloo, and were present at the action, can scarcely at first recognise the original ground, the crest of the position is gone :—"pour construire," as a French writer expresses it, "la montagne artificielle, immense cone haut de plus de cent cinquante pieds et recouvert de gazon ;

qui supporte le ridicule lion Belge placé là par l'ancien gouvernement des Pays Bas comme monument de la victoire Anglo-Prussienne du 18th Juin. Le sol, à la sommité, du plateau de Mont Saint Jean, à été baissé de près de dix pieds. L'aspect général du terrain est dont completement changé."

Far different is the case at Cressy. Not a tree has been planted, not a house built to alter the original lineaments of the field. The opponent heights have their three or four windmills on the plateaus once occupied by the hostile armies; but even those objects are probably in keeping with the ancient scene. The intermediate valley lies quietly in its pristine state, nothing has stirred its soil except the patient plough in its annual labour. At Agincourt it is the same—no change is likely to have come over the spirit of the plain. "Henri," said St. Rémy, "sur une belle plaine de jeunes blez ordonna sa bataille;" and there I found the young wheat, "aliusque et idem," and except that it was April instead of October, there seemed nothing to destroy the illusion. I seemed to be walking over the very same corn.

The ages that have elapsed since these victories were achieved, have nearly extinguished any feelings of animosity between the rival nations, such as rankle sometimes at the recollections of more recent events. Each party now can afford to look over Cressy and Agincourt, and discuss the subject of the conflicts with impartial indifference; it must be owned a secret satisfaction comes across our minds at the thought that our countrymen remained superior in the contest; but it must be admitted that much mismanagement existed on the part of the gallant nation to whose faults these amazing victories were in a great measure owing—faults themselves on the right side—the fault of excessive and ungovernable courage, rashly and fruitlessly expended, and then quickly converted into despondency and defeat.

Victories are not so easily purchased in these days of better discipline; but it is marvellous that the compass of a single life should have been a sufficient period to embrace all the great conquests of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. I say a single life, for we may well suppose that although at the interval of sixty-nine years, there must have been men in both France and England who on hearing of Agincourt in their old age, would have called to mind what Cressy had been in their youth. Nay, more—it is upon record that the same veteran French chief who gave the signal for advance at Agincourt, had been actually engaged at Cressy in his early military career. I must throw myself upon your memory for his name,* for my own will not supply me with it at this moment. Such things, however, are not unparalleled; in fact, if we believe the words put into the mouth of Aper by Tacitus, they can be surpassed. "Ipse ego," he says, "in Britanniâ vidi senem qui se fateretur cæ pugnæ interfuisse quâ Cæsarem inferentem arma Britanniæ arcere litoribus et pellere aggressi sunt." Ninety-six years had passed between Cæsar's invasion, and the next under Claudius; Aper's British friend must have been, indeed, a warrior of no ordinary standing.

A single life, with such severe lessons at its commencement, ought to have been sufficient for any military man of genius to have corrected

* This was the Duke de Berry—he advised the French to an action at Agincourt—he had been in the battle of Poitiers fifty-nine years before.

the miserable errors of his country; but we find, in innumerable minor affairs, the English retained their superiority, and their great victories were obtained with a disparity of force truly astonishing, compared with the hosts which opposed them. This inequality was even aggravated at Cressy, for the division under the king himself, amounting to nearly a third of the army, does not appear to have been engaged in the action at all—the Black Prince alone won the day.

> Whiles his most mighty father on the hill
> Stood smiling; to behold his lion's whelp
> Forage in blood of French nobility.
> Oh, noble English, that could entertain,
> With half their forces, the full pride of France!
> And let the other half stand laughing by,
> All out of work, and cold for action!

At Poitiers again, thrice were the massive columns of the French brought up to attack and overwhelm the handful of English under the Black Prince, thrice repulsed with slaughter, and under the influence of the third repulse, while fatigued and disheartened, they were charged in their turn, and utterly defeated. Many an historian has attempted the solution of the mysterious cause of these extraordinary defeats—evidently proceeding from something more than the mere caprice and chance of war.

Sismondi, in his "Histoire des Francais," remarking upon the battle of Cressy, has these important observations:—

"L'infanterie de Philippe était fort inferieure en qualité à celle des Anglais. Ceux-ci peut-être par une suite de leur hostilité contre la noblesse Normande, qui était établie et fixée chez eux, avait conservé plus d'independance de caractère; accoutumés à se servir sans cesse de l'arbalette, leur armes leur donnaient du courage, et la noblesse les respectait et les craignait. Les gentilhommes Francais, au contraire, ne permettaient jamais à leurs serfs de fair usage d'aucune arme; ils les maintenaient dans la terreur, et l'avilissement, et ne pouvoient au besoin en faire des soldats. Ce n'étaient que les Bourgeois des villes qui formaient l'infanterie nationale leurs habitudes casanières avaient moins fortifié leurs corps que celui des paysans, et les rendaient moins propres aux fatigues de la guerre, leurs armes et leur discipline étaient pour eux des gênes accoutumées. Tout fois quand ils avoient combattu pour leur liberté ils avoient souvent montré un brilliant courage. Mais sous les Valois, ils se sentaient opprimés, humiliés, et la force de corvetère ne suppleait plus en eux à la faiblesse du corps. La noblesse accoutumée à mépriser les islains et l'infanterie bourgeoise, etendait le même mépris à l'infanterie étrangère que le roi avait prise à sa solde."

Without acquiescing in the whole of this passage, we may allow Sismondi to be correct in asserting that the French feudal seigneurs dared not place arms in the hands of their peasantry; a similar apprehension was expressed in our House of Lords in a recent debate on the "Army Enlistment Bill," which was denounced as likely to turn loose upon the country a number of men, formidable, as having been accustomed to the exercise of fire-arms.

Sismondi is however, in error in speaking of the arbalette, or crossbow, as the weapon to which the English were continually trained. M. Louandre also specified the arbalète, and the skill with which the English used it, as one of the causes of their success at Cressy, nor is this mistake

of a trivial nature. The arbalète was considered an unfair weapon, so formidable from its force, and so dangerous from the facility with which it could be used, that the spiritual weapons of Rome were brought to act against it, and in a council of the Lateran, held in 1139, it was regularly anathematised. The French were said to regard it as a cowardly instrument, and refused to avail themselves of it. "Avec cette arme perfide," they said, "un poltron peut tuer sans risque le plus vaillant homme." They held the bow in equal detestation, as "*Ennemie de prouesse.*" The sword principally was held in estimation by them, and with it the lance, and similar weapons, which required close action, and granted the palm of superiority to valour and strength alone. This fastidiousness may remind us of the objections against gunpowder, urged so feelingly by Hotspur's Dandy:

> It was a pity, so it was,
> That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
> Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
> Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
> So cowardly.

Without perfect coincidence with these becoming sentiments, which the depravity of mankind somehow has overruled, we may say as regards the arbalète, that whether perfidious and cowardly or not, it was not the English, but the French who made use of it at Cressy and Agincourt. The strength and glory of the English lay in their long bows; and superior skill in the use of a weapon common to all mankind is, of itself, a distinguished military merit. It was the French who at Cressy and Agincourt employed the cross-bow, first, with their Genoese mercenaries, and then with their own force under Rambures, a distinguished nobleman of Ponthieu, who filled the high office of "Grand maître des arbalètes."

Sir Walter Raleigh has some remarks on the English troops of that period, which appear to me particularly interesting, coming from him, whose observations are always of value, and who lived so much nearer that period than we do. I wish we had some convenient edition of the writings of this able man; it is impossible to abridge his animated and vigorous language, therefore, prepare yourself for a pretty long quotation. He is discussing the problem started by Livy, whether the Romans could have resisted Alexander, and he takes a somewhat different view to that of the Roman historian. This leads him to a notice of the English soldiers as compared with the Roman troops under Julius Cæsar, in Gaul. "The things performed in the same country, by our common English soldiers, levied in haste from following the cart, or sitting in the shop-stall."—After describing the advantages possessed by the Romans over the Gauls, he goes on to say, "What such help, or what other worldly help than the golden metal of their soldiers had our English kings against the French? Were not the French as well experienced in feats of war? Yea, did they not think themselves therein our superiors? Let us hear what a French writer saith of the inequality that was between the French and English, when their King John was ready to give the onset upon the Black Prince at the battle of Poitiers. 'John had all advantages over Edward, both in number, force, show, country and CONCEIT, (the which is commonly a consideration of no small importance in worldly affairs) and withal the choice of all his horsemen, esteemed then the best

in Europe, with the greatest and wisest captains of his whole realm,"* and what could he more?

"I think it would trouble a Roman antiquary to find the like example in their histories. The example, I say, of a king brought prisoner to Rome by an army of 8000, which he had surrounded with 40,000 better appointed and no less expert warriors. This, I am sure of, that neither Syphax, the Numidian, followed by a rabble of half scullions, as Livy rightly terms them, not those cowardly kings, Perseus and Gentius, are worthy patterns. All that we have read of Cressy and Agincourt will bear me witness, that I do not allege the Battle of Poitiers for lack of other good examples of the English virtue, the proof whereof hath left many hundred better marks, in all quarters of France, than ever did the valour of the Romans.

"If any man impute these victories to the long bow, as carrying further, piercing more strongly, and quicker of discharge than the French cross-bow—my answer is ready; that in all these respects, it is also (being drawn with a strong arm) superior to the musket; yet is the musket a weapon of more use. The gun and the cross-bow are of like force, when discharged by a boy or woman, as when by a strong man; weakness or sickness, or a sore finger makes the long-bow unserviceable, more particularly, I say, that it was the custom of our ancestors to shoot, for the most part, point blank, and so he shall perceive, that will note the circumstances of any one battle. This takes away all objection : for when two armies are within distance of a butt's length, one flight of arrows, or two at the most, can be delivered before they close. Neither is it in general true that the long-bow reacheth further, or that it pierceth more strongly than the cross-bow. But this is the rare effect of an extraordinary arm, whereupon can be founded no common rule. If any man shall ask, how then came it to pass that the English won so many great battles, having no advantage to help him? I may, with best commendation of modesty, refer him to the French historian, who, relating the victory of our men at Crevant, where they passed a bridge in face of the enemy, useth these words 'The English comes with a conquering bravery, as he that was accustomed to gain everywhere without any stay: he forceth our guard placed upon the bridge to keep the passage' (Jean de Serres). Or may I cite another place of the same author, where he tells how the Bretons being invaded by Charles VIII., King of France, thought it good policy to apparel 1500 of their own men in English cassocks, hoping that the very sight of the English red cross would be enough to terrify the French.

"But I will not stoop to borrow of French historians (all of which, excepting de Serres and Paulus Æmilius, report wonders of our nation), the proposition which I first undertook to maintain, that the military virtue of the English, prevailing against all manner of difficulties, ought to be preferred before that of the Romans, which was assisted with all advantages that could be desired.' If it be demanded why then did not our kings finish the conquest as Cæsar had done? My answer may be (I hope without offence) that our kings were like to the race of the Æacidæ, of whom

* "Jean avoit tout l'avantage par dessus Edouard, le nombre, la force, le lustre, le pays, le prejuge (qui n'est pas communement une considération de peu d'importance aux affaires du monde) et avec soi l'élite de sa cavallerie lors estimée la meilleur de toute sa Royaume."—*John de Serres.*

the old poet Ennius gave this note 'Bellipotentes sunt magè quam sapientipotentes,' they were more warlike than politic. Whoso notes their proceedings may find that none of them went to work like a conqueror, save only King Henry V., the course of whose victories it pleased God to interrupt by his death."

Sir Walter is unquestionably in the right; to excel in the use of arms is a legitimate and highly commendable portion of the art of war, and, of itself, a species of triumph. But to maintain a permanent superiority we must look to national characters, the "mettle of the pasture," to that indomitable persistive hardihood which will continue the birthright of the British, as long as they maintain their freedom. The mere mechanical advantages of weapons, of which any prudent people will instinctively avail themselves, is not to be put in competition with the "golden metal" of the soldier's heart; different nations have different good as well as bad qualities; the French soldier may yield to none in the activity and fury of his attack; but his British adversary surpasses him in enduring perseverance. M. Louandre, in enumerating the causes which contributed to the victory at Cressy, but directing his eye, perhaps, to events of later occurrence, mentions as one, "la belle position militaire qu'ils avoient choisie et dans laquelle ils attendoient qu'on vint les attaquer, selon leur habitude dans tous les tems, sans en excepter le notre." This practice was not invariable, because at Agincourt the English were the assailants; it is indeed true that Henry had awaited an attack from the enemy, until his patience was exhausted, and as a general rule the assertion is probably well founded. At any rate, to take up a good military position is the first step to success, and a proof of good generalship to begin with; but if it has been the usual practice of the English, it has been so, because they have usually been the weaker party in point of numbers, and consequently prudence prescribed the adoption of such a measure.

Take an early instance,—that of Harold at Hastings,—although eager to engage, yet finding himself in presence of an enemy of three times his force, he immediately assumed the defensive; and with such tenacity did the English Saxons maintain their position, with such effect were wielded those "sævissimæ secures," the seaxes, or battle-axes, said to have been the origin of their name, that the fortune of the day appeared all but pronounced against the Norman invader. The loss of their brave leader, and the absence of any other iron-nerved chief, gifted with the patient and steady judgment that will coolly await the decisive moment, the eagle glance to espy it, and the firm resolve to give the magic word "up" were fatal. Harold's Saxons were tempted prematurely to change the defensive into the pursuit; they quitted their position, and perished accordingly. But,—

> What, though the field be lost,
> All is not lost! the unconquerable will—
> And courage never to submit or yield.

Saxon perseverance has in the end achieved a moral victory; the institutions, the language, the spirit, and the name, have triumphed, and are carrying irresistibly the effects of their victory into the remotest corners of the globe. Contrast with this, the national character of their neigh-

bours, the Gauls. How quietly did they acquiesce in the domination of their Frankish, or Norman masters, and hug the chains of the feudal system,—with what satisfaction did they assume and glory in the name of Francs, although in truth it was but the badge of their subjection? not less willingly and tamely had they previously sunk into Roman subjects, "post decennalis belli mutuas clades subegit Cæsar, societatique nostra fœderibus junxit æternis." Those ten years of desperate struggle preparatory to their fall, were indeed like their furious onset at a single battle, which if unsuccessful, rapidly changes into disorder and despair. Such onsets have ever been terrible, and no proofs of bravery have been given by any nation surpassing those recorded of the Gauls. Cæsar himself has told us what passed under his own eyes, while he stood in admiration of the daring deeds displayed at the siege of Bourges. "Inspectantibus ipsis dignum memoriâ visum prætermittendum non existimavimus." Yet for want of the quality of patient determination, this brilliant gallantry has repeatedly been thrown away. Such is the secret of Saxon superiority, if indeed it can be called a secret which is known and acknowledged, and fears no concealment, like some patent monopoly, for it is incapable of being counterfeited, it is the genuine, inherent, inimitable characteristic of the race.

Nor are these distinguishing qualities confined to particular times, or peculiar places on the globe—look when and where you will, and the same traits are discernible—the Gallic character is nowhere better described than in the oration of Manlius to his army, when, nearly two centuries before our era, he was preparing to attack the Gauls of Asia. He allowed the enemy all his martial virtues, somewhat deteriorated, perhaps, by contact or fusion with imbecile Asiatic tribes:—"ferox natio, pervagata bello prope orbem terraram;" as the description proceeds, we have the exact picture of the Gaul, when his ardour has evaporated, and he begins to yield to despair;—"jam usu hoc cognitum est. Si primum impetum quem fervido ingenio et cæcâ irâ effundunt, sustinueris—labant arma—molles, ubi ira consedit, animi, &c."

The Saxon, in similarly remote times and places, has given instances of his own peculiar temperament and qualifications; and once more to recall our good old Marathonian reminiscences, whom do we find on that plain by the side of the veterans of the great Cyrus, while the rest of the enormous army of Persia was overthrown right and left of them, whom do we find alone, making a successful resistance to the Greeks, but a body of the Asiatic Sacæ—the distant, but by all accounts, the indisputable forefathers of the Saxon race?

A GAMIN OF THE GARDE MOBILE.

AN EPISODE OF THE INSURRECTION OF JUNE.

By the Honourable Charles Stuart Savile.

During a lengthened residence near the Boulevart du Temple, I had frequently occasion to pass near a lad of about seventeen years of age, who was constantly to be met with in front of the *Théâtre Historique*, and whose occupation, if occupation it could be termed, almost entirely consisted in performing small jobs, running errands, and playing with others of his own age and station at the games peculiar to the Parisian *gamin*. From eight in the morning until eleven at night, he was always to be seen near the same spot. His extremely intelligent countenance, which was also very handsome, had attracted my attention to him, and I more than once engaged him to carry letters and go upon commissions, in the performance of which, he evinced a quickness and an aptitude, that was unusual even amongst the lads of his own class, clever and shrewd as they always are. His good-humour also was unfailing, even when tried to the utmost by a long run of ill-luck at the *jeu de bouchon*. I never, indeed, saw him out of temper for a single moment. None of his companions could compete with him, either in repartee or raillery, although, be it observed, he never turned his powers in that line to an ill-natured purpose. In addition to this, his honesty was unimpeachable, and it was through his possessing that virtue to a very high degree, that I became well acquainted with him. One evening I had bought a quantity of books at an old stall in the neighbourhood of the Café Turc, and had employed Julien Letourneur, for that was the name of the *gamin*, to carry them home for me. On arriving at my apartments, I put into his hand, what I thought was a franc, and dismissed him: a few hours afterwards I was retiring to bed, when I heard a ring at the bell, and on my opening the door Julien entered, and immediately cried out,

"Monsieur, I have come to inform you that you gave me a twenty franc piece this evening, and as you must have done so by mistake, I have brought it back again, *car l'honneur avant tout*. I should have returned before, only I did not discover that I had received a gold piece, until a few minutes ago, just after I left the door of the '*Folies*,' where I have been selling *contremarques* all the evening. I am certain it was monsieur who gave me the louis, for I have received nothing but coppers, for the seats at the *Folies* are not so expensive as those of the *Gymnase*, or *Variétés*, which, I presume, are the theatres frequented by monsieur. Now copper money is larger than a louis, while a franc, on the contrary, is of the same size, so said I to myself, when I found the gold-piece in my pocket, on counting the receipts of the evening, 'Julien! it must be the Monsieur d'Anglais that gave it you.' Upon which I made one run along the Boulevart, and here I am."

With these words he presented me with the louis.

"Honesty, where dost thou conceal thyself?" I said, mentally quoting from "Monte Christo," as I gazed upon the miserable, though clean blouse of the *gamin*, who in all probability had never during the whole

course of his life, been the possessor of a tithe of the sum I had unintentionally given him. "You are an honourable lad, Julien," I continued aloud, "and deserve to be well rewarded."

"How so," returned the *gamin*, "I have merely done my duty ; one may be poor without being a thief, and a paltry thief I should have been, had I kept possession of the piece."

"At any rate, you shall be no loser by your honest conduct," I replied, "for the louis is yours, really and truly yours, for I make you a present of it."

"What, monsieur! a gold piece for me," cried the lad, evidently overjoyed. "Oh how happy my father will be, it will help him to purchase the coat he is so much in want of."

"You have got a father living then, Julien ?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "*un brave homme*."

"I wonder at his not trying to procure you some fixed occupation," I observed, "for although you are an honest young fellow, still your mode of living is decidedly vagrant and not altogether respectable."

"That is not the fault of the old man," replied Julien, "his desire is to see me settled, but somehow or other I was never able to fix myself down to any employment, do what I could. I am sorry for it, for I am aware it is wrong, but we cannot change our natures."

As it was getting late, I dismissed the lad for the night, bidding him call upon me the following morning, as I was anxious to learn something more about him. On his return I discovered that he was the son of an old soldier, who had served in the Imperial Guard, during the latter years of Napoleon's power, and had made the campaign of Russia, where he had been disabled from ever again joining in active service ; but notwithstanding the wounds he had received, he had been unable to get a berth in the Hôpital des Invalides, or to obtain a pension. The veteran, who had been employed for some years as *concierge* in a small house situated in a street near the Rue du Temple, had been extremely anxious to bring up his son as a *commis* in a shop or an office, but the volatile disposition of the youth prevented this intention from being carried into execution, and although Julien had received a very tolerable education, he could never be induced to follow any settled employment ; and to the sorrow of his father, he passed the whole of his time, as I have already observed, in loitering on the boulevarts and playing at the *jeu de bouchon* in front of the theatres, except when performing some temporary commission, or disposing of *contremarques* at the doors of the *Gaiété*, the *Folies*, or the *Délassements Comiques*.

On my expostulating with him in a friendly manner, on his vagabond mode of living, and attempting to prove how little respectable it was, Julien informed me, that the only fixed career it would be possible for him to follow would be that of a soldier.

"My father was one," he observed, somewhat proudly, "and has bled in defence of his country ; I intend to imitate his example, but I cannot enlist at present, for I am only seventeen ; next year, however, I shall be old enough, and shall enroll myself in a regiment of *tirailleurs*."

"Why in a regiment of tirailleurs?" was my very natural question.

"Because they serve in Africa, and are often engaged with the Arabs," cried Julien, enthusiastically. "I should hate to be a soldier during a time of peace, and have nothing to do but mount guard and

perform other *corvées* of the same description. No! that would never do; better spend one's whole life in selling *contremarques. La guerre, la guerre pour moi*, for with war comes promotion, and I should like to be an officer, it would make my father so proud."

"You love your father, then, very much?"

"Love him," exclaimed the lad, "I would die for the old man, if that could do him any good."

And from the earnest manner in which he spoke, it was evident that Julien Letourneur meant what he said.

It was on the night of the 23rd of Frbruary (three months after the above conversation), shortly after the murderous and ill-fated volley fired by the fourteenth regiment of the line upon an inoffensive crowd in front of the Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères, which inexplicable act, indeed, mainly brought about the consummation of the Revolution, by exciting the populace to an ungovernable state of fury and exasperation, that I was proceeding as fast as I could along the Boulevart St. Martin, by scrambling over the innumerable barricades which were rising at short distances from each other. On arriving at the barricade just above the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, I thought I recognised one of the voices of those engaged in digging up the pavement, and upon looking at the speaker, I found I was not mistaken, for the voice belonged to Julien Letourneur, who appeared to be the very life and soul of the hardworking, but enthusiastic band; at one moment he would work fiercely at tearing up the pavement, at another he would leap upon the rising barricade and exhort his companions to exert themselves to the uttermost, in order that all should be prepared before the municipal guards and the line should come up.

"Well, Julien, mon ami," I exclaimed, addressing him, "you are about to have some sharp work."

"Yes, monsieur," he returned, "we are going to pay off those *gueux de municipaux* in their own coin, *que le diable les emporte*, they killed two friends of mine this afternoon in the faubourg du Temple, *mais je les vengerai*," he added with glistening eyes, "for I have a musket and its bayonet in yonder corner, all I want are cartridges, and if the national guard take part with us to-morrow morning, which I am certain they will, we shall have plenty of ammunition from the *mairies*, and then '*à bas les Municipaux*,' '*à bas la Royauté*,' '*vive la République*.'"

It is not my intention to give any description of the Revolution of February, as the subject is become threadbare, but to confine myself to observing that one of the foremost at the attack of the military post of the Chateau d'Eau, on the Place du Palais Royal, was this young lad, who used his musket on that occasion as if he had been a soldier from his infancy. He was one of those who bore the throne from the Tuileries and paraded it along the Boulevarts to the column of Liberty at the Bastille, where a bonfire was made of the gilded chair, which had a few hours before borne the weight of its royal master, at that moment an obscure exile flying towards a foreign shore.

After the proclamation of the Republic by the Provisional Government, Julien Letourneur was one of the first of the Parisian *gamins* who enlisted in the *garde mobile*, raised by Lamartine, and thus the dearest wish of his heart was satisfied, for he had to all intents and purposes become a soldier. It is true, then, many peopled cavilled at and turned

into derision those battalions of little boys, as they termed them,—others blamed the want of foresight shown by Lamartine in forming a corps which, it was asserted, would in the event of an insurrection certainly side with that portion of the populace from which they had sprung. It was putting it in the power of the people,—such were the arguments used,—to overturn every thing, were they so disposed, for it was asserted that the *garde mobile* could scarcely be expected to fire upon their fathers, brothers, and friends. How those who argued thus, wronged the brave and devoted corps, which, during the dreadful events of June, so nobly and gallantly underwent the *baptême du feu*, and saved the cause of order, at the same time that its members conquered for themselves a marked and distinguished place in the army of their country.

On the elections taking place, for the purpose of the soldiers of the *garde mobile* naming their own officers, Julien Letourneur, who had become an universal favourite in his battalion, was raised to the rank of sergeant; had he, indeed, been a few years older, he would certainly have been elected an officer, such was the esteem his comrades bore him. He called upon me, in his new uniform, on the day the colours were distributed at the *Arc du Triomphe*, and triumphantly called my attention to the silver-laced stripes on his sleeves. One circumstance, however, appeared to somewhat damp his joy, namely, that the officers and soldiers of the line evidently looked upon him and his comrades with undisguised disdain, and neither mixed freely with them, or even admitted them to be soldiers. There was, perhaps, some jealousy which caused them to act in this manner, for the officers and sergeants of the line grumbled at the idea of young men and boys, who had never seen any service, wearing epaulettes and laced stripes, being thus put on an equality with those who had gained their steps by long and arduous service. Julien, indeed, informed me that several duels had already taken place between some of the *garde mobile* and the soldiers of the dragoon and infantry regiments which had returned to the capital. This was fraternity with a vengeance.

"They little know us, or rather pretend not to know us," observed the young sergeant, "but if ever we have an opportunity, we will prove to the regulars that although we are not perhaps, as yet, so well disciplined, we are, notwithstanding, quite as brave as they are; point out to the *gamin* of Paris the road to danger, and I promise you that he will march upon it at once, for he understands neither the meaning nor nature of fear."

The youth spoke prophetically, for notwithstanding the bravery and discipline of the line, shown before the barricades of June, no doubt can exist that had not the *garde mobile* acted as they did on that occasion, victory would have declared itself on the side of the insurgents. The upholders of the cause of order, therefore, instead of seeking to attack the conduct of Lamartine, and attempting to lower him in the estimation of his countrymen and the world at large, ought to acknowledge, as eventually they will, and if they do not, history will acknowledge it for them, that to Lamartine's idea of raising the corps of the *garde mobile* is owing the triumph of the moderate over the red republicans.

After the above interview with Julien Letourneur, I seldom had an opportunity of speaking to him, in consequence of his being almost constantly engaged in attending to his military duties. I frequently, however, saw him parading with his battalion, which appeared to become daily more

disciplined and soldierlike ; indeed, a corporal of the line, who was employed as one of the military instructors to the corps, informed me, that he had never before met with recruits so docile, or who displayed such aptitude.

"The Parisian gamins," he said, "seemed to learn by intuition, and made more progress in a month than the conscripts he had previously had to deal with, in the course of half a year's constant drill and exercise."

The fatal 22nd of June arrived, the *garde mobile* was called out to attack the barricades raised by the insurgents, who, it appeared, counted on that corps not only not acting with the government, but on its siding with themselves. How those infatuated men were deceived is well known, for the *garde mobile* remained true to its colours, and marched against the defenders of the barricades as resolutely as though they had been foreign enemies, although among those very insurgents upon which they fired were the fathers and brothers of many of the devoted youths who thus sacrificed their natural feelings to their sense of duty and discipline.

Although a foreigner, I was a member of the National Guard, and was doing duty on the 25th with my company at the upper end of the Boulevart St. Martin, when I saw a *brancard* with a wounded *garde mobile* upon it carried by. I should not have paid much attention to this circumstance—for wounded men were constantly passing, as a dreadful combat was going on near the Café Turc,—had I not recognised in the pale face of the sufferer the features of Julien Letourneur. I instantly ran up to him, and having stopped the bearers of the *brancard*, requested them to carry the wounded youth to my apartment, where he would be able to receive better attendance than in a crowded *ambulance*. My wish was complied with, and Julien was a few minutes afterwards laid upon my bed, where he was immediately visited by an American medical gentleman, who resided in the same house. The poor fellow was dreadfully mangled, his body being almost riddled with bullets, and it was evident that he could not survive any length of time. Julien, who was perfectly conscious, soon saw, by the surgeon's grave countenance, that his fate was sealed, and turning to me, exclaimed,

"*Citoyen*, I am glad I am about to die, for life now would be a burden to me ; am I not a parricide ? yes, mon Dieu! a parricide !"

"A parricide!" I ejaculated with a shudder, for I guessed the truth at once, and I was right, for a most horrible event had just taken place. The battalion to which Julien Letourneur belonged, had been, like all those of the *garde mobile*, constantly in the thickest of the fight, and the young sergeant had distinguished himself in the most brilliant manner; indeed, had he survived, there is no doubt that he would have been decorated with the Legion of Honour. During the attack upon a barricade near the Café Turc, he had taken the place of his lieutenant, who had just fallen, and was leading on his comrades, when the chief of the barricade leaped up and levelled his musket at him. Julien, however, had raised his gun at the same moment, and fired at the insurgent, who tottered and fell dead over the barricade, right before the feet of his own son, for it was no other than André Letourneur who had been thus killed. The old soldier of the Imperial Guard, who had been spared by death throughout all the dangers of the Russian campaign, was thus sent to his last account in a street combat with his own countrymen, and by a shot fired by his only child. On recognising the corpse of his father,

Julien gave a scream of horror, and remained motionless, as if turned to stone. At this moment his company was forced to retreat, but the young sergeant, however, moved not, but remained gazing upon that one dead body, until a general volley from the barricade and the adjoining windows, stretched him almost lifeless upon the ground. A few generous comrades, at the risk of their own lives, rushed up to the spot, and bore him away.

It was in vain that I attempted to console the unfortunate youth, and to persuade him that no possible blame could be attached to what he had done, either by God or man; all the answer I could obtain was, "*J'ai tué mon père, mon bon père, je suis maudit.*" In vain did a pious and gentle priest utter holy words of comfort, and essay to calm that agonised spirit, before it departed for ever, for to every observation, Julien answered, "There is no absolution in Heaven for a parricide!" and, with despair in his heart, he turned his face to the wall and expired.

Thus died Julien Letourneur, one of the bravest and most energetic members of that brave and energetic band, the *garde mobile.* "*Requiescat in pace.*"

Anathema, Maranatha, be all civil war; Anathema, Maranatha, be all who excite their countrymen to turn their bayonets and aim their muskets at each other's hearts. Anathema, Maranatha, be all, who, to serve their own ambitious projects, excite the people of one land, and one tongue, to fall out and shed each other's blood.

A FEW MONTHS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL E. NAPIER.

RETURN FROM THE EASTERN FRONTIER.

"Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? Do I not bate? Do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-John."

King Henry IV.

I NOW come to the period of Sir Peregrine Maitland's recall from the government of the Cape of Good Hope, in January, 1847.

His valedictory proclamation announcing the defeat of the enemy, and congratulating the troops "on the prospect of the almost immediate termination of their labours," with the subsequent abolition of martial law, —the reduction of the force—and disbanding of the burgher levies; caused, it must be confessed, some little surprise amongst the "natives;" a feeling which was not diminished, when, a few days after Colonel Somerset had been left in command of the army, *he* proclaimed "that an erroneous opinion being in circulation that the war was at an end, he begged leave to intimate that hostilities had *not* ceased, and required all officers commanding corps, and heads of departments, to exercise the utmost vigilance on their posts."

This was rather a puzzler! for between such very contradictory docu-

ments it was difficult to know who or what to believe; but the intelligence of the death of three British officers slain* by the Kaffirs, arriving about the time that the latter dictum had been promulgated, seemed to stamp it with the seal of authenticity—to prove that the reduction of the force had been rather premature, and that Colonel Somerset might thereby possibly be placed in rather an awkward predicament.

As a detailed account of the last Kaffir war has been given by a far abler pen,† I have in these papers said but little of the operations of the campaign; but on referring to the work alluded to, it will easily be imagined that most of those who had been engaged in this unsatisfactory warfare, would gladly have left a scene, which held out the prospect of apparently so little to be gained either in honour or advantage. The generality of the staff officers sent out on this "especial service" were, I believe, of a similar opinion—and as there appeared to be some difficulty in cutting out suitable occupations for them all, it had lately been intimated that such of our number as wished to return to England, would be allowed that indulgence, on making an official application for the same.

This, most of us thought, was throwing a rather unfair degree of responsibility on our shoulders; a responsibility which I for one, begged to decline; and though worn out by constant exposure and fatigue, suffering from repeated attacks of ophthalmia, causing the most intense suffering, and which had nearly deprived me of the use of my sight, I determined to hold out to the last, rather than accept of emancipation on terms, which might at some future period have acted greatly to my detriment.

Colonel Somerset, on assuming the command of the force, took, however, quite a different view of our case from what his predecessor had entertained;—by the disbanding of the native levies *my* occupation was at an end, nor did the gallant old soldier hesitate one instant to take on himself the responsibility of informing me officially, that in consequence of this reduction of the force, my services might now be dispensed with, and that I was therefore at liberty to leave the frontier; a permission of which I lost not a minute in availing myself.

Owing to the many repeated attacks of ophthalmia, above alluded to (the foundation of which had been laid amidst the sands of Egypt), I had had my head shaved, been repeatedly cupped, blistered, and subjected to a variety of other tortures, and in this pleasant plight, on the 4th of February, 1847, shaking the dust off my shoes as I turned my back on Graham's Town, I mounted my horse, and bade farewell—as I sincerely hoped for ever—to the eastern frontier, to Kaffirs, to "cattle lifting," and campaigning in Kaffirland!

Should the reader's patience ere this not be wholly exhausted, he may, by perusing the following journal, letter, or whatever he choose to call it, put together at the time, for the information of my friends in England, have the benefit of another "month in Southern Africa," when, having safely conducted him to the shores of Algoa Bay, I propose taking my leave, and bidding a long adieu to this part of the world.

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* Captain Gibson and Dr. Howell of the Rifles, and the Honourable Mr. Chetwynd of the 73rd Regiment.

† Mrs. Ward's account of the Kaffir war, written on the spot.

(*Letter, No.* 19.)

"Bushman's River,
"37 miles from Graham's Town, Feb. 5th, 1847.

"I left Graham's Town yesterday afternoon, and am at last, I am glad to say, fairly on my way to Port Elizabeth; however, as Sir Peregrine Maitland's successor, Sir George Berkeley, has, it is said, already landed there, and is probably ere this on his way to the frontier, I shall not positively know my fate until we meet, which will, perhaps, be to-morrow; at all events I do not start till then, lest I should miss him on the road.

"Being in very light marching order, I have not even brought my journal book, therefore this must do duty for the same; and as I mean always to be on the move long before daylight, in order to avoid the glare of the sun (which, spite of green spectacles and blue veil, still plays the deuce with my eyes) I shall have plenty of time at each halting-place to try your patience by scribbling, and I can generally manage to do this, after having been for some time in a darkened room.

"Yesterday, taking leave of my friends at Fort England, from whom I had always experienced such kindness and hospitality—I left Graham's Town during one of the hottest days I ever felt; and my exit strongly reminded me of a couple of French caricatures I have somewhere seen. In the first, a well appointed soldier is, with head erect, boldly stepping out to the front, 'Où va tu?' is the question of a comrade; 'Je vais à la guerre,' replies he, proudly. The next plate represents an unfortunate-looking devil, painfully limping along with a crutch, and one arm in a sling. 'D'où viens tu?' 'Je viens de la guerre!' whines out the cripple in a plaintive tone, as he hobbles on towards his native village. Now it strikes me that mine is quite a parallel case to the above; a few months ago I passed through Graham's Town in capital health and spirits, in all the 'pomp and circumstance' of war, buoyed up by hope, and mounted on a fiery steed; since then, how great is the change that has come o'er the 'spirit of my expectations!' for I am literally in the plight of the second hero alluded to; my horses are all done up, I have parted with them for a mere song, and only kept a couple of half-starved baggage ponies to carry my Hottentot lad Jacob, and myself, with our saddle-bags, to the coast. One of these proud animals, in consequence of having a short time before had an eye kicked out, was now paraded with his head bandaged up in a dirty towel; Mr. Jacob looked, both in person and apparel, rather the worse for the roughing of the late campaign, whilst I flatter myself that with my green spectacles, blue veil, and grizzly beard; my shaven head bound up in a red silk handkerchief, a tolerably brown phiz, surmounted by the old broad-brimmed castor, still rejoicing in the remains of a few ragged ostrich feathers—a well-worn shooting-jacket, now out at elbows, antigropolos boots, and the everlasting corduroy breeches—I formed not the least picturesque object of this interesting group!

"In such guise I yesterday took my departure from Graham's Town, followed by my dingy esquire, on whom several parting cups had evidently produced a most exhilarating effect; by dint of whip and spur we managed at last to lift our Rozinantes into a canter, but had not proceeded a mile, ere Jacob's charger came down, and badly cut both knees, shooting his rider with my double-barrel gun in hand, over his head; in

fact, the poor animal, which I had bought on first landing at Algoa Bay, is so completely knocked up, that if ever he reaches Port Elizabeth, I shall consider myself fortunate.

* * * * *

"On arriving at a little stream about seven miles from Graham's Town, we found a few waggons outspanned, belonging to some half dozen 'medicos,' who had lately been ordered out in a body, much as the 'seven staff officers' were; one of them had met with a sad misfortune the day before, by a gun accidentally going off, which so shattered his arm, that he was obliged to be left at Sidbury.

"When men meet in the wilderness it is generally either as decided friends or foes, and the former being in this instance luckily the case, I was soon on the best of terms with these sons of Galen, who offered me the hospitality of their waggon; and I learnt, on taking leave of them, after half-an-hour's pleasant chat, that I was likely to fall in with Colonel B—— of the ——, who was only a few miles off, on his way to the frontier; however, as there are two roads between Sidbury and Graham's Town, I managed to miss him. This road to Port Elizabeth is execrable, and a disgrace to a British colony, more especially since, from the infatuation of not using the Buffaloe mouth for landing supplies, it may be said to be the only means of communication between the coast and the scene of operations.

"The country I passed through yesterday, was a succession of rather abrupt undulations, perfectly open, with the exception of a patch of bush creeping occasionally up some kloof; and large flocks of sheep were here and there again to be seen browsing on the now seared and parched up herbage; for within the last fortnight or three weeks of dry weather, the face of the country has assumed quite a different appearance; being now changed from a bright—and, in some places, blueish green—to a sober nankeen garb; and this I believe, as the dry weather of the winter season continues, is gradually replaced by the deep brown colour of the bare soil.

"After getting over about twenty miles of ground, we pulled up to feed the horses in a deep valley, where we found a stagnant pool in a dry water-course. It is here the custom, on coming to a halt, always to off 'saddle,' and let your horse have a roll—no matter how hot he may be—the consequence is no end of sore backs. I, however, adhere when practicable, to the Arab plan of leaving on the saddle whilst the horse is warm, only loosening the girths; and by following this system, and perhaps, thanks also to one of the patent 'sudarios,' I have not, with all my hard riding, had a single sore back since I have been in the colony. The horse-hair nose-bags (I brought out with me) now came, as they had often before done, into play, a feed of corn having been carried in each, and suspended over Mr. Jacob's saddle-bags; when the nags had discussed this, we again mounted, but it was long after dark ere we reached the small inn of Mr. Pollard at Sidbury.

"My sable esquire had been in service here, before he commenced 'sogering,' and as I suspected he would—Hottentot-like—take the opportunity of having a jollification,—after giving him a hint not to meet his friends until he had fed the horses, I took some tea and went to bed, desiring him to 'saddle up' at five in the morning. It was broad daylight when I awoke, and no signs of Mr. Jacob; but on going out, what

was my dismay to see him at that unfashionable hour, reeling about dead drunk! With great difficulty I succeeded in getting him into the saddle, but as for guiding his horse, *that* was out of the question, so taking the 'reim,' or long leather halter string in my hand, I towed him out, and in this manner made my exit from Sidbury.

"The country between Sidbury and this, is far prettier than that of yesterday's journey, and for the last two or three miles the road runs through a dense bush, in which I understand a few Kaffirs have been lately seen, and a small number of cattle consequently stolen;—but if Pato keeps his threat and makes an incursion into the country of Oliphant's Hoek—about twelve or fifteen miles off, in the direction of the sea,—farm-houses will be again deserted and burnt, flocks again swept off, and the whole business to commence 'de novo.'

"The news is just arrived here that Sir George Berkeley has landed at Algoa Bay, or rather has stranded on it, as it is said that in consequence of springing a leak they have been obliged to run H.M. steamer *Thunderbolt* on shore; how far this may be true I know not, as it is here a rule never to believe any thing you hear, and only half what you see!

"I have just heard from mine host that a 'laager,' or camp of burghers in this neighbourhood, is—in consequence of the intelligence of reducing the force, and disbanding the native levies—preparing to emigrate 'en masse' across the northern boundary; and how can these poor people be blamed, or with any justice be prevented from taking such a measure? for the general feeling here, is that if the Kaffirs be not effectually curbed and proper protection afforded to the colonists, this part of the country will be entirely deserted by the settlers; and were I in their position I would certainly do the same, as what can be more dreadful than to be in constant fear of one's life, and to run the risk every moment of losing the fruits of years of labour on the mere whim of these barbarians?

"On leading my horse to the stable, I saw there an enormous gin—which is used for entrapping the wolf, as the hyæna is called here—and mine host gave me several anecdotes of the tenacity of life of these animals; he says he has seen one of them worried for an hour by sixty dogs, without their teeth being able to have any effect on its tough hide! but remember I do not answer for this being gospel.

"The heat has all day been most oppressive, the thermometer is up to 95 degrees in the house, and I may deem myself lucky in having a roof over my head, instead of being under canvass; however, the clouds are rapidly collecting, and it will probably end in one of those fearful thunderstorms which I have before attempted to describe."

Saturday, February 6.—"As I understand that both Sir Henry Pottinger and Sir George Berkeley have given out that they willingly receive any suggestions which may be made, as to the present state of affairs, I have been busy all the morning concocting a letter to this effect, for the perusal of the latter, of which I will send you a copy.

"A traveller from Algoa Bay has just brought the intelligence that the general had not yet arrived, but that the *Thunderbolt* steamer, which was sent round for the 90th Light Infantry, had struck on Cape Recief, and that they had been obliged to run her ashore in the Bay;—how provoking for the 90th! as it may be the cause of their being again

ordered back to the Frontier! It was the casual circumstance of their putting into Table Bay on their return from Ceylon, which occasioned them to be let in for the Kaffir war.

"An officer of the customs at Port Elizabeth, who stopped here to-day, informed me that within the last ten years, to his knowledge, 30,000 Birmingham muskets and 150 tons of gunpowder, had been landed with the cognizance of government at Algoa Bay; under these circumstances it cannot be wondered at, if private traders afterwards smuggle them into Kaffirland,—or that the Kaffirs should be well supplied with fire-arms! I entrusted a letter for Colonel Nicolls to a man who was to-day passing through this for Graham's Town, and who gave me a long account of Natal, where he had been for two years, and of the terrible Dingan, the Zoolah chief. The Zoolahs, he says, as soon as they are supplied with fire-arms, will follow the example of the Kaffirs, and attack the settlement of Natal. Mr. C—— related a curious fact of the *ticks* being there so numerous as frequently to cause the death of cattle; their bites becoming fly-blown, maggots are generated, and the animal thus afflicted finishes at length his miserable existence by being literally eaten alive! This has been a delightfully cool, cloudy day, with a little rain,—a great relief after the grilling of yesterday."

Commando Kraal, February 7.—"As Sir George Berkeley has not come by the *Thunderbolt*, I have pushed on to this place, and it appears fated that Colonel Somerset's instructions are to carry me to Cape Town; but '*nous verrons.*' I left Bushman's River this morning at six o'clock,—mine host, Mr. Adcock accompanied me part of the way. After passing the 'Quagga Flats,' celebrated as the former haunt of herds of zebras and flocks of ostriches, I pulled up at a solitary house on the verge of the Addo Bush, belonging to a Mr. Pullen, who before the war, had been an extensive sheep grazier and horse-breeder; he gave me a feed of corn for my ponies, and I heard to my great satisfaction that no Kaffirs had of late been seen in the Addo Bush, which I was now about to enter. The road runs through this thicket (in some parts almost a forest) for ten miles, and as there was not a breath of air stirring, the heat was most intense,—however, my hardy little animals stood it well, and brought me to Mr. Taylor's very comfortable inn at this place—'Commando kraal'—by ten o'clock. I had on arriving, a refreshing bathe; ate a hearty breakfast, seasoned with deliciously cool water-melon, and mine host, who is an artist, has been showing me a number of his sketches done in first-rate style.

"It has turned out a most grilling day, with a blazing hot wind and lots of dust, and I have been keeping myself cool by eating water-melon, of which I have already demolished one as large as my head."

"P.S. Whilst loading my gun this morning, and using for wadding a colonial paper, I saved from destruction the enclosed lines on the Kaffir war; the passage I have underlined is most appropriate, for not only is no 'plunder for soldiers or prize money for seamen' to be had in this thankless war, but the lines:

> Is the contractor or the queen the thief?
> When men *buy* rations, though they *catch* their beef!

are very much to the point and quite true; for out of the often poor half-famished soldier's pay, is stopped the amount for rations, which he

has himself taken in the shape of oxen from the Kaffirs, at the risk of his life, and with the sweat of his brow! It is, indeed, a bad job for the sons of Mars when the current coin of the country (for *cattle* is in Kaffirland the circulating medium), can be put into his camp-kettle instead of going into his pocket! Luckily for the heroes of China, of Scinde, and the Sutledge, that Syce silver, rupees, pearls, and diamonds, cannot *now* be made into soup; although we do hear of epicures of old stewing up pearls for a feast!

"I have just seen, by the *Graham's Town Journal* of Saturday, that the 'Aborigines Protection Society' have been trying in England to bias Sir Henry Pottinger against the colonists and in favour of the Kaffirs. It is most strange that such a delusion should be suffered to exist, as that of showing favour or affection of any kind, to a set of blood-thirsty robbers. If these mischievous meddlers be listened to any longer, 'extermination' will, it is feared, have to be the word; for unless some very effectual means of protection be afforded to the Eastern frontier, it will most certainly be entirely deserted by the British settlers (as it formerly was by the Boers), and become a dead weight on our government. The colonists have long threatened to take this step; and to-day I heard that a farmer of this neighbourhood, named B——, was packing up his goods and chattels with the intention of emigrating, as soon as the native levy encamped in his neighbourhood, strike their tents."

Algoa Bay, February 10th.—"I arrived here the day before yesterday, but was not able to continue the *Journal* owing to the weak state of my eyes, which suffered much on the way down, particularly during the last day's march from 'Commando Kraal,' which I left at daylight on the 8th; but on arriving at Sunday's River, which, when I before crossed it, was a mere brook, I found it, as they say here, 'up;' that is full from bank to bank, and considerable time was lost in getting the saddles, bags, &c., into a boat, and afterwards swimming the horses across; in doing which, one of them had a narrow escape of being drowned.

"Is it not extraordinary, that on this only communication between the Cape, Port Elizabeth, and Graham's Town, not a single bridge should be yet constructed? Although supplies are constantly detained for days, nay, for weeks, by waggons not being able to get across the torrents which intercept the road (if the villanous succession of ravines, rocks, and huge stones, deserve this name); and will it be believed, that these impediments occur in a province which has been for nearly half a century appended to the British empire, and which, during that time, has required constant military movements for its protection?

"However, such is the case; and owing to this delay I found myself at last on the *right* side of the Sunday River, with a bright sun staring me in the face, and the prospect of a grilling ride of thirty-three miles. About a mile further on there is a little inn, which, had I been aware of, I would have reached the day before, and have thus more equally divided the distance. I pushed on to a most miserable hovel about six or seven miles on this side of the river, where we halted the waggons on our way up; and was lucky in getting a bundle of oat hay for the horses, and a cup of coffee, and meal and eggs beat up into a cake for myself, for they had no bread. About eight miles from this place, at the now dry bed of a stream called the Kookagh—as Mr. Jacob's horse had shown unequivocal symptoms of distress by tumbling once or twice

on his nose—I pulled up for half-an-hour, and was fortunate enough to find a pool, the water of which was only slightly brackish. Here, as we rested under the shade of a bush, we were joined by an English shepherd, who was taking back (as I told him rather prematurely) a flock of 1600 sheep, to the pasture-ground near Sidbury. When the nags had breathed a little, we again tightened our girths, and managed to raise a canter across the table-land called 'Grass Ridge;' passed the spot of our second night's 'out-span' on the way up, and descended the wooded side of the hill overlooking Schwartz Kops River, and commanding a splendid view of Algoa Bay. In going through the bush here, the heat was most oppressive; and on arriving at the Schwartz Kops, we found the water so salt from the influence of the tide, that we had to ride a considerable distance further up, in order to give our nearly-exhausted horses a drink; but the one ridden by my Hottentot lad was so completely done up, that I was obliged to leave him behind, and with difficulty managed to keep my own horse on his legs for the last twelve miles of dreary road, between the Schwartz Kops and the Bay. However, when I got a glimpse of the shipping, I pushed bravely along, and presently met a solitary horseman, whom I recognised as Doctor H——, now deputy-inspector of hospitals, and who had been quartered with me many years before at Gibraltar.

"After leaving the doctor, who was on his way to Graham's Town, I was joined by a farmer, and we jogged on together until we reached Port Elizabeth at about one o'clock, when, as you may fancy, I was not sorry to get under the cover of a roof.

"The first thing I did on arriving, was to send for my friend Doctor M——, of the 90th, who had before attended me at Block Drift, and who now most kindly hastened to give my eyes all the relief in his power. He described the sad disappointment experienced by the 90th, at being detained in consequence of the loss of the *Thunderbolt*, which had been sent to take them round to the Cape.

"The regiment (which is now encamped on the heights above the town) saw her coming round Cape Recief about four in the afternoon, and were so elated at the sight that they commenced cheering;—presently she fired minute guns, which they thought was to attract attention, it being supposed that the Governor and Commander-in-chief were on board; —however, on seeing the ensign reversed, they began to think something was wrong; but when she was run bow foremost on the beach they were quite at a loss what to conjecture. The truth, however, soon came out that she had struck on a rock in doubling the point, and was filling so quick that this was the only alternative left—there she now lies hard and fast in the sand, and in a few days will probably be a complete wreck—for although parties of the 90th and of Captain Hogg's Levy (also here on *their* way home) have given every assistance to pump her out, all efforts have hitherto proved ineffectual. Fortunately, the crew, stores, and effects are saved, and the officers and men are now encamped within a dozen yards of where I am writing.

"Yesterday (the 9th) I was all day in a dark room, still suffering from ophthalmia; however, my solitude was enlivened by many old friends of the 90th, who came to see me, and with whom I condoled most sincerely on this, their third disappointment, in not returning home. They were first stopped at the Cape on their way back from Ceylon—next a ship was

ordered to take them from Waterloo Bay, but was prevented by bad weather, and the insecurity of the anchorage—and this third 'contretemps' may perhaps keep them here another twelvemonth,* as things are beginning to look again threatening on the frontier, and the General will probably not be able to spare them.

"When I heard that Sir George Berkeley had not arrived in the *Thunderbolt*, I was in hopes that the *Haddington* (in which E— is going out to India,) would perhaps bring him round—but he is to come in the *President*."

Wednesday, 10th.—"I feel to-day so much better that I have taken advantage of it to make up the 'lee-way' in my journal.

* * *

"To illustrate the treacherous character of the Kaffirs, old Captain Evatt (the commandant here) who has just called, related an anecdote of Gaïka the father of Macomo, attempting to murder him when he was sent some thirty-five years ago into Kaffirland on a friendly mission, and after he (Captain Evatt) had made him a present of a couple of horses and saddles, with a full suit of Dragoon uniform. They were riding together 'cheek by jowl'—as the old gentleman expressed it—when his interpreter warned him to beware, as about 1000 Kaffirs were pouring in from all sides; on which he immediately seized the rein of Gaïka's horse, fastened it to his own, and threatened to blow out his brains if he did not at once dismiss these Kaffirs; which was accordingly done. Old Evatt mentioned a curious circumstance I never heard of before: that Pato (the chief who is now giving the most trouble) advanced on one occasion as far as the Schwartz Kops river, about twelve miles from this—that Captain Evatt was sent with some dragoons to desire him to retire into his own boundary —when Pato's reply was, that he had purchased the country for 4000 head of cattle from certain functionaries of government, and as long as he had 18,000 Kaffirs under his orders, he would retain it.

"This was of course duly reported; and, it is said, that shortly afterwards two of these gentlemen committed suicide at Cape Town. As for Mr. Pato, a force was sent against him, and he was compelled again to cross the Fish River. I give you this story as I had it a quarter of an hour after it was told to me. Pato, it is now rumoured, says, that he will not be content until he takes possession of Port Elizabeth,—whilst from Cape Town we hear that the war is at an end! I should say *nothing* has yet been done, and that nothing will or can be done, until the grass again shoots up next September."

February 12.—"Yesterday I had the unexpected pleasure of receiving the large budget of letters which came out by the *Lady Flora*, dated the end of September.

* * * * *

"We are now hourly expecting the arrival of the *President* with the General; and probably Admiral Dacres is on board; in the meantime, as all efforts to get the poor *Thunderbolt* afloat have failed, no further endeavour will be made until the arrival of the frigate. Fatigue parties of the 90th Regiment, and of Captain Hogg's Levy, were for two or three days hard at work trying to pump her out, but without success.

"Captain Hogg is here, accompanying his men back to their native district of Swellendam, about a hundred miles from the Cape, but, until he has seen the General, does not like to take them any further; in the

* The 90th only reached England in May, 1848.

mean time, the poor fellows are lying out in the market-place without any covering save their blankets. It rained yesterday very heavily, when they adopted the expedient of creeping into a number of empty commissariat casks, and it was ludicrous in the extreme to see each black woolly head peeping, like Diogenes, out of his kennel; however, unlike the cynic, they appeared highly satisfied with their new abodes,—and to my cost (as my bed-room window overlooked this novel kind of city), they kept up the most boisterous mirth during a great part of the night.

"The 'Totty' (as long as you can keep him sober) makes a capital soldier; humour him a little,—perform your promises towards him, he will follow you any where, and after a toilsome day's march, when other troops would be lying down, wearied and exhausted, these jolly dogs may be seen dancing away to the sound of an old cracked fiddle or Jew's harp!

"I strolled yesterday evening up to the 90th camp, pitched on the heights above the town; for it is one of the characteristic features of colonial neglect, that since we have been in possession of the colony—from which date this has been the only point of embarkation and disembarkation on the Eastern coast—there is not even a barrack or hospital for the accommodation of the troops; and, after having been six months in the field, these poor fellows continue in their miserable—and now ragged—little bell-tents, exposed to all the vicissitudes of this variable climate,—still the change from Ceylon has been (with all the hardships they have undergone) in their favour, and they are now as fine a looking set of fellows as ever wore red jackets; their mahogany-coloured faces and grizzly beards and moustaches, presenting the very 'beau ideal' of the '*vieux soldat*.' It is a pity to see such a fine corps wasting its energies in this laurel-less war. I should like to see them face to face, and within bayonet thrust, of an equal number of more worthy foes than these skulking Kaffir brigands!

"The rain came down heavily whilst in Captain Bringhursts' tent, where a small party had assembled—he gave me some account of the last expedition beyond the Kye, on which he was employed with his company (the only part of the 90th present, I believe, on that occasion), and the hardships they endured are almost incredible; incessant rain for a fortnight together, without tents or provisions, living entirely on tough, and often half raw, beef, without bread, meal, or even salt! He was sent to recover the bodies of the three officers who were lately murdered by the Kaffirs,—they found them stripped, and much torn by the vultures and jackals, whilst the numerous corpses of their enemies (for the poor fellows made a most gallant defence) were, strange to say, untouched—it will, however, be a melancholy satisfaction to their friends, to know that they died bravely, with arms in their hands, surrounded by fallen foes, and were afterwards buried with military honours in a soldier's grave! After all, how very preferable is such an exit to the lingering suffering of protracted illness, and all the nauseous accompaniments of a sick bed!

"One would have supposed, when a regiment had been detained in defence of a colony on its way home, after a protracted foreign service, and had subsequently undergone an infinity of hardships and privations, in behalf of the colonists and their property, and without any prospect of advantage to themselves, that they would be received with open arms; but

I regret to say, for the sake of our *Africander* fellow-countrymen, that this has been far from the case;—apparently forgetful of what they have already done and suffered, their departure seems to be looked upon as a sort of desertion; they have been treated with any thing but civility since they entered the colonial boundary, and, to wind up the whole, a man who, from his position, ought to have been endowed with better feelings—a man of property and influence in the colony—a literary man—a magistrate, a justice of the peace—actually prosecuted the officer in command of the 90th, for damage and trespass, because he encamped his weary men, after a long day's march, on a piece of barren heath, forming part of his property, five or six miles from this place!

"No fence, hedge, or boundary of any sort intervened to distinguish the spot from the surrounding waste—perfectly unaware that it was private property, the oxen were unyoked, the tents pitched, and camp fires lighted, when a message from the aforesaid individual came to warn off intruders: the commanding officer said that it was impossible to move at that time of the night, and he, in consequence, on arriving at Port Elizabeth, received a summons to appear before the civil court, to answer a charge of trespass and damages—the latter laid at 10*l.*! Mind you, there is not now so much as a blade of green grass within a hundred miles, and the most upright judge gave a verdict of 1*l.* damages and 14*s.* costs!

"There appears to be but one opinion on the subject of this heartless transaction; Major E——, when the verdict was delivered, gave the prosecutor, in his quiet, gentlemanly way, the following well deserved reproof,—'Had Mr. ——'s property been a little nearer to the Kaffirs, or the Kaffirs a little nearer to Mr. ——'s property, he perhaps would not have had so great an objection to the vicinity of her Majesty's 90th light infantry.'

"Now, although the above mentioned business certainly admits of no palliation—with regard to the frontier colonists—allowance must be made for the feelings of people, who have already been so often abandoned to their fate; and who, on the present occasion, seeing the native levies disbanded, and the regular troops withdrawn, when there is no appearance of the Kaffirs having been really humbled, naturally suppose that another flimsy peace is about to be *patched* up, which will again, in a few years, expose them to all the renewed horrors of Kaffir invasion, attended with its usual results."

* * * * *

Saturday, February 20th.—"The *President* and *Eurydice* have arrived with the governor, the commander-in-chief, and all their suite. I lost no time in seeing the general (whom I had formerly known in the Mediterranean); I found him particularly affable, and he has advised me to proceed at once to the Cape, and there to submit my case to the decision of a medical board. My old schoolfellow Anson is in command of the *Eurydice*, and has kindly promised me a lift round to Simon's Bay. They are to make a last attempt to get the *Thunderbolt* afloat, which will probably take a week to effect. I may therefore reckon on being at Cape Town about the commencement of March; and allowing a month for the assembly of the medical board, and their decision (which I have not the least doubt will be in favour of my return) being confirmed, will bring me to the commencement of April, so that about the middle of June I hope to be once more with you. Anson brought out a letter from

you of the 25th October; however, having previously received yours of the 5th December, it contained no news.

* * * * *

"I have drawn out, as I before told you, for Sir George Berkeley's perusal, a paper with my remarks on the state of things here, together with a few suggestions; of which epistle I enclose a copy, and trust shortly to follow in person this formidable budget."

Extracts from a Letter addressed to Lieutenant-General Sir George Berkeley, K.C.B., &c. &c.

"Bushman's River,
"Frontier of the Cape of Good Hope, 6th February, 1847.

"Sir,—Anticipating this morning the arrival of your Excellency, I have hastily put together a few facts and suggestions induced by the present state of affairs on the frontier; which opinions, however crude and undigested, may perhaps nevertheless, furnish one or two available hints.

"Since the period when the Hottentots were dispossessed by the Kaffirs, of that tract of country between the Keiskamma and Great Fish River, the experience of more than half a century goes to prove, that these restless barbarians are not to be restrained within the limits of the latter boundary. The dense, and in many places almost impenetrable, belt of bush which extends along the sides of that river, and of its tributary the 'Kat,' as far north as the Winterberg Mountains—serving only to afford them a secure cover, from whence at pleasure they can emerge to plunder and devastate the colony, whilst at the same time it secures them against pursuit or discovery;—hence their depredations can at all times be committed at ease, and generally speaking, with perfect impunity.

"This has invariably occurred, both during the Dutch occupation, and our subsequent possession of the eastern province, whose inhabitants have been constantly kept in a state of alarm, and repeatedly ruined by the incursions of these savages—as a precaution against whose aggressions, patroles, commandos, and every measure suggested by foresight and prudence have hitherto been of no avail; whilst their more *serious* invasions of 1819 and 1834-35, well nigh deprived us of this fine province.

"Sir Benjamin D'Urban was so perfectly convinced of the utter insecurity of this line of frontier, that after the latter daring attempt of the Kaffirs, he resolved on driving the whole of the Amakosæ tribes across the Kye, the open nature of whose banks, was so much better adapted for defence and observation of the movements of the Kaffirs, than those of the Great Fish River. Such was his original intention,* in pursuance of which, he, at an enormous expense to government, erected several strong posts, which—together with the line of policy he had adopted—would, it was then generally supposed, have secured the permanent tranquillity of the colony.

"Lord Glenelg, however, guided by the representations of * * * * * * and influenced by the mistaken and mawkish philanthropy of the day;—an affectation of humanity (in many cases

* Which was subsequently modified, by allowing some of the Gaika tribes to occupy the country as British subjects.

venal) exercised at the expense of the lives, property, and happiness of our fellow-countrymen,—upset all these arrangements, and adopted that vacillating line of policy, and those childish half measures, which have entailed all the miseries of the late war, to say nothing of the immense outlay to which it has put the British government.

"Under such circumstances, the question naturally suggests itself: 'How are all these evils to be remedied? and ought recourse again to be had to Sir Benjamin D'Urban's original plans?' 'Yes,' we would suggest, 'but on a still more extended and more stringent system.'

"A great power, when it has once thrown back the limits of its boundary, more especially—as in this case—when dealing with savages, should, right or wrong, never again retrench those limits.

"Any concession—even common kindness—is, with the barbarian, put down to the account of fear. The first symptom of a retreat is construed into weakness, or inability to retain possession of the abandoned territory; and the *moral* influence of the power of civilisation *once* destroyed, the consequent fatal results are incalculable.

"Above all, no threat should be made, unless there be full power to carry it into effect; and when it *is* executed, it should be done in such a manner as not to be readily forgotten.

"Were I called upon for an opinion on the subject, it would be:—'That all the Kaffir tribes be driven beyond the Kye,* the latter to be then considered as the boundary of the Eastern Province; that after the expiration of a reasonable period, every male Kaffir above the age of sixteen, caught within this limit (whether armed or unarmed), be put to death like a beast of prey; or if taken alive, to be removed to the vicinity of Cape Town, there to work as a felon on the public roads; and as a further encouragement to their capture or extirpation, that—dead or alive—(at the termination of the above fixed period), a price be put on their heads. The Boers, Fingoes, and Hottentots, would then, I have no doubt, save government all further trouble on this account.

"That Kreili, the paramount chief of all the Kaffir tribes, should, by the delivery of suitable hostages, be made responsible for the due fulfilment of this indispensable preliminary to peace, (the evacuation of the territory on this side of the Kye), for the further maintenance of which, that lines of posts be established along the new boundary—communicating with each other—with the seat of government of the Eastern Province (which, by-the-bye, ought to be local, and without reference to the authorities at Cape Town), and with the *nearest seaport*, by good military roads, with bridges over the numerous torrents; this communication to extend to Port Elizabeth, the locality at which the work of road-making should commence, instead of the neighbourhood of Cape Town, where it is of much less immediate importance.

"That, before any treaty be definitively concluded with Kreili, he, as the responsible agent, be made to give up the *full* amount of plundered cattle, as a slight compensation to the colonists, for the losses and suffer-

* It is well known that between Port Natal and the Umzimvoobo River there are large tracts of fertile country perfectly uninhabited, and which could be occupied by the Kaffirs, if expelled from this side of the Kye; where, moreover, they are only intruders of a very recent date; whilst the most advantageous appropriation of the territory thus vacated by them, might be a matter of after-consideration; whether to be sold, distributed as grants to settlers, to be occupied by Fingoes and Hottentots, or else by that race of half-castes, known under the denominations of "Griquas" and "Bastaards."

ings sustained by them during the war; the expenses of which must, however, unavoidably fall on the British government.

"Should the above terms of a proposed peace not be deemed palateable by the Kaffirs, they ought to be enforced at the point of the bayonet, and * * *

"I think it would likewise be greatly conducive to the tranquillity of the colony at large, were European traders, missionaries, and other unauthorised persons, kept out of Kaffirland; at all events, unless provided with a pass, duly signed by competent authority.

"The sale of gunpowder and fire-arms, as likewise the propagation of doctrines of independence, and of a supposed equality to the white man, would thus, in a great measure, be put a stop to amongst these savages; whilst traffic might still be carried on at stated times and places, but subject to proper 'surveillance,' and under pain of the severest penalty—even *death*—to those infringing a strict prohibition to sell the abovenamed forbidden articles.

"If we *must* still try to convert the Kaffir, let the establishments for that purpose be along the frontier line, superintended by qualified ministers, and under the authority of government; for at present, any brokendown mechanic, who fancies, or whose interest it is to have a 'call,' may be, and often is, the means of doing an infinity of mischief.

"As to the extent of success attending our attempts at conversion, they have hitherto been an utter failure; and the Kaffirs, it is well known, have lately *converted*, to our cost, the missionary Bibles into ball-cartridges or wadding. The Hottentots are more drunken and dissolute than ever; and some reverend personages, have not—to their shame be it said—set them the most rigorous examples of morality.

"The great mistake has been hitherto committed of constantly employing missionaries in our political relations with the Kaffirs; principally, I believe, owing to their local influence and exclusive knowledge of the language; but if proper inducements were held out, many men brought up in the diplomatic line, as well as military officers, would no doubt soon qualify themselves to an equal extent, in the same manner.

"It may not be irrelevant to remark, that whilst making hostile incursions into the enemy's country, it would much tend to ultimate success—by crippling his resources—were we to carry off the women (who play the part of spies, as well as that of commissaries), for without their assistance the Kaffirs are in a great measure helpless, and would often rather starve, than be at the trouble of collecting, transporting, and cooking their own victuals. Their crops and gardens should also, on these occasions, be invariably destroyed, and their huts burnt to the ground.*

* * * * *

"Should the war be continued, it appears to me, that by acting diametrically opposite to former measures, a very different result might fairly be anticipated.

"1st, not to open the campaign until fully assured of abundant supplies, and at a season when there is a sufficiency of grass for the horses and commissariat cattle.

* Were the plan moreover adopted of destroying, instead of capturing Kaffir cattle, whilst convincing the enemy that our object is not plunder, it would, besides, relieve our troops from that most harassing duty of guarding and driving back large droves of oxen to the frontier, through hordes of hostile barbarians, who allow no opportunity to escape, of endeavouring to recover, what by them is infinitely more valued than the richest treasure.

"2nd. To substitute in the transport of supplies and camp equipage, pack oxen,* for conveyance by wheeled carriages; that effectual drawback to any thing like celerity of military movement, particularly in a country intersected—as this is—by dense bush, rapid torrents, and deep, rugged water-courses. 'Camels, which might easily be procured at the 'Cape de Verds,' from whence they could be brought at little cost by ships going out in ballast, would, in this country, be invaluable as beasts of burden. From their peculiar conformation and habits, being little affected by the frequent scarcity of water and want of grass; and as they willingly feed on the succulent plants and thorny shrubs with which the 'bush' abounds; they would thrive and even grow fat, where oxen must inevitably perish.

"Why, also, the elephant† should not be here turned to account, as well as in Indian warfare, is a problem of difficult solution. This animal could easily force its way through the thick bush—impervious to all save a Kaffir; and if properly trained, a few practised marksmen, with a good supply of fire-arms, would, from the commanding height of a howdah, be able to do great execution in this jungle warfare. However, the mere fact of its being an innovation on the good old Dutch customs, would in both the above cases, ensure opposition in this dull, plodding, waggon-driving part of the world.

"But to return from this digression to my 'suggestions:'

"3rdly. To cause a correct survey, and report to be made of the mouth of every river or bay, between the Great Fish River and Port Natal, and wherever secure anchorage were found, or a safe landing deemed practicable, *there* to establish a military post and magazines; in short, to establish the 'base of operations' along the eastern line of sea-coast, by which you would have your supplies in the very heart of the enemy's country, and be able to act at once on his front and left flank, with Port Natal on your own right, and ample resources in your rear.

"At present, owing to the insecurity of Waterloo Bay, the greater part of the supplies for the army are landed at Port Elizabeth (itself by no means a safe roadstead), and then transported in waggons over an execrable road to Graham's Town, whence they are forwarded to the scene of operations in the same lumbering conveyances.

"H.M. steamer *Thunderbolt* was some time since, sent to examine the mouth of the Buffaloe River; I understand that a favourable report was the result, and coasting-vessels have been known to remain there safely at anchor for weeks together; yet from some unaccountable cause, its capabilities have never during the whole course of the war been made in the least available.‡

"Again, as considerable delay and the greatest inconvenience has often of late resulted, in consequence of a sudden rise in the numerous rivers flowing through the scene of operations, it strikes me that a pon-

* Pack mules *were* subsequently employed for this purpose.

† He is indigenous to Southern Africa, and were the attempt made, could no doubt, be domesticated as easily as his Asiatic brethren of Hindostan and Ceylon. The elephants which accompanied Hannibal's army across the Alps, were no doubt of African origin, and probably of the same species as those which are now found in the southern portion of that continent.

‡ Shortly after the above was written, a military post was established at this locality.

toon train with a few sailors, might with great advantage be attached to the forces in the field;* whilst scientific officers were appointed to take military surveys of the ground over which we may advance, of the features of many parts of which we are still in total ignorance; as a good plan (on a large scale) would greatly facilitate military movements in this broken and entangled country.

"With reference to the passage of the numerous rivers in Kaffirland; during the former winter (1846) when there was no chance of their being flooded, a large punt was dragged about with the force; but last December (the time when rain is always expected on the frontier), the army was stopped for ten or twelve days at the Kye, part of it cut off from its supplies, for want of means to pass them over; and during this time, the troops unprovided with tents and exposed to incessant rain, without biscuit, flour, or even salt, were reduced to the necessity of living entirely on beef, and *that* often nearly raw.

* * * *

"Lastly. If all these measures be deemed insufficient to ensure success, Faku, the chief of the Amaponda Kaffirs, only waits, it is said, a signal (or bribe) from us, to fall on the enemy's rear; let that signal be given, and these incorrigible robber tribes will then be left to their well-merited fate of mutual destruction!

"Such, sir, is a rough outline of my—perhaps mistaken—ideas on the subject in question; it may, perchance, be deemed presumption in an officer of my standing, venturing to advance an opinion on such points,—still 'knowledge,' saith the proverb, 'may even be gleaned from fools'—but without exactly subscribing myself as such, I have the honour to remain, most respectfully, your excellency's

"Obedient, humble servant,

"E. Napier,

"Lieut.-Colonel on Particular Service.

"To Lieut.-General Sir G. Berkeley, K.C.B., &c. &c. &c.,
Commander-in-Chief at the Cape of Good Hope."

* * * * * *

Obliging Editor! patient and courteous Reader! accept my sincere thanks for the kind attention you have deigned to bestow, on a somewhat dry and lengthy subject; but should the contents of the foregoing pages in any way tend to dissipate long established illusions relative to the colony of the Cape of Good Hope; should they in the least contribute to expose in their true light, the real character and predatory habits of a set of "irreclaimable savages"—to show up certain intriguing and meddling societies—to set forth the many wrongs and sufferings of the Dutch settlers, and of our fellow-countrymen, in this part of the world, I shall, in that case, think my object fully effected—the ends of *real* "philanthropy" to have been materially promoted, and—with whatever personal detriment it may have been attended—consider as time not entirely thrown away, my residence of a "Few Months in Southern Africa."

* Though not in consequence of the above suggestion,—it is, nevertheless, satisfactory to the author, to find its feasibility subsequently fully tested, in the successful passage of the Orange River on pontoons, by the forces under Sir Harry Smith, during the late expedition against the Boers.

MR. JOLLY GREEN'S IMPRISONMENT IN THE CHATEAU DE VINCENNES.

The last time I addressed the British public—or, rather, the last time they heard of me,—I was lying full length on the floor of a guard-house at the corner of the Rue St. Denis, on which I had been prostrated by a blow from the butt-end of the musket of a treacherous *corps de garde*.

The blow was a violent one, and for a few moments I was completely stunned by it, but thanks to the protection which nature has wisely afforded me, it only raised a large bump on my head about the size of a walnut, without in the slightest degree affecting my intellect, which of course was what the furious ruffian aimed at. Had he struck Podder, the case would, no doubt, have been quite different, for he, poor fellow, has a very thin skull compared to mine.

When I rose from the ground I found myself encircled by a number of my ferocious captors who, like true Frenchmen, had all of them something to say, and all spoke at once. I showed them how completely I soared above their petty malice by not deigning to return a word in reply to their numerous questions, but looking round I perceived Podder sitting on a bench, and to judge by the blood which still streamed from his nose, he also had been making a fight of it.

"Welcome, my gallant friend!" cried I, rushing towards him, and locking him in my embrace. "Do I once more behold you? United, we may defy these tyrants!"

"I'm devilish glad, Green, to see you on your legs again," replied Podder, "for that fellow in the black beard who stands grinning at us in the corner hit you deuced hard. You're not more glad to see me than I am to see you, though, upon my soul, I wish we had met any where else. It's rather a queer go, being taken prisoner—I don't like the look of it."

"What!" I exclaimed, "Podder! do you blench?"

"I don't know about that," replied he, "but I've heard of such things as drum-head court-martials, and the provo'—for my uncle was a quarter-master in the Buffs."

"Be composed," returned I, "we are Britons, and they know it. They daren't so much as harm a hair of our heads. Look at the law of nations, to say nothing of the rights of man."

"That may be all very well," said Podder, doggedly, "but as far as I can remember, Green, it was we who were getting up the row just now, and these fellows caught us in the fact. They may respect the law of nations, as you say, when it's forced down their throats at the point of the bayonet, but as to the rights of man, I suspect they haven't much idea what that comes to, as far as other people are concerned."

"Peregrine!" I rejoined with some solemnity of manner, "you speak distractedly; the brandy, I am afraid, has proved too much for your poor weak head. I know the Articles of War, and the Military Regulations too well not to be aware of the nature of our present position."

"You're thinking of the English ones," said Podder, in rather an obstinate tone.

"English or French," I retorted, "it's all one—aren't they printed?"

He made no reply to this question, being silenced of course by my logic, and I continued:

"Let them make the best of it," I observed, "and it's only an *emuette.*"

"An *emuette!* pray," asked he, "what's that?"

"It's the name," I replied, not sorry to have it in my power to show him the extent of my familiarity with French customs, "it's the name by which the English describe a street row in Paris; an *emuette* is the first thing they kick up, and then they raise the barricades."

This last word drew upon me the attention of the rude soldiery who had made us prisoners; though, from their conduct towards us, I think they rather deserve the opprobrious epithet of *brigantines*, than the honourable title of soldiers; and breaking off their own conversation, which they had been freely indulging in, not unmingled with laughter, one of them called out to me to be silent. I had touched them in a tender point, and their consciences told me that they saw in the undaunted foreigner before them, a hero of barricades.

"Silence! monsieur!" cried this man, fiercely, "savez-vous qu'il n'est pas permis aux prisonniers de parler?"

"Je suis silent," replied I, with a look of contempt, the effect of which they vainly tried to conceal by dissembling grins.

"En effet, il parle Français, le petit," said the serjeant of the guard, whom I had not hitherto observed. "Dîtes donc, de quel pays êtes-vous; je ne connais pas ce patois là."

"Patois vous-meme!" I exclaimed, derisively, perfectly understanding his sneer: "Je parle plus bon mieux Français que vous, avec toute votre barbe."

"Qu'est ce qu'il veut dire?" said one.

"Je n'en sais rien," returned the serjeant, shrugging his shoulders. "Je pense qu'il doit être Anglais."

"Oui," said I, folding my arms, with cutting coldness, "oui, vous êtes droit, cela est quoi je suis."

"Si je comprends deux mots," muttered the serjeant, but loud enough for me to hear him.

"Stupid as well as insolent," I observed to Podder, who had been listening attentively to our conversation, though I am afraid, poor fellow, he was not able to understand it.

"I should like to give him another punch of the head," he whispered.

"No," said I, restraining him, "no violence; we must use moral force to vanquish certain natures."

I cannot tell what further impertinence I might have experienced at the hands of this person, if the sudden appearance of an officer of the staff (the state major, as he is called in Paris), who was going his rounds, had not taken place. The moment he approached the guard-house all was quiet; the men drew up outside, and the serjeant having made his report, he came in. I know not what the serjeant said to our prejudice, but the officer bent upon us a very frowning brow, as he listened to what the other repeated in an under tone. I was not dismayed by his scowling glance, but returned him a look of manly defiance, which I could see inwardly chafed him.

"Eh bien, messieurs," said he, as soon as the serjeant's statement was ended; "apparemment vous êtes des Anglais! Vous ne devez pas ignorer que j'ai le droit de vous mettre en prison. En effet, c'est mon

devoir, mais peut être que vous avez quelque chose à dire pour excuser votre conduite !"

Podder caught at the word "excuse," and asked me, "if the fellow didn't want an apology ?"

It struck me that he did, and I explained to Podder that that was what he meant.

"I hope you don't mean to make one," said my friend.

"I'll see him——never mind what," I replied, "you shall hear me give it him. "Çitoyenne soldat," said I, turning to the officer, who stared when he heard me speak to him in such good French, "vos hommes ont frappé moi et mon ami, ils ont donné lui un sanglant nez et frappé moi sur la tête avec le-le-butt-end de leur mousquets. Je demande satisfaction."

"Je crois qu'il est gris," said the officer, turning to his subordinate.

"Il est très récalcitrant," answered the serjeant, putting that construction on the term "grey," "et l'autre est bien contumace. Ils nous ont donné de fameux coups de poings."

"Dans ce cas-là," returned the state major, turning away to avoid my glance, which was steadily fixed on him, "menez les au prison."

He sat down at a table as he spoke, wrote a few words on a slip of paper, which he gave to the serjeant, and then hastily left the guard-house. I saw at once that he had signed a *lettre de cachot*, and foresaw my fate ; the bastille was already yawning for us.

Although the *emuette* was apparently quelled, the fire still smouldered beneath its ashes, and it was no doubt owing to the apprehension that if our removal to prison was deferred till daylight a rescue would be attempted, that the serjeant came to the determination of marching us down to the depôt of the Prefecture of Police immediately.

It was midnight, and a blacker deed was perhaps never perpetrated at that murky hour, when under a strong escort armed with fixed bayonets and three ball cartridges in each musket (for they guessed my daring nature), myself and my secretary were conducted to the public prison.

I fully expected, as is customary with prisoners of war when led through an enemy's camp, that our eyes would have been bandaged, but they neglected this important precaution, by which oversight we were afforded the means of knowing our exact route. It was, in point of fact, as straight as we could go down the Rue St. Denis until we had crossed the Pont au Change ; we then turned to the right along the Quai de l'Horloge, and the first turning to the left brought us into the Rue de Harlay, where a private door admitted us into the vast building of the Prefecture of Police. I noted these particulars carefully, and they were so deeply impressed on my memory that I felt convinced I could have gone over the same ground, alone and at any hour of the day, without making the slightest mistake. It is unnecessary for me to observe upon the immense advantage it is to a prisoner who meditates escape to possess a faculty for observation like mine. It seemed all the same to Podder which way we were taken, and thenceforward I became satisfied that our future welfare must depend upon my capacity and exertions.

The reader who was the confidant of my former adventures in Paris will not have forgotten the occasion on which I had last visited the gloomy tribunal of the Prefecture. I need, therefore, only recall to his

remembrance the firmness of my conduct in the affair of the Cross of the Legion of Honour to satisfy him, when I say I was still the same Jolly Green, and that, although my political horizon was obscured by darker clouds than had ever before hung over my fate, my moral thews and sinews were braced up for any emergency.

The place to which we were confined for the night was, I regret for the honour of the French nation to say it, a common receptacle for malefactors of the worst description. As a political offender I had naturally expected to have been treated with some distinction—such being the usual practice,—but all respect for rank being now, unfortunately, levelled, I was unceremoniously thrust amongst the vilest of the herd, the *croque-mitaines* and *loup-garoux* of the lowest Faubourgs of Paris. Men and women were promiscuously heaped together; some were drunk, many quarrelsome, and all noisy. They eyed Podder and myself with great curiosity, as if they sought to inquire what crime we had committed in common with them. More than one individual addressed himself to me, to learn the cause of my incarceration, but I was too wise to commit myself to any of these paid agents of government (for such, I have no doubt, several of them were, feigning intoxication to induce confidence), and shrouding myself in a lofty impassability, I simply returned a cold "*Non-tong-paw,*" as if I had not comprehended the meaning of the questions put to me, and thus effectually baffled the curiosity of these familiars. Podder, who had no help for it, as he did not understand what was said, followed my example in this respect, but, with the same apathy that had marked his conduct since we were first taken prisoners, instead of studying his companions, as I did, under the mask of silence, threw himself on a bench and went to sleep.

As I witnessed his supineness, I could not help reflecting on the opposite qualities which nature has implanted in different bosoms. On one hand, we behold the men of action, prompt, resolute, and ambitious, fertile in expedients, and daring in the execution of their projects; these are the Hannibals of their species,—at one moment levelling the Alps with vinegar, at another bequeathing his hatred to Imperial Rome, amid the saw-dust of the scaffold; and to this category of men I trust I may, without vanity, claim to belong. On the other hand, there are the men of submission, the Issachars of the human race, whose backs are made for the burden, and who, tame, yielding, and unenterprising, devise nothing, suffer every thing, and allow themselves to be the merest foot-balls of fate; such a one, I thought, as he lay snoring beside me, was Podder.

A prominent object amongst those which influence me in undertaking foreign travel, is to note down the peculiarities of the common people; and a celebrated statesman (Sir R—b—rt P——l), has said that the only way to form an estimate of their character is by paying attention to their songs. There were a great many singers collected in our place of confinement, and they were by no means afflicted by that feeling of false modesty which so often prevents a vocalist from gratifying those who wish to enjoy his melody. On the contrary, they sang one and all without being pressed, and, for the most part, without any care about interrupting others, or being interrupted themselves. It was not very easy to follow them, nor can I recollect more than the burdens of two or three of those which I heard most frequently repeated. Had Podder

been sufficiently alive to his duties,—as I must say I think he ought to have been,—he might have taken ample notes to my dictation; but, as the case stands, I must ever regret having missed a golden opportunity. At such a moment as this, when insurrections were rife every day, it more than ever behoved the political inquirer to ascertain the sentiments of the *canaille.*

There was one man in a blouse and a casquette with a beard, which, like Dominie Sampson's, had, perhaps, never been trimmed, who, in a deep stentorian voice sang a song which, from the frequent use of the words "*Briguedondaine*" and "*Briguedondé*," was, I make no doubt, full of political allusions. It excited a good deal of mirth in those who listened, who laughed, no doubt, at the expense of the government, and as the speaker occasionally pointed to me and winked his eye, at which they laughed still more, I make no doubt he was associating my arrest with some terms of opprobium directed against the authorities of the prison. I am sorry to say, that the dialect in which he sang (it is called *Argot,* after M. d'Argot, the present Governor of the Bank of France, who invented it) prevents me from retaining more than the words I have mentioned. Another, a very gay-looking young man, amused himself by singing a song, the chorus of which, very often repeated, was caught up by those around him. This song had evidently very little meaning in it, as the reader may judge, when I tell him that the chorus consisted in the constant repetition of the words, "*Ca ira, ça ira, ça ira,*" which merely signify, "That will go," or as we should say, "That will do;" and yet, with true French frivolity, they were echoed as eagerly as "God save the Queen," or "Rule Britannia," which I should infinitely have preferred hearing. A third, a young woman, with a red handkerchief knotted round her head and wearing very short petticoats, kept time to her song, which was something about a "carman" (her lover, probably), by dancing. The chorus of this ditty was a very innocent one, being simply,—

"Dansons la carmagnole,
Vive le son, vive le son!
Dansons la carmagnole,
Vive le son du canon!"

It is only necessary, for the most illiterate, to turn to their Tibbins, where they will find that the word "*son,*" means nothing more or less than "bran;" an article of which the poorer classes in France make their bread; so that, in point of fact, the song was figuratively in praise of the staff of life. The allusion to "*canon,*" I did not clearly comprehend, but people of this description deal so much in allegory that I dare say it is capable of explanation; perhaps, if I may venture a suggestion, "*son du canon,*" signifies a finer description of bran, just as we say, "gunpowder tea," to express the best Hyson.

I have been led away from the narrative of my own fate, while I am thus amusing myself with philological recreations, but the wisest and best before me have done the same. Sir Thomas More, the famous poet and Chancellor of the Exchequer in the reign of Henry VIII., sported in a similar manner with his own block; Socrates, the Spartan lawgiver and disciple of Plato, jested with the cup of hemlock, which he cooled with his dying breath; Montezuma, the North American Indian chief, smilingly compared his funeral pile to a bed of roses; and to this day a

calf's head is a standing dish at the university of Oxford, in commemoration of a facetious expression used on the scaffold by that witty monarch, Charles I., to his dissolute companion and fellow-sufferer, the Bishop of Rochester. In short, I might multiply examples, were they necessary, to show with what impunity great minds may play with the edged tools which are so dangerous to the uninitiated.

At length the revelry of the prisoners began to subside; one by one they left off singing and dancing, and chattering in their singular jargon, and dropped off to sleep, some where they sat, others extended upon the floor. Having no further opportunity of observing character—for there is little difference in the snoring of nations (the nose, as it were, speaks but one language, only there is rather more of it in France than in other countries)—and being, besides, somewhat tired with the events of the day, I also yielded to the solicitations of the drowsy god, and sunk in his embrace.

After a sleep of, I suppose, some hours' duration, I was roused by Podder.

"I say, Green," was his first salutation, "what sort of place is this we have got into? How the devil did we get here?"

"Have you," I replied, "so soon forgotten the occurrences of the last memorable night?"

"Upon my soul," he answered, "my head is in rather a confused state this morning. I think we got into some sort of row, didn't we? I suppose we are in the station-house."

"Row! station-house!" exclaimed I; "yes; but instead of 'row,' what say you to insurrection — instead of the 'station-house,' what think you of the French Newgate?"

"You don't mean to say so!" returned Podder, turning very pale: "you don't mean to tell me that we're in Newgate!"

"If we are not yet there," said I, calmly, "I apprehend we very shortly shall be. I should say that our destination would be the Bastille in the first instance, and the guillotine afterwards."

"I thought there was no Bastille now," suggested Podder: "was not that pulled down long ago?"

"Upon my word, Podder," retorted I, provoked at his ignorance, "upon my word, I can't be answerable for every historical fact you have forgotten. The Bastille itself may have been pulled down, for aught I know, and now I think of it, I believe it was by Robespierre or Napoleon —you see I can remember events—but that has nothing to do with what I was saying. If there is no Bastille left, there are plenty of dungeons beside; and in one or other of these, mark my words," I observed, with solemnity, "we shall be incarcerated."

"But what for?" asked Podder, "we've done nothing that I know of that they should shut us up in that way. I recollect we had a lark after dinner, when the Goddess of Liberty, as you called her, threw a pailful of dirty water over us in the Roo Kincumpaw, and then we had some brandy and water, and had a fight with some fellows, but what that was about I haven't the slightest notion."

"It would be well for us both," replied I, "if every body's memory served them on this occasion no better than yours; the ambitious," continued I, in a tone of proud melancholy; "the ambitious have no Lethe!"

"Haven't they?" said Podder, upon whom my classical, I might say, sublime, allusion was evidently thrown away; "well, whatever the ambitious may do is their affair—what was it *you* did last night?"

I was disgusted at his want of tact or rather of understanding, but I was resolved he should be made fully aware of the danger in which we stood, and I, therefore, answered:—

"The fact is, Podder, I made an exciting speech to the French nation last night, and distributed all the money I had about me, and proclaimed myself President of the GREEN REPUBLIC!"

"What do you mean by that?" inquired he.

"Why," said I, "this: Paris is divided into factions, which are called after the colours in the national flag; there are the Red Republicans, who are for cutting every body's throat; the Blue Republicans, who call themselves staunch, but look very blue at the proceedings of the others; and the White Republicans, who are no republicans at all, but daren't call themselves any thing else; and I," I continued, with marked emphasis; "have established a new category, which embraces all three—that of the Green Republicans, to whom I have given my own name and attributes!"

"Well—but," said Podder, "it does not seem to me as if your party was likely to get on, for you are hardly proclaimed before you find yourself in *quod*."

"You speak coarsely, Podder," returned I, "and take but a very matter-of-fact view of the question. The best way to thrive in a revolution is to do something to get arrested for; it keeps you out of harm's way in the first instance, and when the popular cause has triumphed the martyrdom you have endured for the people's sake, makes you their idol at once, and they immediately place you at the head of affairs."

"But suppose," said Podder, pertinaciously, "the popular cause does *not* triumph?"

"I should ill deserve the name I bear, Podder," replied I, "if I entertained any other conviction than that of its success; but—the fact is—you can't understand these things, they are a little beyond your comprehension, you needn't mind, you can't help it."

"I wish I could help being here," returned my secretary, in a grumpy tone; "if I hadn't been a fool I shouldn't."

"True," said I, with mild irony; "but as you *have* committed yourself so far, and don't see your way out of the noose into which you have thrust your head, I beg you will leave that matter to my guidance. I believe," continued I, drawing myself up to my full height (a favourite movement of mine when I am satisfied with myself,) "I believe there is not another man in France who could extricate you with greater dexterity than myself."

"Why," said Podder, "it's only a few minutes since you were threatening me with the Bastille and the gulletine."

There is something in the character of my secretary (as the reader may have noticed) which makes it difficult for me sometimes to put myself right with him; his imagination does not "get on," if I may indulge in such an expression; he is one of that slow class of persons who are always harping on the same theme, perpetually "tying *that* shoe;" they lack briskness and vividity, and cannot understand contra-

dictions. I contented myself, therefore, in lieu of explanation, with merely turning off his last remark.

"I said that, Podder, to try the strength of your nerves; you have stood the test manfully. No, my friend, we are Britons, and as such, believe me, however much we may be threatened, not a hair of our heads will be injured."

I had scarcely made this observation when a tall, grim-looking man entered the *depôt*, and after casting a scrutinising glance all round, singled me out from the crowd and beckoned me towards the door. I folded my arms and moved forward with a firm, determined air, followed by Podder, who, I should imagine (for it was not consistent with my dignity to look round), must have imitated me as closely as laid in his power. Our guide led the way silently along a narrow passage, at the further extremity of which was a strong door; he unlocked it, and we passed into an ante-room, from which we were introduced into a square chamber where two or three persons were seated at a large table with writing materials before them. The principal amongst these gentlemen—I should say citizens (there being no longer any gentlemen left in France), was the *juge d'instruction*, a personage who, I conceived from his title, must unite the functions of judge and schoolmaster; the others were his clerks.

As soon as we entered he addressed some words to our conductor, the purport of which I soon perceived was to ascertain whether we were Parisians or not, for the latter shrugged his shoulders and muttered the word "Anglais," which is always employed to signify the English.

"Parlez vous Français, monsieur?" said the judge, looking at me.

"Oui, monsieur. Comment-vous portez-vous?" was my prompt reply.

"Ce n'est pas là l'affaire, monsieur," returned the judge, with a frown, instead of courteously acknowledging my polite inquiry; "je me porte comme je me porte. Il suffit que vous parlez Français. Et vous, monsieur?" continued he, turning to Podder.

Podder stared at him without making any reply.

"Nong-tong-paw," said I, with a significant gesture, once more making use of that useful figure of rhetoric.

"In that case," observed the *juge d'instruction*, speaking to my astonishment in very good English, "as what I have to say concerns you both equally, I must address you in your own language. Attend to what I say, and be particular in what you answer, as it may afterwards be used in evidence against you."

He then said something to the clerks, of which I caught the words "procès verbal" and "traduction;" the satellites of justice flourished their pens, and the examination (as I suppose I must call this tyrannous investigation) began.

"What is your name, sir?" said the judge to me.

"Jolly Green," I answered laconically, "the head of the family of the Greens, who have been settled in the neighbourhood of Peckham since the period of the Roman conquest."

"Enough, sir,—I have no desire to be made acquainted with any other members of your family. You speak of Peckham,—that is in England, you are then an Englishman?"

This was either cunning or stupidity on the part of the judge,—I am

inclined to suspect the former, as he knew beforehand what country we belonged to ; however, my suspicions did not affect my answer.

"I *am* an Englishman," said I, proudly, "or, to speak more classically, an honest, free born Briton, one of a race," and here I involuntarily broke into song, that—

> "Never, never, never, never shall ——be——slaves !
> Still more ma—je—e—e—estic"——

I was continuing the sublime ode when the judge interrupted me.

"I counsel you, Mr. Green, to reserve the remainder of your song for the amusement of your solitary hours,—you will, probably," he added, maliciously, "have time enough to finish it at your leisure. Of what profession are you ?"

"I profess myself," replied I, warming with my situation, "a foe to tyranny in every shape, and an ardent lover of liberty !"

"Admirable sentiments, sir, but not applicable to my question. I wish to know what is your pursuit or calling."

"I am a gentleman, and live upon my means."

"Very good, sir ; and what was the object of your visit to Paris ?"

"To express my sympathy," I answered, "with the great principle of the republic,—to give in my adhesion to the profound sentiment expressed in the declaration of 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity!'"

"So far, so good," said the judge, with a smiling air, a change which my eloquence had manifestly wrought ; "have the kindness to be seated for a few moments."

He then spoke in French to the clerks, who rapidly wrote from his dictation. He was doing me the honour of translating my expressions, which he thought much too good to be lost, so I made him a low bow and took a seat.

It was Podder's turn now to be interrogated. As may easily be imagined, he cut but a poor figure after me. Indeed, beyond describing his name and place of abode (which was Walworth,—a name that seemed to puzzle the clerks to write down) and his occupation (that of a clerk in Somerset House),—he really had nothing to say, and when he was asked what was the reason of his coming to France, he stupidly enough replied, "he really didn't know, but he supposed it was because I had asked him."

There was truth in this, but not the whole truth, for he knew very well (and so does the reader) that he came in the capacity of my secretary ; however, it was not for me to denounce him.

"It seems, then," continued the judge, "that you are subservient to the wishes ; in fact, put yourself under the orders of your friend, Mr. Green ?"

The acuteness of this remark struck me forcibly,—that was precisely the case ;—the astute Frenchman had hit the nail exactly on the head. Podder answered doggedly :—

"He can speak French and I can't."

"Ah!" said the judge, smiling as before, "exactly; yes, Mr. Green speaks French."

At this second tribute to my abilities I bowed again.

"Was it by his desire," pursued the magistrate, "that you last night

joined an *attroupement*—a tumultuous assemblage—in front of the Porte St. Denis?"

"I don't know about that," was the reply, "I did what he did."

"You uttered incendiary cries, and though it is not stated in the accusation that you carried arms against the government, it is known that you proceeded to acts of violence."

"I believe I did knock two or three fellows down, now I come to think of it," answered Podder, coolly.

"That is an important admission," said the judge.

"You, Mr. Green," he resumed, "were seen on the same occasion in the balcony of an estaminet called the *Poisson d'Avril*, at the corner of the Rue St. Denis."

I made no answer, for I saw that the secret police had been at work, dogging my footsteps and noting down all my actions.

"You distributed money amongst the people. You shouted your own name as a *cri de ralliément*. You delivered a speech to the disaffected, in which you said, or intended to convey, for though the expressions are singular their meaning is plain, that the citizens of Paris had been betrayed by base and perfidious men. You asked them what the Republic had done for them, and then intimated that you would give them all they wished. You announced your intention, you, a foreigner, an individual without the slightest capacity or intelligence and using a jargon which would be ridiculous if it were not the expression of the most hateful opinions, you announced, I say, your intention of subverting the existing government and declaring yourself emperor! These things are well known, sir, and can be substantiated. Do you deny their truth?"

I was more amazed at the insolence of this ermined ruffian than at the knowledge of facts which he evinced, but I swallowed the wrath which was boiling in my bosom, and only hurled at him a contemptuous smile.

He went on:

"The Republic, which is founded on too secure a basis to be overthrown by such pigmy efforts as those of yourself and your accomplice, have evidence enough to justify the course which, as its officer, I am called upon to take, but a few more questions remain yet to be asked. Did you ever attend a meeting of the *Coupegorges bleues* in the Rue Bleue?"

"I was inveigled into such a place," I answered. "Is the ill-treatment I experienced in that society to be brought against me as a crime?"

"I am not here to answer questions, but to put them;—do you know a man called Tête de Requin?"

I quivered with indignation at the mention of the villain who had despoiled me.

"That," said I, with energy, "is not the fellow's real name."

"Very likely not; in clubs of that description every one has his *sobriquet*. In a different place from this, you, probably, might answer to that of Cornichon!"

"I started; it was plain that the history of my past life was known. The motive for this persecution was now apparent. The government

looked upon me as a disguised aristocrat; the lantern of my fate glimmered ominously before me.

The judge watched my countenance narrowly.

"Your emotion," he said, "betrays you. Further interrogation is unnecessary. As clearly as the preceding facts have been acknowledged or made apparent, you are recognised for one of the leaders of the 'Montagne.' You are the friend of Barbès, of Blanqui, of Sobrier, and of Albert. You designed to establish a reign of terror. Your guilty schemes have recoiled on your own head. That head, valueless as a withered turnip or a diseased potato, must yet be removed from the soil. For the present your examination is over. The next time you appear before the tribunal of justice, tremble for your crimes!"

He uttered these words in a thundering voice, and with eyes that sparkled like live coals. I had heard formerly that an accused person in France is invariably looked upon as guilty before he is tried, but I had no idea of its practical application. The names of the men with whom the judge associated me, filled me with astonishment; the accusation of having meditated a reign of terror, bewildered my faculties. So many things were mentioned, in which the true and the false were artfully mingled that it was impossible I could separate one from the other. I felt like Hercules entangled in the web of Penelope, and for the first time in my life, I lost my presence of mind. What Podder felt I had no means of ascertaining; all I know is that he remained stupidly silent.

"Remove the prisoners," said the judge, after a pause, during which he was, no doubt, struggling to regain his equanimity.

Resistance, under the circumstances, was useless, and as we entered the room so we quitted it, I gallantly leading the way, and Podder humbly following. We were conducted into the anteroom through which we had already passed, nor were we long detained in it. In a few minutes we heard the sound of wheels; a side door leading into a narrow street was presently thrown open, several files of armed men appeared, we were placed in the midst of them and marched out. Two *citadines* were drawn up close to the *trottoir;* I was invited to enter one, while Podder was conducted towards the other; the soldiers with charged bayonets took their seats beside me; I heard a roar of voices, but louder than those of the multitude were the stentorian tones of the chief of the party forming my escort.

"Au château de Vincennes," he shouted.

The carriage drove off, and I comprehended then that I was a PRISONER OF STATE.

The Château de Vincennes, to which we were conducted, is an historical edifice respecting which very little is known, in consequence, no doubt, of its being buried in an enormous forest at the distance of a league from Paris. It may, therefore, be desirable to offer a brief description of the fortress; though, in doing so, I have no wish to interfere with that meritorious publication, the "Guide to Paris," published in the Rue Vivienne. On the contrary, I am willing to furnish material for its amplification by detailing some of the secrets of the prison-house which, as the Messrs. Galignani have never been confined in it themselves—(I speak to the best of my belief)—could not possibly be given by any one but me.

The antiquity of the forest of Vincennes is lost in the mist of ages,

but emerging from the gloom we behold that celebrated sporting character, Saint Louis the Debonnaire, seated amid the branches of its secular oaks, and administering a kind of wild justice to his subjects, in the shape, it may be presumed, of forest-laws, those admirable inventions for potting and preserving game. The castle itself, a fine specimen of the pointed style, (it is quite as lofty as the steeple of my native Peckham), was built by an architect who has preserved a stern incognito, for all my endeavours to ascertain the individual's sex have proved fruitless. There, however, it stands, a fine model of feudal barbarity, and quite worthy of the royal race who selected it for their residence. The first monarch who is ascertained to have dwelt at Vincennes was Louis le Jeune, though as he reigned more than forty years, and had arrived at years of indiscretion (he is known to have been very wild) before he came to the throne, why the term "Young" should have been applied to him to the end of his life, has always been a mystery to me. There is less obscurity in the word "Hardy" bestowed upon his son Philip, who also was fond of Vincennes, as it is a well-known fact, attested by many monkish writers, though not stated by Galignani, that in the very depth of winter he never wore a great coat, and always took a shower-bath before breakfast. Philip of Valois, in that spirit of innovation which characterises kings, pulled down a great deal of the old castle and, say the authorities, "reconstructed it as it now stands." This assertion must, however, be taken with a little pepper and salt, as the Greeks used to observe, for I myself remember, when I was last in Paris, to have seen the workmen actually painting the palisades which surround the castle, more by token that I spoilt a new coat by leaning against them, being absorbed in a fit of meditation on the sublunary nature of things. It must be clear, then, to every one, that if the palisades were only painted in 1846, they could not long have been erected, and therefore the merit of having finished his work out of hand cannot be given to Philip of Valois. I should be much more inclined to believe that Napoleon was the sovereign to whom the completion of Vincennes is to be ascribed, for it is on record that he killed the Duke d'Enghien in a duel in one of the ditches of the fortress, and, after that event, would naturally be desirous of preventing the inquisitive Parisians from having access to the spot by erecting a sufficiently strong barrier to keep them at a distance.

We hear nothing more of the château, or if we have, I remember nothing about it, till the time of Henry the Fifth of England, who being, as Shakspeare says, "too infamous to live long," died at Vincennes in 1422, in *my* opinion of grief at the loss of his fat friend Sir John Falstaff, *with whom he is known to have been on terms of the strictest intimacy*, and the place of whose death is not recorded in history, though in all probability he fell at the battle of Cressy and Poitiers, a remarkable spot which, as the reader may recollect, I traversed myself in the diligence on my way from Boulogne to Paris. Louis the Eleventh of France, called, on account of his cruelty, "the uncle of his people," to distinguish him from his nephew Louis the Twelfth, who was named their "Father," greatly "embellished the château" (so Galignani says), by the construction of a great many dungeons, an ornamental style of architecture which, like virtue, is its own reward, for being generally built under ground they are necessarily hidden from the public eye. This king was the inventor of that popular house of correction called "the Cage," which, like many

other things, we have borrowed, without acknowledgment, from the French. One of these ancient places of confinement is still in existence at Dulwich; indeed, I have myself made a sketch of it which is preserved amongst my other archives in my library at Peckham. Whether Louis invented the pound as well as the cage, I am not prepared to say, but I should think it not unlikely, as he was in the habit of impounding the property of his subjects to so great an extent, and in all probability, collected in this manner a large body of irregular cavalry. It would carry me too far, at this moment, to inquire whether, as some have maintained, the origin of the stocks is attributable to the same cruel prince. I am opposed to the theory, simply from the fact of their being in existence in the time of King Lear, who certainly reigned much earlier than Louis the Eleventh. It is curious to see how the original destination of things clings even to their substitutes; for many of the public stocks—the Spanish and Portuguese in particular—are still used as places of punishment, and, as in the days of King Lear, fools invest in them. The reader will, I trust, excuse this digressive witticism of one whose money is all in Consols, and the more readily perhaps when he learns that the whole of this disquisition on the Château de Vincennes, is the fruit of his musings while a prisoner in its solitary cells.

I shall be brief in what I have further to say on the subject. Galignani states, that "Marie de Medicis built a magnificent gallery" in the château—of course a picture gallery, and probably that which is now known as the Louvre. Cardinal Mazarin, the son of the famous Cardinal Richelieu, celebrated himself, like David and Goliath, for his skill in the use of the sling, and called "Le Frondeur," par excellence, on that account, died here (according to the same authority) in what is called "the odour of sanctity," a term always employed in speaking of a man of unblemished life. The cardinal stood high in the estimation of the ladies of his time, particularly with Anne, Queen of Austria, in consequence of his having invented that beautiful blue which bears his name, and which has had so much success in silks and ribands. Since the château became a state prison, it has numbered amongst its inmates Mirabeau (the author of the famous "Confessions"), the notorious Baron Trenck, the Man with the Iron Mask,—"Prince Polignac, and the other ministers of Charles X." (so Galignani asserts, I know not on what evidence, and who, I should like to be informed, are the "other" ministers?), Prince Louis Napoleon (this is a little nearer the mark), the Count of Monte Christo, Barbès, Blanqui, and Raspail, still there, and, though last not least, I flatter myself, the British public's humble servant, Jolly Green.

There is something in being taken to prison which is not like any thing else. It is far different from the feeling with which one mounts the scaffold or rushes into an enemy's mouth. There is a kind of sinking, a species of "alloverishness," worse than the sensation of going down in a swing at Greenwich Fair, yet somewhat akin to it, which disturbs the gastric region and makes a man think he wouldn't be there if he could help it. Podder experienced this, no doubt, though I had not the opportunity of observing the expression of his countenance on the occasion, but my implacable conductors must have been rare physiognomists to discover that there was any thing the matter with me. We traversed the Place de la Grève—where Prior's unfortunate hero so nobly met his fate—and I suffered no cry to escape me but one of annoyance at the jolting of the vehicle in

which I was conveyed; we threaded the Rue St. Antoine and its faubourg, passing the spot where the column of the Bastille (the last relic of feudal oppression) still stands, yet I winced not; and, finally, quitting Paris by the Barrière du Trône, where the Jacobites of 1793 were all massacred, we gradually drew near the frowning portals and yawning battlements of Vincennes, and still I preserved a calm and undisturbed aspect; nor was it till the creaking chains of the drawbridge, the grating noise of the portcullis, and the rattling of the carriage-wheels in the gloomy courtyard of the castle, reminded me that I was, in point of fact, a prisoner, that I suffered my spirits to flag or my energy to relax.

And even then it was but for a moment. I yielded, but as other great men have done, to the impulse which a great sudden privation suggests. He who has had a tooth taken out, or as shaved off his moustaches (as I have done), must have experienced the dreary void, which painfully reminds us that "such things were," and thus it is at first with the loss of liberty; when the mind rallies its faculties after their momentary dispersion, we are enabled to gaze coolly upon our condition, and to reflect that time fills up the gap in one's grinders, renews the stubble on the upper lip, and if it does not, like hunger, break through stone walls, at any rate, as Robinson Crusoe says, "it reconciles man to his lot."

I was not allowed much time to look about me (*that*, my captors felt, would have been an imprudence), but as soon as the carriage stopped I was hurried into a spacious hall, whither I was presently followed by Podder. We found there the commandant of the fortress, a veteran grown gray in dissimulation and the art of torture; he was dressed in the uniform of the period, had lost an arm (which made him appear a perfect Cyclops), wore a grizzly moustache, had very small, fiery eyes, was upwards of six feet in height, had a deep, stentorian voice, an aquiline nose, and a pair of coarse, red hands, without gloves. Around him were ranged the Janissaries of the Republic, attired in the costume of French soldiers; a strong guard was stationed at the hall-door, and sentries stood at the bottom of an enormous flight of stone stairs. I at once saw the meaning of this ostentatious display; they hoped to intimidate me into submission, but they little knew who they had to deal with.

The first thing they did was to take down a description of my person, and it is only to be hoped, for their own credit, that they were a little more accurate than the people of the passport office, who, by the absurd uniformity of their details, deprive even the most striking individuals of their natural advantages. I submitted to this derogatory examination without manifesting any emotion, and when it was over said, in a tone of lofty but cutting indifference, "Vous esclaves! apportez-moi vos chaines! Trainez-moi à votre donjon!"

The commandant gazed at me very earnestly for a few moments, frowning so heavily as almost to obscure his sparkling orbs, and then, turning to the myrmidon beside him, muttered something which I could not distinctly catch, the word "fou" being all I heard. I guessed that he was about to load me with manacles, but, to my surprise, none were brought, though, had he given way to the wrath that was boiling in his bosom, I feel convinced he would have crushed me beneath their weight. A man, evidently a gaoler, now stepped forward, and in a voice subdued to hypocritical complacency, quietly said,—

"Suivez-moi, messieurs."

I resolved to keep an eye on that man, for I saw, by his assumed mildness, that he was not to be trusted. The pool of danger is always deepest when its surface is most placid. However, we obeyed the mandate, I, of course, leading the way.

Instead of immediately ascending to the fearful *oubliettes*, some hundreds of feet above, our conductor turned at once into a long corridor, which, instead of resembling a prison, put me more in mind of an hotel than any thing I had ever seen. The doors were similarly numbered, and had there been boots and jugs of hot water standing outside, I could have fancied myself once more at Quillacq's. I expected to have seen a grim janitor at every portal, with matted hair and shaggy vestments, with a heavy bunch of rusty keys at his girdle, and hands imbrued in the blood of captives, but, except the person who conducted us, there was no one to be seen, and from the politeness of his manner he might easily have been mistaken for a waiter. This, thought I, is another deception for the purpose of throwing me off my guard; the more cajolery these tyrants employ, the warier shall be my watchfulness. I hemmed loudly two or three times to attract Podder's attention, and then made signs to him to distrust our attendant, but whether he understood me or not I cannot say, as the gaoler at that moment turning his head, I did not, of course, repeat them.

At length we stopped at a door with an inscription over it. I looked up, expecting to see a French translation, if not the original words of the inscription about entering and leaving hope behind, which I had understood was always engraved over every cell; nothing was written there but the word "Concièrge." Our guide tapped at the door, a voice from within desired us to enter, and we did so, gaining admission by this simple means into a well sized, comfortable apartment, where, bending over a wood fire, an elderly man, with a white night-cap on his head, was busily engaged in superintending the cookery of a *pot-au-feu*, which, to judge by the savoury steam, promised to be a very good one. He turned round as we entered, and saluted us, by taking off his nightcap, with more courtesy than I had expected, while our companion familiarly exclaimed:—

"Eh bien, mon vieux, comment ça va?"

"Très bien, Joseph—et vous?"

"Mais,—comme vous voyez," said the first.

"A la bonne heure," returned the second, "qu'est-ce qu'il y a pour votre service!"

"Voilà deux messieurs," said Joseph, (since that was his name), "qui desirent avoir deux chambres à coucher dans ce corridor," and the fellow grinned maliciously as he spoke, an expression of countenance which the concièrge, to whom the freemasonry of a prison was familiar, at once responded to.

"Bah!" replied the old man; "il n'y a pas beaucoup de place! D'puis les derniers ev'n'mens, les garnis ne sont pas à louer. Mais, v'yons donc, je pense que nous avons justement deux appart'ments qui convi'ndront joliment à ces messieurs. Oui," continued he, taking down a plan of the corridor from a nail where it hung, and running his finger over it, "il y a encore vides, les numeros neuf et dix."

I listened with breathless attention to this strange colloquy, so unlike

all I had read of in the "Mysteries of Udolpho," the "Castle of Otranto," and other romances treating of imprisonment, but the feeling I experienced was far from satisfactory. I could have understood the churlish bearing, the savage laugh, the loud voice, the demoniac grin, the withering scowl (all of them so well pourtrayed in the acting of Mr. O. Smith), but this dissembling courtesy entirely baffled me. But for the fact of the portcullis and the drawbridge, in which I am certain I could not have been deceived, it would have cost me only a very slight effort of imagination to have supposed that I was hiring an apartment in the Rue St. Honoré.

While these thoughts whirled rapidly through my brain, Joseph and the concièrge were talking in a low tone together, when, probably noting that my eagle eye was fixed upon them, they raised their voices and *appeared* to *resume* their conversation. *This is an artifice always practised in these places*, but I was prepared for it.

"Qu'est-ce qu'il a pu faire, celui-là?" asked the concièrge, meaning *me*.

"Que sais-je!" replied Joseph, shrugging his shoulders; "il s'est mêlé sans doute de la politique."

"Bah!" exclaimed the old man, once more, "on ne fait pas la politique avec de tel bois."

Now these two fellows (one was as bad as the other) knew perfectly well that it *was* for an alleged political crime I had been sent to Vincennes, so the pretence of ignorance did not serve them. As to making politics with wood, the speech was quite unintelligible, and if I had not known into whose hands I had fallen, I should have set the old concièrge down for an incorrigible idiot. Idiotcy, however, is a mask too commonly worn by the Jesuits of the Holy Office, to be taken for more than its value by men of the world, and I inwardly snapped my fingers at the sons of St. Dominick. Podder, poor fellow, whose intellect never stumbles over the impalpable, but takes all things for granted, was as down in the mouth as if he were merely in Newgate, instead of being fast in the clutches of the Inquisition. I resolved, however, not at present to overwhelm him with my appalling discovery.

Joseph now addressed me with the same fawning air that had previously marked his conduct.

"You are to be placed in rooms adjoining each other; it is a pity," he added with a smile, "that you should have a wall between you—but that we can't help—the prison regulations don't admit of it; every man by himself, and God for us all—hey?"

He was endeavouring, I saw, to weave his nets still closer round those whom he believed to be his unwary victims. "It will take you a good deal," thought I, "to make me commit myself," so I resolutely held my peace.

We moved onward to our cells. They were situated at the extremity of the corridor; No. 9 was allotted to me, and No. 10 to Podder. The gaolers stopped opposite mine first, and while the massive door was revolving on its hinges I turned to take a last farewell of my poor friend, doomed from henceforth to steer his dreary bark over the rocks and shoals of adversity with no one at the helm but himself, a sad and fearfully responsible situation.

"God bless you, Podder," exclaimed I, in dignified but struggling

accents, as I fell upon his breast; "and," continued I, after a pause which spoke volumes,—"take this with you, the parting advice of your 'guide, philosopher, and friend;'—mistrust your gaolers,—dissimulate,—be coldly passive,—be aught but credulous; reckon on my assistance, and, believe me, our tyrants yet shall tremble!"

"Good-bye, old fellow," returned my impenetrable secretary; "it's all right."

I turned away and entering my gloomy cell, buried my face in my hands, and dashed myself moodily on the damp and loathsome floor!

How long I remained in this position, a prey to all the agonising thoughts that rend the heart of him who is thus incarcerated—it may be for eternity—it is not in my power to say. It is long before the prisoner begins to take note of time, and score with a rusty nail, which he extracts from his worm-eaten couch, the dreary tally of his days upon his slimy dungeon wall. Ere that resource of cheerless despair is appealed to, solitude may have blanched his raven hair and dimmed the lustre of his clear blue eye; and thus, perchance, it may have fared with me! But the trance must have been deep as it was enduring, for when I was again restored to consciousness, my prison no longer wore the sombre hue with which, in my opinion, it was invested when first I became its tenant. In place of those walls, hewn out of the solid rock and trickling with the damp of ages, I beheld nothing but ordinary lath and plaster; in lieu of a feeble ray of blue vapour cutting the murky atmosphere like the trenchant blade of some darkling foe, a broad flood of light illumined every corner of the apartment, leaving nothing for the imagination to repose upon; I was no longer, like a wild beast, chained by the middle to a bar of rusty iron which traversed the blood-stained pavement of the cell, but rested on rather a comfortable French bed, without curtains, it is true, yet elastic, as though it were not the furniture of a prison; a table and two chairs, and even the minor conveniences of the toilet were there, and altogether the place seemed to my astonished eyes no other than an ordinary room, save that there were bars at the window and no handle inside the door,—nought save a key-hole of large dimensions.

I sat up in the bed, and passing my hand, in cogitative mood, over my chin,—and finding to my surprise, that my beard did not hang down to my waist, I began to reflect on the singular change that had taken place during the many hours—what do I say—months, perhaps, of my dreamy obliviousness. Had my tyrants relented, or was this but a part of the universal scheme of the Holy Office, to endeavour to sap the fortitude of its prisoners by a show of mildness? It was not unlikely, but then—such is the vigour of my conceptions even in a dungeon—the thought struck me, what, if on my way to my first dreary place of confinement, I might not, like another Lord Bateman, have captivated the daughter of the commandant of the fortress! Her instrumentality might have led to my removal to a more habitable part of the prison,—one, perhaps, within sight of her own abode, whence, if she could not free me altogether, she might at least enjoy the satisfaction of beholding me daily shaving myself at the grated casement. I resolved to cling to this idea. Besides the recovery of my personal liberty, connubial happiness might yet be in store for me. There still might be shed on my fate some drops

of the Balm of Gilead. Another, though then unknown, might be destined to heal the wounds which still bled for Angelique de Vaudet!

I rose and traversed my cell with hurried footsteps; the tainted atmosphere of the prison was stifling; I approached the window, threw back the casements, and gazed, like a bird, upon the wide expanse. The view, it is true, was limited, being bounded by a high wall about a hundred yards off, on the opposite side of what seemed to be a deep moat, the outer edge of which was fenced with palisades; but what of that?—were not my thoughts unfettered, and could they not o'erleap so slight a boundary? I flatter myself they both could and did! While I was still gazing, and chewing the cud of fancy, like horehound, sweet yet bitter, I heard the grating noise of a key in the lock of my prison-door, which, ere I had well turned round, was gently opened, and a figure advanced in whose wrinkled lineaments and stealthy footsteps I had no difficulty in recognising the de concièrge!

He advanced with a smiling air, as if he had noticed my pensive attitude, nor guessed at the motives which always lead a prisoner to the "abhorred grate" of his dungeon, but I fathomed his dark, designing soul at a glance, and allowed him, unchecked, to play me off like a hooked barbel on the banks of the Thames. His first insidious question was to know what I should like to have for dinner, thus seeking to tempt me on the side of appetite; but I was proof against him.

"Bring me," said I, "of your blackest bread! Give me to slake my thirst, of your coldest water!" Then, observing that he affected to be ignorant of what I meant (though it is known that the Jesuits speak all languages fluently), I addressed him in French:—"Apporty moi du pang et de low!"

The man stared at me with well-feigned astonishment.

"Comment donc, monsieur! vous desirez avoir du pain et de l'eau! Rien que ça?"

"Nong!" returned I, folding my arms with indifference as cold as it was cutting.

"Comme vous voudrez, monsieur," continued the concièrge, "mais je dois vous prévenir que, si vous avez de l'argent, ou bien, des amis à Paris dont la solidarité est comme, il n'y a rien qui vous empêche de dîner ici tout-à-fois comme si vous étiez au Palais Royal, même chez Richard!"

I gazed at him fixedly, to see to what extent he meant to develop his lure.

"Regardez, monsieur," he continued, drawing at the same time a small book from his pocket; "voilà la carte du Restaurant du Château! Tout ce qui concerne la table est là-dédans."

"I will accept no favours from the Republican Government," said I, haughtily; "load me with your heaviest chains, immure me in your deepest dungeons, gorge me with your meanest fare,—all are alike indifferent to Jolly Green!"

The concièrge fixed on me a surprised look; I translated the preceding passage, not, however, too literally.

"Tourne-clèf," said I, slowly, "je repeat mon premier observation, apporty du pang, et de low. Je nong vooly oterchose. Laissy moi dans paix!"

"A votre choix, monsieur," returned he whom I had so felicitously characterised; and, shrugging his shoulders, he left the room.

I listened to his retreating footsteps, and by placing my ear close to the key-hole, could hear him unlocking another door, apparently that of the cell adjoining mine. I wondered who the unhappy captive might be! Robespierre, probably, or Barbès, or Raspail! I strained my olfactory nerves to the utmost in order to ascertain, and the door being evidently left ajar, I was enabled, in some degree, to gratify my curiosity. The concièrge spoke in a very loud tone, though the echoes in the vaulted passages rendered what he said more or less indistinct. It appeared to me that he was speaking to some one who either could not or would not understand what he said, for I knew by the sound that he repeated the same thing several times. At last I caught the word "dinner" very plainly pronounced, and (how unlike my inflexibility)—this seemed to take effect on the prisoner,—as I heard a voice which, singularly enough, I thought I knew,—reply in a brief, but emphatic, affirmative. Something more was then said by the concièrge, and, to my astonishment, I detected the English accents of Podder! Was it possible? Had he, too, been removed from a lower dungeon, and by the same influence? I indignantly rejected the idea as one unworthy the fair daughter of the stern commandant. But Podder was clearly in the adjoining cell; how placed there was an enigma which I determined in my solitude to solve.

Again I listened. The concièrge was tempting my weak friend by naming several articles in the *carte*, which Podder, in his uncouth pronunciation, repeated. "Bully-buff,"—"pommes-de-terre,"—"bifsteck,"—"sole frîte,"—"poolly roty,"—and other viands whose names I could not decypher, resounded along the corridor. An exulting laugh from the deluded prisoner, which found a faithful echo in the larynx of the wily *Tourne-clef*, ended the colloquy; the cell-door was closed with a deep, reverberating noise, and the footsteps of the concièrge died away in indistinct murmurs.

The day wore on, and a couple of hours passed away without any further incident of note, if I except the fact that, following the example of Lord Byron, when he was a prisoner in the Castle of Chillon, I tried to make the acquaintance of a large bluebottle-fly, which, a captive, like myself, came humming and buzzing about the chamber. It was, probably, too early in my captivity for me to be able to say with the noble poet:—

> The very spiders and I grew friends,

for the "blue-tailed thing," as he elsewhere remarks—I think in "Beppo," but am not sure—quickly made use of his wings

> -to overfly
> The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,

and left me once more——alone!

At the expiration of the period I have named, which, not having been deprived of my watch or any of my personal valuables, I was enabled to note accurately, I heard some heavy footsteps coming along the corridor, and, as it appeared to me, a kind of rattling of plates and dishes. Once more the door of my cell was thrown open, and the hated concièrge made his appearance. He brought me my daily pittance—my prison fare—my unsocial, scanty bread and water;—the first in the shape of a long loaf which he carried under his arm, the last in a *caraffe* which he bore in his hand.

hot pincers to make the resemblance of my position with that of Isaac of York complete. He set this meagre diet upon the table, with the words: "Voilà, monsieur, ce que vous avez demandé," and with the true taciturnity of the gaoler turned round and left the cell, lingering, however, at the door just long enough to enable me to catch the steaming odours of a very good dinner outside, which in all probability was being carried into the adjoining dungeon, to bribe my weak, unthinking secretary into the mood they aimed at. The portal was then pitilessly closed and I was left to devour my own meal in solitary cannibalism. I am free to confess that it was with no pleasure I did so. I have all my life been in the habit of eating, at least, three good meals à day. At "The Greenery," my seat at Peckham, I always take ham and eggs, a couple of bloaters, and a grilled bone or so, with muffins, toast, and a small cottage loaf—besides tea and chocolate—for breakfast; a chop, a glass of sherry, and a pint of Dublin stout, for luncheon; and, for dinner, the regular thing, according to the season of the year, with the best part of a bottle of port wine afterwards; winding up the evening with a light cigar and a glass of unexceptionable brandy and water. *This Podder knew*, for he had often shared the cheer I have faintly alluded to, and yet this was the man, who, separated from me by a partition, certainly not more than six feet thick, could calmly sit down and eat I know not what amount of French cookery, while I, his leader, was forced to satisfy the craving of a hungry stomach with something little better than stale spunge, and water for my only beverage.

If I gnashed my teeth and howled over this tasteless food, the reader will admit I had as good cause for doing so as the wretched Ugolino.

When my miserable meal was ended, I began seriously to consider the nature of my position. It was plain enough, from the harsh treatment which I have just instanced, that I was looked upon as a prisoner of the greatest importance. The first blow had been struck in the base endeavour of my gaolers to reduce my physical energies by starvation, trusting, probably, that the hostile activity of my mind would thereby be weakened. I now saw that my enemies were implacable, and forthwith registered a vow to defeat their machinations. As the first duty of a prisoner is to escape from his dungeon, I immediately began to cast about for the means of accomplishing that object. I first examined the iron-bars which secured the window; they were placed about six inches apart, and in a longitudinal direction. I tried them with a muscular grasp, but they were too firmly fixed to be wrenched away, even by my strength, but it struck me that if only one were removed, a sufficient aperture would be formed to enable me to pass my body through without much difficulty. The next thing for me to ascertain was the height of the window from the bottom of the moat. By getting on the window-ledge, and standing on the tops of my toes, my personal height enabled me to form a tolerably accurate notion of the abyss beneath. At the first glance it was a fearful thing to contemplate; I shuddered at the thought of my daring enterprise, and a cold moisture oozed from the palms of my hands. What the actual distance was, it was impossible for me, on the spur of the moment, to calculate, but with the accustomed rapidity of my *coup-d'œil*, I noticed one thing which would probably have escaped most persons in my situation, namely, that the cell in which I was imprisoned was on the ground-floor of the castle. All I required, therefore, to set

myself free was a crowbar, a box of tools, and a good strong ladder. In the histories which I had read of some of the most remarkable escapes, I recollected that these things were often surreptitiously conveyed to prisoners in meat pies, though I could hardly reconcile myself to the feasibility of the thing when I took into consideration the unwieldy size of the materials. Files and chisels, and even small saws, might easily be conveyed in a pie, but a crowbar and a ladder seemed to me out of the question. However, there is no accounting for impossibilities, and that such things have been, the annals of the Queen's Bench, if carefully examined, would, I am satisfied, satisfactorily show. But there was another difficulty about the matter, and that was, how to procure the articles I wanted, my acquaintance in Paris being very limited. I dare say I could have obtained a *paté de foie gras* from Monsieur Chevet, of the Palais Royal, having often purchased such things at his shop, but, as I did not know the colour of his politics, I felt I could not safely confide in him, nor would it have been wise to intrust a secret of so much importance to a letter, whether transmitted through the post or by a messenger from the fortress. I was therefore thrown back upon my own unaided resources, and if a man is in difficulties then is the time to make use of them.

A great many schemes suggested themselves to my fertile imagination. I first thought of following the example of the Man in the Iron Mask (who it is *now* well known was Louis XIV. in disguise), and writing the full particulars of my birth, parentage, and education on my shirt, and then throwing it out of the window, where it might be picked up by some benevolent stranger, who would leave no stone unturned to procure my liberty. But after mature deliberation I rejected this plan; in the first place, because I had no writing materials at hand, and in the next, because it would have been exceedingly awkward and uncomfortable to have deprived myself of my most necessary garment. My next idea was of a more practical kind, and I resolved at once to act upon it. As a wooden ladder could hardly have been smuggled into the prison without being observed, I hit upon an excellent substitute, and determined, as soon as it was dark, to construct a ladder of ropes. The sheets of my bed, torn into strips and carefully knotted together, would furnish me with ample materials; how to remove the iron bar was a subject for after consideration. I had no sooner conceived this project than I yearned for the opportunity to carry it into execution, but as the evenings were long (it being the height of summer), I was compelled to wait some time before I could begin my work. At length, the evening-gun proclaimed that the sun had sunk, and shortly afterwards I heard the heavy footsteps of the concièrge going his rounds, for the purpose of ascertaining that his prisoners were all safe for the night. When he came to my cell he found me seated by my bed-side in a calm and graceful attitude. He held a lantern in his hand, the rays from which were shed upon my person, which he was thus enabled to examine and admire. He was the first to break the ominous silence, which he did by asking me, in a tone of jeering mockery, whether I wished to have any thing for supper.

"You have dined so badly," pursued the old hypocrite; "I am sure you must be in want of something. You should have followed your friend's example. He had a famous dinner, and did justice to it."

"So much the worse for him," I replied, doggedly; then, raising my voice, I added in accents of command: "Tempter, be gone!"

There was an obtuseness about this old man which irritated me: nothing that I said seemed to sting him as it ought to have done. He was imperturbable even under the last invective, and, just as if he had not comprehended my meaning, went on:

"Si vous ne voulez pas manger, monsieur, j'éspère que vous dormirez bien; le lit est très bon, et les draps sont propres."

Here I inwardly smiled: "Proper," I muttered, "yes, *proper*,—but not for the purpose that you, vile dotard, imagine!"

"Demain mâtin," pursued he, "on viendra vous faire une visite,—pas moi comprenez, mais monsieur le commandant, et si vous avez besoin de rien, faut le dire. Sans doute que vous ayez des effêts,—faut envoyer chercher,—on vous lé'zapport'ra. Quant on a de l'argent,—ecroué pour la politique—s'entend,—on vit à son aise. Ce n'est que les gueux qui s'y mordent."

I suffered no vulgar emotion to manifest itself on my aristocratic features while this heartless old man was urging his inveigling proposition: he either wanted to betray me into secret negotiations, or to seize the occasion of profiting by my well-known liberality. He quitted my cell, therefore, no wiser than he entered it, and in the dry "Bon soir, monsieur," with which he took leave, I easily detected the mortified tone of baffled ingenuity.

He was no sooner gone, however, than I began to reflect on the words he had spoken. As, according to Shakspeare, even "the devil speaks truth," it was possible there might be some grain of it in what the concièrge had said, and if such proved to be the fact, the chances in favour of my effecting my escape were, of course, greatly increased. My dressing-case would supply me with some of the implements of which I stood in need, and from the contents of my portmanteau I could, in my prison solitude, manufacture an impenetrable disguise. If, therefore, the commandant should at last be moved to treat me according to my rank, I resolved no longer to hold out on a mere punctilio. I reflected, moreover, that my acceptance of his offers would only be a graceful compliment to his fair daughter; and while I was on the subject, I thought I might as well consent to let the restaurateur of the fortress supply my meals, for bread and water only did not agree with my constitution, and it was a duty I owed to society as well as to myself to keep in good condition. On this principle I felt disposed to call the concièrge back, but as I had no means of doing so, I made up my mind to order a very substantial *déjeûner à la fourchette* the next morning.

That the propitious hour of my flight from Vincennes might not be retarded for want of preparation, I then set to work upon my rope-ladder. Other men might have hesitated to sacrifice their comforts at the shrine of liberty, but I was under no such base influence and tore up one of the sheets of my bed with the stoical indifference of a hardened patriot. I took but one, lest the absence of both might have been remarked, and I had a special contrivance for preventing that from being known. I knew that state prisoners were always called upon to make their own beds, and resolved to construct mine in the morning after the apple-pie fashion, which has not yet penetrated into the interior of

France, a deception which, I felt assured, would entirely hoodwink my keepers. I was engaged on my task till a late hour, and that the sharp rasping noise of the torn linen might not be heard beyond the precincts of my cell, I sang as loud as I could during the whole of the operation. My memory being a perfect "Little Warbler," I did full justice to the British ornithology (as collections of songs are classically termed), and seldom, perhaps, have the walls of the Château de Vincennes echoed to such strains as were poured forth by me on this occasion. My countrymen will readily believe that the national anthem and "Rule Britannia" were not forgotten; so far from it that, in imitation of the custom which prevails at W—nds—r C—stle when H—r M—j—sty holds a c—b—n—t c—nc—l, I sang them both at the opening and the close of my labour, and, in my delighted enthusiasm, even went the length of giving myself an encore. I had an additional motive for vocalising in this tuneful manner, and that was to let No. 10 (Podder) know how well I kept up my spirits under all my sufferings, and to intimate to No. 8 (whoever he might be), that a Briton of the first water, and a foe to tyrants, was within hearing.

Sleep, to me in my situation, was out of the question, and as soon as I had completed the sheet-ladder, as a sailor would call it, (ropes and sheets being synonymous on board-ship), I concealed it between the paillasse and the mattress, and stole gently to the casement, thinking it not impossible that the commandant's daughter might already have stationed herself at *her* window, with her mandoline ready to reply to her captive's serenade. Clearing my voice therefore, and using two of my fingers as a turning-fork by striking them against the bars of my prison, I struck up the celebrated chanson in "Robert le Diable" which might be considered as having a two-fold allusion to my fate. I knew the French words, and how to pronounce them, and thus "the descant rang:"

Robert toi qué j'aime
Et qui reçus ma foi
Tu vois mon effroi !
Grass, sir, pour toi même,
Et grass, sir, pour moi,—

"Grass, sir,—Grass, sir,—Grass, sir,—Grass sir, pour toi,—Grass, sir, pour moi !"——

I was elaborating this strain in a way that would have excited the envy of Nebuchadnezzar or of the French Academy, could they only have heard me, when to my astonishment, instead of the gentle tinkling of a mandoline and the soft accents of a timorous female, I saw the point of a bayonet thrust up to the bars and heard it clink against them, while a rough voice exclaimed,

"Nom d'un loup! faut pas hurler, comme ça,—laisse dormir le monde—couche-toi, prisonnier!"

Wondering at the enormous length of a bayonet that reached from the bottom of the ditch to my cell, and fearful that the armed uncivil ruffian might be disposed to fire on me if I resumed my melody, I withdrew to my couch, and there, calling to mind what prisoners generally do when they are first incarcerated, I began to tap gently against the wall, in the hope of rousing the attention of "No. 8," and possibly of eliciting from him his name and country, the nature of his crime, the character and disposition of those in authority over us, and the reason of my own confinement. I am sorry to say that I knocked the skin off my knuckles without

deriving any advantage from the experiment. No. 8 was either very dull or his sufferings had made him perfectly savage. He might however have been asleep. Perhaps my voice lulled him to repose. I began to think it was time for me—if I could—to follow his example, so without more ado I turned in, though I had but one sheet, and I suppose I must soon have been lost in dreamy oblivion, for the first thing I was again conscious of was the presence of the concièrge standing over my bed in the broad light of day, a clear proof to me that I must have slept soundly all the night through.

There could be but one conclusion for a prisoner to arrive at under such circumstances, viz., that I was about to be led out to immediate execution, and rising I braced up my resolution, as I braced up my trousers, for the worst.

"Monsieur," said the concièrge, "le commandant du château désire vous parler."

I gazed on him sternly, but said not a word, and, my toilette being completed, I signified my readiness to meet my fate. At the door I met Podder, looking as merry as a grig, he shook me heartily by the hand and asked me if this wasn't "a lark?" I imagined that captivity had turned the poor fellow's brain, but I think it must have been joy, for on descending to the hall where we again saw the commandant surrounded by his guard, I was informed that an order had that morning been received to set us FREE. I compressed my feelings then as I compress my narrative now. All I need tell the public on the subject is, that General Cavaignac afterwards made me the *amende honorable* I have spoken of in my account of the visit of the National Guards to London, and that—luckily perhaps, for the peace of mind of the poor thing, I never had an interview with the commandant's daughter.

ANCIENT AND MODERN MONSTER REPTILES.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

"Canst thou draw out Leviathan with an hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?"

THAT excellent Hebrew scholar, Gesenius, remarks that the word Leviathan, which denotes any twisted animal, is especially applicable to every great tenant of the waters, such as the great marine serpents and crocodiles, and it may be added the colossal serpents and great lizards of the desert. In general, however, it applies to the crocodile, and Job xli. is unequivocally descriptive of that scaly monster; while other texts apply more naturally to the whale. There are passages, however, in the Prophets and Psalms, where Pharaoh is evidently apostrophised under the name of Leviathan, while the combat of the Archangel Michael was as evidently carried on against the powers of darkness as typified by the dragon.

Upon this subject, the able naturalist, Colonel Hamilton Smith, remarks that in connexion with rivers, Than, or Leviathan, generally applies to the crocodile; when in connexion with land, and particularly the desert, it appears to designate the *Waran el Hard*, a species of lizard or monitor, the same as that which the pilgrim and esquire-carver to the

Duke of Burgundy, La Brocquière, describes the doughty champions, Sir Andrew de Toulongeon and Pierre de Vaudrei, as giving battle to in the Holy Land; but Thannin, the same author remarks, is a term used for serpents mostly of the larger kind.

It was, perhaps, in conjunction with the existence of real colossal sea-serpents, but not wholly so, Colonel Hamilton Smith also remarks, that nations remote from the ocean, in common with the rest, have, in their cosmogonies, their religious dogmas, their legends and records, both malevolent and beneficial giant-serpents. Such are the innumerable fables in Hindu lore of Nagas and Naga kings, and in Scandinavian legends, the Paystha, Kater, and Vidhanger.

Such, also, is the origin of that primæval astronomy which placed the serpent in the skies, and called the milky way by the name of Ananta and Sesha Naga, and the Pagan obscure, yet almost universal record of the deluge, typified by a serpent endeavouring to destroy the ark; which astronomy has likewise transferred to the skies in the form of a dragon about to devour the moon, when it appears in the form of a crescent-shaped boat. The same image of the deluge is figured in the West, in those structures with avenues of upright stones of several miles in length and serpentine in form, whereof the ruins may still be traced at Carnak in Brittany, Abury in Wiltshire, and Redruth in Cornwall. Dracontia, as these temples are called from this very circumstance, also existed in Asia Minor, in Epirus, and in Northern Africa.

Kneeph, or Cnuphis, or Ihh-Nuphi, the good genius of ancient Egypt, always figured as the Nachash, or Thermuth, is the same as Naga Sahib —the lord serpent of India, and is still a personification of the vanquisher of the deluge—Vishnu, with many others, being Pagan denominations of Noah. In Egypt, the early centre of Ophiolatry, or snake-worship, this debasing service was so deeply rooted, that a Christian sect of heretics, called Ophitæ, or, according to Clemens Alexandrinus, Ophiani, arose in the second century of our era.

The Hesperian, Colchian, and Lernæan dragons, are only Greek legends of the same doctrine, still more distorted, and affording ample proof how far the Pagan world had departed from the simplicity of its true symbolical meaning, as when Moses raised the brazen serpent in the wilderness, and that, from the then prevalent partiality to metaphysical descriptions and fanciful symbols.

The typifying the deluge and all other great destructive agents, under the form of monster serpents and dragons, [illegible]e, however, in the earliest antiquity from those giant serpents which, [illegible] a remote period, were evidently still more colossal than that which is recorded to have opposed a Roman army, or than those whose skeletons have been recently found in India, and which were above 100 feet in length; or those of the serpent (*Hydrargos Sillimanii*), discovered, in 1844, by Dr. Koch, in Alabama, and which measured 114 feet.

The Azhdehak, the dragon of the Persians, was a great monster that was transformed into stone by the potent spell of Solomon's signet-ring, as it was coming open-mouthed to attack the city of Ecbatana. The dragon race of Armenia, whom history represented as the descendants of Azhdehak—the Astyages of the Greeks—were believed in popular tradition, to derive their origin from the dragons that issued from the shoulders of Zohak.

The dragons of the Greeks and Romans were sometimes of a com-

pound nature, as in the case of the Chimæra of Lycia. They also dwelt alike in water and on land, but appear most to have affected wooded ravines and lonely marshes.

> Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen makes fear'd
> And talk'd of more than seen.

Such especially was the dragon that lived at the foot of Mount Pelinæum, in Scio, and was only destroyed by burning down a whole forest. These dragons were generally scaly monsters, "*Ecce draco squamis!*" exclaims old Ovid—"*Draco squamosus fiet,*" says Virgil—and sometimes winged. They were always of enormous size. The poets of old vie with one another in finding epithets sufficiently expressive of their size, their hideousness, and their deadly attributes. Ælian and others make their length from thirty or forty to a hundred cubits. Posidonius describes one 140 feet long, that inhabited the neighbourhood of Damascus; and another whose lair was at Makra, near Jordan, was an acre in length, and of such bulk that two men on horseback, with the monster between them, could not see each other. According to Ignatius, there was in the library of Constantinople the intestine of a dragon 120 feet long, on which were written the Iliad and Odyssey, in letters of gold!

But this is, properly speaking, a medieval dragon. A subject so full of mythical ideas and so pregnant with the wild and wonderful, was at once the favourite theme of religious legends, of knightly fiction, of song, and of ballad.

> The Dragon (says Mrs. Jameson, in a work just published on sacred and legendary art) is the emblem of sin in general, and of the sin of idolatry in particular; and the dragon slain or vanquished by the power of the cross, is the perpetually recurring myth, which, varied in a thousand ways, we find running through all the old Christian legends, and not subject to misapprehension in the earliest times; but as the cloud of ignorance darkened and deepened, the symbol was translated into a fact. It has been suggested that the dragon, which is to us a phantasm and an allegory, which in the middle ages was the visible shape of the demon adversary of all truth and goodness, might have been, as regards form, originally *a fact;* for wherever we have dragon legends, whether the scene be laid in Asia, Africa, or Europe, the imputed circumstances and the form are little varied. The dragons introduced into early painting and sculpture, so invariably represent a gigantic winged crocodile, that it is presumed there must have been some common origin for the type chosen, as if by common consent; and that this common type may have been some fossil remains of the Saurian species, or even some far off dim tradition of one of these tremendous [illegible]iles, surviving in Heaven knows what vast desolate morass or inland lak[illegible] spreading horror and devastation along its shores. At Aix, a huge fossi[illegible] head of one of the Sauriæ was for a long time preserved as the head of the identical dragon subdued by St. Martha; and St. Jerome relates that he had himself beheld at Tyre the bones of the sea-monster to which Andromeda had been exposed—probably some fossil remains, which in the popular imagination were thus accounted for. Professor Owen told me that the head of a dragon, in one of the legendary pictures he had seen in Italy, closely resembled in form that of the Demotherium Gigantum. These observations have reference only to the type adopted when the old scripture allegory took form and shape. The dragon of Holy Writ is the same as the serpent, *i. e.*, personified sin, the spiritual enemy of mankind. The scriptural phrase of the 'jaws of hell' is literally rendered in the ancient works of art by the huge jaws of a dragon wide open, and emitting flames, into which the souls of sinners are tumbled headlong. In pictures, sin is also typified by a serpent or snake; in this form it is placed under the feet of the

Madonna, sometimes with an apple in its mouth; sometimes, but only in late pictures of the seventeenth century, winding its green scaly length round and round a globe, significant of the subjugation of the whole earth to the power of sin, till delivered by the Redeemer.

According to Pliny, it was at Joppa, in Judæa, and not as St. Jerome has it at Tyre, that Andromeda was tied to the rock; and he further adds that the skeleton of the huge sea-monster, to which she had been exposed, was brought to Rome by Scaurus, and carefully preserved. "Joppa, now Jaffa," says Colonel Hamilton Smith, "the very place whence Jonah set sail, displayed for ages in one of its pagan temples huge bones of a species of whale, which the legends of the place pretended were those of the dragon-monster slain by Perseus, as represented in the Arkite Mythus of that hero and Andromeda; and which remained in that spot till the conquering Romans carried them in triumph to the great city."

The natives appear, however, to have secreted some of these precious relics; for the celebrated Sir John Maundeville, who travelled in A. D. 1322, relates that there might still be seen in his time at Joppa, "the place in the rock where the iron chains were fastened, wherewith Andromeda, a great giant, was bound and put in prison before Noah's flood; *a rib of whose side, which is forty feet long, is still shown.*" The worthy knight has, in this narrative, rather strangely confounded the maid with the monster that was going to devour her, and a rib of a whale for a rib of the fair one.

The medieval dragon is met with in the "Golden Legend," where it is related that one, for example, had its dwelling near to the celebrated pillar on which St. Simon Stylites performed penance, and which was on the Jibal Sinam, near Antioch. This dragon met with an accident; he had a stake in his eye, and coming all blind to the saint's pillar, and placing his eye upon it for three days without doing harm to any one, Simon ordered earth and water to be placed on the dragon's eye, which being done, out came the stake, a cubit in length. When the people saw this miracle, they glorified God, and ran away for fear of the dragon, who arose and adored for two hours, and returned to his cave.

The religious sentiment associated with the serpent tribe has been perpetuated in a similar manner. In the ceremonies of the Greek church the dragon image, the Σαυριων, is still carried about, and fire is placed in its mouth. The dragon often occurring at the feet of ancient monumental effigies is understood to typify si[illegible]er which the deceased had triumphed. The worship of serpents is [illegible] continued in the present day in many countries. Such is the lord-serpent of India, the sacred rock-serpent of Southern Asia, the python worshipped in Cutch, and many other instances. Dahomey, in Western Africa, is nominally and really a country of snake worship. A boat-shaped python was some time back dug out of the deep black mud of a ditch in this country, carrying the eight Eones or Noachidæ, with emblems that denote them to be the solar regenerators of mankind. Part of these objects, in hard wood, were in possession of the late Sir Samuel Meyrick.

Monster reptiles are not, however, celebrated only in mythology and legendary and romantic history; traditions of the existence of such have been handed down from all times, more especially in connexion with the Scandinavian seas, and now-a-days that the existence of such creatures seems almost placed beyond doubt, the fabulous character universally at-

tributed to the traditions of the Northman upon the subject, reflects more credit on the scepticism than on the good faith of philosophers. "The nations of the north," says Colonel Hamilton Smith, "*once* believed in the Jormunds Gander, or Kater serpent of the deep." It is easy to show that they not only once but have always upheld the existence of such a marine monster. We do not allude to the monster as depicted in the poetical pages of the Edda; the truth is as much defaced in Scandinavian mythology as it is in the Greek or in the medieval romances of Syr Bevis of Hampton, the "Faery Queen," "Sir Guy of Warwick," or the "Dragon of Wantley." "Nobody being any body," says Mr. Broderip, in his entertaining "Zoological Recreations," "in the old chivalry days who had not slain his dragon."

Olaus Magnus, whose work "Historia de Gentibus Septentrionalibus," was published at Rome in 1555, and at Basle in 1567, speaks thus of the Norwegian sea-serpent. "They who employ themselves," he says, "in fishing or merchandise on the coasts of Norway, do all agree in this strange story, that there is a serpent there which is of vast magnitude, nearly 200 feet long and twenty feet thick, which is wont to live in rocks and caves, towards the sea-coast, and will go in a clear night in summer, and devour calves, lambs, and hogs; or else he goes into the sea to feed. He is black, hath hair hanging from his neck a cubit long, sharp scales and flaming eyes. This snake disquiets the sailors; he puts up his head on high like a pillow, and catcheth away men and he devours them. There is also another serpent of an incredible magnitude, that lifts himself high above the waters, and rolls himself round like a sphere."

Next follows Knud Leems, Professor of the Icelandic, who wrote an account of Finmark, in the Danish and Latin languages, in 1767. After describing the various kinds of fish that frequent the seas of Finmark, the worthy Laplander goes on to say:—

> And as the above-mentioned kinds of various fish are found in the seas of Finmark, of which each species has been destined to its own proper use by the all-wise Creator, giving some to man for his nourishment, others for their oil; and to serve the purposes of commerce, and the carrying on of trade; some also are turned to bait with which fish is caught; so also in the same ocean are to be met various monsters, prodigious in their form and size, wonderful to view, and so furnished that they seem to give more ample materials for writing, than benefit to mankind. Among these monsters of the deep which are seen now and then in this part of the northern ocean, one in particular, an immense fish, called the kraken, by the inhabitants of Nordland and Finmark, holds the first rank by right, whose form and magnitude of body is so unusual that the sea does not produce a similar prodigy.

The Laplander then proceeds with the description of a very extraordinary monster which can only be referred to some gigantic Mollusk of the Cephalopodous order, having enormous arms and no less prominent cups. It is not altogether improbable that some creature of this description may lurk in the quiet depths of the Norwegian Fiords. But the professor adds:—

> The sea of Finmark also generates the snake or marine serpent, forty paces long, equalling in the size of its head the whale, in form the serpent. This monster has a maned neck, resembling a horse, a back of a gray colour, the belly inclining to white. On the canicular days, when the sea is calm, the marine serpent usually comes up, winding into various spirals, of which some are above, others below the water. The seamen very much dread this monster; nor while he is coming up do they easily entrust themselves to the dangers of the deep.

Paul Egede, son of Hans Egede, a Danish divine, who was the founder of the religious missions to Greenland, relates in his journal of his residence in that country, that "on the 6th of July, 1734, there appeared a very large and frightful sea-monster, which raised itself up so high out of the water, that its head reached above our main-top. It had a long sharp snout, and spouted water like a whale, and very broad paws (*laller*, something between paws and fins); its body was covered with shell-fish or scales, its skin rough and uneven; in other respects it was like a serpent, and when it dived, its tail, which was raised in the air, appeared to be a whole ship's length from the body."

Eric Pontoppidan, a Danish prelate, distinguished as a theological historical writer, and who became Bishop of Bergen in 1746, published in his well-known "Natural History of Norway" a variety of testimonies of the existence of the soe ormen, sea-snake, or *serpens marinus magnus*, as he calls it.

"In all my inquiries," says the learned prelate, "about these affairs, I have hardly spoke with any intelligent person born in the manor of Nordland, who was not able to give a pertinent answer, and strong assurances of the existence of this fish; and some of our north traders, that come here every year with their merchandise, think it a very strange question, when they are seriously asked whether there be any such creature; they think it as ridiculous as if the question was put to them whether there be such fish as eel or cod."

Yet the worthy old divine and naturalist has not only been ridiculed for his relations concerning the sea-serpent, but the mere fact of his having consigned so many pages to the correlation of testimonies upon the subject, has given, in the eyes of some hyper-critical persons, a character of romance to the whole of his work.

Pontoppidan, in his description of the Norwegian reptile, says that this creature does not, like the eel or land-snake, taper gradually to a point, but the body, which looks to be as big as two hogsheads, grows remarkably small at once, just where the tail begins. The head in all the kinds has a high and broad forehead, but in some a pointed snout, though in others it is flat, like that of a cow or a horse, with large nostrils, and several stiff hairs standing out on each side like whiskers. The eyes are described as being very large and of a blue colour. Those on our coast, the bishop also remarks, differ from the Greenland sea-snakes, with regard to the skin, which is as smooth as glass, and has not the least wrinkle about the neck, where there is a kind of mane, *which looks like a parcel of sea-weeds* hanging down to the water. The whole animal is of a dark brown colour, but it is speckled and variegated with light streaks or spots, that shine like tortoiseshell. The sea-snake, he elsewhere adds, seems also to be, like the shark, eel, and whale kind, viviparous.

Mr. Peter Dass, adds the bishop, in his "Description of Nordland," is of opinion that this sea-serpent may be called the leviathan or the dragon of the ocean, and the learned prelate gives his testimony to the fact that the sea-serpent answers the scriptural description of the leviathan better than any other animal.

Sir Arthur de Capell Brook records several hearsay instances of the occurrence of the sea-serpent off the same coast in his "Travels in Norway." One of his authorities was the Bishop of Nordland—the classic country of sea-monsters—who had seen two of them about eight

miles from Drontheim.* The bishop was not far from them, and estimated the largest at a hundred feet in length. Captain Shilderup and several fishermen had also seen the same monster.

In the February number of the "Zoologist" (1847) are paragraphs quoted from the Norse papers, stating that in the neighbourhood of Christiansund, several highly respectable witnesses have attested the seeing of the sea-serpent. Its length is stated at about forty-four feet, and twice as thick as a common snake in proportion to its length. The front of the head was rather pointed; the eyes sharp; and from the back of the head commenced a mane, like that of a horse. It had no scales but the body quite smooth. The same Magazine records numerous other instances, and also contains in its number for September, 1847, "A Plea for the North Atlantic Sea-Serpent," by Dr. Cogswell.

The positive and to a certain extent satisfactory view obtained of this supposed fabulous creature, by the captain and officers of H.M.S. *Dædalus*, has drawn forth further testimonies and details concerning the Norwegian sea-serpents from J. D. Morries Stirling, Esq., in a letter to the Secretary of the Admiralty.

This gentleman furnishes the following interesting information:—

The question of the sea-serpent's existence had previously attracted the attention of several scientific men in Northern Europe; and my friend, the late Dr. Newmann, Bishop of Bergen—a man much and justly respected for his learning, research, and energy—made it the subject of inquiry within the last twenty or twenty-five years among his clergy and those of the adjoining dioceses. The amount of proof then collected was sufficient to convince any one, however sceptical, as it is not mere hearsay evidence, but the testimony of known and respectable persons in various walks of life. One of the most striking statements is made by some fishermen, who saw the animal quite close to them, and of whom one more hardy than the rest struck it with a boat-hook, upon which it immediately gave them chase, and, had they not been very near a small island or rock, on which they took refuge, in all probability they would have been destroyed.

The size of the sea-serpents seen in the Norwegian Fiords varies much; and I do not remember what the dimensions of the largest are said to be. As far as I can tax my memory, none of them are larger than that described by Captain M'Quhæ. The one seen by the fishermen above alluded to was, I think, not above seventy feet long.

There are, I believe, several varieties of the reptile known as the sea-serpent, but almost all the accounts agree as to the existence of a mane, and as to the great size of the eye. In several of the fossil reptiles, somewhat approaching the sea-serpent in size and other characteristics, the orbit is very large, and in this respect, as well as in having short paws or flappers, the description of some of the northern sea-serpents agree with the supposed appearance of some of the antediluvian species. A great part of the disbelief in the existence of the sea-serpent has arisen from its being supposed to be the same animal as the kraken, or rather from the names having been used indiscriminately. (We have remarked upon this source of error when giving the testimony of Knud Leems.)

In concluding this hurried statement, allow me to add my own testimony as to the existence of a large fish or reptile of cylindrical form (I will not say sea-serpent). Three years ago, while becalmed in a yacht between Bergen and Sogn, in Norway, I saw (at about a quarter of a mile astern) what appeared to be a large fish ruffling the otherwise smooth surface of the Fiord, and, in looking attentively, I observed what looked like the convolutions of a snake. I immediately got my glass, and distinctly made out three convolutions, which drew themselves slowly through the water; the greatest diameter was about ten or

twelve inches. No head was visible, and from the size of each convolution I supposed the length to be about thirty feet. The master of my yacht (who, as navigator, seaman, and fisherman, had known the Norwegian coast and North Sea for many years), as well as a friend who was with me, an experienced Norwegian sportsman and porpoise shooter, saw the same appearance at the same time, and formed the same opinion as to form and size. I mention the fact of my friend being a porpoise-shooter, as many have believed that a shoal of porpoises following each other has given rise to the fable, as they call it, of the sea-serpent.

The last allusion in Mr. Stirling's letter, is to a theory advanced by Mr. A. Adams, who describes himself as having seen something of the kind in the Sooloo seas, of a line of porpoises following each other in train, and at the same time beautifully-banded water snakes, of the thickness of a man's leg, lying extended supinely along the glassy surface, or diving, &c., which strange and unprecedented combination of circumstances that gentleman supposed had given origin to the idea of the fabulous monster, yclept a sea-serpent.

It is a curious fact, in regard to serpents generally, that that great authority in the poetical and descriptive departments of natural history—Buffon—asserts that the sea is fatal to them. "They can," he asserts, "endure to live in fresh water only, for salt is an effectual bane to the whole tribe."* The narrative of the celebrated navigator Dampier contains, however, several notices of sea-serpents. Thus, in passing out of Shark's Bay, New Holland, he says they saw three water-serpents swimming about in the sea, of a yellow colour, spotted with dark brown spots; they were each about four foot long, and about the bigness of a man's wrist, and they were the first he saw on the coast, which abounds with several sorts of them.† Also on the way to Tasmania, he says they saw sea-snakes every day, of two different descriptions. Not far from Scouten's Island, the same navigator saw a snake furiously assaulted by two fishes, that had kept them company five or six days. The snake swam away from them very fast, keeping his head above water; the fish snapped at his tail, but when he turned himself, that fish would withdraw and another would snap, so that by turns they kept him employed, yet he still defended himself, and swam away at a great pace, till they were out of sight.

In the "Historical Relation of a Voyage undertaken for the Discovery of Southern Lands," the naturalist Peron describes sea-serpents as distinguished from land-serpents by their tail, which he says is flat and oar-shaped, and by their narrower body, which resembles that of an eel, and terminates below almost in an angle. M. Peron is, however, evidently in error when he adds to his description of the various colours of sea-snakes, that it is in the midst of the hottest countries of the globe, in the Indian Ocean especially, the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, and that which bathes the north-west and north of New Holland, that marine serpents are exclusively produced. We have ourselves seen snakes, apparently essentially marine, in the Persian Gulf, but never of more than five or six feet in length, and no records of South Sea serpents that we have seen as yet

* Professor Ansted, in his "Ancient World, or Picturesque Sketches of Creation," propagates the same error in another form, when he says that among reptiles, as they exist at present, there are none which are so organised that the open sea can be called their chief habitation.—P. 154.

† Probably species of Hydrophis and Pelamis.

give to them more than from ten to thirteen feet in length, whereas it is evident that the sea-serpent of the North Atlantic attains, without exaggeration, a length of from fifty to one hundred feet.

Numerous testimonies exist of the sea-serpents of the North Atlantic visiting the coasts of Great Britain. The remains of an animal, apparently belonging to this class, are preserved in the museum of the university and of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, which was stranded on the Isle of Stronsay, one of the Orkneys, in 1808. This animal measured fifty-six feet in length, and twelve in circumference. The head was small, not being a foot in length. All accounts assign it blow-holes. It had three pair of fins or paws connected with the body. Something like a bristly mane commenced on the shoulders, which extended to near the extremity of the tail. The skin was smooth, without scales, and of a grayish colour. The blow-holes associate this animal with that described by Egede as met with on the coast of Greenland. The fins or paws we have seen belong also to Norwegian species and apparently to the M'Quhæ animal, which had no serpentine progression.

An animal of a different description excited considerable astonishment and alarm among the Western Isles of Scotland in June, 1808. This marine monster, which was seen by a great number of persons, was snake-like, but its head was broad, its neck smaller, its shoulders broad, and thence it tapered to the tail. It was between seventy and eighty feet in length, no fins were perceived, and it seemed to progress by undulation up and down. One of the observers declared the eye to be as large as a plate.*

Dr. Hibbert Ware mentions, in his work on the Shetland Islands, that the great sea-serpent has occasionally been seen off those islands, and he specifies one which was seen off the Island of Stonness, Vally Island, Dunvossness.

The testimonies in regard to the occurrence of marine monsters of gigantic size and serpentine form on the coasts of America, have been almost as numerous as those derived from Norwegian sources, and have, if possible, been regarded with still more incredulity. The Linnæan Society of Boston was, however, not prevented by this prevalent feeling from inquiring into the truth of these numerous reports; the result was that a variety of depositions were collected, more especially in regard to an animal that visited the harbour of Gloucester in August, 1817, and which, from concurrent testimonies, was about fifty feet in length. The head is described as being somewhat like that of a sea-turtle, the body the thickness of a half barrel. It appeared to have bunches or protuberances on the back. One person described his having seen it throw out its tongue, which appeared to be about two feet long, and something like a fisherman's harpoon.

A serpent of remarkable appearance, which was killed on the sea-shore, at no great distance from Cape Ann, was sent to the same society, who considered it to be the young of the great sea-serpent. This animal is figured from a pamphlet published by the Society, who designated

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* There has been much discussion among anatomists as to the true character of the bones of the Stronsay and Coll monsters. Sir Everard Home deemed them to have belonged to the shark; but Dr. Barclay, Mr. James Wilson, and, I believe, Dr. Knox, incline to consider them as belonging to the reptile tribe.

the animal *Scoliophis Atlanticus*, in No. 341 of the *Illustrated London News*.

To persons acquainted with geology, the fact of there having been marine monsters of a gigantic size in existence before the historical times, as attested by the frequent discovery of their fossil remains, has long ago opened their minds to the possible existence of the same or analogous forms in the present day.

Geologists have now been long intimate with the forms of several species of spurious Saurians (or "ancient sea-dragons," as Mr. Broderip calls them), that were exclusively marine in their habits; not merely taking refuge in the water occasionally like most of the crocodiles, or seeking their prey there, and then, when gorged, coming ashore to sleep in the marshes and jungle; but adapted in all respects to make use of the sea as their permanent habitation. Such more particularly were the Nothosauri, whose extremities, being reduced almost to the condition of paddles, could not have allowed the creature to walk about readily on land; and such also was the Plesiosaurus, which bore many remarkable points of similarity with Egede's sea-serpent. It was an essentially marine animal, it had a long and movable neck, it had breathing-holes analogous to those of the whale, and it was propelled by paws or paddles. There were, however, several varieties of Plesiosaurus, which differed in the proportions of neck and body.

The Ichthyosaurus was a still more remarkable marine-monster of the same class. The animal so called was a voracious reptile, that attained a length of from thirty to forty feet, and was adapted for constant residence in the sea. It resembled in some points, as in its smooth, naked skin, its being propelled by paddles, and its enormous eyes, some of the marine monsters described as still dwelling in the ocean; but it differed from most by its elongated snout and whale-like tail.

The Enaliosaurians, as Professor Owen calls the family of the Nothosauri, Ichthyosauri, Plesiosauri, &c. (and ten species of the one, and sixteen of the other, have been described by the learned professor in his "Report on British Fossil Reptiles"), are immediately connected with the crocodilian reptiles by the extinct and gigantic Plesiosaurus, which is more closely allied to the true Saurians, and its enormous jaws armed with teeth remarkable for their thickness and strength, were wielded by a neck as short and strong as that of the whales.

But there are other "ancient sea-dragons" besides the Enaliosaurians. Such was the Mosasaurus, a marine giant, which appears to have been most nearly allied to the Monitors, only that five feet is a great length for an existing Monitor to attain; while the Mosasaur must have reached twenty-five feet. "Fancy," says Mr. Broderip, "a marine Monitor of the length and bulk of a grampus, with four paddles instead of legs, and a high and deep oar-like tail, formed for propelling the animal through the wave, instead of the long and slender tail of the living species—and you have some notion of the Mosasaur. Its jaws and teeth were tremendous. Nothing comparable to them can be imagined, excepting the ancient caricature, which may be known to some of our readers, representing a learned gentleman in his robes, not quite at his ease, between a pair of Saurian jaws, worthy of Munchausen's creation, and underwritten,

"A Lawyer and a Sawyer."

But that which is still more remarkable is, that while the greatest

peculiarity connected with existing leviathans of the deep—sea-serpents or sea-dragons—is their exceeding rarity, so that only now and then one of these wonderful creatures is seen, and their very existence has been long a matter of dispute, even in those countries the coasts of which they most affect; the ancient sea-dragons had almost the whole of a bye-gone world to themselves,—they were as numerous as they were voracious,—during a whole era in the history of the earth's creation they were the chief and most formidable occupants of both land and sea, and they were by their structure alone fitted to endure the turbulence and continual convulsions of the unquiet surface of our infant world.

When we see (says Dr. Buckland, in his well-known "Bridgewater Treatise") that so large and important a range has been assigned to reptiles among the former population of our planet, we cannot but regard with feelings of new and unusual interest, the comparatively diminutive existing orders of the most ancient family of quadrupeds, with the very name of which we usually associate a sentiment of disgust. We shall view them with less contempt when we learn, from the records of geological history, that there was a time when reptiles not only constituted the chief tenants and most powerful possessors of the earth, but extended their dominion also over the waters of the seas, and that the annals of their history may be traced back through thousands of years antecedent to that latest point in the progressive stages of animal creation, when the first parents of the human race were called into existence.

And since that period, as it has been with volcanic action circumscribed to within narrow limits of destructiveness, and with those upheavings and subsidences, which are now limited to a few tilted-up coral islands, or the sad devastations of earthquakes, and certain isolated phenomena, seldom embracing very extensive changes; so it has also been with the reptile tribe. The gigantic and voracious ancient sea-dragons have now only for representatives the few authenticated creatures—the true characters of which are not yet thoroughly understood. Those leviathan crocodiles the Cetiosauri,—the Teleosauri with 108 teeth,—those "fearfully great lizards, the Dino-saurians," and the most remarkable of the "Old World Terrestrial Dragons," the Megalosaurus, as well as the ancient flying dragons—Pterosauri and Pterodactyls, one only represented in their marine existence by the Gavial of the Ganges or the puny Amblyrhynchus of the Gallapagos Islands, in their amphibious existence, by the gradually diminishing numbers of crocodiles, caymans, alligators, and monitors; in their terrestrial existence by the Dracænæ, Iguanas or Guanas, and other small and harmless creatures of the lizard tribe; while in their aerial attributes the Pterosauri are but poorly represented by the little flying lizards of the genus Draco, seldom more than nine or ten inches in length, and only preserving of their renowned predecessors—the name.

True that the Ophidians or serpent tribe has not dwindled away in so remarkable a manner as the Saurian or lizard tribe of olden times. The Boas, the Pythons, and other great terrestrial snakes, still preserve in their magnitude somewhat of the importance which they had attained, when a single serpent could dispute with a Roman general and his army the passage of a river. So it may also be when the sea-serpents, as they are called, come to be more correctly known, it will be found that the supposed extinct Enaliosaurians have their few living congeners—their actual representatives, few and far between, but still roaming over the vast wilderness of the oceanic expanse.

It was an old belief, that whenever a serpent devoured a serpent, a dragon was produced; nay, that this was the only operation by which a serpent could be promoted to a dragon's estate; but further consideration of all the circumstances recorded in connexion with the so-called sea-serpents, added to a study of the drawings of Egede, Pontoppidan, and still more particularly of those made by the officers of H.M.S. *Dædalus*, will probably have the effect of raising these rare denizens of the deep, without the necessity of one swallowing another, from the rank of serpent to that of gigantic lizard.

We have already observed in how many striking particulars the sea-monster, described by Egede, is connected with the class of Enaliosaurians; so it is also even in the case of the exaggerated descriptions of Olaus Magnus, in which, amid much that appears fabulous, we still find reference to the mane, to the putting the head on high like a pillar, and to the flaming eyes. So also in regard to the monster seen by Captain de Ferry, as recorded by Pontoppidan. This animal also held its head, which resembled that of a horse, above the water. It had large eyes and a long white mane. But it also possessed a peculiarly Ophidian attribute, for besides the head and neck, Captain Ferry and his companions saw seven or eight coils, which were very thick, and, as far as they could guess, there was about a fathom distance between each fold. Pontoppidan remarks upon the so-called sea-snakes generally, that they do not taper to a point, like land-snakes, but the body grows remarkably small at once, just where the tail begins. The same naturalist also remarks of the so-called coils of the serpent, that when it lies on the surface of the water, there are, when it is very calm, some parts of the back to be seen in a line with the head, when it moves or bends. These, at a distance, appear like so many casks or hogsheads floating in a line, with a considerable distance between each of them. He adds that the eyes are very large, and look like a couple of bright pewter plates, and it has a kind of mane, which looks like a parcel of sea-weeds hanging down to the water. Dr. Buckland remarks in his treatise previously quoted, p. 173, that the enormous magnitude of the eye of the Ichthyosaurus, is among the most remarkable peculiarities in the structure of the animal.

The sea-serpent seen in the Bay of Gloucester, U. S., is described as having a head something like a rattle-snake's, but as large as the head of a horse, and it was carried about two feet above the water. The so-called folds were described as bunches, or protuberances, on the back. It was Mr. Nash who took the depositions, who considered these protuberances to be caused by the animal's vertical motion.

We come now to the marine monster seen by the officers of H.M.S. *Dædalus* on the evening of the 6th of August, in latitude 24 deg. 44 min. S., and longitude 9 deg. 22 min. E. The creature is described as being an "enormous serpent," with head and shoulders kept about four feet constantly above the surface of the sea; and, continues Captain M'Quhæ, the reporter, "as nearly as we could approximate by comparing it with the length of what our maintopsail-yard would show in the water, there was at least sixty feet of the animal *à fleur d'eau*, no portion of which was, to our perception, used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation. It passed rapidly, but so close under our lee quarter, that had it been a man of my acquaintance, I should have easily recognised his features with the naked eye; and it did not,

either in approaching the ship, or after it had passed our wake, deviate in the slightest degree from its course to the south-west, which it held on at the pace of from twelve to fifteen miles per hour, apparently on some determined purpose.

"The diameter of the serpent was about fifteen or sixteen inches behind the head, which was, *without any doubt, that of a snake;* and it was never, during the twenty minutes that it continued within sight of our glasses, once below the surface of the water—its colour a dark brown, with yellowish white about the throat. It had no fins, but something like the mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of sea-weed, washed about its back."

This something like a mane is omitted in the drawings taken immediately *after* the animal was seen, and which have been engraved in No. 341 of the *Illustrated London News.* This is to be regretted, as the identity of the words used by the old Norwegian—"a kind of mane, which looks like a parcel of sea-weeds hanging down to the water," and those used by Captain M'Quhæ, impart an interest to the circumstance.

The head of the animal figured in the same drawings, like that of the monster seen in the Bay of Gloucester, U.S., most resembles that of the sea-turtle, and of some semi-aquatic lizards. There is even a remote analogy to the physiognomy of certain Malacopterygious fish, as the Muræna and conger-eel, but the closest analogy exists to what we may imagine to be the head of the Plesiosaurus reproduced.* The general effect produced upon Captain M'Quhæ was, he says, distinctly and without any doubt, that of the head of a snake, but the drawing conveys the idea of the head of a Saurian rather than of an Ophidian, and certainly does not much resemble any ordinary serpent.

Captain M'Quhæ also says that the animal had no fins, but we may be allowed to express a doubt whether he had the means of being accurately informed upon this point. Several observers have at once proclaimed, that as the monster was not propelled by vermicular action, it was most probably furnished with paws or paddles. An F.G.S., in a letter to the *Times,* has also brought forward the same circumstance in corroboration of the view entertained by Mr. Morries Stirling of the analogy of these monsters with some of the antediluvian species.

One of the greatest difficulties on the face of the narrative, and which must be allowed to destroy the analogy of the motions of the so-called "Sea-serpent" with those of all known snakes and anguiliform fishes, is, that no less than sixty feet of the animal were seen advancing, *à fleur d'eau,* at the rate of from twelve to fifteen miles an hour, without it being possible to perceive, upon the closest and most attentive inspection, any undulatory motion to which its rapid advance could be ascribed. It need scarcely be observed that neither an eel nor a snake, if either of those animals could swim at all with the neck elevated, could do so without the front part of its body being thrown into undulation by the propulsive efforts of its tail.

But, it may be asked, if the animal seen by Captain M'Quhæ was not allied to the snakes or to the eels, to what class of animals could it have belonged? To this I would reply, that it appears more likely that the enormous reptile in

* The *Saccopharynx flagellum* and *Ophiognathus ampullaceus* are very remarkable species allied to the Muræna, having the power of inflating the trunk and floating on the surface of the water; but again they are only from four to six feet in length.

question was allied to the gigantic Saurians, hitherto believed only to exist in the fossil state, and, among them, to the Plesiosaurus.

From the known anatomical character of the Plesiosauri, derived from the examination of their organic remains, geologists are agreed in the inference that those animals carried their necks (which must have resembled the bodies of serpents) above the water, while their progression was effected by large paddles working beneath—the short but strong tail acting the part of a rudder. It would be superfluous to point out how closely the surmises of philosophers resemble, in these particulars, the description of the eye-witnesses of the living animal, as given in the letter and drawings of Captain M'Quhæ. In the latter we have many of the external characters of the former, as predicated from the examination of the skeleton. The short head, the serpentlike neck, carried several feet above the water, forcibly recall the idea conceived of the extinct animal; and even the bristly mane on certain parts of the back, so unlike any thing found in serpents, has its analogy in the Iguana, to which animal the Plesiosaurus has been compared by some geologists. But I would most of all insist upon the peculiarity of the animal's progression, which could only have been effected, with the evenness and at the rate described, by an apparatus of fins or paddles not possessed by serpents, but existing in the highest perfection in the Plesiosaurus.

It having appeared by a letter, written by the master of the *Mary Ann*, of Glasgow, that, on a voyage from Malta to Lisbon he, the said master, had spoken the American brig *Daphne*, of Boston, which brig had, on the 20th of September, when in lat. 4 deg. 11 min. south, long. 10 deg. 15 min. east, not only seen, but most uselessly, fired at and wounded "a huge serpent, with a dragon's head" (what is a dragon's head?); a great deal of conjecture has been wasted upon the coincidence. There appears much reason, from the rare occurrence of the animal in question, to believe that they may have been the same. The distance traversed by the monster between the 6th of August and the 20th of September, altogether about twenty degrees of latitude, in forty-five days, would give a rate of a little more than thirty miles a day; whereas it is reported to have been going at a rate of from twelve to fifteen miles an hour; but there is nothing to induce us to suppose that it was going at that rate always in one direction; and it so happens, in this particular case, that Captain M'Quhæ's monster was going at that rate, *apparently on some determined purpose* to the south-west; that is to say, in precisely an opposite direction to that where it was subsequently seen by the Americans.

But whatever little discrepancies might be found between an account directly obtained from trustworthy observers and a second-hand oral report, surely such ought never to have been brought forward for a moment as throwing doubt upon the veracity of a number of British officers! This is carrying scepticism too far; it is a positive insult to common sense, and a repudiation of all gentlemanly feeling. It is most probable, as has been suggested by a correspondent to the *Times*, that the American vessel was at lat. 4 deg. south on the 20th of August instead of September, or he would hardly have been at Lisbon on the 30th of September, when spoken by the *Mary Ann*. The monster would then have travelled a distance of 1380 English miles in fourteen days, or upwards of ninety-eight miles a day; if that is any satisfaction to the lovers of the marvellous. It is none to us—we are quite satisfied at present with the account given by the officers of H. M. S. *Dædalus*, and shall await further particulars of the monster seen by the Americans on the same coast, and in the same seas, premising, however, that the opinion appears to have gained ground

Scotland, where they had the best opportunities of testing the truth, that the supposed statement of the master of the *Mary Ann* is a contemptible hoax.

One more observation of a more interesting character remains to be made. It has been generally admitted by geologists that the great tribe of ancient sea dragons are extinct, because their fossil remains have not as yet been found in deposits that are posterior to the chalk formation. But this is by no means a conclusive argument. The interval that exists between the era of the great sea and land reptiles—the second or middle epoch of geologists—and present times, and which comprises the third or modern epoch, and all the supra-cretaceous deposits, by no means involves, geologically or physically speaking, the total extinction of all the species of ancient monster reptiles. The circumstances under which the supra-cretaceous formations were deposited were no longer the same as what belonged to the older and more widely extended formations. They are no longer the deposits of oceans of almost boundless expanse, but they are either alternating marine and fresh water basins of limited extent, as in the case of the London and Parisian tertiary deposits, or are accumulations of sand, clays, and marles, having no comprehensive geographic or geological development. There is nothing to intimate that seas of great extent were not in existence at the same time that many of the now existing tertiary deposits were accumulated. It is not surprising that under circumstances of such limited geographic extent as belong to existing tertiary basins, that the remains of great oceanic or land reptiles should not be met with and should be replaced by peculiar forms of terrestrial animals. Remains, however, of crocodiles, tortoises, and serpents (Palæophis toliapicus) have been met with in these tertiary deposits. But the moment we have a marine deposit of any real importance—a geological horizon as Humboldt would call it—as for example the chalk ; we have remains of Ichthyosauri, Mosasauri, Geosauri, Raphiosauri, Plesiosauri, Megalosauri, and of a host of other monster reptiles. So also if the bottom of the Atlantic were laid dry or tilted-up in the shape of rock formations, existing geologists might possibly find amusement in the study of sea-monsters which, if not actually identical with, there is much reason to believe would be found to be closely akin to, their antediluvian, and pre-Adamite predecessors.

Since the above was written, Professor Owen has published his view of the nature of the animal seen from the *Dædalus*. Considering the general character of the head and form of nostril, this eminent anatomist believes that head to have belonged to a warm-blooded mammal, and that mammal to have been a great seal, most likely Anson's sea-lion, or the *maned* seal of the South Seas, which attains the length of from twenty to thirty feet, and which in this case might have been carried out of its native seas by accident. Mr. Owen adds his testimony to the fact, that the bones of the Stronsay monster are decidedly those of a great shark. The professor also states his opinion as opposed to the existence of any large species of Sea-serpent, or Saurian, upon the grounds, that as such animals would float for a certain time when dead, they would, if existing, be more frequently met with, that no vertebræ of such large serpents have as yet been found washed ashore on the Scandinavian coasts, or on those of America; and, lastly, because the Sea Saurians of the secondary periods of geology have been replaced in the tertiary and actual seas by marine mammals. Any opinion emanating from so high an authority cannot

but be treated with the greatest respect, but still it will be seen that Professor Owen's views as to the nature of the head of the animal, do not coincide with the descriptions given of the form and length of the body annexed to the head of the supposed seal. The absence of any hitherto discovered relics of existing marine Saurians is only negative evidence; as we have before remarked, the rarity of the animal seems to be one of its greatest peculiarities. The floating of serpents after death, also, only lasts till the gases are disengaged by accident or decomposition. The different circumstances under which the secondary and tertiary, and recent deposits occur, have, also, been alluded to and viewed in another light. It is evident, however, that the nature of the animal of the *Dædalus* is doomed to be a vexed question, like its predecessors; and under those circumstances, it is to be hoped, that the statement of its having been met with by the crew of an American vessel may turn out to be correct.

Captain M'Quhæ has also answered the professor, if not in a scientific, certainly in a very sailor-like, straightforward, and, we are inclined to think, satisfactory way in the *Times* for November the 18th:—

Professor Owen correctly states that I "evidently saw a large creature moving rapidly through the water very different from any thing I had before witnessed, neither a whale, a grampus, a great shark, an alligator, nor any other of the larger surface-swimming creatures fallen in with in ordinary voyages." I now assert, neither was it a common seal nor a sea-elephant, its great length and its totally differing physiognomy precluding the possibility of its being a "Phoca" of any species. The head was flat, and not a "capacious vaulted cranium;" nor had it "a stiff, inflexible trunk"—a conclusion to which Professor Owen has jumped, most certainly not justified by the simple statement, that no "portion of the sixty feet seen by us was used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation."

It is also assumed that the "calculation of its length was made under a strong preconception of the nature of the beast;" another conclusion quite the contrary to the fact. It was not until after the great length was developed by its nearest approach to the ship, and until after that most important point had been duly considered and debated, as well as such could be in the brief space of time allowed for so doing, that it was pronounced to be a serpent by all who saw it, and who are too well accustomed to judge of lengths and breadths of objects in the sea to mistake a real substance and an actual living body, coolly and dispassionately contemplated, at so short a distance too, for the "eddy caused by the action of the deeper immersed fins and tail of a rapidly moving gigantic seal raising its head above the surface of the water," as Professor Owen imagines, in quest of its lost iceberg.

The creative powers of the human mind may be very limited. On this occasion they were not called into requisition, my purpose and desire being, throughout, to furnish eminent naturalists, such as the learned Professor, with accurate facts, and not with exaggerated representations, nor with what could by any possibility proceed from optical illusion: and I beg to assure him that old Pontoppidan having clothed his sea serpent with a mane could not have suggested the idea of ornamenting the creature seen from the *Dædalus* with a similar appendage, for the simple reason that I had never seen his account, or even heard of his sea serpent, until my arrival in London. Some other solution must therefore be found for the very remarkable coincidence between us in that particular in order to unravel the mystery.

Finally, I deny the existence of excitement or the possibility of optical illusion. I adhere to the statements, as to form, colour, and dimensions, contained in my official report to the Admiralty, and I leave them as data whereupon the learned and scientific may exercise the "pleasures of imagination" until some more fortunate opportunity shall occur of making a closer acquaintance with the "great unknown"—in the present instance most assuredly no ghost.

THE HABITUE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

"Andremo a Parigi," Persiani, Ronconi—"La Vieillesse de Richelieu," Bocage—Mlle. —'s Tooth—Rachel *v.* Judith—Stars and Regulars—"L'Ile de Tohu-Bohu"—Mlle. Ozy's Diamonds—"Jeanne la Folle," Mlle. Masson at the Salpetrière—"Many small Articles make up a Sum."

In 1716, a company of Italian actors were allowed, as a special favour, to play alternately with the Opera *troupe* in the theatre which then existed in the Palais Royal. The first printed record of their representations runs as follows :—

"In the name of the Lord, of the Virgin Mary, of St. François de Paule, and of the souls in purgatory, we commenced our performances on the eighteenth of May with *l'Inganno Fortunato.*"

In the title of this very *pièce d'ouverture*, with the simple addition of one letter, we find a most appropriate and ready-made comment on M. Dupin's recent attempt to modernise Rossini at the Salle Ventadour. Whenever "Andremo a Parigi" is performed, M. Vatel's successor has only to peep through the *trou du rideau* to satisfy himself that *his* "inganno," in exhuming the soporific "Viaggio a Rheims" from the tomb of the Capulets, and in transfering the terminus of the journey from the city of consecrations to that of barricades—from Rheims to Paris—has been indeed "*s*fortunato." We are told that we should believe nothing we hear, and only half we see : if the latter part of this axiom be correct, the manager of the Italian Opera has no occasion to draw largely on his own stock of credulity, for what he *does* see in the shape of audience is, like Mr. Handycock's whiting in "Peter Simple," "not worth halving."

Nor—*justice avant tout*—are either composer or *librettiste* under any very great obligation to their interpreters ; Persiani's singing, indeed, is, as usual, brilliant and sparkling like a firework, fiz, fiz, fiz, every fiz more marvellous than its predecessor ; until, when one thinks all is over, out comes the *bouquet.*

But *una voce poco fa*, as the same lady is in the habit of trilling in the "Barbière," we might just as reasonably expect one swallow to make a summer as one singer a *succès*, when hampered by such wet blankets as Morelli (who should have been called Morella, after the cherry, whose teeth-setting-on-edge properties his shakes possess in a remarkable degree), and Arnoux, *dit* Arnoldi. Poor Persiani !

Que pouvait-elle faire, et seule, et contre tous ?

As for Ronconi, he knows by this time, and it is a pity he never found it out before, that Lablache is not to be imitated with impunity : *le gros de Naples* is a privileged individual, and may indulge in *lazzi*—always regulated as they are by the nicest tact—which in anybody else's mouth appear misplaced and impertinent. He, moreover, has the *physique de l'emploi ;* whereas little Giorgio has nothing droll about him, no one feature legitimately suggestive of mirth or spontaneous humour ; his

laugh is a grimace, his very smile a contortion. His merriment, indeed, involuntarily reminds one of Ralph Nickleby's grating chuckle; it is so evidently against the grain.

Why will not so gifted an *artiste* rest contented with being sublime in tragedy, without vainly puffing himself out in the Icarian hope of attaining ox-like proportions in comedy; and why *will* he compel me to make a Judy of myself by owning to the authorship of so atrocious a conundrum as the following—*à propos* to his unlucky personation of the *bourgeois* in "Andremo a Parigi?"

> Why is a certain celebrated baryton like a mistaken rabbit?
> Because he's a WRONG *coney*.

(N.B.—I may be allowed to doubt if *Punch's* or the *Man in the Moon's* insanest contributors ever came up to *that*).

Were any dramatic Belzoni or Mungo Park to search among the *répertoires* of the twenty-two Parisian theatres (by-the-way, there are twenty-three of them now, the Théâtre St. Marcel having just re-opened, with every reasonable prospect of shutting-up shop again in a month or two), his industry would probably be rewarded by the discovery of some dozen pieces, relating more or less to the career of the celebrated Duc and Maréchal de Richelieu. Perhaps the only one of these which has survived the epoch of its production—and that rather owing to Déjazet than to its own intrinsic worth—is Bayard's lively vaudeville, "Les Premières Armes de Richelieu;" the dramas of Alexandre Duval and Ancelot, "La Jeunesse de Richelieu" and "Richelieu à 80 Ans," having been long since consigned, as relics of antiquity, to the archives of the Théâtre Français (I beg its pardon, de la République), wherein they sleep beneath an inch-thick coat of time-hallowed and venerable dust.

A similar fate—though the exact period of its entombment is yet uncertain—awaits Messrs. Feuillet and Paul Bocage's comedy, or rather *imbroglio*, entitled "La Vieillesse de Richelieu," just produced at the same theatre with that peculiar attention to scenery, costume, and general getting-up for which "les Comédiens ordinaires* du *Président* (?)" are so deservedly celebrated. Every thing has been done on the most liberal scale; the very best actors of the *troupe* have lent their aid towards the fitting interpretation of the presumed *chef-d'œuvre;* Regnier, Delauney, and Mademoiselle Brohan, in their respective characters of a gardener, an *amoureux*, and an opera-dancer, contributing an inexhaustible store of wit, humour, grace, passion, youth, and piquancy (I have jumbled them all together, like the lady who, having forgotten to punctuate her letter, dotted off a mass of commas and semi-colons at the end, leaving her correspondent to allot them, as the railway people say), and all to little or no purpose. Even Augustine Brohan's bewitching laugh, and the sight of her godly twin-rows of pearly teeth (by-the-way, I'll tell you a story about teeth presently when I have squared accounts with M. le Duc) could not keep the audience from showing *their* masticators, and yawning *comme des bien heureux.*

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* A wine-merchant would probably apply the term *ordinaire* to the actors of the Théâtre de la République as follows:—Ligier and Beauvallet, those five-foot heroes of tragedy and drama, would in his estimation be ranked as "du petit ordinaire;" Brindeau and Maubant, who boast a few inches more in longitude, might each aptly be styled "grand ordinaire;" while Regnier and Samson alone could have any fair pretensions to the grade of "extra-ordinaire."

Nay, my worthy friend Bocage himself, for whose *rentrée* the piece, partly written by his nephew, had been specially brought out, encumbered as he was with such a nightmare as the personage of Richelieu, had enough to do to fight his own battle, without troubling his head about Master Paul. However, if he did not succeed in immortalising his kinsman, he, at all events, gained his own cause, and once more proved, as he has invariably done on every successive return to the stage, that the creator of *Antony*, *Buridan*, and *Jarvis l'Honnête Homme* was still *un Bocage toujours vert.*

And now to redeem my promise while I think of it, for fear of a *lapsus memoriæ*. A certain actress, who for the last ten years (I say ten at random, for I cannot afford to be over-particular about dates just now) has combined the professions of *artiste dramatique* and *lorette*,—and, what is more, found them to work admirably together,—had the misfortune a year or two back to lose a front tooth. This loss was the more to be deplored, inasmuch as the said actress's "superior" lip, being naturally of an ambitious turn, has a tendency to curl upwards, thereby disclosing an *hiatum valde deflendum*, or, in other words, giving an *odd* appearance to that which should be *even*.

Mademoiselle ——'s looking-glass soon told her that a visit must be paid, and that speedily, either to Stevens, Brewster, Rogers, Fattet, Désirabode, or Guy d'Amour (this last practitioner had not *then* been taken up as an *insurgé*), and she was on the point of stepping into her brougham on her way to the Rue Neuve Luxembourg or Rue St. Honoré —no matter which—when a poor, half-starved, little Auvergnat, who had been crouching beneath her *porte-cochère*, implored "un p'tit sou, pour l'amour de Dieu." Glancing rapidly at the suppliant, Mademoiselle —— was suddenly struck by the extreme regularity and whiteness of his teeth.

"Sapristi!" she ejaculated, (in her capacity of *lorette*, Mademoiselle —— considers herself privileged to indulge in occasional expletives of the kind) "voilà mon affaire! Dis donc, petit, si je t'achetais une de tes dents?"

"Plâit-il, madame!" stammered out the poor lad, staring like a Fleet turnkey when a prisoner is sitting to him for his "portrait."

"Il me la faut absolument. Je t'en donnerai, voyons, je t'en donnerai cinq cents francs!"

"Chinq chents francs!" exclaimed the Auvergnat, "vrai?"

"Puisque je te le dis."

"Tope!" cried he, "che le veux bien!"

In another hour the transfer was effected, and the dearly-bought treasure securely fixed in its new domicile.

"Elle est un peu plus blanche que les autres," murmured Mademoiselle, ——, on again consulting her mirror; "eh bien, c'est moins monotone, voilà tout."

To return to the Théâtre de la République—which I find as troublesome to get rid of to-day as Sindbad did the Old Man of the Sea—I must, at the risk of encountering a pinch for stale news (*more Etonæ*) say a word or two about a matter which has been for some time playing "l'enfer et le petit Thomas" (as a Frenchman once rendered a rather questionable phrase current in certain of our own circles) in the *foyer* and *coulisses* of la Comédie Française. The facts are simply these:—

One of the minor stars of this theatre, Mademoiselle Judith, after serving her apprenticeship as *pensionnaire* for nearly two years, lately chose to imagine—rightly or wrongly—that she had fairly earned promotion to the rank of *sociétaire*, her claim to advancement being strongly supported by the Commissaire des Beaux Arts, M. Charles Blanc, brother of infinitesimal little Louis. Mademoiselle Rachel, however, thought otherwise, and so did M. Lockroy, the then manager of the theatre, and Mademoiselle Judith's application was flatly refused. Thereupon both parties set to work in good earnest; nothing was heard of in literary and dramatic circles but the great Jewish question, Felix *v.* Bernat—Rachel *v.* Judith: the patriotic rivalries of Kossuth and Jellachich, those lions of the day, or rather hour, for, since February, almost every hour has given birth to a new one—sank at once into insignificance before the feuds of *Hermione* and *la Fille d'Honneur.*

M. Sénard, then Minister of the Interior, being called on to unravel this Gordian knot, preferred cutting it, Alexander-fashion, by quietly relieving M. Lockroy of his managerial responsibilities. On this Mademoiselle Rachel immediately sent in *her* resignation, and Mademoiselle Judith, having been officially informed that her claim was inadmissible, removed herself, trunks and bandboxes, from the Rue Richelieu, and accepted an engagement at the Vaudeville, consoling herself with the ower true saying,

Tel brille au second rang qui s'éclipse au premier.

The *sociétaires,* however, in despair at Rachel's departure, and fearing lest she might transfer her throne from Paris to St. Petersburg, bethought themselves of invoking in self-defence Napoleon's famous Moscow decree, according to the terms of which, any member of their society, who should voluntarily cease to be such, could in no case again appear on any stage, either in France or elsewhere. All this time it was reported that the fair deserter had taken refuge at Pisa, that sultry solitude, thinly-peopled by *poitrinaires* and galley-slaves, which Méry so felicitously styles "une ville dégoûtée du monde, et qui s'est retirée à la campagne." Such a step, which in the present volcanic state of Italy might, in more senses than one, have been termed a *Pise aller,* appears never to have been seriously meditated by Mademoiselle Rachel, who, while she was supposed to be skimming the Mediterranean in the *Veloce,* or toiling up Mont Cénis in a *calèche de voyage,* was *tout bonnement* within half-a-dozen miles of the Paris fortifications, in her little snuggery at Villa Nuova.

How matters may end I do not pretend to foresee; it is, however, evident that the Comédie Française can no more afford to do without Mademoiselle Rachel than Mademoiselle Rachel without the Comédie Francaise; the motive of their mutual dependence on each other originating in the famous device, adopted by Belgium and by the Bundle of Sticks Club at Lewes—"Union is Strength." A reconciliation, therefore, sooner or later, will probably be brought about, and a very reasonable *sine quâ non* on the part of the actress will be the immediate re-nomination of M. Lockroy as director. Authors, actors, and the public in general, will concur in applauding so just and recommendable a measure. It will, moreover, be but an *amende honorable* on the part of those who advocated the dismissal of this excellent manager, if, applying to their

own case the words of *Anselme* in "l'Etourdi," they thus congratulate themselves on the reversal of so impolitic a decree :

> Si notre esprit n'est pas sage à toutes les heures,
> Les plus courtes erreurs sont toujours les meilleures.

And now, to wind up this tedious discussion as pleasantly as may be, I cannot do better than relate a short anecdote, of which Rachel herself is partly the heroine. Her first professional visit to Brussels was a complete triumph, each of her performances creating a fresh sensation in the fashionable and literary circles of the Belgian capital. Nor were her enthusiastic admirers satisfied with overwhelming the "star" with bouquets, madrigals, and bravos ; the "regulars" of the company also came in for their share of applause. One of these, during an *entr'acte*, was receiving the compliments of a select group of worshippers on his spirited acting. "You are *too* partial," said he, in a tone which showed that he thought exactly the reverse—"*La Petite* (meaning Rachel) is interesting, and acts well. I could have played much better, but then, you know, I didn't wish to crush *her*!"

* * * * *

The first time I ever met with the term *tohu-bohu* was in M. d'Arlincourt's book, "Les Trois Royaumes," which I had the honour of translating in conjunction with the clever author of "Gisella, or Second Love," and several equally able works. I remember asking the vicomte what it meant, and receiving in reply the following *not* very satisfactory explanation. "Mon cher, ça ne se traduit pas, ça veut dire tout ce qu'il y a de plus pêle-mêle, de plus Babel—enfin—un vrai *tohu-bohu!*"

This definition, vague as it may appear, is, in some measure, applicable to Messrs. Cogniard's "Ile de Tohu-Bohu," a fanciful and amusing spectacle, brimfull of astounding improbabilities, political squibs, communist conspiracies, *mobile* evolutions ; in short, embracing every incongruous and heterogeneous incident that the most prolific ingenuity could possibly crowd into three short acts, the whole enlivened by *couplets*, dances, splendid scenery, and costumes, and—the surest card of all—a galaxy of pretty women. Generally speaking, the *figurantes* of the minor Parisian theatres are not remarkable for beauty—*au contraire*—those of the Vaudeville, Variétés, and Gymnase—believe me, I speak advisedly, being—

> "quelque peu d'un métier
> A me devoir connaître en un pareil gibier,"—

positively overstepping the ordinary limits of ugliness. The Porte St. Martin, however, is a glorious exception to this too prevalent rule, and now and then runs a very close race with the Opera as regards the good looks of their respective *pensionnaires*.

But my business to-day is not with *figurantes*—not with the thirty *sous* per night *comparses* or *dames des chœurs*—but with a brilliant and dashing *chef-d'emploi*,—one who, *dit-on*, has damaged more hearts than all the diamond cement in the world could ever mend—in a word, with Mademoiselle Alice Ozy. Yes, after as strangely chequered a career as falls to the lot of most actresses, after the lapse of some eight or ten years since her first *début* at the Salle Chantereine,—years passed not in one theatre but in many—after quitting the Variétés for the Vaudeville, and the Vaudeville for the Palais Royal—after giving *bals costumés* without number

in the Rue de Provence, in Brompton Square, and on the Boulevard Poissonnière—the ever-welcome, but ever-inconstant, bird of passage, Mademoiselle Ozy, finally deigns to favour the *habitués* of the Porte St. Martin with a taste of her quality and a glimpse of her diamonds.

Now in these republican times *real* diamonds (like coffee in a snuff-box) are not to be sneezed at; those who have them for the most part hide or sell them, influenced either by their own pecuniary straits, or by M. Proudhon's anti-proprietor doctrines. Only fancy, therefore, the sensation created at the Porte St. Martin by the *entrée* of Mademoiselle Ozy, blazing away like the *Girandola* at Rome, with diamonds looped here, hanging there, and glittering everywhere! With the best intentions in the world, and the best *binocle* that Chevallier ever made, it was impossible to discover whether her hair was chestnut or auburn, or her eyes blue or hazel; the *coup d'œil* was so provokingly dazzling as to defy the most persevering scrutiny. If any fair truant of an *avant scène* essayed to ascertain how this Queen of Diamonds was *coiffée*, she soon lost sight of her object in her admiration of the jewels with which the *coiffure* was studded; if any painter or sculptor cast a glance at the bewitching Alice's hand or arm, his attention became immediately riveted by the rings that glistened on the one, or by the bracelets which encircled the other. In short, Mademoiselle Ozy, *piquante* as she is with her bright and knowing eyes, her saucy *nez retroussé*, her plump little figure, and her undeniable foot and ancle, might be as old as the Hills, or as crooked as Eugène Suë's *Mayeux* or *Marquis de Maillefort*, for all any one would care, provided that she still continued to be a walking advertisement, a sparkling testimony in favour of the taste and skill of Messrs. Fossin, Laparc, Janisset, Mellerio, and Hunt and Roskell!

I only hope she has a strong iron safe to keep her treasures in, and that she never mislays the key of it, as poor Nathalie did one night at the Palais Royal, while dressing for the part of *la Planète* in "le Poudre Coton;" a part deriving its sole importance from the diamond star which French stage planets always wear as a headpiece, and which at the critical moment—thanks to the key of her strong box having been left in her apartment in the Rue Mogador—was, like many a Derby favourite at the finish—nowhere.

But, *à propos de diamans*—there are still *some* left in Paris besides Mademoiselle Ozy's, as any one may have seen who was at the Opera the other night, during the first performance of "Jeanne la Folle." This "solemnity," as the French style all first representations, especially important ones, was graced by the presence of Marrast the little, complacently smiling in one *loge de face*, while General Cavaignac, pale and careworn, occupied another. The remainder of the audience was composed, as is always the case on such occasions, of critics, author's friends, and author's enemies, here and there a stray *homme du monde*, looking horribly out of his element, a few lady subscribers in their boxes, and a bevy of laughing, giddy creatures—mostly colonists of the Quartier Bréda—attired in showy silk dresses (pink or sky-blue being the prevailing colours) with the usual accompaniments of diamond brooches, ivory *lorgnettes*, and fabulous bouquets.

Were Meyerbeer to witness a single performance of "Jeanne la Folle," I imagine he would think twice before allowing his long-expected opera to be brought out at the Théâtre de la Nation; nay, were Messrs.

Duponchel and Roqueplan to give the illustrious composer his *entrées ad libitum*, I much doubt whether they would derive any *profit* (Prophet) from their civility. The fact is that the piece is poorly *montée* and—with one exception—most indifferently sung. Three of the principal scenes have already done duty some fifty times in "la Favorite" or elsewhere, and those which are *bonâ fide* new would hardly pass muster at the Porte St. Martin. The *execution* of the music is on a par with the getting up; such singers as Brémond, Gueymard, Porthéaut, and Euzet (Heaven help us, what substitutes for Lésasseur, Gardoni, Barroilhet, and Massol!) would annihilate any opera, even a "Robert le Diable." No wonder, then, that they *have* annihilated "Jeanne la Folle," the plot of which is one of the least interesting ever written by Scribe, while the music, by Clapisson, being more remarkable for science than for melody, "goes (to make use of a homely but appropriate saying) in at one ear, and out at the other."

The *finale* of the third act, however, is highly spirited, and thanks to Mademoiselle Masson, the solitary exception alluded to above—whose energy and passion reminded more than one of her hearers of that admirable lyric tragedian, Rosine Stoltz—was brilliantly successful. This painstaking young *artiste* has—it is but fair to say—striven hard to render her performance of that very ill-used damsel, *Jeanne*, as life-like and natural as possible. Shortly before the first performance of the opera, she paid a visit, accompanied by her mother, to the Saltpetrière; and was admitted, in conformity with her own request, to the presence of one of the "incurables." Scarcely had she addressed a few words to the unfortunate patient (who happened to be at dinner), when the latter, seizing hold of a basin of hot soup, threw it with so good an aim at Madame Masson (the mother) as completely to inundate her with the scalding liquid. The poor woman, overcome with fright and pain, fainted away in the arms of the doctor who had escorted them to the cell, leaving Mademoiselle Masson to make her exit as she best could, radically cured of her fancy for studying madness from life.

A pretty lady, on the point of escorting one of her fair friends home after the Opera, made in my hearing the following pretty apology to her companion's husband for the smallness of her brougham, only built to carry two: "Je voudrais, monsieur, que ma voiture fût plus *élastique*." I myself have as much, if not more, reason to regret the non-elasticity, not of my article, but of the space it is intended to occupy; for assuredly, if I had room to stow it away, *ce n'est pas l'étoffe qui me manquerait*. No less than six new pieces—one *debut accompli*—another in prospect—and all to be enumerated in rotation, like the names of a grand jury—in a definite number of lines! Positively, the limits assigned me seem, after the fashion of the "iron shroud," to grow smaller every day, and I may soon expect to find myself stopped short in the middle of a sentence—or, what is worse, of a joke, the *point* of said joke being, as a matter of course, "carried over" till next month.

Six pieces did I say? Aye, not including Emile Deschamps' "Macbeth," which some of "our own correspondents" have been finding fault with, just as if it was so very easy a thing to translate Shakspeare into Corneilleian verse.

Halévy's "Val d'Andorre" has already found a snug niche in the *répertoire* of the Opéra Comique, by the side of its elder brother, "Les

"Mousquetaires de la Reine." An interesting plot, appropriate (though not always melodious) music, pretty scenery and costumes, and Mademoiselle Darcier, the best *couplet*-singer in or out of France, are its principal claims to immortality. *Et d'une.*

"O Amitié!" is the strange title of Scribe's last contribution to the Gymnase: the two first acts are commonplace, but the third is a *chef-d'œuvre.* The leading female character was intended for Mademoiselle Melcy, but that "beau brin de fille," as I once heard Desirée call her, was fastidious enough to decline it, and it fell to the lot of Mademoiselle Eugénie Sauvage. So much the better for Mademoiselle Eugénie Sauvage. *Et de deux.*

"Roger Bontemps," at the Vaudeville, interpreted by Félix, is Béranger's hero *incarné. Et de trois.*

"Madame Cartouche," at the same theatre, *was* to have been played by Madame Doche, and *is* played by Madame Albert. The authors having represented their heroine as young and pretty, the piece has not gained by the change. *Et de quatre.*

"Les sept Péchés Capitaux" at the Ambigu display to great advantage a marvellous array of clever *artistes.* Chilly, Montdidier, St. Ernest, Madames Guyon, Naptal, and Lucie, perhaps the six best melodramatic performers in Paris, are likely, if the receipts keep up as they have hitherto done, to go on sinning for some weeks—if not months—to come. *Et de cinq.*

Lastly, "La Poule aux Œufs d'Or" at the Cirque (already restored, as I prophesied, to its original *spécialité*), is a wonderfully droll and wonderfully well-got up *féerie.* In one of the *tableaux* all the characters are disguised as musical instruments, the scenery being composed of notes, crotchets, and quavers. Moreover, towards the close of the piece, as its author, Clairville, facetiously remarked, "Il y a un enfer si superbe, que cela vous donne envie d'y aller." *Et de six.*

So far, so good: "*siamo a buon porto,*" as Don Abbondio says in the "Promessi Sposi," for we have only the *débuts*—*début* indeed, the other being still *in nubibus*—to chronicle. A few words will do it. The part of *Césarine* in "La Camaraderie," successively played by Madame Volnys, Mademoiselle Judith, and I don't know how many more, has within the last few days been the means of introducing Mademoiselle Nathalie to the Théâtre de la République. If she is wise, she will stay there.

The other projected *début* at the same theatre—a project which may yet possibly melt away, and,

> like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind;

is that of Madame Doche, whose secession from the vaudeville, together with the cause thereof, has been already communicated to the public by the fair lady herself in a very clever and witty letter. Should this desirable event come to pass—should Madame Doche really give up Bayard for Molière, and Rosier for Marivaux, the Comédie Française may have reason to congratulate itself on the acquisition not only of an *Agnès,* an *Araminte,* and a *Silvia,* but also of

> Un diamant qui manque à son écrin;

of an ideal which none but a Contat or a Mars could ever embody, of a *Célimène!*

THE THEATRES.

When some six or eight years ago, M. Jullien put on his broad white waistcoat, and got up promenade concerts at Drury Lane, with now and then a condiment of red fire, when the quadrilles represented any thing particularly dreadful—we rejoiced to see him. We liked to behold his complacent countenance, to watch the motion of his hand, when he soothed down his band into *piano*, and his frantic ecstasies when he stirred them up to *forte*; and when the great man descended from his throne (on which occasionally he *stood*, when something very tremendous was going on), and imitated the note of the nightingale on a little thing called the *piccolo*, our delight knew no bounds. The act seemed to us not only clever but magnanimous;—we were reminded of Agesilaus playing with his children.

Therefore we wished every success to this mighty Jullien—but we little thought what we were doing. We little dreamed what a spirit of destruction was concealed beneath that white waistcoat and bland smile. As a whole poultry-yard is stricken with terror at the appearance of a hawk in the atmosphere, so do managers in the immediate vicinity of Drury Lane tremble when they hear that the Prince of Conductors is about to open.

At the Lyceum light pieces are put on the stage in an exquisitely beautiful manner, and are acted to perfection. John Reeve the younger is, to be sure, somewhat of a crude personage, but then he is the son of John Reeve the elder, and has, therefore, a prescriptive right to be deemed comical. The manager by no means desires those ugly gaps that are to be seen here and there on the benches of the pit. The people ought to be packed close—close—close, without interstices. To the question asked, " What has become of the absentees?" The answer is, " Gone to Jullien's."

At the Olympic, which has weathered several storms, and where as nice a little working company has been collected as you would desire to see—(Mrs. Stirling's vivacity is charming)—one begins to find that " audience" is any thing but a noun of multitude. What is the cause of this?—Oh, every body has gone to Jullien's.

At Covent Garden, the manager tempts the public with a new *Norma*—Mademoiselle Nissen—and tries to make it think that Auber's "Haidée" is amusing, in spite of its obstinate incredulity on that head. However, with all the magnificent entertainments of this establishment, it has been found necessary to lower prices. The alleged reason is, of course, a disinterested desire to let the inhabitants of the metropolis have the most exquisite enjoyment at the lowest possible price. We are even taught to believe, that the money-takers have a rabid predilection for taking five shillings instead of seven. Nothing can be more natural. The less money you take, the less trouble you have in counting it—a clear saving of labour. But, perhaps, we may find another cause, if we peep into Drury Lane, and see the baton of M. Jullien, and hear the Cornet-à-piston of Herr König.

Why will you be so dreadfully attractive, M. Jullien? Let us grant that you and that grand fascinator, Herr König, may draw, with

your own proper force, as many folks as you please, but why must you unite three or four military bands and tell them all to join in playing the "National Anthem?" Loyalty becomes your ally, and the Anti-Chartist looks on you as his symbol. It is such glorious sport for those who loyally take their hats off to "bonnet" those who disloyally keep their hats on. There will be a Jullien button next, as a sign of devotion to peace and order. Doubtless, your attractive powers are felt even as far as Oxford Street, and Mademoiselle de Roissy, the heroine of the Princess's, looks with apprehension on you as a sort of male Adalgisa.

But there is an exquisitely feminine countenance, which expresses no terror at counter-attractions. We mean the countenance of Mrs. Charles Kean, whose *Viola* is one of the most charming performances imaginable. The calm, deep affection written on those features, and modulating that gentle voice, pass all power of description, so much is done with so little effort, and with such extreme delicacy. The "Keans" have given a new impetus to the fortunes of the Haymarket, and that at a very critical period, and the house has been exceedingly well attended since the revival of "Twelfth Night." Although one or two of the Haymarket luminaries have quitted the establishment, there is excellent material in the company, which is now first beginning to be developed. There is Mr. Wigan, a gentleman of education and original thought, who, despising stage-conventionalities, can dare to make constructions of his own, and put up with the censure he may receive on that account. Miss Reynolds, by many deemed a beauty, can give a very graceful representation of the ladies in comedy, while she is a lively supporter of burlesque. As an efficient actor of small, and not very thankful, characters, there is Mr. Rogers, a burly-looking gentleman, with a great deal of the conscientious artist in his nature. The old standard names of Keeley (masculine and feminine), Webster, &c., of course retain their strength.

The Adelphi Theatre is a safe little port into which the winds of adversity are unable to blow,—even if they try to come through the cornet-à-piston of Herr König. To a large portion of the London public, there is a charm in the comic improvisations of Mr. Wright, and the rotundity (both of figure and voice) of Mr. Paul Bedford, to which no other entertainment offers an equivalent. At no theatre is there a company in which there are so many "pets" as at the Adelphi. We need only give the names, Wright, Bedford, O. Smith, Celeste, Woolgar, as a proof of the assertion. M. Jullien may set his five military bands puffing at this little fortress with all their might and main, but the walls are thick and the mortar is firm, and the edifice will not tumble.

Do our readers expect us to open our budget of secrets, and tell them all we know about the Windsor theatricals? With due deference, although our knowledge on this subject is something vast, we intend to keep it within our own bosoms, and take upon ourselves the personal risk of exploding. We would only just say, that no persons now in England, whether their histrionic or social position be regarded, could be so properly set at the head of the royal theatricals as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean.

Oh Jullien! Jullien! to return to you again,—last year you tried to convince us that you were a friend to the drama, but now you sweep away the theatrical audiences, you will make us think that you are "Julian the Apostate."

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE YOUNG COUNTESS.*

THE interest of the "Young Countess," is made to depend upon materials of a slighter texture than usual with Mrs. Trollope. A young and beautiful widow—an Austrian countess of great wealth—invites a party to her château, where she has hitherto lived almost in seclusion, with a fair and gifted protegée, Caroline de Marfeld, and the zest of the story is made to depend upon the love borne by the countess for a certain Count de Hermanstadt, and the jealousy she experiences, and not without reason, for the preference given by the count to Caroline.

This is certainly slender material enough, but sufficient in Mrs. Trollope's hands to produce a work of interest, and containing less that is objectionable than any previous publication of so unsparing, and often so unscrupulous a satirist. Here all is pleasant and tasteful. Scenes of pastoral simplicity, and fashionable folly are most curiously mingled together. How amusing when the countess, by *happily* becoming a widow, sets to work to make a kind of Lochsenberg or fac-simile of an old castle, of a ruinous old edifice, the original stronghold of the Counts of Rosenau! How ably is she assisted by the veteran Morritz, and the lively Caroline! And then again, when the visitors arrive at the restored castle, how distinctly is every individual brought out—the Princess Loffendorf, handsome, vain, and spoiled; Prince Altenthon stately and impertinent; the hero, Alfred de Hermanstadt, "with thoughtful brow, coal-black hair, moustache, and soft, violet-coloured eyes;" sister Bertha, so fair and so good, and her lover, Count Bergstaz, so elegant and charming; Geno Alberti, the enthusiastic violin-player, whose genius we may respect, but not so his having wooed and won with his violin a rich and fair young English lady; and lastly, as a foil to all these, the pedantic, over-dressed, vulgar Mrs. Griffiths, whose acquaintances are all potentates or members of the Institute, the good-humoured, fat, and foolish Hilbury, and Mademoiselle Chambray, bent upon the destruction of poor little Hilbury's peace of mind, and the independent use of his English gold. It can be easily imagined how well Mrs. Trollope can play with such a group of personages.

The love-story is chiefly told through the medium of *tableaux vivans*, the by-play of the other parties by the very simple machinery of so many breakfasts and dinners, and so many rides and rural amusements. The interest, however, never flags; and when a change is brought over the scene by the jealousy of the countess, which, fed by the evil counsels of a spiteful attendant, vents itself in the most cruel vengeance upon the poor protegée,—it is like a dark cloud coming over the face of all that was before bright, clear, and beautiful. The countess pays for her crime by a conventual life, and Caroline wins the hero with the violet-coloured eyes, poetical justice and a happy conclusion being brought about at the same time.

* The Young Countess; or, Love and Jealousy. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

PERCY: OR THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.*

It was an unlucky night on which the young, open, happy, thoughtless Percy introduced his more sedate, experienced, and wily friend Sinclair to the love of his boyhood, Edith Aspinall. While affecting to contemn the choice of his friend, Sinclair by slow, but sure, steps, wins Edith's affections from her first frank and confiding, but bashful, suitor.

Percy has a tyrannical old uncle, who would have been a Captain Absolute only that he is a general, and is named Haviland, after his property of the same title in Yorkshire. The old general, in a momentary pet with his nephew and heir, marries the youngest daughter of a clergyman, and this event hastens Percy's doom, for Edith has admired Havilands, and retains more vivid recollections of its beauties than she does of her first lover. Percy, however, is not the man to sink under his altered prospects, and whilst Sinclair is wooing his maiden fair, our hero makes his obeisance to his uncle, and establishes a flirtation with his young and innocent aunt. The dénouement of this story of wayward and worldly love is pathetic but rather unsatisfactory. Percy shoots himself, recommending the general's widow to his friend Beckenham, and Edith to his *friend* Sinclair.

CLARA FANE.†

This is the first work, in the popular style of a novel of the day, which Miss Costello has yet written, and even though we are inclined to regret that the taste of the public leads so many writers out of the path they would, in preference, choose for themselves, we cannot but rejoice that so agreeable an addition has been made to the light reading of the time as that of Clara Fane. The plot of the story is exciting and romantic; yet such events as are recorded in it are of more frequent occurrence than is ofttimes imagined, and the writer of fiction does well who selects for his narrative the singular in life, in place of that which is common. We by no means intend to imply that Miss Costello has avoided the domestic scenes and the occurrences of ordinary life; on the contrary, it is in working out these that she has produced some of the most amusing features of her novel. But her forte evidently is, in the delineation of characters, wherein loftiness of thought, purity of mind, feeling, and refinement, tenderness and sensibility most prevail, and in proof of this we may adduce the portraits of Claudia and Sybilla, two charming sisters, perfect gems of beauty and grace. Besides the exercise of the skilful novelist's art, Miss Costello reminds us, most pleasantly, that she is a traveller, and conducts us, with willing feet, amid scenes rendered by Nature attractive at all times, but doubly so at the present moment, when war and confusion point them out to all Europe as spectacles of interest. We travel with Clara Fane along the banks of the Danube, visiting many places which, since the narrative was written have acquired a melancholy celebrity, and leaving sites now marked by desolation and bloodshed, gladly penetrate with her into the romantic wilds of Austrian Switzerland; we

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* Percy: or the Old Love and the New; by the Author of "The Hen-Peeked Husband." 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

† Clara Fane. A Novel. 3 vols. By Louisa Stuart Costello. Bentley.

listen to the mysterious legends of Servia, now first presented in an English garb, and welcome the tender songs of the Kozàcs—a race hitherto suspected of no such peaceful accomplishment as the cultivation of poetry; with her, also, we traverse the Alps and descend to the beautiful plains of Lombardy, seeking repose and luxury in the marble villas of the Lake of Como, whose enchanting shores are now, and we fear, are long destined to be deformed by slaughter! The descriptions of scenery and the snatches of song scattered through these volumes show the imaginative taste and brilliant fancy, for which the author has long been distinguished. It would be better for the manners of the day if more writers followed such a track, and chose the better part of nature as the most proper for record, instead of descending to find excitement in the worst.

"Clara Fane" is a work such as a refined mind alone could have conceived, and such as refined minds will hail with welcome. It has a novelty and philosophic beauty about it, which at once surprise and attract; for easy and simple as the style appears, there are depth of feeling and powerful thought in every page.

LEIGH HUNT'S "TOWN."*

Here is a library book, a pocket companion, a work to devour, an admirable and seasonable present. Who more at home with chatty anecdotes and literary illustrations of the great metropolis than the ever delightful Leigh Hunt? We shall return to this charming book hereafter.

BELGIUM, THE RHINE, ITALY, GREECE, AND THE MEDITERRANEAN.†

Continental illustrations, at a moment when continental travel is almost out of the question, must acquire quite a new interest. If a solace remains under such a bereavement, it is to take up a book like this, by the side of what the good people on the continent call, curiously enough, a "sea-coal" fire. Imagine seventy and upwards of beautiful engravings, for a little more than a guinea! Truly art effects a purely English object, when it thus imparts to those less favoured by fortune a share in the pleasures hitherto attainable only by the rich. Italy and Greece, the homes of ancient art, still lovely in their decay—the Rhine, consecrated by a thousand legends—Belgium, every edifice of which recalls associations of sturdy energy and commercial activity—the Mediterranean, whose shores are endeared by historic fame, and charm us by their surpassing loveliness, summon up visions of romantic beauty, which will not meet with disappointment in those who refer for gratification to this splendid tome.

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* The Town; its Memorable Characters and Events. By Leigh Hunt. 2 vols., with forty-five illustrations. Smith, Elder, & Co.

† Belgium, the Rhine, Italy, Greece, and the Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean, Illustrated in a Series of beautifully-executed Engravings, with Historical, Classical, and Picturesque Descriptions, by the Rev. G. N. Wright and L. F. A. Buckingham, Esq. Peter Jackson.

FISHER'S DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP BOOK.*

CHRISTMAS is the season when me meet old friends. It is with no small curiosity that we open the pages of each successive "Drawing-Room Scrap Book," and turn from one beautiful object to another. How pleasant to gaze at that miscalled *Place de la Concorde* as pencilled by Allom without fear of tumult or riot; to visit Luz, Cauterets, the valley of the Aosta, Pompeii and Adrianople, without moving from one's chair; to rouse feelings long dormant by the contemplation of beauty in its fairest form; to become sentimental with pen and pencil sketches of "enamoured days" and "parting vows," and to leave off in the happiest of all frames of mind, by a last look at those interiors so full of pleasant and holy associations, St. Gatien at Tours, the chapel of Dreux, or the cathedral of Lyons! Meetly, too, have Mrs. Norton, Lady Dufferin, and their colleagues, Colonel Phipps, Monckton Milnes, Lord Viscount Melbourne (now gone to the home of his ancestors), A. Hayward, Cecilia Gore, Baillie Cochrane, and others, done their spiriting. Mrs. Norton is as sweetly sentimental as ever, and Lady Dufferin charming in the light humorous vein in which she at present without a rival.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

THE *Juvenile Scrap Book* for 1849, edited by Miss Jane Strickland, and published by Mr. Peter Jackson, presents the usual variety of amusing and instructive letter-press and pleasing illustrations. It is, as it always has been, an admirable present book for the young. We observe, in connexion with this excellent little publication, that a collection of the best articles contributed by Mrs. Ellis to the juvenile scrap-books of past years have been collected, with their illustrative engravings, into one volume, under the title of *Fireside Tales for the Young*, by Mrs. Ellis, and issued by the same publisher.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that there exists at present no history of Ireland of a character to be placed in the hands of the general reader. Works of this kind hitherto published, are all more or less disfigured, or rendered totally useless by the political or religious prejudices of the writers. Mr. Wright has undertaken the laborious task of giving to the world a true and compendious picture of Irish history, and from the success and popularity of his previous historical writings, and the learning and industry which he brings to bear upon the undertaking, we have no doubt that we shall have a standard and a classical work. It is to be published so as to be available to all classes, in numbers, by Messrs. J. and F. Tallis.

Mr. Colburn has, we are happy to see, commenced the publication of a translation of the *Memoirs of Chateaubriand* in half-crown parts. Whatever may be the peculiarities of that illustrious personage—his immeasurable vanity and egotism—still there is no doubt that he was a man of mark and genius, and his whole life was replete with romantic incidents and heroic devotion to the cause of loyalty. It will be a labour of love to turn at some period to this remarkable autobiography.

We have received two important letters from Dr. Granville; one *on the formation and constitution of a Kingdom of Upper Italy*,—and a second, a continuation of the same subject,—and both addressed to the Right Honourable Viscount Palmerston, which it is impossible to notice at length without entering upon subjects that require considerable space for discussion, and which, in the meantime, the progress of events is settling in a totally opposite way to what was anticipated by many. The same observation applies itself to Mr. Hawkins's letter to the Marquess of Lansdowne on the late Revolution in France. Mr. Hawkins has certainly an eccentricity of style, which always rescues what he has to say from every-day common-places.

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* Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book. 1849. By the Honourable Mrs. Norton. Peter Jackson.